

Menu 370

Chapter 370: Leading by Example (2)

But the next moment, it was grasped in Jason's hand.

Jason stared coldly at the orange ceramic plate.

A huge black shadow faintly appeared behind Jason, its scarlet eyes, just like Jason's, fixed intently on the orange ceramic plate, and from its gaping maw came a thunderous roar.

"Do you want to be eaten?"

Jason asked indifferently.

Immediately, the trembling plate regained its calm.

It quietly allowed Jason to handle it, letting him place hundreds of kilograms of sausages onto itself.

"Continue."

Jason said to the somewhat stunned Aras.

"Oh, oh right."

Aras nodded and quickly brought over a whole roasted sheep.

The huge shadow that had briefly loomed in his mind was now dispersed by the aroma of the food.

"I can't eat anymore, I can't!"

"But I still want to eat!"

Aras, who had eaten the roasted sheep, rubbed his obviously bloated stomach.

Then, he stood up.

He walked over to the barbell, and after equipping it with 100kg weights, he started running around the gym with it on his shoulders.

Exercise helps digestion.

Aras's choice was naturally correct.

What about Jason?

His stomach was a bottomless pit; any food entering it would be instantly digested, even with an excessive amount of fatty acids and cholesterol content being useless to Jason.

These would only be converted into energy stored inside his body.

Until they changed qualitatively—

[Devouring a large amount of transformed food!]

[Physical strength, energy slightly restored!]

[Satiation +1]

[Satiation: 89]

...

Jason was taken aback.

"Can a large amount of ordinary food also turn into satiation?"

"No, ordinary food isn't the point!"

Jason immediately made a guess, then quickly denied it.

Because he thought of the energy bars from the afternoon.

If a large amount of ordinary food could be converted into satiation, then the energy bars with higher calorie content would have turned into satiation before any of the food currently before him.

So, the vast quantity of food wasn't the point right now.

"The key should be... transformation!"

And right away, his speculation was confirmed.

The 'fragrance' of the orange plate had faded!

This fading was very subtle; if Jason wasn't so sensitive to 'food,' he would never have noticed.

"The plate consumed a small portion of strength!"

"Is this the transformation?"

Jason thought, but his hands did not stop.

More food was placed onto the orange ceramic plate.

The plate trembled several times as if protesting.

But when Jason's icy, ravenous gaze swept over it, such trembling once again disappeared—it... resigned itself.

And this was like opening the final floodgate.

After that, the food became even more delicious.

And with each swallow, Jason gained 1 or 2 points of satiation, more or less.

After twenty consecutive times!

Crack!

The orange ceramic plate shattered.

Jason, who was about to put more food on it, paused in surprise.

And then a surge of anger arose.

"Useless piece of junk!"

"Just as useless as that kitchen!"

With that roar, Jason took the fragments of the plate and walked out.

"Jason, where are you going?"

The still running and digesting Aras asked.

"To find that 'swindler'!"

Leaving behind those words, Jason climbed out the window and vanished from sight.

...

If you ask, what kind of strength is the strongest?

Esther couldn't figure it out.

The answers from others would also vary.

Some would say flame, some would say lightning, others might say time or gravity, etc.

The answers are numerous.

But they can be summarized as: overwhelming, absolute power.

But if you ask, what kind of strength is the best?

The answer would be much simpler.

Esther could provide an accurate answer: the most suitable, is the best.

Esther, as a C-class personnel for three months, didn't believe she had the strongest power, but she thought she possessed the best power: attentiveness and analysis.

That's why she was able to find clues in Edmund's report, in the maintenance worker Bob's interrogation, and in the disguised vagrant Hosea's questioning—all about the 'Masked Man.'

The clue related to 'eating'!

Or rather, eating!

In the Radio Station repairman's questioning, the 'Masked Man' had five hamburgers on him.

And in the disguised vagrant Hosea's questioning, the 'Masked Man' even said, "Haven't I eaten enough yet?" "Food!" "I want more food!" "Make more food appear!" and similar words.

It's clear that the 'Masked Man' is powerful.

