

Menu 481

Chapter 481: The Fist Shines Brightly!

Just thinking about it with his toes, it was impossible.

Moreover, why did Aras's mother have to leave 'Ang City' after getting married and giving birth to Aras?

Peripheral details emerged in Jason's mind, allowing him to swiftly deduce the picture of Aras's maternal grandfather being 'an enemy of the entire world,' stepping into a 'trap,' after which Aras's mother had no choice but to flee far away.

If that were the case, would the death of Aras's father be as it appeared?

Of course, it's not excluding the possibility that he died early due to complications from being severely beaten by Aras's mother.

But Jason still believed that the key point couldn't be that simple.

Then, Jason subconsciously thought of Aras.

Was Aras safe now?

Jason asked himself and quickly came to a conclusion.

Aras should be safe, not just because she was strong enough herself, but also because of Edmund and Esther.

Edmund was smart and cautious.

Esther was adaptable to circumstances.

Especially the latter, Jason had witnessed her power firsthand.

The three of them together, naturally, there wouldn't be any problems.

Sigh.

Thinking this, Jason let out a slight sigh of relief.

He closed his eyes once again.

He was waiting for the next dawn.

And before that?

He would conserve his energy.

A proper allocation would result in twice the effect with half the effort.

Jason firmly believed this.

Therefore, at this moment, while relaxing his body, he began summarizing his battles in his mind, contemplating the gains and losses from a series of previous fights.

Becoming powerful wasn't something that could be achieved in an instant.

What was needed was constant, persistent effort.

Jason had understood this truth very early on.

Moreover, he acted accordingly.

Of course, he hadn't forgotten to make reasonable use of his own talent.

"Satiety, add points!"

Jason looked at the skills, the secret technique list, where 'Thrust' was still at a basic level, and could be enhanced with only satiety points.

For Jason, who currently had 381 satiety points, mere 8 points of satiety were naturally trivial.

Thrust (Beginner): 'Sword Saint' Avent, based on the long spear techniques in the military camp and some assassin schools' short sword and dagger skills, created this technique. However, you, with your 'unique talent,' have made some modifications, making it more suitable for yourself. Effect: When wielding a sword or knife, consume a bit of physical strength to execute an agility +0.4 enhanced attack.]

...

Knives?

Jason frowned.

However, he then relaxed his brow.

His swordsmanship talent should be excellent, but having used knives extensively, his unconscious crossover may have started guiding his knife proficiency. Otherwise, how could 'Thrust' have gained the evaluation of 'unique talent' and the mention of 'when wielding sword or knife'?

All of this proved his extraordinary talent.

Of course, all this was built upon his persistent and extraordinary perseverance.

Otherwise, even the best talent would be of no use.

Upgrading 'Thrust' from beginner to proficient level required 12 points of satiety, without needing any Excitement of Feast. Jason once again chose to upgrade.

Reaching proficient level in 'Thrust,' there were no further changes, only the added agility had increased to 0.5.

To advance to proficiency level, it would require 16 points of satiety and 1 point of Excitement of Feast.

"Not bad."

Feeling the harmony between knowledge and body, Jason appraised it thus.

An increase of 0.5 in agility was quite significant.

At this moment, with his agility at 3.5, with the additional 0.5, he could burst forth with four times the speed of an ordinary person in an instant.

Then, Jason naturally thought.

"If only I had such an enhancement for barehanded fighting!"

"Combined with the basic effect of [Battle Mark.Prus.Griffin.Shadow Concealment Body Forging Technique] and the inherent talent [Daytime Hunt], my punches would be faster and more powerful."

"And the reverse is true as well!"

"Greater speed will make my knife sharper!"

Jason fell into deep thought unconsciously.

And in the days that followed, he spent most of his time pondering while hunting for food.

Mostly thinking.

Hunting at dawn.

Time passed day by day.

Jason couldn't be sure if time here was different from the outside world, but on his main task, the days were indeed ticking by.

And the idea of making his fists faster and his knife sharper?

It was gradually becoming a reality.

Although Jason was at first clueless, he was a man willing to experiment. Whenever he had a chance, he would activate [Daytime Hunt] while performing [Thrust].

The first time, although his arm twisted into a twist and his chest caved in, his relentless attempts, supported by his great talent, eventually led him to some tricks after trying 20 times.

Then, after 30 more practices, and his heart bursting 30 times, some changes finally appeared on his panel.

[Thrust (Proficient): 'Sword Saint' Avent, based on the military camp's long spear techniques and some assassin schools' short sword and dagger skills, created this technique. But you, with your 'unique talent,' have greatly improved it, making it more suitable for yourself, effect: whether wielding sword, knife, or barehanded, can consume a bit of physical strength to perform an agility +0.5 enhanced attack.]

...

[Battle Mark.Prus.Griffin.Shadow Concealment Body Forging Technique] also underwent a new change, with the word 'unarmed combat' now followed by parentheses specifically noting 'with a knife.']

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Of course, the greatest change was the Talent "Daytime Hunt".

"Daytime Hunt: The unique talent of Battle Pattern Breathing Technique has merged with your soul; when you are in daylight, sunshine, or similar environments, you will gain an all-attribute bonus of +0.2, and your physical strength, energy, and injury recovery speed will increase by 10%. You can also choose to consume 10%-100% of your physical strength to execute an agility-based attack with a bonus of +0.1 to +1; when you stand still and complete a 3-second charge-up, you will gain an additional +0.1 to strength and agility; when you fully activate Daytime Hunt and use the 'Sprint' skill, your agility boost will stack, and in the next attack, you will gain an extra +0.1 agility bonus (lasting for one attack only)!]

...

Physical strength, energy, and injury recovery speed increased by 5%.

"Daytime Hunt" successfully stacked with "Sprint".

There was also the extra effect of an additional +0.1 to the next attack when using maximum consumption.

Jason felt satisfied with this.

However, his brow furrowed upon seeing the note that it lasted only once.

Given his talent, even with 100% consumption of physical strength, he would still have the strength for an attack.

In Jason's view, just one time was far too little.

If it could occur a few more times...

I could be even faster!

With this thought, Jason's eyes brightened.

Then, he returned to his focused state from before.

Hunting and further altering "Daytime Hunt".

Meanwhile, in the depths of the Sanctuary in Ang City, there was an air of solemnity.

The war had ended a week ago.

With the Sanctuary's utter defeat, the Night Owl Court demonstrated its might to the entire new century, especially when some discovered that many of the Sanctuary's people had vanished without a trace, leaving only a handful of unimportant members left, a sense of fear involuntarily rose within them.

