

Menu 571

Chapter 571: Friendly and Generous Delbon (2)

Tel wrote as he praised Jason.

Don't know how to start a conversation?

Then lavishly compliment the other person, starting from their strengths.

This will earn you their favor, and during friendship, it will also allow you to understand them better.

Remembering his teacher's teachings, Tel put them into practice with all his might.

"I am a writer."

That was how Jason had replied.

Tel's quill paused in his writing, its tip nearly snapping off.

He subconsciously glanced at the corpses of the Sabie Aliens scouts and Assaulters.

The pile of scouts was stacked before him, and the one hanging from a tree still swayed left and right. The Assaulter whose head had been chopped off was still kneeling there, stiff and unmoving.

Was this something a writer could do?

And which writer would wear a hockey mask and hold a cleaver?

Tel's lips twitched slightly, he instinctively wanted to say something but swallowed the words, maintaining a stiff smile and continuing his style.

"No wonder you can write such vivid content! Indeed, art comes from life."

Tel continued to praise.

"Hmm."

"I plan to combine recent events to continue writing a new book."

Jason

"Recent events?"

Tel was startled as he thought of the 'Extraterrestrial Investigation Bureau's' confidentiality regulations.

Subconsciously, he was about to mention it.

However, after looking at the Broad Blade Cleaver in Jason's hand, he sensibly swallowed the words that reached his mouth and spoke with a tone of surprise, "Really? I'm even more looking forward to your new book now!"

Isn't there a confidentiality regulation?

There should be one!

But the other party was very tactful, because... of the bodies around?

Jason looked at Tel, continuing to maintain his style.

He didn't change because of Tel, or give up the advantage of being in his own domain.

On the contrary, he would use such an advantage.

So, the next moment, as he wrote, Tel felt the air around him getting increasingly colder, and he couldn't help but look up, just as the moonlight shone down perfectly.

In the pale moonlight, within a dense forest, stood a tall, strong figure holding a blood-dripping cleaver and wearing a hockey mask.

As Tel locked eyes with the cold eyes behind the mask, his hand shook while writing.

Snap!

The feather quill he was using to write met its inevitable fate and broke.

"Sorry, sorry."

"I haven't written for a long time, getting a bit rusty."

While claiming this, Tel, who typically transcribed more than three scrolls each day, inched backwards and, without realizing it, held onto a parchment scroll with the palm that drew out a brand new quill.

"I am a wizard. When I write, I am accustomed to carrying a scroll, which makes my thinking more active," Tel explained.

"Indeed, when I sketch in the field while wearing a mask and holding a cleaver, the inspiration flows like a fountain," Jason nodded seriously.

"Sketching?"

Tel looked around and thought about the reviews of the realism in Jason's books, suddenly feeling that what Jason said made a lot of sense.

However, Tel immediately shook his head.

No!

I can't let Jason's words influence me!

I need to open up the situation, create new topics!

Thinking this, Tel decided to address the issue in the most common way.

"Do you need a late-night snack?"

"I know a good place."

"I'll treat you in a bit."

Tel said with a smile.

"Great, I'm looking forward to it!"

Jason's indifferent tone unintentionally rose a notch, and the faint oppressive atmosphere around them dissipated greatly.

At that moment, Tel heaved a sigh of relief internally.

Does he have a love for food?

He pondered, and then, as a member of the 'Clock Tower' assigned to the 'Extraterrestrial Investigation Bureau,' he began to press his advantage.

"Did you know?"

"The most famous restaurant in 'Cherry City' is 'Cherry Hall,' but the tastiest place is a private kitchen within a residential area called 'Food and Wine Pavilion.'

"However, it's often hard to book a seat there because they regularly host industry 'competitions.'

"Thus, we'll settle for second best and choose 'Tonyo Restaurant,' which is also quite amazing."

"Of course, some people also choose 'Apa Tea,' which is a rather odd restaurant that I don't quite fancy."

"If you don't mind, when I book a spot at 'Food and Wine Pavilion,' let's go together," Tel extended the invitation.

"Sure."

Jason nodded decisively.

