

Menu 373

Chapter 373: Don't Forget Your Original Intention (2)

Previous thoughts?

He didn't underestimate them, nor would he mock them.

There was just an added sense of composure.

"The reason I instinctively think about these things, ponder over them, is merely because I started to believe I was strong, yet I wasn't truly strong, and I almost forgot my initial purpose!"

Jason recalled the various dangers he faced when he first arrived at the Nightless City and his desperation.

Then he thought about how he easily played Edmund and Esther in his palms just now.

He couldn't help but exhale a breath of turbid air.

Hu!

"Did I just feel a bit proud?"

"That's not right!"

"I almost forgot my true intention!"

"Now!"

"I must remember my initial purpose!"

Jason's eyes instantly became firm.

He had no choice before.

Now?

He wanted to choose freely.

Jason looked at Aras again.

"Aras, can you spar with me now?"

"I think my barehanded combat abilities still have room for improvement."

"Of course!"

Aras nodded excitedly and flung the 200kg barbell with one hand.

Clang!

Amid the metallic friction, the barbell landed steady on the rack without a shake, while Aras strode towards the concrete arena.

Jason glanced at the barbell rack and then silently stepped onto the arena.

Aras took out a coin.

"It starts when the coin hits the ground."

"Stop when called?"

Aras asked.

Jason nodded, and Aras flicked the coin.

Ding!

The coin spun upwards, then fell.

At the moment the coin hit the ground, Aras charged at Jason.

Woo!

A direct punch.

Jason didn't dodge, he too went for a direct punch.

Their punches collided without any fancy moves.

Bang!

In the midst of silence, Jason took two steps back.

Then, Jason's gaze towards Aras shifted slightly.

He knew Aras was strong, but he didn't realize her strength was to such an extent.

Similarly, Aras shook her hand several times in a row.

"Jason, your fist is so hard, it felt like I was hitting steel," she said.

"Let me try again!"

With that, Aras threw another punch.

Like before, Jason responded with a punch of his own.

Bang!

Another muffled sound.

However, this time, without any hesitation, another punch followed.

Bang, bang bang!

In the continuous collision, Aras became excited. Her eyes glowed as she looked at Jason.

She had never met a man who could stand toe to toe with her strength for so long.

Jason remained calm, his cool gaze also shifted slightly.

He could not admit the fact that his strength was still inferior to a woman's.

So he needed to regain his self-respect from other aspects.

For instance... physical strength.

The emotional shifts of the two almost turned the sparring match into an intense battle within a few seconds.

Aras changed her breathing unconsciously.

Her punches got faster, leaving trails in the air.

Euler, Euler, Euler, Euler!

The unique breathing sounds carried distinctive rhythmic impacts.

The storm-like aggressive strikes enveloped Jason.

Upon contact, Jason was hit by several punches.

There was pain, but no further damage.

The defense granted by the Prus-Griffon Body Forging Technique made Jason solid as a rock.

However, Jason was not used to being passively hit.

For Jason, he enjoyed and revered offense. Enduring such 'beatings' was simply too uncomfortable, especially as every time he attempted to retaliate, Aras anticipated it, blocking his attack and even breaking through several times made Jason even more uncomfortable.

But he reminded himself to stay calm.

Calm was the only thing that could help him at this moment.

"Observe her punching technique."

"Memorize her rhythm."

The experience from the expert-level Martial Arts and Proficient Griffin Combat Technique helped the calm Jason start to find a way to cope with Aras.

Gradually, he began to adapt to Aras's extremely fast rhythm.

He also began to get a clear sense of her punching pathways.

When Aras once again enveloped Jason with a flurry of punches, Jason laid back, kicking off the ground to retreat.

The tall Jason, at this moment, exhibited agility.

Then...

It was fierce!

Retreating, Jason slapped the ground with one hand, and immediately, his backward motion halted.

The next moment, Jason spun in the air and kicked at Aras.

This was a technique within the Griffin Combat Technique, and Jason, fully focused on the fight, unconsciously executed it.

Screech!

A cry like that of an eagle accompanied the kick.

Aras, facing such an attack and hearing that sound, became even more excited.

Her wide eyes sparkled with light.

That's it!

That's it!

This is the battle I've been longing for!

Inhale, exhale!

Inhale, exhale!

Feel the blood!

Feel the oxygen!

Feel the cells!

Feel the ripples caused by the pebbles falling!

Feel the ripples sweeping over the cells, leading to a qualitative change in the body!

Strength emerged from all over the body, it was lively, it frolicked, it... converged.

"Jason, this is the move I simulated after you reminded me," Aras said.

"It's not complete yet."

"But..."

"I can't help it!"

Her face flushed with excitement, Aras shouted—

"Shotgun. Blast!"

Bang!

A punch was thrown, sounding like the blast of a shotgun.

The fist, gathering countless currents of air, erupted as it struck.

Whoosh!

A barrage, like that from a shotgun discharge, collided with the flying kick from Jason.

Boom!

In an explosion-like noise,

Jason, holding his leg, hopped repeatedly.

Aras, covering her fist, stepped back and swung her arms repeatedly.

Both of them grimaced in pain.

But their expressions were filled with joy.

They had both felt progress in the recent battle.

It was true for both Jason and Aras.

Therefore, the next moment, Jason stood firm again, and Aras raised her fists, readying a combat stance.

Without any words,

They looked into each other's eyes and understood each other's thoughts.

Once more, they charged at each other.

Bang bang bang!

The continuous striking and collision sounds started once again.

This time?

It would undoubtedly last even longer.

Real combat is without a doubt the best practice method.

But it could not lack teaching either.

At least, Esther believed she had learned much more from Edmund.

It was as if she had pushed open the door to a new world.

"So facing 'anomalies' can be handled like this," she murmured to herself.

"Before, I knew only brute force methods."

"Moderation is the right choice!"

"Only through proper contact can a lubricating effect occur, allowing us to achieve breakthrough progress at the last moment, smoothly," Esther reflected.

"And brute force?"

"Only causes hurt, brings pain to each other!"

Edmund, as someone who had been through it all, patted the young Esther's shoulder.

Then, this senior Class-C member got out of the car.

He had to return to his home where he had a 29-year and 11-month mortgage remaining.

Since he had started paying off the mortgage, he had to sleep there. Otherwise, what would be the point of paying it off?

Even if he could only sleep for two hours, he would go home to sleep.

This was the determination of Edmund, the mortgagor.

"See you in the morning... no, after daybreak," Edmund waved to Esther.

"See you after daybreak!"

Esther responded to him.

This time, it was not out of politeness, but with added sincerity.

Not only for the teachings Edmund had given him, but he also found Edmund to be full of wisdom.

Though most people did not understand such wisdom.

"Foolish mortals," Esther judged them.

Then, after watching Edmund leave, she started the car and returned to her apartment.

She needed to write reports.

Two of them.

One for the 'shelter.'

One for the 'organization' that had empowered her—

'Holy Serpent Society'!