Revenge!

Everyone thought this was the Night Owl Court's retribution.

The Night Owl Court offered no explanations.

They needed such misunderstandings to buy time.

They needed an opportunity to rise anew.

They were pleased by such misunderstandings.

Indeed, they were fanning the flames from the shadows.

Aio. Kite excelled at such tactics, and the entire Kate Family was exerting their strength to muddle the waters further while starting to seize the Sanctuary's remaining wealth.

For an entire week, Aio. Kite did not rest.

He was busying over these matters.

Similarly, the old butler Dar. Kate and the youngest child Mondy. Kate had no rest either.

The busyness would continue.

But today, they took time out, dressed appropriately, standing here with somber faces.

Dibala and Shiba did the same.

Both were wrapped in cloaks, wearing nocturnal masks and standing quietly.

Aio. Kite stepped forward, and three stood side by side.

Avent?

He refused the invitation from three old friends and simply stood in the corner with his mask on, his eyes filled with sadness as he gazed upon the tombstone.

Jason (???—???)

The death date engraved on the tombstone was YA90.9.22, the day Jason disappeared, but his son insisted Jason was still alive, so the date was erased.

And his birth date?

No one knew, so it was replaced with question marks.

Thus, the tombstone appeared rather comical.

Especially when paired with the words below—

Aras: We'd agreed to practice together.

Kuya: I still wanted to invite you for a meal.

Esther: I firmly believe you will return.

Edmund: Fate? I'm prepared to break it now.

The four who were closest to Jason wrote their own words below.

This made the tombstone look even less solemn.

If any serious words had to be forced, there would be only one—

The great Night Owl, forever Claw 13.

"Night Owl, Claw."

Avent murmured softly.

Finally, he shook his head.

Edmund and Esther stood shoulder to shoulder, the latter's insistence meant there were no bouquets at the funeral, only a meeting and conversation after a great battle.

Under the gaze of "Jason".

This was Esther's request.

"What are you planning to do?"

Edmund asked Esther.

"Learn swordsmanship, get married, have children."

Esther answered succinctly.

Learn swordsmanship to become stronger.

Get married to leave no regrets.

Have children, just in case.

No further explanation needed, Edmund instantly understood Esther's thoughts.

"I heard Miss Jennifer is quite good?"

Edmund tried to lighten the mood.

"Mm."

"Very capable, and she has a sense of justice, too."

After nodding, Esther turned his head towards Edmund and asked, "What about you?"

Edmund, who initially wanted to lighten the mood, fell silent at this question.

He couldn't face the question with humor.

Because it was under the gaze of "Jason".

A man who died in his stead.

After a full two seconds, Edmund took a deep breath and began to speak slowly.

"I will relentlessly pursue everything I can accomplish, learn all that I can. If talent is lacking, I will make up for it with a hundredfold effort and time. Believing in the 'great' brilliance and always ready to bestow 'hope' to the successors. When I reach the end, I want to tell Jason with a smile that this unceasing struggle was indeed the never-before-felt freedom—until the moment of farewell, it is for those freed from this world."

With that, Edmund looked back at the "tombstone".

It was Jason who taught him through actions to break fate.

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And him?

He was certainly going all out.

Once, twice, thrice!

The fourth time?

He was ready.

Esther glanced at her friend.

"Jason isn't dead,"

He stressed.

"Of course,"

Edmund replied with a smile.

On the other side of the 'tombstone,' Pasi in her black silk skirt, standing with Kuituo, Luogen, and Emma, while the elderly Aidivens stood behind the three children.

"Emma, this isn't a funeral, no need to be sad,"

The elderly Aidivens comforted the somewhat bewildered girl.

Remembering how she had been in a coma for several days and forgotten many things, a deeper sense of pity appeared in the old couple's eyes.

"Mm."

Emma nodded obediently, standing quietly behind Kuituo and Luogen.

She didn't remember much, but she was familiar with Kuituo and Luogen.

They were also with her when she woke up.

And being of a similar age, this made her unconsciously prefer to stay close to them.

"Have the adoption papers been processed?"

Danfoss inquired of Pasi.

"That wasn't difficult,"

"but the war has destroyed so much, the Xavier School for Gifted Youngsters has been rebuilt, but the records are gone, and with Emma not remembering much, it's difficult to trace her lineage,"

Pasi said regretfully.

"Everything will get better,"

Danfoss consoled his friend.

Pasi nodded affirmatively, confirming his friend's statement.

Then, she gently caressed her bulging belly.

"Stark, you've got an older sister now, her name is Emma,"

These words did not escape the keen ears of Kuituo and Luogen.

A rare smile briefly crossed Kuituo's usually stern face, soon to disappear, but Luogen and Emma saw it.

"Can I really stay?"

Emma asked joyfully.

"Of course, of course!"

"Auntie Pasi already said, you'll be little Stark's sister, you'll be one of our relatives, a member of the family,"

Luogen replied happily.

"That's wonderful,"

"It's really wonderful,"

"There won't be..."

"No accidents!"

The little Witch hardly dared to believe it; she felt it all seemed like an illusion, about to say something unconsciously, but her words were cut off as soon as she spoke them by Kuituo.

Kuituo turned around, his young face full of earnestness and solemnity.

He made an oath to Emma,

"Any accident will be crushed by me, I swear in the name of Kuituo, any existence that dares to disrupt my family, harm my kin, I will eradicate completely, even if it's a god, no exception!"

"I will do the same,"

Luogen echoed on the side.

"That's truly wonderful,"

Emma embraced the two who were meant to be her younger brothers but whom she regarded as her older brothers.

Hope this moment is eternally etched in my heart!

I, too, will protect 'home'!

She thought to herself silently.

This scene was seen by Avent, Edmund, Esther,

By Aio. Kite, the old Butler, and the youngest child, Mondy. Kate.

Dibala, Xiba saw it.

Clark, Lites saw it.

Many members of the Brotherhood, Hydra saw it.

The sincerity of the child touched them; involuntarily, they all cracked a slight smile.

"This is the meaning of our existence!"

Dibala said, and those around him nodded in agreement.

But there were two who did not.

Aras, Kuya.

From the moment these two ladies had entered, they exchanged glances with each other, exuding an imposing aura without giving in to each other.

"I am entitled to stand here."

"He acknowledged me."

Kuya pointed to Jason's tombstone, asserting her stance.

As a member of the 'Holy Serpent Society,' she had no right to be there.

