

## **Menu 379**

Chapter 379: Only 3! (2)

Blood gushed forth from beneath his body, engulfing him in mere moments.

"Impossible!"

"I cannot fail!"

"In the face of evil, I, who am watched over by the Lord, am invincible!"

With such whispers, Eisenhower's expression began to solidify.

But then an indescribable aura started to emerge.

From initially faint to overwhelmingly dense, the transformation completed in just two breaths.

A chilling sensation began to manifest.

And Eisenhower's rigid expression gradually relaxed.

First, he smiled.

Then...

Ferocious!

He seemed to have found the answer!

His body, which should have been dead, started to tremble.

Jason watched dispassionately as he raised a hand towards Eisenhower—

"Yi!"

The special forcefield of the [Protection Against Evil] instantly swept across the area.

The trembling corpse fell utterly silent.

The ominous aura swept away in an instant.

"Against evil?"

"You, targeted by [Protection Against Evil]... who is the real evil?"

Jason said coldly.

Then, he picked up the other's longsword and began to clean up the battlefield.

To Jason, the attacker, a stranger, offered no loot of interest, apart from that longsword.

There was no scent of food, but the material was special, very sharp.

It was a standard single-handed sword, double-edged, with a thick spine, the hilt guard was straight and about 20 centimeters long, with leather wrapped around the hilt, and a smaller counterweight at the back of the hilt, making the sword even better suited for slashing.

Woo, woo!

After a few swings, Jason placed it inside a nearby guitar case.

He had not forgotten his plan to study swordsmanship.

Only after Jason had done all this and rechecked the house did Esther arrive with a squad.

"Lord Jason!"

Esther greeted him and then signaled the action team to seal off the area—this was a hidden location, already far from the main roads and the bustle of the marketplace. In choosing this place, Eisenhaw had clearly done so deliberately.

However, they could not forego the necessary protocols.

Even though the danger had passed.

"Senior Edmund has been detained."

"He killed Manager Chuck."

"It seems that this attack... is related to Chuck."

Esther said in a low voice as he approached Jason.

The rather clever Esther had quickly guessed what might have happened after the initial shock.

He had also conjectured Chuck's purpose in doing this.

But...

Out of caution, he still used the word 'seems.'

"There might be some unfavorable developments."

"This dead man, he should be from the 'Sanctuary.'

"Please be careful."

Esther warned Jason.

As if worried that Jason was not aware of the situation, he added in an even lower voice, "'Sanctuary,' unlike the 'Shelter' and the 'Organization,' believes that any 'anomaly' not under their control should be burnt to death, including those who have used these 'anomalies.' During the old centuries, they caused

many incidents and even after their headquarters was breached in the new century, they never disappeared."

"Moreover, in some respects..."

"They have become more dangerous."

"Because no one can be sure where they are now."

At this, Esther's expression grew solemn.

Because he knew that this was not the end.

The reason 'Sanctuary' was both hated and feared was their madness-like tenacity. Once they fixed on a target, they pursued it like rabid dogs.

Until the target died.

Or...

They were completely annihilated.

And so far, they had not been wiped out.

The targets they had identified, only three had escaped, all the others had died.

Three might not seem like many.

But that was the count for three hundred years.

One for every century!

Or rather, once in a century!

Because the first two targets that made the 'Sanctuary' fail appeared within less than ten years of its establishment.

And the third target appeared after another 270 years.

Only showing up 30 years ago.

However, that target had also vanished without a trace.

Most people guessed that he must be dead.

As to how?

Naturally, the 'Sanctuary'!

Esther did not withhold anything, he told Jason everything he knew.

"Understood."

Jason replied indifferently.

Esther was momentarily taken aback by Jason's calm demeanor before she quickly snapped back to reality.

The person before her was the immortal 'Masked Man'.

Recalling the strength Jason had displayed earlier, Esther felt an inexplicable surge of confidence.

"If you need my help, you know where to find me."

After saying this, Esther walked away discreetly.

He needed to write a report immediately to inform the higher-ups of 'Sanctuary' and the 'Holy Serpent Society' about everything here.

He would faithfully report to the Holy Serpent Society.

As for 'Sanctuary'...

He would do his best to absolve Senior Edmund.

Senior Edmund had shown him kindness.

He couldn't just ignore that.

Of course, he also admired the senior.

To be able to discern everything so quickly.

And to...

Act decisively!

If it were me who had died...

The senior would surely have intervened!

With that thought in mind, Esther quickened his pace as he left.

He had to ensure his senior could leave that place as quickly as possible.

Jason watched Esther leave, then turned and walked away.

Only when he was sure he had left the martial law zone of 'Sanctuary' did his expression darken.

"The 'Sanctuary', huh?"

Jason muttered to himself, his gaze turning to [Main Quest: Survive 30 Days].

He had always suspected what he might encounter.

Initially, he thought it would be those 'anomalies' that kept appearing, but now it seemed that the 'Sanctuary' was the focal point.

What if the 'Sanctuary' suddenly intervened while I was dealing with 'anomalies'?

And what if those 'anomalies' had special effects?

Jason wasn't naive enough to think an organization with three hundred years of history would be as vulnerable as that person had seemed.

If that were the case, it wouldn't be possible for only three people to have escaped in three hundred years.

"It's the morning of the second day now."

"29 days left?"

Jason subconsciously looked at the recent message—

[Devouring the essence of the chocolate fountain!]

[Physical Strength and Energy restored beyond normal limits!]

[Satiety +50]

[Satiety: 168]

[Excitement of Feast +1]

[Excitement of Feast: 5]

...

"56 lives!"

The number of lives he had, which was nearly double the basic safety margin, allowed Jason to breathe a slight sigh of relief.

Then he quickly walked towards the combat gym.

He had to take the time to improve himself.

If there wasn't enough time...

Then he would rely on his extraordinary Talent!

...

When Aras awoke, Jason hadn't returned.

The moment she opened her eyes, she felt something different about herself.

Her muscles seemed stronger?

Aras couldn't help but flip out of bed and stand up, immediately beginning a new round of testing.

The results delighted her.

She had indeed grown stronger.

"Indeed, mother was right, fighting against a foe of equal strength is the fastest way to grow!"

Aras murmured happily to herself.

Then she stood in place, meticulously recalling last night's fight.

Especially some details, which seemed like a movie branded in her mind, playing over and over again as Aras thought about them.

"Jason's Martial Arts are very impressive."

"They're both Agile and ferocious."

"My shotgun blast isn't perfected yet, it not only requires a brief charge time but also lacks Agility, I should..."

As Aras pondered, she began shadow boxing unconsciously.

Bang!

Bang, bang, bang!

A series of sounds, akin to a shotgun, began to ring out in the combat gym.

After dozens of repetitions, it started to sound like a real shotgun.

At that moment, Jason just happened to push the door open and enter. Your next read awaits at empire

The two exchanged a look, sparks flying without a word spoken.

"Shall we continue?"

Aras asked, licking her lips.

Jason immediately nodded his head.

"I couldn't ask for more!"