When it comes to food, Jason wouldn't refuse.

Seeing how straightforward Jason was, Tel started to laugh.

Done!

Has a passion for food, huh?

Such an ancient type is the easiest to handle!

Thinking this, Tel put away the scroll.

"All set."

"I've contacted both of you."

"They will be here shortly," Tel stated.

In fact, they arrived even faster than Tel had anticipated.

A Knight in full armor, with a long sword on his waist, sprinted out from 'Cherry City' as fast as an activated sedan.

As he noticed Tel waving, he directly leapt off the highway, heading in this direction.

But, evidently, he slowed down as he got closer.

When he was about ten meters away from Tel, he started walking.

At five meters, he took off his helmet, revealing a handsome face.

Two meters away from Tel, the good-looking Knight held his helmet under one arm, chest high, and with his right hand on his chest, he slightly bowed in greeting.

"Good evening, Lord Tel," he said.

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The young Knight greeted politely.

"Good evening, Knight Vince."

"This is Sir Jason."

"These invaders, it was he who eradicated them."

Tel replied while introducing Jason.

"Sir Jason, good evening."

The young Knight immediately turned to Jason with his greeting.

This movement made the sound of the armor's muscles rubbing against the lining distinctly reach Jason's ears.

Jason scrutinized the other man.

With a handsome face, slightly shorter than himself and judging by the sound just heard, the body under the armor should be extremely muscular.

So, he has a handsome face and a muscular build?

Jason thought and nodded as a response.

After that, Jason fell back into his usual silence.

Having roughly understood Jason, Tel immediately spoke up.

"I have also contacted 'Larson' Sir; we should wait a bit, he should be arriving soon."

"Larson is in Cherry City too?"

"I haven't seen him for a long time."

"Previously when he went to the 'Moon Surface Reclamation Battle,' I originally wanted to go with him, but my instructor said my combat skills were not yet up to going directly to the battlefield."

Knight Vince said with a look of regret on his face.

It was clear that Delbon, who was good at interpersonal relations, had also put thought into selecting a broker for Jason.

He would never choose someone who was mean and unfriendly.

They should all be fair and kind people.

And with a good relationship between them.

To this, Jason was not surprised.

If the other party couldn't even do this, then it really wouldn't be possible for them to be here.

"You will certainly be able to go to the battlefield for real."

"But patience is necessary, accordingly."

"I believe in you."

Tel acknowledged and praised Knight Vince.

This made the young Knight somewhat embarrassed.

"I will definitely work hard!"

Vince answered loudly.

Then, his gaze involuntarily turned toward Jason.

In the eyes of the young Knight, there was full of curiosity.

He had seen the combat recordings of Scouts and Assaulters and knew very well how powerful these invaders were.

He was confident he could handle about three Scouts on his own.

But ten?

He couldn't cope.

Let alone an Assaulter.

Their shoulder cannons were simply too terrifying.

Once they fired, his armor and muscles would be incapable of withstanding it.

Looking at Jason's outfit, the young man couldn't help but speak up.

"Sir Jason, are you a barbarian warrior?"

"No, Sir Jason is anci..."

"I am a 'Night Watcher'."

Jason interrupted Tel's words, as he was just an ordinary human, not some ancient race.

A Night Watcher?

The young Knight, who had never heard this term before, was stunned.

While Tel showed an expression of sudden realization.

Whatever 'Night Watcher' was, it must be something Sir Jason said to disguise his identity as an ancient race.

Thinking he understood everything, Delbon gave Jason a 'I get it' smile.

Seeing that familiar smile, Jason didn't feel like explaining at all.

He was used to it.

Just as he was used to being on guard.

Malice!

Chilling and mixed with intent to kill!

Jason felt such gazes, didn't act rashly, and waited until footsteps sounded before he let his gaze move there.

A middle-aged man dressed no differently from modern people, wearing casual clothes, walked over.

"Sir Larson."

The young Knight and Delbon greeted him in turn.

"Long time no see, Vince, Tel."

"Is this Sir Jason?"

"It's an honor to meet you!"