But, she had to be there.

Therefore, she needed an identity.

The lover of 'Claw 13' was, naturally, the best choice.

Aras, however, did not respond to her, sweeping her gaze around before focusing all her attention on the 'tombstone' and the long-decayed 'gate,' seemingly lost in thought.

Such an attitude made Kuya feel ignored.

"I acknowledge that you had a special relationship with Jason, and you deserve to stand closer to the 'tombstone.'

"But, you should not surpass me."

Kuya insisted on her identity.

Aras finally spoke this time.

"You think Jason's dead?"

Aras inquired.

"Of course not!"

"13 is immortal; of course, he cannot die!"

Kuya retorted immediately.

"Yes, immortal."

Aras repeated the phrase, and then, turned and walked outside.

"Aras?"

Esther

"I'm going to train."

Aras stated.

She couldn't wait any longer.

Her mother had said that a fist could shatter time and break space!

She was determined to pursue this goal!

She would shatter time and space, to find Jason.

Stomp, stomp stomp.

With firm and strong steps, Aras's tall figure swiftly vanished.

Leaving behind Kuya, standing there in a daze.

"Immortal, immortal..."

Kuya muttered absentmindedly.

13 is immortal, but what about her?

She's just a regular person.

How could she withstand the erosion of time?

If, if 13 returned.

But she had already grown old, she might not even have the courage to see him!

No!

That can't happen!

"I won't let you succeed!"

Kuya, watching Aras's receding figure, didn't linger any longer; she quickly departed and upon returning to the surface, she dialed Haro's communicator immediately.

"Haro, do you know where the 'Fountain of Youth,' 'Mermaid,' 'Archangel's Sigh,' 'Hydra's Blood' are?"

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It's not enough.

She needed more options.

On the other side, Haro sighed.

He knew that something like this would happen.

But he was powerless to stop it.

With a sigh in his heart, Haro said,

"I don't know the whereabouts of these 'anomalies'; you must find them yourself."

"However, I have a piece of not entirely accurate information."

"At the end of the sea lies the lair of Hydra."

"The end of the sea?"

"Got it."

After finishing, Kuya hung up the communicator and began to make preliminary plans.

Meanwhile, in Aras, the underground gathering continued after Kuya's departure.

Without Aras and Kuya, the atmosphere at the gathering became more relaxed.

Especially for Kuituo, Luogen, and Emma.

"Jason hasn't died?"

Emma asked in a soft voice.

"Of course."

"Jason is immortal."

"How could he possibly die?"

Luogen replied with certainty.

Emma looked at Kuituo.

"Hmm."

Kuituo nodded emphatically.

Following suit, Emma nodded as well.

She believed her brothers; if they said that Jason was immortal, then Jason must be.

Then...

Emma fainted again.

"Emma, Emma, what's wrong with you?"

Kuituo caught his sister in one swoop while Luogen called out from the side.

Pasi and Danfoss immediately rushed over.

Edmund and Esther too.

The crowd gathered around Emma.

"Doctor."

Esther called out directly.

Among those present, there was a doctor.

And not just any doctor, but the one who once treated Emma.

The doctor felt a drumming in his heart, yet his expression was composed.

"Don't worry."

"I've got everything under control!" the doctor said.

Seeing the calm doctor, the people around breathed a sigh of relief, but just at that moment—

Beep, beep, beep!

An ear-piercing alarm suddenly rang out.

Then, messages started coming through the communicators of Edmund, Esther, and Aio. Kite one after another.

A missile, topped with a 'nuclear warhead', was hurtling towards Ang City.

The three of them almost simultaneously sneered.

"As expected."

Aio. Kite narrowed his eyes and, after exchanging a look with Edmund and Esther, directly gave an order to Kael.

Kael hadn't appeared for a reason.

The colonel had been waiting all along.

He not only needed to intercept the missile but also to find out where it was fired from.

The Night Owl Court would definitely not stand idly by without fighting back.

They believed in an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth!

"Prepare to intercept!"

"Initiate tracking!"

Kael gave the order.

Everything was proceeding in an orderly fashion.

But at this moment, his deputy suddenly exclaimed—

"Eh!"

"Someone!"

"Someone is blocking the path of that missile with the 'nuclear warhead'!"

Amid such exclamations, the image was transmitted directly.

Kael saw a tall, robust woman who bore some resemblance to Aras's face standing out of thin air in the sky, wearing a blue coat with shoulder guards on either side, her left hand wrapped in white bandages, her right arm covered with a wrist guard. Although most of her was obscured, a scar was still visible above her chest.

The lady noticed the scrutiny and turned her head.

"Tell that boy named Jason."

"I recognize him now."

After uttering these words, she turned and threw a punch.

With the punch, a sudden brilliance shone forth.

The sun in the sky brightened several degrees at that moment.

Then—

Boom!

A gigantic mushroom cloud appeared in the sky.

But before the mushroom cloud could spread, it vanished into the endless brilliance.

Whoosh!

The wind blew through.

The figure in the sky disappeared along with it.

Leaving behind nothing but the clear, cloudless blue sky.

Peaceful, serene.

And bathed in bright sunlight.

Ang City, immersed in it.

Chapter 485: She, Has Arrived

Another dawn before morning.

Jason huddled in a newly found closet, making the final adjustments.

The previous armoire had already been destroyed by those pitch-black humanoid monsters.

Although Jason had been cautious enough, when he repeatedly appeared in that area, the monsters began a thorough destruction when they couldn't locate him.

The once 'shopping mall' furniture zone was completely destroyed by the monsters.

Furniture shattered, walls collapsed.

After it had all turned into ruins, Jason had no choice but to move his base to a 'room' that seemed like a hotel kitchen.

He chose this place not because there was still some edible food in the fridge, but simply because the closet was big enough.

Though for him, it still required curling up.

But after continuous battling, a relatively spacious place to rest was truly a delight for Jason.

Of course, the consecutive fights had also allowed him to once again perfect "Daytime Hunt."

"Daytime Hunt: The unique talent of the War Pattern Breath Technique has merged into your soul; when you are in daylight or sunny environments, you gain a special effect of +0.2 to all attributes, and your physical strength, energy, and injury recovery speed increase by +15%. You can conduct a high-speed attack with agility judgement +0.1-1 by proportionally consuming 10%-100% of your physical strength. When you complete a 3-second charge in a stationary state, you gain an additional +0.1 to strength and agility. When you activate the maximum extent of Daytime Hunt and launch the skill 'Thrust,' your agility boost will stack, and in the next three attacks, you will gain an additional +0.1 agility boost!"