But he's also gluttonous.

He prepares for it.

And he acts on it.

He had applied for a special anomaly from within the 'Organization' to serve as the key.

To combat anomalies with anomalies was not only a principle recognized by the 'Containment Facility', but also by their own organization.

Although, in a sense, they had also broken away from the 'Containment Facility', they possessed beliefs that the 'Containment Facility' lacked, and therefore, he took pride in being a member of the 'Organization'.

And this operation, he had volunteered for it.

He needed to prove to the 'Organization' that he could handle more.

However...

"A bit reckless."

"The 'Masked Man' is more powerful than I imagined!"

Esther, having returned to the vehicle, sat in the driver's seat, his sweat still not yet dissipated, using deep breaths to steady his emotions.

And at that moment—

Bang!

A sudden noise came from the window.

Esther, whose emotions had almost stabilized, felt his heart immediately tighten.

Then, thump, his heart began to beat violently.

His neck stiff, he turned his head.

And then... he saw Edmund.

Edmund, looking at him with a worried face.

"What's wrong?"

Holding back the urge to curse, Esther rolled down the window and asked with a forced, ugly smile.

"I'm just worried about you."

"After all, it's your first time encountering an anomaly of this level."

"Remember!"

"The best way to overcome fear is to face it!"

This seasoned C-level operator gave Esther an encouraging fist-pump gesture.

Esther was taken aback.

He always felt that something was missing in the speech?

But then, the image of this senior C-level operator crawling on the ground, crying his eyes out, appeared in Esther's mind.

Is this the way to face fear?

Is that not a bit too cowardly?

As an elite of the 'Organization', how could I be like you!

Contempt rose in waves within him, but on the surface, Esther showed a grateful smile.

"Thank you."

He said that.

In his heart, though, he was urging Edmund to leave quickly.

However, Edmund walked around the vehicle and got into the passenger seat.

"Being timid is not shameful."

"Any normal person would be afraid of anomalies."

"Just like me."

Perhaps worried that Esther was ashamed because of his fear, Edmund began sharing his own experience of dealing with anomalies, citing himself as an example.

From being basically cautious to knowing how to beg for mercy quickly and with grace in the face of danger, Edmund was imparting his experiences as a seasoned C-level operator.

The more Esther listened, the more contemptuous he felt.

The 'Containment Facility' deserves to be destroyed, our 'Organization' is where hope lies!

This belief became firmer and firmer at the bottom of Esther's heart.

Then, he saw a large truck appearing in the back alley of 'Hot Cocoa Street' in the distance.

Unconsciously, the corners of Esther's mouth lifted.

Success!

Eat it!

Eat it!

Eat, and your doom is sealed!

Esther rejoiced within.

What does it matter how powerful the anomaly is?

If it has a specific counter, it becomes utterly vulnerable.

Watching the large truck drive away in the distance, Esther, unable to wait any longer, spoke.

"Edmund?"

Esther spoke up.

"What is it?"

"Is it about not understanding the proper tone of crying when begging for mercy?"

"Or is it about not knowing how to naturally tear up?"

The seasoned C-level operator looked at his junior.

"No, it's..."

"What is it?"

Esther suddenly looked to Edmund's side.

Almost instinctively, Edmund turned to look.

At the moment Edmund turned his head, Esther raised his hand and struck the side of Edmund's neck.

Crack!

With a crisp sound, Edmund instantly lost consciousness.

Looking at the unconscious Edmund, Esther pushed open the car door and got out.

He was off to claim his spoils.

The immortal 'Masked Man'!

Even a corpse would be of great value to the organization!

With this thought, he unconsciously quickened his pace.

But the steps he had just quickened suddenly came to an abrupt halt.

Because...

Jason appeared in front of him.

In his hand, he held a fragment of an orange plate.

A fragment?!

This anomaly had shattered?!

With thoughts still spinning in his mind, on meeting Jason's angry gaze, Esther's body involuntarily sprang into action.

THUD!

He knelt on the ground in a very standard pose, tears streaming down his face as he cried out—

"Mercy!"