

Menu 561

Chapter 561: Proactive Engagement

Aliens?

How could that be possible!

After saying that, Brian couldn't help but burst into laughter.

However, when he looked at Jason and John, the middle-aged father realized that his two companions had serious expressions on their faces.

"I mean, you guys don't honestly believe in aliens, do you?"

Brian asked.

"Anything is possible."

Jason replied earnestly.

In some ways, he could also be considered an 'outsider', since he had appeared. Why then couldn't aliens exist?

"Hmm." Stay tuned for updates on

John also nodded seriously in agreement.

"Hey, guys."

"I was just saying that off the top of my head."

"What if I said it's the end of the world? That's the kind of thing not even kids would believe."

Brian said with a wry smile, spreading his hands.

"We're not kids, we're adults, so we should believe and prepare for it accordingly."

Jason responded in such a manner.

Living in the Nightless City had long ingrained in Jason the habit of 'safety first'.

No matter what he faced, this habit wouldn't change.

"If Edward has discovered this, what about the others? What about people with a similar status to Edward?"

"Have they also noticed and made some preparations?"

Jason questioned Brian.

Immediately, the middle-aged father's laughter faded, and he sat up straight with a now serious look on his face.

Edward was a fact, something he had witnessed with his own eyes.

Although it was unclear what it was, if others had similar facts...

"I will start investigating right away."

Thinking this, Brian could no longer sit still.

He wasn't afraid of danger to himself, but he was afraid for his daughter.

"It's not just an investigation, we also need a 'safe house', enough weapons and ammunition, and supplies for living. And, we must be quick!"

Jason added.

"Is it because of the battle just now?"

The now serious Brian immediately thought of the key point.

"Not just because of the battle now, but also because of the entire change in Cherry City. If it's really like we guessed, I think it won't be long before someone contacts us. Their power will extend far beyond our imagination."

Jason narrowed his eyes slightly.

If it really was only someone of Edward's level who could notice this, naturally there would be people who choose Edward's approach, trying to ensure their own safety, but what about the majority?

Humans are social animals.

Even at Edward's level, it wouldn't be an exception.

They would inevitably come together!

Form an 'alliance'!

And this alliance would surely be able to influence the entire 'world'!

As for the recent battle being unnoticed?

That's impossible!

Cherry City, at this moment, had already entered the sight of certain people because of the faxes sent out. These people would undoubtedly be keeping a close watch on what was happening in Cherry City.

Although John had affected the surrounding cameras with machinery, what about outside the cameras?

Edward's appearance was enough to prove that this world has its 'Mystical Side.'

Jason was by no means naïve enough to think that Edward was the only one who had mastery of the 'mystical.'

The variety of strange methods of the 'Mystical Side' ensured that they would enter the sight of certain people.

Indeed, their information might already be laid out on the desks of some high-profile figures.

Whether such a result was good or bad, Jason didn't know for the moment, but he did know that he couldn't just sit around waiting for them to come knocking.

"The 'world', huh?"

Brian muttered to himself. His career path had convinced him that Jason was absolutely not exaggerating.

John silently stroked Daisy's head, and sensing her owner's change in mood, Daisy stretched out and licked John's palm, which brought him back to reality.

He smiled at Daisy first and then slowly said,

"I have a 'safe house'."

"It's on the outskirts of Cherry City."

"I built it just in case, it should be safe enough—it's located 500 meters underground, with a natural shield consisting of 300 meters of granite above it. I've prepared enough supplies for 25 people to survive for 5 years, as well as sufficient weapons and ammunition to protect ourselves."

"Just in case? You mean to prepare for a 'nuclear flattening', right?"

Brian couldn't help but comment.

As someone with a career path like Brian, he was also accustomed to having his own 'safe house.'

And not just one.

But none as 'professional' as John's.

Facing Brian's comment, John simply curled up the corner of his mouth, accepting the remark.

Of course, he had prepared it for a 'nuclear flattening.'

And, he had specifically prepared for the most advanced bunker-busting bombs.

"I also have some 'safe houses', and while they can't compare with John's, I believe the supplies and weapons there can be transported to his place."

"And mine."

McCaul, who had been leaning back in the chair, sat up, rubbing his stiff neck, and said with a grimace, "Couldn't you guys find me a bed? At least a pillow and blanket, right?"

McCaul grumbled softly, sounding almost like he was complaining.

"I thought you could hold on for a few more minutes."

Brian laughed.

He had noticed McCaul waking up a moment ago.

Breathing in sleep is completely different from when you're awake.

And the middle-aged father was sure that Jason and John had noticed it too.

In fact, they had.

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McCaul looked at Jason, John, and Brian, who showed no surprise, and immediately knew that he had been discovered long ago.

This private detective sighed.

"Sorry, I'm used to teaming up with amateurs, forgetting that you all are experts," he said.

"And just now, sorry for not being able to help."

Regret surfaced on the face of the private detective, but then he looked at Jason, John, and Brian with a very serious gaze and lowered his voice, "I have stored some weapons."

"They're a bit special."

While speaking, McCaul drew a special symbol on the small coffee table: a three-leaf fan.

"Yellow bottom with black color?"

Brian inquired.

McCaul nodded.

Hiss!

A low gasp emanated from the middle-aged father.

"Aren't you a private detective?"

"Where did you get a 'nuclear flatten' from?"

Brian assessed McCaul with a serious look, this detective who had always shown a great sense of justice.

"Private detectives can't have 'nuclear flatten'?"

"It was obtained from a previous task, and I haven't had the chance to figure out how to deal with them," McCaul explained.

"Them?"

Brian focused even more on this point.

"Hmm."

McCaul nodded and raised two fingers.

Brian's expression changed once again.

In the heart of this middle-aged father, McCaul's degree of danger shot up, quickly getting close to overtaking Jason's.