...

This was Jason's success after practicing 20 times.

Jason believed it was the result of one part luck, nine parts talent, and ninety parts persistence.

His quick improvement in secret techniques was inseparable from his perseverance.

During these many days of fighting, naturally, Jason's gains were not limited to changes in "Daytime Hunt"; "Whirlwind Dance," a technique learned from Sir Beta's notes, had also finally appeared on Jason's panel.

"Whirlwind Dance (Proficient): During Sir Beta's military career, aside from charging, Whirlwind Dance was his greatest gain! Like a charge, Whirlwind Dance is a secret technique that can be learned without gestures or understanding the Dufol Language, but it requires certain physical foundations, not just strength, but also flexibility; it has been passed down through many schools, especially favored by thieves and assassins, but it still became one of the first choices of secret techniques among some warriors and knights before they acquired more sword skills; and you've made some changes to it to make it more suited to yourself. Effect: Consumes a certain amount of physical strength to rotate and attack all targets around you with the weapon in hand. During the rotation, your strength and agility increase by +0.3."

(Note: This is the most initial version of the secret technique, without any personal skills mixed in.)

...

Hu Hu!

As the secret technique "Whirlwind Dance" appeared on his panel, Dufol Language characters naturally emerged.

After occupying two technique slots again, Jason had only 26 slots left for Dufol Language in his heart.

When "War Pattern. Prus-Griffon Body Forging Technique" became "War Pattern. Prus-Griffon. Shadow Concealment Body Forging Technique," after merging with the "Concealment" Dufol Language Go AY, it took up 30 slots of Dufol Language in Jason's heart.

Clearly, the "Concealment" Dufol Language took up much less space than "War Pattern Breath Technique."

However, the gradually decreasing Dufol Language slots still made Jason feel a sense of urgency.

Because Jason very well knew that the present "War Pattern. Prus-Griffon. Shadow Concealment Body Forging Technique" was not his ultimate pursuit.

With his diligence and talent, as long as there were corresponding secret techniques, he would merge even more!

Only by doing so could he become even stronger!

Glancing at the 18 points of satiety and 1 point of Excitement of Feast needed to elevate "Whirlwind Dance" from proficient to proficiency level, Jason shifted his gaze.

Under the priority of upgrading "Protection Against Evil," "Whirlwind Dance" was not in Jason's consideration for the moment.

270 points of satiety.

7 points of Excitement of Feast.

Jason felt assured looking at his current satiety.

What could be more secure than 30 lives?

Naturally, 90 lives!

Jason listened to the surroundings with his ears tilted.

Learning from the past, Jason didn't rush out immediately. Only when he was sure that there were no monsters nearby did he push open the closet door.

In the darkness, Jason moved like a ghost.

After leaving the area where he hid and stepping into a place with lighting, Jason immediately activated "Mist Concealment."

He headed towards the few locations he had recorded yesterday.

Jason had taken care to record the world that now lay in fragments.

He divided it meticulously into three zones:

1. Food zones.

2. Non-food zones.

3. Zones that previously had food, but he had already eaten.

Moreover, he had subdivided the food zones into 33 smaller zones.

Today, he was going to explore and hunt in zone 27 out of these.

During the exploration of the previous 26 zones, Jason had tasted 26 flavors of "Death's Door" fragments, mostly various chocolates, with a few cream cakes and fruit candy flavors, but what Jason remembered most vividly was the taste of a 'pancake' he found in a frying pan.

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And according to the different tastes, the satisfaction gained also ranged from 1 to 20, each varying.

The chocolate flavor was relatively even.

The cream cake was the highest.

The fruit candy was on the lower side.

The pancake was the lowest.

"What flavor will it be today?"

Jason thought silently to himself, quickening his pace involuntarily.

Soon, he entered Zone 27.

This was half a school.

One part playground, one part teaching building, with nothing like dormitories.

The smell of the food was emanating from the monkey bars in the playground.

Jason approached the area with great caution.

His gaze was fixed on the places where light and shadow intermingled inside the teaching building, as according to his days of battle experience, those pitch-black monsters were most likely hiding there.

But today was an exception.

When Jason walked to the side of the monkey bars and his figure came into view, no monsters appeared.

He swallowed the monkey bars in a single bite.

The taste of a chocolate cookie bar.

[You've consumed a part of "Door to Death!"]

[Physical Strength, energy, medium extent of injuries have all recovered!]

[Satisfaction +10!]

[Satisfaction: 280]

...

The flavor filling his mouth and the increase in satisfaction before his eyes brought Jason pleasure.

But he was equally mindful of this abnormality.

Where had those endlessly emerging monsters gone that usually required him to choose whether to fight or flee?

Jason's eyebrows furrowed slightly.

He believed these monsters could not have disappeared without reason.

Unless...

They had left?

To go outside!

"Has a new 'door' to the outside appeared?"

Such a guess emerged in Jason's mind, and then, without hesitation, he rushed into Zone 28.

Then zones 29, 30, 31, 32, 33.

After so many days of exploration, Jason had gained a considerable understanding of the current 'Fragment' world, which not only had unique shapes, but also you never knew what would be behind the next door.

In addition, this place was quite large.

He had only explored areas with food.

He had not set foot in areas without food at all.

More importantly, the latter's area was dozens of times larger than the former!

This was the conclusion Jason had drawn through estimation, and such estimation naturally could not be 100% accurate. Some places that were out of sight would only make the unknown areas larger.

So, to search each one was completely unrealistic.

Fortunately, Jason had a more direct way.

After chewing the food within Zone 33 and spitting out the crumbs, Jason's satisfaction quickly reached 310 points.

Then, Jason began to sniff.

Doors had a smell!

As part of the "Door to Death," Jason remembered the taste of what he had eaten before!

And his superhuman perception gave him an excellent sense of smell.

Especially when it came to the smell of 'food,' Jason's performance was outstanding.

This time was no exception!

Jason quickly found his target!

It was in an unexplored area, similar to an office building.

Compared to the disorder elsewhere, this place was not much better off.

In fact, it was even more bizarre.

This office building, called an office building, in fact, had no top or bottom, only three floors in the middle stuck on a steel bridge. Jason believed it to be an office building simply from the remaining three-floor structure and the external glass windows.

Under the steel bridge, there was no river water, only vast stretches of barren land, overgrown with weeds.

If one's perception was good enough, one could see skeletons among those weeds.

There were human ones, as well as animal ones.