The person named Larson replied to the two, then turned his gaze to Jason.

At the same time, he extended his right hand.

"Hmm, I'm honored as well," Jason said, swinging his right hand, the Broad Blade Cleaver cut straight out —

Thud!

Chapter 573: Next Meal, Reservation!

The fresh blood within the chest cavity, under pressure, flew high into the air with the head.

Telbon's Vince, completely unreactive, was splattered with blood all over.

Telbon widened his eyes, looking at Larson's headless body, momentarily stunned.

What happened?

Was Jason an assassin?

No, Larson wasn't any key figure; such assassination was unnecessary!

Then why did Jason take action?

The chaotic thoughts in his mind left this member of the 'Clock Tower's' 'Exterior Scout Agency' thoroughly confused; but his actions were not slow.

With a straight backward roll, his hand raised, and a diamond-shaped crystal the size of a small fingertip appeared in his hand.

The next moment, several 'Telbons' appeared around him.

Each one carried an illusory sense, all looking like they had just risen from the ground, indistinguishable between real and fake.

Compared to Telbon, the young Knight seemed much more hesitant.

Clang!

Vince pulled out a longsword but didn't advance to strike, instead pointing it towards Jason with a voice filled with confusion and hesitation.

"Why did you slay Larson?"

"Because, he wanted to kill me."

Jason glanced at the young Knight and stated so.

The cold murderous intent in his eyes just now was something Jason could confirm.

But the real reason he decisively acted was the 'food' scent on this 'Larson'.

This 'food' scent was all too familiar to Jason.

Because he had just eaten it— it was that of a Sabie Alien 'Assaulter'!

And for such a 'food' scent to linger, it meant the two had been together for a long time.

Adding the intent to kill from just moments ago.

Everything became clear.

A spy!

Larson was a spy!

Jason did not yet know why Larson had become a 'spy', but he could be sure that Larson's involvement was related to the appearance of Sabie Alien 'Assaulters' and a large number of 'Scouts'. rÀNoBĚŞ

Of course, Larson alone couldn't have managed that.

There must be more 'spies'!

With this thought, Jason's gaze turned behind him.

"Contact Cortana."

"Inform her that a traitor has infiltrated our ranks."

Jason said.

In the empty spot behind him, Telbon's figure appeared.

He stared at Jason, surprised.

Even more surprised than when Jason had taken out Larson!

How did Jason discover me?

Was there a problem with my magic?

No!

The illusion was still there!

But why was I discovered?

Telbon, full of doubts, acted quickly, directly pulling out his phone to contact Cortana.

Telbon believed Jason.

Not just because Jason had spotted him without attacking, but also because, from the very beginning, his soul did not warn him of danger.

Compared to the former, Telbon trusted the latter more.

It was, after all, his signature ability, derived from his bloodline!

Watching Telbon's actions, Vince blinked, somewhat at a loss.

The young Knight wasn't sure whether to sheathe his sword or maintain his guard.

However, the young Knight did not hesitate for long.

Within less than a minute, the sound of helicopter rotors appeared in the night sky.

A clearly military helicopter emerged from the distant night and landed not far from Jason.

Cortana stepped down with an icy face.

Behind her, Avery and a battered and bruised Clau followed, especially Clau, whose nostrils were stuffed with blood-stained tissues.

Clearly, after Cortana woke up, she had a good 'communication' with her two subordinates.

"Jason."

Cortana greeted Jason, the coldness on her face slightly receding, but as soon as she looked at Larson's headless body, she became fiercely angry.

"Traitor!"

She muttered through clenched teeth.

"A traitor?"

Vince was startled.

The young Knight had guessed many possibilities, but never considered this one.

Larson was one of the first warriors from the 'Unyielding Copper' camp to take to the battlefield—how could he betray?

'Unyielding Copper' warriors never betray!

"Miss Cortana, could there be some mistake?"

The young Knight, with seriousness emerging on his somewhat immature face, felt compelled to defend the honor of 'Unyielding Copper' as its Knight.

"We just received news from headquarters that the 'Mystical Side' individuals who returned to the surface on the same transport ship as Larson, have each attempted assassination on their mentors and instructors!"