If it weren't for Jason demonstrating the 'immortal' trait, at that moment McCaul would be the most dangerous in Brian's eyes.

"If those guys really form an alliance, 'nuclear flatten' could give us the upper hand in negotiations," John summarized, then, he turned his gaze to the silent Jason.

Brian and McCaul also looked towards Jason.

After the recent battle, Jason had naturally become the leader of the four men.

"John, take care of transporting the supplies and weapons into the 'safe house'."

"Brian, you take charge of the investigation; we have to at least know what exactly is happening."

"McCaul, I need you to investigate the two 'fathers' we encountered earlier; we need more reliable manpower," Jason instructed decisively.

"Understood."

All three nodded and promptly sprang into action.

They did not ask Jason what he would do.

Because they believed that Jason must have something more important to do.

It couldn't possibly be that he was going to write at a time like this, could it?

After the three left, Jason swiftly returned to his desk and began to write.

He hadn't forgotten his main task: to sell at least 100,000 copies of his new book within 120 days!

At first, he hadn't had the slightest clue.

But now, Jason had some ideas.

Picking up the pen, Jason began to write fervently—

I, who traveled to Cherry City for a new book, unwittingly got wrapped up in trouble, a despicable 'copycat' used the details in my book to commit a murder, and this was just the beginning...

Jason started the description with the events that had just taken place.

From the appearance of the Butler to Edward showing up.

He wrote it all down in detail.

However, his writing was dry and factual, like a ledger.

No!

Not just a ledger, it was full of typos.

It had no appeal at all when read.

"With writing like this, forget about getting people to buy voluntarily; it probably won't even pass an editor's review," Jason thought with a sigh, though outwardly he remained expressionless as he looked outside the study.

Kemi stood there holding a tray.

On the tray was a cup of coffee, three pieces of Gold Cake, and a book.

"Did I disturb you?"

"I, I was worried you might be hungry, so I made some coffee and cake," Kemi said with a little stutter.

She had just knocked on the door, but when no one responded, she pushed it open, and the door gave way.

Almost subconsciously, she walked in.

Only after entering did she realize that it wasn't right to do so.

But by then, it was too late to leave.

Jason had already seen her.

Facing Jason's gaze, Kemi felt very uneasy.

She definitely didn't want Jason to dislike her.

"I'm sorry, I didn't dare to just come in," she said.

The thoughts in her heart compelled the young woman to apologize immediately before turning to leave.

"Wait," Jason's voice made the young girl tremble, as she turned to face the approaching Jason with caution.

The significant difference in height made Kemi feel as if a mountain was moving towards her, and she instinctively closed her eyes.

Would she be scolded?

Hit, perhaps?

Kemi was filled with worry.

Then, the tray lightened in her hands.

Kemi opened her eyes to find that the tray had been taken by Jason.

Not only had he taken it, but Jason also went ahead and picked up a piece of cake, tossing it into his mouth.

"Not bad, it's just that the eggs weren't mixed well, too much sugar was added, and it was baked a bit too long..."

"Sorry, it's my first time baking," Kemi replied.

"I'll try harder next time."

Kemi, with a hint of blush on her face and a mix of joy and embarrassment, watched as Jason continued to speak and picked up the second piece of cake to eat.

As for leaving in anger?

It wouldn't happen.

Ever since Jason had saved her, he held a special place in her eyes.

"Jason, can you make pastries?" Kemi asked carefully as Jason reached for the third piece of cake.

"No."

"Seen someone make them."

"Hers were tasty."

Jason shook his head and replied succinctly.

He was missing the female pastry chef's pastries a little.

Even with ordinary ingredients, she wouldn't have made such a mess of it.

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Of course, it was still edible.

So, holding the belief that one mustn't waste food, she ate it all.

Then, she picked up her coffee and finished it in one gulp.

Jason frowned again.

The coffee was too milky but lacking in sugar, the bitterness and milky taste intertwining. Although it had its own flavor, he still preferred something sweeter.

However, at this moment, Kemi hadn't noticed these details, as she was entirely captivated by Jason's "her" response.

"Is she your friend?"

Kemi tentatively tested the waters.

"Yeah."

While nodding, Jason's gaze shifted toward a book on the dinner plate.

"XXX Appraisal of Different Species?"

What was this book?

"It's a popular book lately, and I thought it could help you, Jason, so I specifically bought it for you," Kemi explained, holding back her urge to ask further questions.

"Thank you."

With that, Jason headed to the small living room.

He needed to improve his writing.

And reading others' books was naturally the most direct method of improvement.

If it was a recently popular book, then there must be something valuable in it worth learning from.

With this thought, Jason opened the book.

Then, he found himself unwittingly absorbed in it.

Kemi, seeing Jason so engrossed, didn't speak up to disturb him. Instead, she quietly left room 313 and returned to 312.

"How did it go? How did it go?"

Your next read awaits at

"Was Jason moved?"

The moment Kemi walked in, the younger Telly rushed over and asked eagerly.

"No."

"He found fault with a bunch of pastries as well."

"And..."

Kemi stopped midway through her sentence.

"And what?"

Telly asked curiously.

"And, it seems like Jason has someone he likes," Kemi said, her expression downcast.

"What?"

"Jason, looking like a psycho killer, has someone who likes him?"

"Is that person crazy?"

Telly spoke her mind candidly, and only after the words came out did she realize what she had said.

"Kemi, I didn't mean you."

Scratching her head with an embarrassed expression, Telly then quickly changed the subject.

"What a difficult guy. For such a beautiful woman like you to personally bake a cake for him and he still doesn't appreciate it, plus he has other women? He must be very picky, right?"

"Hmph!"

"Men are all pigs!"

Assuming she was right, Telly wore an indignant expression and then reached for the Gold cake that she had helped make on the table.