Mostly cows and sheep mingled with some rabbits or foxes.

Jason stood among these wild grasses, avoiding the skeletons, and looked up at the three-story building on the bridge.

From his angle, the building in front of him seemed like a strangely shaped altar, and drops of fresh blood were flowing out of the cracks of the three-story office building, as if it were an initial sacrifice.

Jason quietly climbed up the support pillars of the steel bridge.

Through listening, he chose a quiet spot to enter through the window.

Suddenly, he was facing a cubicle that was neither too big nor too small, with remnants of phones and computers in each cubicle, some places even had dark stains.

Based on experience, Jason concluded that those were traces left by blood.

For some reason, this third floor of the office building had suddenly appeared here.

And then, the people here had become the prey of the monsters.

As for the bodies?

The bones in the wasteland and among the grass below, they might have come from here.

With such a guess, Jason stepped outside.

The entrance glass door had long been shattered. It did not need to be opened. A metal sign was nailed to the wall beside it.

Under the thick dust, the words 'Umbrella' were faintly visible!

There was also a red and white umbrella-shaped Logo.

However, Jason's attention was not on it. His focus was entirely on the stench of blood and the thumping noise coming from the end of the corridor.

Slap, slap!

The thumping noise carried a distinctive rhythm.

One after another, incessant.

Jason tiptoed along the wall, slowly making his way to the end of the corridor.

A few seconds later, he saw a 'nest.'

A 'nest' filled with many sources of light but still shrouded in darkness.

The ceiling lights were on, and there were strong illuminating lights, emergency lights, and desk lamps in the corners of the walls.

Without a doubt, these monsters had placed every light source they could find here, but darkness pervaded the place, the light dim even amidst the many light sources.

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However, this didn't stop Jason from seeing hundreds and thousands of hearts piled up here.

They had already cracked open.

Blood flowed out, gathering together, and tracing a slanted path toward the outside.

The dripping blood that Jason had seen earlier came from this source.

A group of pitch-black humanoid monsters were increasing the flow of blood, rushing from outside, holding hearts in their hands, and then, standing in the center of this room, began to 'pat' the hearts in their hands.

The slap, slap noise came from this action.

As they patted, the hearts began to beat.

From slow to violent.

Until—

Pop!

The heart burst open!

A shadowy figure crawled out from the split-open heart, shaking its body with force before growing into one of the pitch-black humanoid monsters Jason knew.

Then, these newly emerged monsters joined the ranks of the previous ones.

They flocked outward, and another group of monsters carrying hearts returned here to begin a new 'incubation.'

Jason didn't understand the principle behind this 'incubation' process.

But that didn't stop him from raising his hand and unleashing a [Chen Xi Sword].

He and they were natural enemies.

The more there were of them, the more troublesome it was for him.

In order to reduce unnecessary trouble in the remaining two days, Jason thought it necessary to eradicate this 'nest.'

After all, nobody could guarantee that once these monsters reached a certain number, they wouldn't thoroughly search the 'Fragment' world where he was.

It was better to strike proactively than wait to be attacked.

After charging in place for 3 seconds, a 25-meter-long Light Sword swept across the room in front of him.

A slash above the chariot level destroyed everything in front as if it was crumbling dry weeds.

The hearts and the pitch-black humanoid monsters were instantly swept away.

The pervasive darkness began to tumble.

It seemed to be brewing something.

But before it could manifest, Jason raised his hand and cast a [Protection Against Evil].

Yi!

A special force field slammed down on the darkness, causing it to shudder, but it still didn't dissipate.

Without hesitation, Jason cast [Protection Against Evil] again.

A [Chen Xi Sword] and a truly executed [Protection Against Evil] caused Jason to suffer fatal injuries, but the resurrected Jason once again cast [Protection Against Evil].

Ten times in a row!

The trembling darkness in front of him dissipated.

Like smoke, it faded away.

And just as the darkness vanished, Jason could keenly feel a wave of malicious gaze descending from the sky.

Before this malice arrived, Jason's extraordinary senses detected its terror.

His whole body shivered, as if his soul was trembling.

It was as if he were back at 'Lorde,' at the moment before Pea Street.

The feeling was strikingly similar!

But even more dangerous.

Because this malicious gaze was directed at him.

Almost instinctively, Jason concealed his form and stood within the shadows to one side.

An unmatched level of 'Stealth, Concealment' immediately merged Jason with the surrounding shadows.

However, the malicious gaze, not finding its target, did not give up right away but continued to scout persistently.

Two minutes later, the malicious gaze finally receded slowly.

Jason remained motionless, hidden in the shadows.

About fifteen minutes later, the malicious gaze descended once again.

After scanning the area and finding nothing, it began to widen its search radius.

First the three-story office building, then the steel bridge, followed by the wasteland below, and then even further away.

Eventually?

The entire 'Fragment' world.

After circling around this 'Fragment' world three times, the malicious gaze paused temporarily.

However, it had not departed.

Clearly, this being was determined to achieve its goal.

It began to manifest its power.

The 'Fragment' world became even more fragmented.

The bridge supporting the three-story office building collapsed first, smashing the building into rubble, and Jason, hidden within, suffered a fatal crushing blow.

Pain spread all over, but Jason didn't make a sound.

He knew very well that if he made any noise, it would be his true death.

And just as Jason resurrected, the three-story office building, already smashed into ruin, was struck again.

A meteorite with a diameter of over a hundred meters fell from the sky, crashing down.

Boom!

Jason was once again shattered to pieces.

Next?

Flames began to burn continuously.

Crushed under a pile of concrete slabs and steel bars, Jason felt the scorching of the flames.

He felt like a piece of pork belly being seared on charcoal fire, unable to turn over.

Even with the defense provided by the [War Pattern. Plus. Griffin. Shadow Body Forging Technique], Jason still died 10 times in the flames.

After that, the malicious gaze moved away.

The other side swept over the entire 'Fragment' world once again.

Meteorites fell one by one.

The flames burned ceaselessly.

Only after the 'Fragment' world in front of him was 'destroyed' three times like plowing the ground did the malicious gaze finally disappear completely.

In the following three attacks, Jason died 30 more times.

He lay there motionless, enduring such deaths.

Until the time of departure elapsed, minute by minute, second by second.

Three!

Two!

One!

When the last second had passed, Jason, who was pressed in the rubble, immobile, simply vanished.

But with this disappearance, it seemed the malicious gaze was disturbed.

The malicious gaze descended upon this place once again.

It surveyed the area.

It locked onto the last place where Jason had disappeared.