Cortana said gravely.

"What?!"

The young Knight's expression changed.

He instinctively turned his head towards the headless corpse, disbelief mingling with the residual sorrow in his eyes.

"A 'decapitation' against the Mystical Side?"

Telbon, who had been silent until now, murmured to himself.

Then, the 'Clock Tower's' 'Exterior Scout Agency' member directly asked.

"How extensive are the losses?"

"Severe!"

"From the news I've received, within 'Unyielding Copper' at least four of the esteemed have died, two are seriously injured. Within 'Golden Wind' one of the esteemed has died, and within 'Undying Diamond' one of the esteemed has sustained minor injuries."

Cortana replied.

Telbon's face changed hearing this news.

Because Cortana's use of the term 'esteemed' already signified that these 'Mystical Side' individuals were high-ranking members of their organizations.

More importantly, these 'Mystical Side' individuals were supposed to be serving their duty as instructors.

"Damn Sabie Aliens!"

The 'Clock Tower's' 'Exterior Scout Agency' member, unable to maintain his composure as a magician, cursed without restraint.

Chapter 574: Next Meal, Book Now! (2)

Cortana, however, approached Jason.

"Jason, how did you find out?"

Cortana asked.

Immediately, Tel turned his gaze to Jason.

He knew very well that if Jason had indeed been able to detect the 'traitor' in advance, it would have been of utmost importance.

After all, who could be certain that the 'traitors' who had been exposed were all there were?

"He exposed his murderous intent towards me."

Jason said half-truthfully.

He couldn't very well say that he had smelled the 'food scent' on him, could he?

"Can you identify others?"

Cortana pressed on.

"I can't guarantee that."

Jason honestly admitted.

"Is that so?"

Disappointment flashed across Cortana's face, but then, the lady immediately said with a stern look, "Jason, I will help you apply for a commendation, including for this discovery of a traitor."

The decisive Cortana began to take action after her words fell.

She opened the mini-computer she carried and started a series of operations.

Meanwhile, Vince, having finally accepted the reality, approached Jason.

"I apologize, Sir Jason."

"I was impulsive just now."

"I wish to make amends, Sir."

The young Knight said with a face full of shame.

Given the education Vince had received, he simply couldn't accept that he had drawn his sword on an innocent party.

Especially when that innocent party was revealing a conspiracy.

Jason, however, was unconcerned; he had never sensed a hint of malice from the young Knight, so he simply raised his hand and pointed towards the bodies of the 'Scouts' and the 'Assaulters'. RàNΘBÊŠ

"Let's continue our deal then."

Jason said.

The young Knight hesitated for a moment, then gave Jason a Knight's salute.

"Your character is as admirable as your strength," the young Knight said, and he removed a short sword from the buckle on his belt.

The short sword was wrapped in a sheath, and when Vince opened the buckle, a distinct 'food'-like aroma began to waft out.

Jason twitched his nostrils slightly and glanced at the sheath.

Magic equipment and items are not eternal.

They can also be damaged.

Even some items are quite fragile.

Therefore, they need more careful preservation methods.

The sheath in front of him was clearly one of those methods.

"Cling film?"

Jason thought to himself.

"This is a short sword with the power of 'Flame'; it can be used continuously for 30 minutes," Vince explained.

"I would like to trade it for the bodies of those 'Scouts'."

"The bodies of the 'Assaulters' are very rare; I don't have sufficient items to trade for them," the young Knight said honestly.

This honesty made Jason decide not to haggle.

"It's a deal," Jason said.

The next moment, the young Knight handed the short sword, along with the sheath, to Jason.

"Thank you for your generosity," the young Knight said as he began to contact people within 'Bronze's Resilience.'

Shortly thereafter, two large cold storage trucks arrived.

Once all the 'Scout' bodies had been loaded into one of the trucks, the young Knight pointed to the remaining one and said to Jason, "You can use this truck for the bodies of the 'Assaulters'. Please do not refuse; it is merely a trivial gift between friends."

"I hope to see you again."