She couldn't believe the cake she and Kemi made tasted bad.

And then...

"Cough, cough."

"So fishy, so gross."

After just one bite, Telly threw the cake down and went to drink water.

When Telly was okay, Kemi continued.

"No."

"Jason ate all the pastries."

"Then, he had coffee and went to read."

Kemi shook her head.

"All of them?!"

"Didn't he say the pastries tasted bad?"

"Really saying one thing and meaning another."

Telly was taken aback but then scoffed again.

"The pastries did taste pretty bad."

"I tried them myself, and Telly, you stopped after one bite."

"But Jason ate them all."

"I think Jason is a really gentle person. He knew that the pastries I made didn't taste good but ate them anyway to spare my feelings."

"Tall, strong, powerful yet gentle Jason, you make me like you so much."

Kemi muttered softly, her gaze drifting involuntarily to the wall.

Telly was about to say something but eventually didn't say anything at all.

Instead, a hint of curiosity appeared in her eyes.

She was very curious about how Jason could eat something so unappetizing.

On the other side of the wall was Jason's room 313.

Jason, engrossed in his book, wasn't paying any attention to the conversation next door.

Of course, this didn't mean Jason would ignore everything.

Jason raised his head, drawing his thoughts away from the engrossing world of the "XXX Appraisal of Different Species" and looked toward the direction of the door.

The next moment, there was a knock at the door—

Knock, knock-knock.

Simultaneously, a shadow emerged behind Jason, slowly lifting its arm with two sharp blades silently extending from the wrist. As the arm reached forward, they aimed directly at Jason's neck.

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The Bowl Blade sliced through the darkness, bursting forth with a cold, Sharpness gleam.

It moved at lightning speed, like a shooting star, but Jason was faster.

Just as two Sharpness blades were about to touch his neck, Jason leaned his upper body to the side.

Pu!

The two Sharpness blades brushed past Jason's neck and came into his view. Master-level Barehanded Combat gave Jason a wealth of experience and faster reflexes.

As if by instinct, Jason's hand grabbed the assailant's wrist, and then his body rose.

At that moment, Jason's shoulder slammed hard into the inside of the assailant's elbow joint, while his hand held the wrist firmly, instantly creating an optimal angle for exerting force.

Next moment—

Crack!

In the crisp sound of breaking bones, Jason twisted the hand holding the assailant's wrist as he turned his body, the power from his waist driving his arm to unleash his full Strength.

Creaky!

Amidst the sounds of bones and muscles tearing, the attacker's upper body almost effortlessly leaned towards Jason.

Jason lifted his knee, striking directly at the masked head of his opponent.

Bang!

With a massive impact, the assailant's feet left the ground, the entire body suspended in the air.

But Jason immediately pulled the assailant back down.

Then came another knee strike.

Bang, bang bang!

After seven or eight consecutive blows, as the mask contorted and caved in and the attacker's breaths grew very faint, Jason finally released the hand that had been holding the wrist.

Pat.

The attacker fell to the ground like a dead dog.

The assailant was clothed in a strange-looking cloak, with attention-grabbing Bowl Blades on the wrist, and two more weapons on the belt.

Jason lifted the mask to reveal an ugly face.

The assailant was already very ugly, but after being hit repeatedly by Jason's knee, the face was a horrific sight to behold, especially with some mucus flowing around as the mask was removed.

Jason only glanced once and confirmed that the other party was definitely not human.

Even the ugliest human wouldn't have mouthparts like an insect.

However, Jason didn't focus on these details, because the cloak, Bowl Blade, and the two weapons at the waist were all emitting a faint scent of 'food'.

Without hesitation, Jason took the 'food' off and placed it on the coffee table.

Then, facing the attacker muttering an unintelligible language, clearly unable to communicate, Jason lifted his foot and stepped directly on the assailant's throat.

Crack!

The neck and collarbone shattered under this foot.

Then—

Yi!

The force field of Protection Against Evil swept over the assailant's body, and there was no abnormal reaction.

Obviously, the assailant was dead through and through.

Having confirmed this, Jason shook his pajamas, picked up a tissue from the side to wipe his hands, and walked to the entrance hall, opening the front door.

Three people stood outside.

A woman and two men.

The lady was dressed in a black suit, with a short haircut, but her figure was enchanting and extremely stylish, matched with her efficient hairstyle and light-colored eyes, she possessed an extraordinary charm.

The two men behind her were tall and strong, in black suits and sunglasses. Jason judged from their posture that they must have served quite some time in the military.

However, at this moment, the two men were standing behind the lady.

It was clear that among the three, the lady was the leader.

Even before Jason opened the door, the lady was prepared to break in.

She had heard the abnormal noise in the room.

As soon as Jason opened the door, the lady immediately retracted her leg that was about to kick, took a step back, and scrutinized Jason with a detailed gaze.

The two men behind her were much more straightforward.

They pulled out guns and pointed them at Jason.

Jason frowned.

No one likes to have a gun pointed at them.

Jason was no exception.

"Put down the guns!"

The woman spoke.

She had already seen the figure on the floor through the gap.

Then, she looked at Jason with a slightly surprised gaze.

However, the woman did not speak rashly but introduced herself instead.

"Good evening, Mr. Jason."

"I am Cortana, from the 'Extraterrestrial Reconnaissance Bureau'."

The Extraterrestrial Reconnaissance Bureau?

The name of that organization?

Jason thought to himself, gesturing to the body lying on the floor behind him.

"What about it?"

Jason asked.

"Invader!"

Cortana said without hesitation, her face becoming serious with the answer.

"It is as much our enemy as it is yours."

"Ever since they came to the surface, our war with them has never ceased."

Cortana said, signaling whether she and her companions could enter.

Jason nodded and stepped aside.