But before It had a chance to search thoroughly,

In the distance, where Jason had entered through the 'door', a crack appeared in the void.

The crack spread like a spider web.

Crack, crack.

As time passed, within a matter of seconds, it expanded into a vast area.

And then—

Pop!

The void completely shattered.

A tall and sturdy figure stepped out.

"Jason, where are you?" the figure shouted after stepping into the breach.

Yes, it was Aras.

But unlike the memory, the current Aras was clearly taller and more muscular, and furthermore, her attire had changed from jeans and jackets to Daoist robes for cultivation; her thick, disheveled, auburn hair, which had been loose before, was now tied into a high ponytail on the top of her head; and a string of 'anomalies', which 'the shelter' had collected to aid in cultivation, had been made into a large rosary that hung around her neck.

Two rope-like bracers, aiding in cultivation, were worn on her left and right hands.

This too were 'anomalies' that aided in cultivation.

Her roar echoed in this shattered space.

The malicious gaze instantly locked onto Aras.

It stared at her.

"Was it you who destroyed my 'altar'?" It asked.

"Have you seen Jason?" Aras responded, ignoring the question.

Such a response prompted the already angry malicious gaze to hesitate not a bit before striking 'the hand'.

A meteorite with a diameter of hundreds of meters came smashing down right at Aras.

Aras frowned.

She had come to find Jason, not to fight.

But if someone hit her, she definitely wouldn't take it lying down without fighting back.

The next moment, Aras turned and twisted her waist, leaped high into the air, and with a fierce punch aimed at the meteorite above her head, she struck.

Boom!

Her fist collided with the meteorite.

The meteorite shattered instantly.

And Aras's body kept soaring up toward the sky, until... she hit where the malicious gaze was located.

Boom!

Crack!

Another rending of the void.

The malicious gaze widened its eyes as the woman drew near.

Before It could speak, the persistent force of the punch landed on Its body.

Pain!

Agony!

It wanted to scream, but in the next moment, It realized in horror that Its own body was beginning to disintegrate.

"No!" With an incredulous shout, It swiftly abandoned its body and fled into the far reaches of the void.

It did not know why It had encountered such a terrifying woman, unlike any other human, but It knew that if It did not flee fast enough, It would truly die.

Aras, gazing at the evildoer who had struck first, had no intention of letting the culprit escape.

For she could feel the murderous intent the other had just released against her.

Such a person was an enemy.

Jason had said, when facing an enemy, show no mercy.

Aras brought her hands to her waist, where a golden aura began to condense in her palms.

Then, as she pushed her palms forward, the ball of golden aura spun out like a shooting star and crashed violently into the fleeing figure.

Boom!

The massive explosion lit up the dark void with golden brilliance.

It was like a miniature sun.

Suspended in the void.

Chapter 488: Jason, where are you? Wait for me!

In the golden radiance, the owner of that malicious gaze had completely vanished without a trace.

Aras stood at the edge of the Fragment world and the void, not stepping forward, but taking a step back instead.

She returned to the Fragment world, her nostrils flaring.

She hoped to determine Jason's location by smell.

But she was immediately disappointed.

The entire Fragment world had long been battered into chaos by meteorites, and the subsequent flames had burned everything away.

Aras returned disappointed.

With a punch, she shattered the void of the Fragment world and made her way back the way she came.

Ang City, headquarters of the Night Owl Court.

Fifteen years ago, it had been a temporary base for the 'Sanctuary' in Ang City, but now, it served as the headquarters for the 'Night Owl Court.'

The Night Owl Court, a power that had suddenly risen 30 years into the new century, had toppled the previously supreme 'Sanctuary,' completely seizing control of Ang City.

While it was on par with top organizations such as the 'Sanctuary,' 'Holy Serpent Society,' 'Deep Dive Council,' 'Forest Path,' and 'Patrician Sisters Alliance,' unlike these organizations, it did not spread across the entire explorable range of the new century.

The Night Owl Court was rooted only in Ang City.

Of course, the Night Owl Court's subsidiaries 'Hydra' and 'Brotherhood' were different.

Under the leadership of the new Leader Kuituo and Luogen, these two subordinate organizations had already reached the entire explorable range of the new century.

"Leader!"

"Chairman!"

Kuituo and Luogen walked side by side.

Both men were tall and robust, with Kuituo being slightly more muscular, while Luogen was leaner. Their mere stride carried an air of command, an imposing aura enveloping the surroundings, prompting those already full of respect to bow and pay homage.

Kuituo's face was cold, showing no expression, but everyone passing by could hear what sounded like the tumult of battle, sending shivers down their spine.

Luogen, with his shoulders held, a cigar in his mouth, appeared somewhat casual, but to others, he was a wolf on a leisurely walk, signaling that it was best not to provoke him unless one wished to die.

"Will Aunt Aras find Uncle Jason?"

As they were about to cross the passage, Luogen couldn't help but ask.

"She will."

"Even if she doesn't find him there, she will surely find him afterward!"

Kuituo said with certainty.

Fifteen years of camaraderie had made him trust the elder.

Luogen did not argue.

He also trusted the elder.

As for his recent question?

Sometimes, even when one knows the answer is affirmative, one still cannot help but ask.

Clack!

Kuituo and Luogen passed through the passage and pushed open the door.

The room behind the door was one of the few heavily guarded places in the Night Owl Court, accessible only to those who were recognized.

An intruder?

They would face the relentless attacks of the three Guardians.

Aio. Kite, Dibala, and the former 'Claws' of Siba, now the Guardians, showed smiles on their faces when they saw Kuituo and Luogen enter.

"Come in quickly."

"Everyone's waiting for you."

As the eldest, Aio. Kite looked at Kuituo and Luogen with an elder's tender affection.

"Well done."

Dibala laughed heartily.

He was referring to a previous organization that had claimed to be 'Snake Charmers.'

The organization had appeared six months ago, attacking the 'Holy Serpent Society' branches multiple times, causing significant losses for the 'Holy Serpent Society,' much to the female Leader's aggravation,

However, the Night Owl Court was indifferent.

Although allies with the 'Holy Serpent Society,' they believed the female Leader would rather handle the matter herself.

However, a week ago, that organization suddenly attacked a base of the 'Brotherhood.'

This prompted the Night Owl Court to no longer remain indifferent.

Kuituo and Luogen took action directly, cleanly, and thoroughly erased the organization from the map.

Dibala liked this decisive approach.

"You still have some techniques to learn."

Siba commented in a faint voice.

