

## **Menu 378**

Chapter 378: Only 3!

As a "Sanctuary" Knight, Eisenhower (see Appendix 1) had received the most rigorous training and education from a young age.

He had not only the most unwavering faith,

But also extremely high skills amongst his peers.

Thus, he entered into real combat at the age of 19.

Hunting the "Abnormal"!

And the first time, he succeeded.

Although he was seriously injured, this success made him stand out among his peers, and then, in the next two years, he hunted an "Abnormal" each year.

And each time, he succeeded!

The three successful hunts of the "Abnormal" led to his Baptism at the age of 21, transitioning from a trainee Knight to a formal "Sanctuary" Knight.

He became stronger and more resolute.

Therefore, for the following ten-plus years, he fought on the "front line."

This time was no exception.

Ang City, a "Barren Land" without faith.

Devoid of the Lord's church, this place had long been desecrated.

This wasn't his first step onto this land, but every time he did, he could smell the stench, which made him want to vomit uncontrollably.

Only fresh blood could restrain such a nauseating feeling!

And only fresh blood could cleanse the sins of this place!

No!

It needed Flame!

The pyres abolished by the ignorant were the truth!

Only the wailing on the pyres was redemption!

"My Lord, who loves all mankind."

"Yet is misunderstood by the world."

"Foolish mankind."

Eisenhaw thought silently.

Of course, the Lord's radiance is everywhere!

Even in this "Barren Land," there are faithful followers of the Lord; amidst those "heretical" organizations, there still are those who turn towards the light.

An ageless and supremely evil "Abnormal" had appeared here.

A believer sent him a plea for help.

The Bishop issued an order for support.

He, with the fastest Acceleration, arrived here.

And, with the arrangement of that believer, he prepared to hunt the "Abnormal."

Despicable tactics?

Brutal and merciless?

In the face of evil "Abnormals," there is no need to reason; any means used would be forgiven by the Lord.

Eisenhaw silently calculated the time.

Before setting everything up, he had already learned from the demonstration by that believer how the "Abnormal" used as bait in the room operated.

Very Bizarre.

Like some other "Abnormals," they too must be eradicated.

But when eliminating a more evil "Abnormal," such "Abnormals" could be utilized.

And then there was the "mask" that brought the source of evil!

He had to bring it back!

Only the Lord's faithful were qualified to enjoy the treatment of immortality.

Phew!

Eisenhaw exhaled the pent-up air in his chest; he invigorated his Spirit and began to step forward, ascending the iron staircase, and then, he began praying softly.

"Lord, the heretic has been purified."

"Your brilliance will shine forth again..."

Bang!

The prayer abruptly ended.

The door splintered under the blast of the shotgun, leaving a fine mesh of holes in the panel.

Eisenhaw, who was right in front of the door, was blown away.

The dense pellets that struck Eisenhaw's body directly tore through his hooded coat, revealing the chainmail that had always been concealed by the hood.

Clink clink!

The pellets kept striking, sending sparks flying.

Though the chainmail became tattered, it blocked all the pellets.

However, even though the pellets were blocked, the force they carried sent Eisenhower flying a full five meters, landing at the bottom of the iron stairs; after he steadied himself, the shattered chainmail fell to the ground, along with his flat cap and sunglasses.

Without the cover of sunglasses and a flat cap, Eisenhower's handsome face was revealed.

But at this moment, Eisenhower's face was pale.

Taking a shotgun blast at close range, even with special chainmail, was enough to break his ribs, but fortunately, his organs were unharmed.

But this offered no joy to Eisenhower.

Because—

Whoosh!

The door rolled towards him in flight.

And behind the door, a tall figure followed like a shadow.

Eisenhaw didn't hesitate for a second; he yelled loudly.

"Heretics must die!"

With this shout, he drew the long sword from the guitar case it had been hidden in.

Clang!

The sword sang as it was raised high.

Whoosh!

His movements were smooth, showing no sign of injury; even as the sword came down, it whistled through the air, creating a sound like tearing fabric.

Eisenhaw's eyes focused intently.

He wanted to witness the flying door and Jason being split in half together.

He had calculated that when his sword shattered the door, the blade's tip would graze Jason's body.



He anticipated his do-or-die strike to turn the tide.

Then—

Thud thud thud!

In the drumming sound that was like battle drums, the already swift Jason suddenly accelerated.

This Acceleration completely disrupted Eisenhower's calculations.

Bang!

Jason's towering figure smashed through the door panel, and the wide-bladed short axe in his hand slashed out with a streak of Cold light.

The two figures crossed paths.

Jason shook the blood from his blade.

The blood drew a straight line on the ground like the number "one."

With his back to Jason, Eisenhower's body shuddered...

Thud!

He staggered several steps and knelt on the ground, his long sword subconsciously touching the ground, trying to keep him from falling.

But the nearly bisected body simply couldn't manage that.

Tumbling forward, the kneeling Eisenhower's upper body fell flat on the ground.