He had anticipated their visit, and some things needed clarification from them; naturally, he would not refuse.

Cortana walked straight into the room, her eyes drawn to the body of the attacker on the floor.

With her abundant experience, she immediately judged what had happened in the room based on the body's wounds.

A perfect counter-kill.

Barely surviving the engagement with a Reconnaissance Scout is enough to categorize a human as elite.

And to kill a sneaking Scout in such a short time is not just what so-called elites can encompass, knowing that the invisibility cloak is mostly unsolvable to them.

This is also why the 'Extraterrestrial Reconnaissance Bureau' finds Scouts the most troublesome when faced.

Is it a power from the 'Mystical Side'?

Chapter 565: The Best Things in the World (2)

With that thought, Cortana's gaze towards Jason changed once again.

If her earlier approach had been about telling and tentatively recruiting,

Now, it was imperative to recruit.

No!

That's not right!

It wasn't recruitment, but an invitation that was accurate.

His inner thoughts brought a warm smile to Cortana's face.

"To be able to take down an invisible Scout Soldier with your bare hands, you're even more powerful than I had imagined!"

Cortana did not hide her praise in the slightest.

Moreover, there was a hint of admiration in her eyes.

Being assigned as the liaison for this 'unexpected incident' naturally meant that Cortana had her own exceptional qualities.

Not just intelligence, but also 'skill.'

Such 'skill,' when combined with her beautiful face and tangible figure, was brought to full effect.

However, Jason didn't even glance at Cortana.

His attention was mostly on the 'food' on the coffee table.

The faint scent was making his stomach churn, and he had to suppress his desire to 'eat' once again.

"Tell me, what exactly happened?"

Jason asked bluntly.

He wanted to know everything in the shortest time possible, and then, ask the other party to leave.

'Food' left out too long would indeed affect its taste.

Cortana sensed impatience in Jason's tone, which surprised her.

Before she came, the headquarters had already made clear Jason's likes, habits, and so on, and she was confident she wouldn't displease him, especially with her deliberate efforts to please.

Ever since Jason was 'observed' to have 'Mystical Side' powers, the headquarters had instantly pulled up all kinds of information about him, some of which could be feigned, but others should be genuine.

For example: lifestyle preferences, and so forth.

Could those be feigned too?

At this thought, a chill went through Cortana's heart.

She then raised Jason's attention level once more before she continued—

"On D97.2.14, following a meteorite impact, we first confirmed the invasion of the Sabie Aliens."

"On D97.2.16, nations united to form an allied force and established the 'Extraterrestrial Combat Bureau' and the 'Extraterrestrial Reconnaissance Bureau.'

"On D97.2.17, families, powers, and organization members from across the globe learned of this information and, after discussions, joined the 'Extraterrestrial Combat Bureau' and the 'Extraterrestrial Reconnaissance Bureau,' respectively."

"On D97.3.1, the first battle erupted."

"The technological prowess of the Sabie Aliens, which was far beyond our imagination, allowed them to destroy the allied force's War Machines in the early stages of the conflict with ease; however, they had not anticipated the counterattacks from those with 'Mystical Side' powers. Under the arrangements of a personage known as 'Liu' from the East, meteorites fell from the sky, smashing the vanguard battleship of the Sabie Aliens."

"This brought us a brief period of peace and an opportunity for development."

"And the personage exhausted his life to obtain such Strength."

"On D97.12.1, from the wreckage of the Sabie Alien battleship, the allied forces put together the first generation battleship 'Pangu.'

"On D97.12.31, the Sabie Aliens attacked once more; the allied forces were defeated again, and 'Pangus captain 'Li' gave the order to countercharge, ramming into the Sabie Aliens' flagship, and both sides met their ends, granting us yet another chance to breathe."

"On D98.6.1, the allied forces assembled the second generation battleships 'Nuwa' and 'Fuxi,' along with new space War Machines."

"On D98.12.1, the Sabie Aliens used the 'Moon' as a springboard to launch relentless assaults against us."

"On D98.12.2, 'Nuwa' and 'Fuxi,' leading three thousand War Machines, entered space to initiate the 'Lunar Reclamation Battle'; our surprise attack at the outset achieved great victory, but then the unending stream of Sabie Aliens from outside the solar system arrived, and the war reached a stalemate."

"On D99.2.3, 'Nuwa' and 'Fuxi' suffered severe damage and had to return to the ground base for repairs; the third-generation battleship 'Shennong' temporarily took over the lunar base."

"On D99.2.4, the Sabie Aliens intensified their assault, and the third-generation yet-to-be-completed battleship 'Qilin' joined in defending the lunar base."

"On D99.3.1, the unrepaired 'Nuwa' and 'Fuxi' returned to the lunar base."

"From April D99 to the present, the lunar war continues."

"And the situation has only worsened."

"The Sabie Aliens have not only deployed large forces to suppress the allied troops on the Moon, but their Scout Soldiers have also invaded the ground, forcing the 'Extraterrestrial Reconnaissance Bureau' to respond with full force."

At this point, Cortana paused.

She looked earnestly at Jason.

"I hope, Mr. Jason, that you would consider joining the 'Extraterrestrial Reconnaissance Bureau.'"

"Of course, this is not obligatory."

Cortana added.

"Does the 'Extraterrestrial Reconnaissance Bureau' consist of 'Mystical Side' personages?"

Jason inquired.

"Yes."

"The 'Mystical Side' personages, some have joined the allied forces, becoming an indispensable part of the military; most of the rest have joined the 'Extraterrestrial Reconnaissance Bureau' to fend off the Sabie Alien Scout Soldiers. They are the main force of the 'Extraterrestrial Reconnaissance Bureau'; the rest of us assist these personages in dealing with all sorts of trivial matters."

Cortana nodded.

"Are there many scouts like this one?"