As a former 'King of Assassins' in Ang City, he had once mentored Kuituo and Luogen for a time and held high hopes for them, especially Luogen.

He believed that Luogen could fully inherit his mantle.

"Hmm."

Kuituo nodded coldly and moved inside.

"Got it, Teacher Siba."

"See you later, Dibala, Aio."

Luogen greeted the three with a smile.

The originally narrow corridor had been rebuilt several times in the past fifteen years, not only becoming wider but also more functional. Aside from the original Guardian's room, there were now training rooms, storage rooms, and more.

The storage room contained some 'abnormal' items.

When necessary, one could apply to the newly appointed 'Claws' Edmund and Esther for access.

At this moment, Esther, who had taken Aio. Kite's place as NO.2, was sitting in the small reception room.

Originally, he should have succeeded his father Avent as NO.1.

However, Esther adamantly believed that Edmund was more suited for NO.1.

Equally stubborn, Edmund didn't think he could accept NO.1, so he simply chose NO.14.

'This way, I feel as if Jason is right in front of me!'

Edmund used this rationale to earn the agreement of most.

As a result, NO.1 remained Avent.

However, Avent was not present at the time.

Compared to the semi-retired Aio. Kite, Dibala, and Siba, Avent was busy teaching his seven grandchildren, the children of Esther and the lady Jennifer.

"You should spend more time with the children and Jennifer."

As Jennifer's good friend, Danfoss couldn't help but say.

Chapter 489: Jason, where are you? Wait for me! (2)

To tell the truth, she somewhat regretted introducing her good friend to Esther.

She had always believed that Esther was a decent person who could be a good husband and father, but...she misjudged the extent of her friend's "violence." Seeing Esther's injured face, Danfoss was filled with pity.

"I've tried."

"So, I ended up with broken bones again."

Esther said with a bitter smile.

"Don't use the techniques Aras taught you to dodge responsibility; after all, no one forced you to marry Jennifer."

Pasi said sternly.

Next to Pasi stood a youth.

His eyes were lively, his hair slightly curled, his body not very tall but sturdy enough, and his face could be considered handsome. Yet, standing there so straight, he gave off a mischievous and slightly defiant air.

"Mom, Kuituo, Brother Luogen is here."

The youth said while already moving his feet, walking towards his two older brothers,

Because he was very aware that what followed would be his mother's best lecturing time.

He didn't want to be caught in the crossfire while standing there.

For some reason, every time she lectured, she would inevitably drag him into it.

"Stark, you must understand..."

Behind him, Pasi's voice rose, causing the youth to quicken his steps and his ears to automatically filter it out.

He didn't dislike his mother.

He was clear that she loved him.

But he preferred to be with his two older brothers.

And yes, his sister too.

Even though Sister Emma was always lying comatose in a hospital bed, she was still his sister.

And of course, the seven adorable younger brothers too.

"Stark is spoiled by you guys too much."

Pasi's gaze turned towards Edmund and Esther.

Edmund stared blankly, opened his mouth wide, and pointed at himself.

He had been so busy that he had to cut down on his sleeping hours; how could he possibly have time for Stark? In fact, he spent 95% of the year traveling back and forth.

There was just too much he needed to do.

There was no time to just sit idly by.

But he had grown used to it.

For the sake of the promise made that day.

In fact, if it hadn't been for the importance of this particular issue, he wouldn't have been able to come back so quickly.

Yet, faced with Pasi's gaze as if looking at a family member, what could Edmund say?

He looked at Pasi with a smile.

Facing such familial reproach... a smile was appropriate.

Do not try to do too much else.

A smile is the quickest way to simplify and erase everything.

Esther, on the other hand, scratched his forehead.

He admitted that he was somewhat overly indulgent with Stark.

After all, when Stark was born, Jennifer was already pregnant with their first child. To ensure his own child would be well cared for, and to adapt to the role of a new father in advance, Esther treated Stark as his own child.

As the "first" child, Stark naturally received more attention.

Just as the youngest would be favored.

"Don't worry, Stark understands far more than we think."

Esther said with a smile.

This was not consolation, but his sincere thought.

Stark had already started helping him manage some matters of the Night Owl Court. In Hydra and the Brotherhood, Stark also began to serve as a consultant a year ago.

Esther was unsure whether Pasi knew.

But he wouldn't volunteer this information to Pasi.

It was better for Stark to speak up about it himself. If he revealed it, it wouldn't just be a brief lecture.

Yet, silently, Esther couldn't help but sigh at the passage of time.

The little guy who used to be so small now could help him with work.

What about them?

They were also changing imperceptibly.

But all their changes together did not compare to Aras alone.

Aras, the most talented person he had ever seen.

His fists became unbeatable ten years ago.

Five years ago, his fists won Avent's admiration.

One year ago, his fists could shake the void.

And just now, he shattered the void with one punch.

Such strength left Esther in awe.

Because up to now, he had not been able to reach the level Aras had achieved ten years ago.

It was Aras's presence that made the Night Owl Court as stable as Mount Tai.

No one could catch Avent's sword.

And no one could block Aras's punch.

When the two of them appeared on the battlefield, any enemy would be annihilated.

This was not an exaggeration.

It was a fact!

A fact verified by countless enemies and "anomalies."

"I hope all goes well."

Esther prayed quietly in his heart.

As Aras's friend, Aras's strength brought them peace of mind, but at the same time, they also hoped for Aras's happiness.

And the person who could make Aras happy, was right behind that "door."

Esther couldn't help but look towards that "door."

Fifteen years had weakened that door, making it more and more unstable.

Especially just after it had been opened, and then struck by the aftermath of Aras's punch, the double doors were already at the point where a slight touch would completely dismantle them.

And now?

Crack, crack!

The sound of imminent shattering kept coming.

Everyone's gaze turned here.

Then, they saw the familiar cracks appearing on the wall.

Right after Aras shattered the void with his punch, similar cracks had appeared.

Snap!

Chapter 490: Jason, where are you? Wait for me! (3)

With a crisp sound, the tall and strong Aras walked back.

She was barefoot, yet she towered over everyone present, even Kuituo and Luogen seemed slightly shorter in comparison.

The aura that emanated from her was especially mountainous and formidable.

Even though they knew she was a friend and kin, everyone present felt their breath catch at her presence.

It took a full second before people adjusted to such an aura and began to look around Aras.

They were searching for Jason's figure.

But, there was only Aras.

"Sorry, Jason left that place before me."

"He must have gone to another world."

Aras said apologetically.

