

Menu 394

Chapter 394: Exceptionally Gifted!

Thump!

Hmm?

It wasn't as painful as I had expected.

It wasn't that Aras's punch lacked strength.

It was just that the power behind Aras's punch was much less than usual.

Normally, one punch could kill a large elephant.

But now a punch could only kill a cow.

While Jason was puzzled, Aras's fists kept pounding on him relentlessly.

Thump, thump, thump!

Each strike was incredibly fast.

But the power of each strike had significantly decreased.

"Sacrificed speed for strength?"

Jason thought quietly to himself, and then, once he had caught on to Aras's rhythm again, he was ready to counterattack.

However, just as he was about to adjust his breathing slightly, the constantly attacking Aras suddenly cracked a smile.

A full day and night's worth of fighting had made Jason well accustomed to Aras's nuances.

The last time she had that kind of smile, Jason was caught by Aras in a bear hug and body slammed hard into the ground; if his body hadn't been sturdy enough, his neck would surely have broken.

And this time?

Jason tapped his toes and immediately retreated.

Then, he saw Aras slap the ground with one hand.

Her whole body spun, launching a sideways kick flying toward him.

"Missile. Strike!"

Seeing this all too familiar move, and hearing Aras's naming, Jason's brows raised.

A move originating from the Griffin Combat Technique, Jason was more than familiar with it.

He knew what to do.

This was no time to dodge; otherwise, he would be caught in an endless stream of attacks and lose all advantage.

Defense!

Then, counterattack!

Determined, Jason crossed his arms to guard in front of him.

Thump!

Aras's feet struck Jason's arms with a heavy thud, and right when Jason was about to counterattack—

Boom!

A massive explosion occurred.

Jason's towering figure was blown away, crashing into a thick tree trunk, and amidst the creaking sound of the falling tree, he stood up, looking astonished.

The move just now was definitely from the Griffin Combat Technique.

But the explosion that followed?

"Is that your kind of Breathing Method?"

Jason asked.

"Yeah."

"But, it's not the initial version that mom taught, it's the one I modified. It has more explosive power but also uses more Physical Strength."

Aras nodded her head, then explained the intricacies of the technique to Jason.

Just like the previous versions of the Breathing Method, Aras shared without reservation.

Considering that Jason had paid for this, she naturally ought to teach him wholeheartedly, especially since Jason had already completed the basic training. Such advanced guidance was also in line with the principles of the fighting gym.

Jason listened with a frown.

It wasn't that there was anything wrong with this Breathing Method.

Rather, he felt indebted to Aras.

The value of this Breathing secret technique was unquestionable, evident by Aras's performance, not to mention the improved version by Aras. Its worth could truly be considered priceless.

In other organizations, it surely would be a core legacy. Learners could not access it without going through a series of tests.

Furthermore, even when accessed, it would be just the basics. To learn more, one would have to undergo test after test.

Where could one find someone like Aras who gave it all to him straight away?

Just because he paid the tuition?

"Aras, do you realize how precious this Breathing Method is?"

Jason couldn't help but ask.

"Of course, I do!"

"It's something Grandfather created by combining some secret techniques, and then, Mom made some improvements to it, making it what it is now. Mom told me that to learn this Breathing Method, one must pay tuition, and be able to fight me head-on for an hour without falling, and also not be someone I dislike—and Jason, you meet all the criteria."

Aras answered earnestly.

Jason's frown deepened upon hearing this.

He almost instantly guessed why her mother had arranged it this way.

Paying tuition, there should be the inclination to learn Barehanded Combat.

Fighting with Aras for an hour would mean that physical fitness and experience were at a certain level.

And a person not disliked by Aras would probably be judged by her beast-like instincts.

Although he met the criteria, Jason still felt obligated.

"I know two Breathing Methods, the Body Forging Technique, I can teach you..."

"No!"

Aras didn't let Jason finish before shaking her head and interrupting him; she looked at Jason solemnly and said, "Mom said my Talent isn't good, I can only focus on practicing the Breathing Method she taught me. Only when I have trained it to the limit and cannot go any further am I allowed to learn something else; otherwise, I would accomplish nothing."

Talent isn't good?

Looking at Aras, who was as tall as himself with a physique even slightly stronger, Jason couldn't help thinking that her mother was a great woman.

There wasn't a hint of contempt in his mind.

It was simply magnificent.

"Do you look like your mother?"

Jason blurted out a question on a whim.

"Yes!"

"I look like my mom but not like my dad."

"However, my mother has seven scars on her chest, and I don't."

Aras nodded repeatedly.

Scars?

Were they left by an opponent?

Jason thought of this and didn't ask further.

"Let's take a break, then we'll continue."

Aras, who had been fighting for the entirety of the day, cheered at these words and walked over to the side.

Over there was food delivered by members of 'Hydra.'

They were friends Aras had made with his fists, exceptionally reliable.

The food had been chosen for its high calories and high protein content.

However, Jason didn't go to eat those; he saved the real 'food,' those five obsidian daggers.

One day, one night.

Jason had restrained himself for a day and a night.

This was extremely difficult for Jason.

And this day and night of restraint made Jason even more adept at restraining his appetite.

Or rather, he had become accustomed to restraining his appetite.

This was a good sign and one that Jason was pleased to see.

However, at this moment, there was no need for further restraint.

He needed 'food' to recover his physical strength.

Seated cross-legged to the side, leaning against a tree, Jason took out one dagger and licked it.

A faint sweetness and a taste of malt began to spread in his mouth.

Jason couldn't help biting into it.

When Jason's saliva touched the obsidian dagger, the solid obsidian softened inexplicably, allowing his sharp teeth to easily bite through it and chew.

Bear-shaped cookies!

Jason identified the taste of the obsidian dagger from the very first bite.

He swallowed the whole dagger with the second bite.

Crunch, crunch.

Amidst the crisp chewing sounds, text appeared in front of him—

[You have consumed an Obsidian Dagger (Replica)!]

[Physical Strength, Vigor moderately recovered!]

[Satiety +11]

[Satiety: 178]

...

A standard level of satiety appeared in front of Jason.

But...

"Replica?!"

Jason looked at the four remaining obsidian daggers in his hand with surprise.

Based on the similar intensity of the scent, Jason was certain that the four obsidian daggers in his hand were also replicas.

Smelling the aroma wafting to his nose, Jason's mind began to race.

"If replicas can be used in conjunction with secret techniques to change one's appearance, then... what about the genuine articles?"

Jason swallowed hard.

Although he tried to restrain himself, he was somewhat eager.

The taste of the replica made him subconsciously imagine what the taste of the genuine article would be like.

But his recent conscious restraint quickly brought him back to calmness.

"The 'Sanctuary' actually has technology to replicate 'anomalies'!"

"Is the Obsidian Dagger the only 'anomalous item' that can be replicated with this technology?"

"Or..."

"There could be more!"

Jason pondered, and his body involuntarily trembled.

He was both shocked by the hidden capabilities of the 'Sanctuary' and excited.

It was as if he saw another 'fridge'... no, not a fridge!

It was a buffet!

Yes, a buffet!

Whoo, whoo!

After taking several deep breaths in succession, Jason calmed himself down once again.

He knew that danger and opportunity coexisted.

Facing the 'Sanctuary' that was after him, Jason naturally wouldn't have any hesitations.

And now?

It was time to show his talent!

Without any hesitation, Jason began to try out the Breathing Method that Aras had taught him.

Then—

Boom!

Jason was blown to pieces.