Jason gestured towards the Sabie Alien Scout Soldier on the ground and asked.

"It's impossible to estimate the exact number."

"Their cloaking devices can avoid not only probes but can also block the sight of most 'Mystical Side' personages."

"As a result, we've become very passive; most of the time, we only discover and chase after them after the fact."

"And each time, the losses are unimaginable."

"Because... they target 'Mystical Side' personages for their hunt."

When Cortana said this, her eyes were intently fixed on Jason.

This was naturally another test.

The routine kind.

Chapter 566: The Best Things in the World (3)

Every "Mystical Side individual" invited had to undergo a test like this, which would determine to which department these "Mystical Side individuals" were specifically assigned.

Then, she saw Jason's mouth corner twitch upward.

It was fleeting, and in the next moment, Jason had reverted to his original state.

But Cortana was certain that Jason had smiled.

There was no worry, even less fear.

But a smile?!

A look of puzzlement appeared in Cortana's eyes.

She had seen too many "Mystical Side individuals," even those powerful and mysterious Excellencies would involuntarily show a look of concern after hearing the words just spoken, even if they were not afraid.

So why would Jason smile?

Indeed, was this what being a warrior meant—fearless in the face of the approaching hunt, anticipation for the battle to follow?

"A true warrior?"

Cortana looked at the Jason before her and couldn't help but feel a deep respect.

A true warrior deserved respect at all times.

"Lord Jason, please stay calm," she said.

"You are only facing a scout."

"While they mostly operate alone, they will fight in squads when facing stronger adversaries, especially since you have killed a scout. More scouts will come seeking revenge," she warned.

While respect was genuine, Cortana would not forget the necessary reminder.

Squads?

Multiple scouts?

More 'food'!

Jason's mouth once again couldn't help but curve upward.

What could be more delightful than 'food' delivered to one's doorstep?

Naturally, it was even more 'food' arriving at one's doorstep.

Jason lowered his head to look again at the 'food' on the coffee table, his eyes lighting up with an almost tangible brilliance.

Cortana noticed this brilliance.

She could see that it was a craving!

A craving that stemmed from instinct!

Did Lord Jason so thirst for battle?

Could it be that Lord Jason, posing as a writer and staying behind closed doors all day, did so out of fear of harming ordinary people and thus was forced to curb his own longing for battle?

And now, with the Sabie Aliens' invasion, he no longer had to restrain himself?

Is that why he was so elated?

Cortana continued to speculate.

"Lord Jason..."

Cortana wanted to say more, but Jason stood up, took all the 'food' from the table, and walked straight to the study.

Cortana turned her head in confusion, watching this unfold.

The next moment—

Jason emerged from the bedroom, wearing a hockey mask and holding a wide-bladed, short-handled machete. He picked up the body of the Sabie alien scout from the ground and walked outside.

The two men who had accompanied Cortana stood stiffly, staring at Jason in this guise.

Cortana was somewhat startled herself.

She remained frozen for several seconds until she heard the roar of the car engine starting downstairs, snapping back to reality.

"Hurry up!"

"Follow him!" she shouted, rushing down the stairs.

The trio drove after Jason's car.

Soon, they left the urban area of Cherry City.

In front of a dense forest on the outskirts, Jason stopped the car Brian had left him, took the body of the Sabie alien out of the trunk, and then... hung it on a tree.

Creak!

The tree branch bearing the body of the Sabie alien swayed back and forth in the night wind, creaking with each movement.

From a distance, Cortana witnessed it all.

Her eyes widened, and she inhaled sharply.

"Is this, this, is Lord Jason provoking the Sabie Aliens?"

Meanwhile, the two subordinates couldn't help but groan.

"Madman!"

"He's truly a madman!"

Cortana, however, ignored her subordinates' comments, her wide eyes shining with excitement.

"Warrior!"

"This is what a true warrior looks like!"

She thought to herself, and then reached for the communicator to call for backup from headquarters.

She would not allow anything to happen to such a warrior.

As Cortana called for backup, Jason stood beneath the tree, wearing the hockey mask, savouring the ever-closer scent of 'food,' and revealing a wide grin. Even with the mask, the smile that stretched to his ears showed off a glint of sharp teeth.

"Come on! Come on!"

"In life and death, the cycle never ends. We live, and you..."

"Come fill my belly!"

Chapter 567: Just an Appetizer!

Jason whispered softly.

The night wind came gently.

In the darkness, a series of invisible figures silently approached Jason.

Cloaked and masked, carrying either a Bowl Blade, a spear, or darts, their agile figures were orderly and resembled a pack of wolves closing in on their prey.

Seeing their comrades hanging from the branches, a tangible ferocity and murderous intent appeared in their eyes.

Without hesitation, the scout armed with darts began the attack!

Whoosh, whoosh whoosh!

The circular spinning darts sliced through the air.

The sound was like a starter's pistol.

Surrounding him were more than a dozen scouts charging at Jason.

Bowl Blades and spears aimed directly at Jason's vital points.

Jason was almost instantly engulfed in the encirclement.

"Jason!"

Cortana instinctively cried out in alarm, then, by instinct, she raised her gun, wanting to support Jason.

But at that moment, a thick fog rolled in!

"Mist Concealment"!

A 45-meter radius of fog enveloped the surroundings, hiding Jason and the scouts within.

Cortana put down her gun in shock.

She watched the dense fog in the distance, listening to the sound of metal blades cutting through flesh that came incessantly from within, her eyes full of worry.

She did not know whether those sounds were made by the invaders or by Jason.

Her two subordinates also watched intently.

However, both were prepared for the worst.

After all, those were ten scouts!

Even if Jason could fight one with his bare hands, what about ten?

They would probably meet a gruesome end!

They couldn't help but think this.

As for Jason's 'immortality'?