She felt that she had let everyone down.

Of course, there was also a sense of loss.

She, missed Jason.

"It's okay, Aras."

"We didn't find him this time."

"We will definitely be able to next time."

Esther comforted Aras, and the people around them walked over, especially Pasi and Danfoss who stood on tiptoe and quietly comforted her by holding her elbow.

"It's alright."

"Aras, Jason is ageless and immortal."

"He will definitely come back."

"Yes, he will definitely come back."

The two ladies kept saying.

However, Aras shook her head.

"Jason will come back."

"But that doesn't mean I just wait."

"I am going to search for Jason."

Aras stated resolutely.

"But you just..."

"You're going to what?!"

Danfoss hadn't snapped back to reality, speaking reflexively, but his words were cut off by Pasi.

The lady, now a mother, widened her eyes as she looked at Aras.

Clearly, she had guessed something.

Not only Pasi had guessed something.

Edmund, Esther also had a hunch.

Concern appeared on the distant Stark's face as well.

Seeing his two older brothers' puzzled frowns, Stark lowered his voice and said, "Aunt Aras is going to continue searching for Uncle Jason, and this time, not through this 'door', but directly."

"Unlike the space behind this 'door', the space of the entire heavens and earth is much harder and more complicated than that behind the 'door'."

"Most importantly, without this 'door' as a reference, Aunt Aras could very likely 'get lost' outside... and never come back."

Hearing their brother's explanation, Kuituo and Luogen trembled.

"Aunt Aras."

Luogen couldn't help but wanted to say something but was stopped by Aras's gesture.

"Don't worry."

"I am just going to find Jason."

"Once we find him, we will come back!"

After Aras flashed a bold smile, she didn't wait any longer and walked outside.

The others followed behind Aras.

They came up from below ground to the surface, then went from the building on the ground to the top floor.

"Everyone, I'll be right back," said Aras.

As she spoke, a gust stirred everyone's clothes.

Exchanging glances, they knew Aras was a person of decisive action, but they didn't expect her to be so resolute,

Then, without waiting for anyone to speak again, Aras leaped from the top floor.

That leap was a hundred meters high.

Aras stood suspended in the air, she lifted her head to look at the pitch-black sky.

The next moment—

Aras disappeared!

No!

Not disappeared!

But her speed was too fast, too quick for the naked eye to see!

Though it was night, the sky suddenly brightened, and a huge, golden-red 'heaven' character suddenly appeared in the night sky, illuminated as if it were daytime.

Crack, crack, crack!

Bang!

The entire sky shattered.

A tall, strong figure leaped out.

This leap crossed the boundary between mortal and divine.

This leap brought joy to those beings that could only stay 'outside'.

"Another delicacy!"

"Wonderful!"

Such malicious voices were incessant.

But immediately, there was the muffled sound of fist against flesh. The creatures that had uttered malice were beaten one by one.

But stronger, more powerful beings appeared.

In the outskirts of Ang City, Avent, who had been squinting his eyes as if asleep, suddenly opened them.

Still in his pajamas, he stepped leisurely out of the farm room.

He casually picked up a straw from the doorway, which had fallen when he previously stored the grain in the barn.

Then, he swung it toward the sky.

"Get lost."

"Don't scare my grandchildren."

Avent said in a low voice.

Outside the void, those mighty beings rushing towards Aras were split in two, severed at the waist.

Aras smiled, turned around, and gave Avent a thumbs-up.

"Thanks."

Aras said.

"Go on, go on."

"Go bring Jason back."

"And then... have a bunch of babies, I'll help you take care of them."

Avent waved his hand dismissively and casually tossed away a straw before walking back into his room.

Dawn was fast approaching, and he had to make breakfast for his grandsons.

It had to be plentiful and nutritionally balanced.

After all, all seven grandsons were growing.

Crack, crackle!

The shattered void was slowly healing.

"Aras, have a smooth journey!"

"Make sure you come back early!"

The people standing on the rooftop shouted, waving their arms; they were seeing Aras off.

Aras nodded and turned to leave.

And at that moment—

Whoosh!

The wind howled fiercely.

Luminous figure soared like a meteor streaking in reverse, flying from the ground into the sky.

It collided with one side of the void.

The already unstable void shattered again.

She passed through the void, spreading six pairs of light wings.

"Do you think I'll always lose to you?"

"I will definitely find Jason first!"

Kuya asked Aras.

Then, without waiting for an answer, she folded her light wings, and her entire body rapidly expanded.

In just two breaths, a huge figure filled the sky appeared.

Nine heads, each as large as mountains, and eighteen eyes, like lakes, scanned the void.

This form was more suited for her to find Jason.

Twisting her body, Kuya plunged directly into the void, but one of her heads turned to nod toward a certain part of Ang City below.

Thank you, Scott.

Thank you, Rexus.

Thank you, Haro... no, Father.

Thank you.

Carrying such gratitude, Kuya dived into the void and quickly vanished into the darkness.

In Ang City, Scott and Rexus waved their arms vigorously.

"Love?"

"It is beautiful."

The completely white-haired Scott remarked.

"I also long to have everyday romance."

Rexus sighed softly.

And Haro's eyes reddened, and the next moment, he started to sob in a low voice.

He still hadn't dared to reveal the truth that he was Kuya's father.

"Kuya, you must go and return quickly."

"Dad will miss you."

Haro began to speak but soon couldn't hold back and started crying loudly.

Just like the day his wife left him.

"It's no big deal, we've all drunk from the 'Fountain of Youth,' so time has little effect on us."

"Come on, let's go."

"I'll take you to a new club that just opened."

"You're sure to forget this sorrow of parting there."

"I'm a gold card member and can bring two people."

Scott comforted Haro while turning to Rexus.

Rexus didn't hesitate to shake his head.

"No."

"I still think a paper doll wife is better."

Rexus stubbornly insisted, then headed straight for the apartment he rented.

He decided to finish all of his existing games.

He wouldn't step out of the apartment until then.

"Rexus will end up alone, won't he?"

Scott couldn't help saying.

"With us around,"

"He won't."

Haro shrugged and set off in one direction.

Club?

He wouldn't go.

All he wanted now was to go home.

"If you change your mind, come find me!"

"You know where I am."

Scott shouted, lifting his head toward the east.

There, the sun was about to rise.

The night had passed.

A wonderful day had begun!

At least, for Ang City, for the people of this world, it was so.

But Jason?

He had no idea what had happened after he left, tormented by residual pain, he clenched his teeth, refusing to make any sound.