Without waiting for Jason's response, the young Knight followed the cold storage truck and departed.

"Vince is a fine young man," Tel commented as he came over.

"Hmm," Jason agreed without denial.

Tel, however, displayed an apologetic expression.

"I apologize; I didn't expect things to turn out this way. Initially, I was planning on having Vince trade for the bodies of those 'Scouts' and Larson to trade for the body of the 'Assaulter.'

"Now I can help you reconnect with the sirs," Tel inquired, looking at Jason.

"It would be appreciated," Jason replied, relieving the member of the 'Clock Tower's' 'External Reconnaissance Bureau.'

He certainly didn't want to leave a bad impression on an Ancient race.

Especially after this Ancient race had demonstrated strength and possessed some special abilities.

Tel would not believe that Jason had relied solely on sensing malice to determine Larson was the traitor.

This was something his soul had touched upon.

Therefore, Jason must have other ways to identify traitors.

But since it was a significant matter, it wasn't appropriate to disclose.

Or perhaps...

Was he waiting for a better offer?

Tel leaned towards the latter.

'Mystical Side' participants were neither ascetics nor philanthropists.

They too needed various resources and had all sorts of demands.

To trade 'knowledge' was utterly normal in the 'Mystical Side.'

Similarly, 'knowledge is expensive, it's priceless' is also a consensus on the 'Mystical Side.'

"Do you need an 'agent'?" Tel asked quietly.

As if he was concerned that Jason might misunderstand, Tel immediately added after speaking, "Rest assured, I won't act as a middleman, will not seek profits, I assure integrity."

"What are you talking about?"

With a puzzled tone, Jason asked in return.

And faced with such a retort, Tel nodded repeatedly.

"Understood!"

"I get it!"

After speaking quietly, Tel moved aside and began to write.

Keeping the initial secrecy, huh?

First, let a very few people know, then let the news spread through them, forming the first 'chain of interest,' and then make use of this 'chain' to continuously hype things up, aiming to sell at a high price!

Indeed, a worthy Ancient race, having thought of all these things at the first opportunity.

Indeed, I am still too young!

Chapter 575: Next Meal, Reservation! (3)

I need to seriously study!

With these thoughts whirling in his heart, Delbon wrote even faster.

He needed to slightly expand the list.

After all, this time, the people he was inviting were not only for the "Assaulter" corpses but also included some "big shots."

If he could establish a connection with these big shots through this "trade," that would be great!

Wait a minute!

If I can think of this, why can't Jason Your Excellency think of it?

Could this be Jason Your Excellency's deeper thoughts?

Thinking of this, Delbon couldn't help but raise his head to look at Jason, his face filled with admiration.

Jason frowned, looking at Delbon whose face was replete with admiration.

He really wanted to tell the other party, you're overthinking it.

However, after a brief thought, Jason said nothing and instead turned to load the "Assaulter's" corpse onto the refrigeration truck.

Jason did not shun contact with the Mystical Side of this world.

Not just the potential "knowledge."

But also... "food"!

The dagger Vince traded to him was enough to suggest that the Mystical Side of this world should have a quite ample "food storage."

Otherwise, a knight who had not truly been on a battlefield could not possibly own such a weapon.

Of course, it's also possible that Vince's family situation is special and his talent exceptional.

But precisely because of this, he should come into contact with the upper echelons of the Mystical Side.

95% of resources are always controlled by 5% of the population.

Jason had not forgotten this saying.

Just as he had not forgotten Larson's corpse.

After picking up the other party's head and bringing it back to the refrigeration truck along with the body, Jason raised his hand, and it was a "Protection Against Evil"!

Vince did not believe the "Copper's Resolve" warriors could betray.

Although Jason had seen and personally experienced betrayal, his doubt was not much less than Vince's.

He could be sure that something he did not know had happened.

And what's the most likely possibility?

Parasitism.

Brainwashing.

Control.

Almost subconsciously, Jason thought of many things.

And immediately, Jason's guess was confirmed.

Yi!

The Master-level "Protection Against Evil," with its unique force field surrounding Larson's body, caused the lifeless body to shake several times.