They had seen the files, but having already dealt with the 'Mystical Side', they didn't believe Jason truly was 'immortal'.

That must involve elaborate rituals and the consumption of many materials to achieve.

To accomplish it once would be quite impressive.

Twice?

In their view, that's enough to be commendable.

But more?

They were in the dark about that.

One thing they were sure of, though, was that immortality wasn't as simple as eating.

The two subordinates exchanged glances.

One gripped a large-caliber submachine gun, while the other held the steering wheel tight.

If anything went wrong, they planned to leave.

Not because they were afraid to die.

But because they had a secret order from headquarters to bring back Cortana in times of crisis, even at the cost of their lives!

As soldiers, they were committed to accomplishing their mission to the death.

The fog gradually dissipated.

They watched, and the next moment, both of them widened their eyes in disbelief.

What did they see?

Bodies of scouts piled up, with Jason sitting atop them, the cold moonlight shining on his mask, reflecting a hint of red from below.

All ten scouts were dead?

Just like that?

How did Jason do it?

Confusion mixed with shock filled the minds of Avery and Claude.

But not Cortana's.

She too was shocked, but even more, she was pleasantly surprised.

This lady watched Jason sitting atop the invaders' bodies, the brilliance in her eyes that had just faded sparked anew, along with a very unfamiliar emotion.

It was an emotion mixed with admiration for a strong person, yet slightly different.

She stared blankly as Jason suddenly raised his Broad Blade Cleaver in hand, pointing at a spot.

Crackle, crackle.

Amid the buzzing of electricity, an invader, similar to the scouts but hidden under a cloak, was revealed.

Unlike ordinary scouts, this invader was more robust and armored on the upper body.

"Assaulter!"

"Why is there an Assaulter here?"

Cortana's face changed instantly when the invader appeared.

The Assaulter was the main force of the Sabie Aliens in frontal battles against human forces, each one being strong and well-equipped. Engaging in combat with one required a fully armed team of 30 to stand a chance at killing one.

But more often, against an Assaulter, most human warriors preferred a suicidal strategy.

That's because these Assaulters never acted alone; they would lead a team of hundreds of Sabie soldiers.

However, Assaulters had only been seen on the front line, never on the ground.

This was the first time Cortana had seen an Assaulter on the ground.

"Jason, be careful, it's an Assaulter..."

Humm!

Cortana warned Jason, but before she could finish, the Assaulter's shoulder-mounted mini-cannon locked onto her, a weapon fully integrated into the armor, capable of auto-targeting and enormously powerful.

Three red laser dots locked directly onto the vehicle carrying Cortana and her team.

The next moment, a beam shot from the cannon like a meteor in flight.

Boom!

The bulletproof vehicle, modified to resist gunfire, was blasted into the air.

Upon hearing the charging sound from the cannon, Cortana and her two subordinates scurried out of the vehicle. Now the wreckage fell from midair, landing heavily in front of them.

Their expressions varied.

Cortana looked worriedly at Jason.

Avery and Claude instinctively positioned themselves in front of Cortana, exchanging looks.

Jason's defeat of ten scouts genuinely surprised them.

But an Assaulter was different!

An Assaulter was not something ten scouts could measure up to.

Its large frame, Proficient use of weapons, capable of easily killing any scout, and the lethal shoulder cannon could turn even more scouts to mere cannon fodder.

Chapter 568: Just an Appetizer! (2)

Jason stood no chance against his opponent!

This thought emerged in both of their minds.

"Commander, we need to retreat,"

Aiwei spoke directly.

"Yes, Commander."

"With the appearance of the Assaulter, we must report back and alert the entire 'Extraterrestrial Surveillance Bureau'."

Kelao spoke much more tactfully.

"Hmm."

"You both head back to the Cherry City branch immediately and report everything that has happened here to headquarters."

"I will find a way to help Jason and await reinforcements."

Cortana nodded in agreement.

But Aiwei furrowed his brow, about to voice his objections when he remembered that Cortana was his commander; to go against her was to violate his military creed. Therefore, Aiwei remained silent.

Kelao, on the other hand, saluted promptly.

"Yes, Commander!"

As Cortana turned her back, Kelao swiftly knocked her unconscious with a chop of his hand.

"Kelao, you?"

Aiwei caught Cortana in his arms.

"Orders from headquarters take precedence over Commander Cortana's,"

Kelao said, his tone utterly flat.

Then, taking Cortana from Aiwei's arms, he flung her over his shoulder and turned to run.

Aiwei saluted Jason, who was confronting the Assaulter, before following.

Jason, sitting atop a pile of scout corpses, witnessed this.

However, he didn't care.

To Jason, Cortana and the others weren't as important as the 'food' beneath and before him.

To avoid any accidents with the 'food', he had even gone to the trouble of stacking them up and sitting on top.

What about the food in front of him?

That was an unexpected bonus.

Jason eyed the shoulder cannon on his opponent, the scent of 'food' emanating from it more fragrant than that of all the scouts' carried 'food' combined.

"Is this buffet about to serve up some roasted duck on schedule?"

"What a delightful surprise,"

Jason murmured to himself, unable to resist.

And then, the figure seated there simply vanished.

Night, darkness, shadows—none of these ever hindered Jason.

On the contrary, this was Jason's home turf!

Enhanced by another core skill [War Pattern: Proust: Griffin: Stealth Body Forging Technique] and a derived Talent [Embrace of the Night], Jason was the undisputed master of stealth and concealment.

Beep, beep beep!

The moment Jason disappeared, the Saabi Star Assaulter's mask on the right side of the eyes began to emit a series of beeps.

Three red dots started to blink incessantly, searching the surroundings.

Heat signatures flashed before the Assaulter's eyes.

But, there was no sign of Jason!

The Saabi Star Assaulter surveyed the area; its senses, as well as the technological detectors, failed to locate Jason, which elicited an unintelligible roar from its mouth.

Meanwhile, a short rod appeared in its hand.

Clang!

With a flick of the wrist, the rod extended into a spear.

The Saabi Star Assaulter started to swing the spear at the surrounding air.

Whoosh, whoosh!

The dull sound of slicing through the air led to nothing.

Then, the Saabi Star Assaulter began to expand its search area—

Squeak, squeak!

The shoulder cannon started to rotate.

Without charging, it began firing at the surroundings.

Bang, bang bang!

Energy bullets that resembled meteors landed around the Assaulter.

Boom boom boom!

The successive explosions kicked up swathes of dirt, and a figure covered in cold, wet mud sprang forth, wielding a Broad Blade Cleaver, slashing straight out.

Splash!

A flash of Cold light.

A single stroke decapitated.

The sounds of swinging and shooting ceased at once.

Plop!

The Assaulter fell to its knees, rigid and lifeless.

To the end, it couldn't understand how Jason had appeared in front of it without being sensed at all.

This was not merely the stealth and concealment techniques of a master.

It was also the mud!

Having seen how the Assaulter's shoulder cannon had targeted Cortana and the others earlier, Jason had guessed that the enemy likely used infrared heat imaging to automatically lock on to targets.

So, when he entered Stealth mode, he deliberately rolled around in a small puddle in the forest.

The effect was better than he imagined.

Jason easily eliminated his opponent.

For Jason, this Assaulter was no more challenging than the previous ten scouts.

The previous ten scouts had coordinated their attacks and caused him some trouble.

But this Assaulter?

Under the premise of 1V1, Jason didn't think the Assaulter was any stronger than the scouts.

Even if it was stronger, it was within his ability to counter, and the shoulder cannon?

With preparation, it was just a decoration.

Of course, what intrigued Jason the most was the taste of the shoulder cannon.

Crack, crack!

Jason took apart the shoulder cannon from the armor with brute force and then collected the spear, Bowl Blade, throwing stars, and other 'food' gathered earlier, laying them on a clean piece of plastic. From a backpack, he took out some liquor and began to wash each item meticulously.

Knowing that 'gourmet food' might arrive, Jason was thoroughly prepared.

It wasn't just the liquor for sterilization.

He also brought seasonings.

Black pepper sauce was smeared on the Bowl Blade.

Mustard honey sauce coated the throwing stars.

Tomato sauce was spread on the spear.

This wasn't done haphazardly; Jason had already tasted the 'food' from an earlier scout and knew how to choose the seasonings.

Fried chicken tender flavor for the Bowl Blade.

Fried chicken nugget flavor for the throwing stars.

And french fry flavor for the spear.

Crunch, crunch.

Jason began his delightful late-night snack.

Chapter 569: Just an Appetizer! (3)

[Devoured Close Combat Bowl Blade X11]

[Physical Strength, Energy, and Injuries Significantly Recovered!]

[Fullness+22]

[Fullness: 238]

...

[Devoured Round Wheel Dart X11]

[Physical Strength, Energy, and Injuries Moderately Recovered!]

[Fullness+11]

[Fullness: 249]

...

[Devoured Telescopic Spear x11]

[Physical Strength, Energy, and Injuries Moderately Recovered!]

[Fullness+11]

[Fullness: 260]

...

After gobbling up all these appetizers, Jason picked up the shoulder cannon and bit down on it.

Crunch!

In the midst of the twisting metal sound, Jason found the texture to be just the right kind of crispy and especially brightened up when a special sweet syrup immediately oozed out from the inside.

"Cheese!"

He immediately confirmed it.

Then, after chewing a bit, he reached a real verdict on the 'shoulder cannon'.

"Cheese-stuffed chicken cutlet!"

Without hesitation, Jason grabbed some tomato sauce, spread it on the remaining 'shoulder cannon', and started chewing again.

[Devoured Elite Shoulder Cannon!]

[Physical Strength, Energy, and Injuries Excessively Recovered!]

[Fullness+45]

[Fullness: 305]

...

Seeing his fullness level reach 300+ again, the corners of Jason's mouth couldn't help but curl up.

"101 lives, huh?"

Jason felt an additional sense of security in his heart.

Ever since he learned of the Sabie Aliens' existence, although nothing seemed amiss on the surface, deep down he felt an extreme lack of security.

This was no longer an ordinary battle.

It was a confrontation with space battleships.

If a Sabie spaceship were to suddenly appear above Cherry City, how would he cope?

This wasn't an unfounded assumption.

The surprise from Cortana during the Assaulter's arrival was enough to suggest that things were getting out of hand for the 'Extraterrestrial Surveillance Bureau'.

And this also implied that something unforeseen might have happened at the 'Extraterrestrial Combat Bureau's lunar battlefield.

Therefore, he had to be prepared.

But if a Sabie spaceship appeared, the altitude it would fly at would probably mean he'd be passively taking hits.

Aside from the massively powerful main cannon, how many guns were there on one of those battleships?

Jason didn't know.

But he knew that under their salvo, he'd likely be vaporized on the spot.

He'd been shattered into pieces more than once.

But vaporization hadn't happened yet.

Pain was natural.

But even more painful would be dealing with the high temperatures and various residual energies after being vaporized.

It would probably make him die many more times.

So, he could only make his 'life' longer.

Because he believed that even energy-rich Sabie ships couldn't sustain continuous volleys.

When these ships ceased firing, that would be his time to counterattack.

He absolutely had to fight back!

Because—

Man, he wanted to taste what that battleship was like!

It must be delicious!

A gleam of unprecedented luster sparkled in Jason's eyes.

A single shoulder cannon was worth 45 points of fullness!

How much would a whole battleship be worth?

Gulp!

Unable to help himself, Jason started to swallow his saliva.

However, Jason's rationale was still there; he knew he needed a special kind of 'cutlery' to eat a 'battleship'.

At least a 'cutlery' to reach the battleship was needed.

With this in mind, he took out his phone from the bag he just had and gave John a call.

"Can you get a plane?"

"Hmm."

"Just in case."

"Okay, got it."

John gave an affirmative answer without understanding.

As for waiting for the spaceship to land?

Not to mention that he wasn't sure if the enemy's battleship would land at all,

Just that waiting time was too long for Jason.

He couldn't wait.

Phew!

After taking a deep breath of the cool night air in the suburbs, Jason, who had hung up the phone, looked down the road in the distance where a bulletproof vehicle similar to the one before appeared.

A man wearing a cloak and hiding his face with a hood approached Jason.

The man examined the bodies of the scouts and the Assaulter beheaded with a single slash, and finally, his gaze turned to Jason.

Keeping a certain distance from Jason, he then spoke with a hesitant and somewhat doubtful tone—

"Human?"

Chapter 570: Friendly and Generous Delbon

Jason's eyebrows shot up, his expression turning unfriendly.

Human?

He was certainly human.

And the purest kind at that.

The air grew colder as a chilling breath began to emanate from Jason's body.

The newcomer shuddered, their hood falling away to reveal a relatively young face.

Hair that should have been golden but was slightly white, a handsome face marked with crow's feet, and heavy dark circles under the eyes that made the otherwise clear eyes appear muddied. Two metal earrings adorned his left ear, one silver, one gold.

At this moment, the person was staring at Jason, panic evident in their eyes.

Just now, in that instant, their soul had trembled.

It was a fear that stemmed from the depths of the soul.

His soul kept telling him not to resist, not to resist, not to resist, or else... he would be devoured!

This was the first time he had felt such a sensation in his soul.

Even when facing individuals from 'Copper's Resilience,' 'Silver's Glory,' 'Golden Wind,' and 'Undying Diamond,' he had never felt such a shiver.

Not even the official members among them induced such a feeling.

But looking at Jason, he felt it.

Tel involuntarily tried to swallow, but his dry throat only made his Adam's apple bob up and down, failing to provide the expected moistness, and instead grew even drier.

Looking at the hockey mask, Tel laughed awkwardly.

"Sorry, the information I received indicated that you were human,"

"However, it now appears there was an error in the information. Are you one of the ancient species?"

Tel straightened his robe, trying to address Jason with as much grace as possible.

According to rumors, the ancient species rarely showed themselves, even during the invasion of the Sabie Aliens, preferring to stay within societies like 'Golden Wind' and 'Undying Diamond.'

They only sent out some of their younger members to be active on the battlefield alongside the warriors and knights of 'Copper's Resilience.'

As for 'Silver's Glory'?

Those who called themselves 'Hunters,' aside from one or two surviving Masters, hardly had any young people left. With the death of those one or two Masters, the entire organization was destined to decline.

Therefore, Tel had never imagined he would encounter an ancient species here.

He felt uneasy inside.

After all, the ancient species were rumored to be powerful but also capricious.

The latter rumor was far more prevalent than the former.

Hence, Tel was even more ceremonious in his demeanor.

But Jason furrowed his brow.

Ancient species?

Was he being insulted?

Jason watched Tel bow before him with utmost respect and couldn't help but be reminded of someone in the Nightless City who had a smiling face but spoke insultingly about one's maternal relatives in vulgar language.

Those unaware of its meaning would take it as a common greeting.

Jason didn't know at first either.

Latter, after that person had their tongue cut out and stuffed into a flower of a particular X, Jason understood.

Tel's doubtful gaze made him increasingly uneasy.

However, as an excellent member of the Clock Tower's 'Extraterrestrial Surveillance Bureau,' being adaptable was a fundamental skill. Tel first raised his head slightly, showing a smile full of etiquette, and then spoke, "Your Excellency, you slew eleven Sabie Alien scouts and one Assaulter. This is a merit that will be recorded. Of course, these corpses can also be used for trading. I know some from the Mystical Side are very interested in these alien bodies. Would you like me to make an introduction?"

"That would be acceptable,"

Jason's brows were still furrowed, but that didn't stop him from agreeing.

Exchanging these bodies for better things was something Jason was happy to do.

For instance: food.

Even though he had just eaten, Jason didn't mind eating more.

"What kinds of things can they be exchanged for?"

Jason asked.

"It seems you have something in mind to exchange for, Your Excellency? Aside from the secret techniques of various societies and barracks, these scouts can be traded for one or two quite nice items. As for the Assaulter's body, it is quite uncommon, and some Your Excellencies would have great interest in it. If you wish, I can make contact for you right away,"

Tel answered with a smile as he faced Jason's inquiry.

In an effort to quickly close the gap between them, the Clock Tower member not only spoke honestly but also actively sought to facilitate Jason's needs.

No!

It was more like courtship!

Jason could clearly sense the other's 'enthusiasm.'

This confirmed to Jason that the other party likely wasn't insulting him just now.

Similarly, Jason realized the situation he was in was even worse than he had imagined.

Otherwise, the other party would definitely not have such an attitude.

"Good, thank you,"

Jason expressed his gratitude and then took out his phone to call John again.

"It's me; tell everyone to head back to the 'Safe Haven' right away,"

"Understood,"

"I will,"

Without needing many words or any doubt, John acted immediately.

This was why Jason preferred to call John.

Brian and McCaul would have complied too.

But both would ask why, especially McCaul, who always had a strong sense of curiosity.

And now was not the time for explanations.

Jason's gaze returned to Tel.

The latter had already taken out a scroll and was writing something on it.

"You know, many of Your Excellencies still adhere to traditions to this day and are not very good at using modern items. But you really surprised me, being able to operate a cell phone so proficiently,"