An ethereal figure appeared above Larson's body.

Not Larson.

But a Sabie Alien with a grotesque face and mouthparts.

The moment the phantom appeared, it roared incessantly at Jason.

Behind his mask, the corner of Jason's mouth twitched upward.

The best-case scenario had occurred!

Larson had been parasitized!

Even after death, the effects of parasitism still lingered!

Which means the scene just now was seen by the other party, and it's very likely that it was transmitted to its kin.

This is just too good!

Facing him, who could see through disguises, what would the Sabie Aliens do?

They would certainly send a continuous stream of soldiers to kill him.

These soldiers would necessarily come with full equipment!

No, full "food"!

This is simply

"A feast!"

Jason's eyes gleamed, but as he looked at the phantom before him, he spoke with a tone of faint scorn.

"A worm sticking its head out."

As he finished speaking, Jason cast another "Protection Against Evil."

Yi!

The Master-level "Glyph Replication" granted Jason an extra "Protection Against Evil," which he slammed onto the phantom.

In an instant, the phantom vanished into smoke.

However, Jason was sure the other party had heard his scornful words.

As long as they were heard, Jason was certain the self-regarded powerful Sabie Aliens would be furious.

And that was exactly what he wanted.

But it was not enough.

He needed to make everything more secure.

The next moment, Jason looked towards Cortana.

Cortana noticed his gaze the moment it shifted towards her, because even while she was helping Jason apply for honors, she kept an eye on him.

Watching the tall figure standing between two headless corpses under the cool moonlight, Cortana blushed.

Because she keenly sensed something different in Jason's eyes this time.

They carried an emotion not usually present.

There was heat.

There was longing.

Having been the object of such gazes before, Cortana, who had never been perturbed, now felt her heart race, and her voice couldn't help but soften as she whispered,

"What are you doing?"

Chapter 576: An Accidental Twist of Fate

Jason looked at Cortana with her head lowered in shame, and couldn't help but frown.

What's this about?

Jason, who simply wanted to make his plans more secure, couldn't understand why Cortana would have such a strange expression at this time.

"I've just made some discoveries!"

Jason pointed to the body at his feet and, without waiting for Cortana to speak, said directly, "Larson's body has been parasitized by Sabie Aliens in a way similar to souls."

"Parasitized?"

"Are you saying Larson didn't betray humanity?"

Cortana stared at Jason, her expression changing repeatedly.

This piece of news was too important.

You have to realize, 'betrayal' and 'parasitism' are two different concepts.

Indeed, it could affect the entire allied forces.

A band of traitors infiltrating the ranks—is something no one can accept.

However, being parasitized and controlled, though equally unsettling, is not unacceptable.

After all, they are not in control of themselves.

"Yes, it's likely that they encountered an unknown attack and then... this situation arose," Jason asserted confidently.

"I'll report this immediately."

Cortana said as she began to send messages one after another with the miniature computer she carried.

Tel looked at Jason with a face full of admiration.

So impressive!

With just one piece of news, he had earned the favor of the 'Bronze Unyielding,' 'Golden Wind,' and 'Undying Diamond' three large organizations.

Especially the 'Bronze Unyielding,' a group of stubborn people who live for glory, would certainly breathe a great sigh of relief upon receiving this news, and then? They would naturally be grateful to Jason.

With such gratitude, if Jason were to hold an auction, 'Bronze Unyielding' would definitely provide strong support!

With 'Bronze Unyielding' involved, even if some people from the 'Mystical Side' wanted to force their way, they would think carefully about whether it's worth it.

A lone wanderer without backing and a lone wanderer with a vast power supporting them are two entirely different concepts!

Hiss!

Delbon, who thought he had seen through Jason's strategy, took a sharp breath.

Admiration for Jason was more than apparent in his eyes.

Is this the wisdom of the ancient kind?

I've learned something!

However, there was one more thing Delbon needed to confirm.

"Is everything you said true?" Your next journey awaits at

Delbon moved closer to Jason and asked cautiously.

This member of 'Clock Tower' stationed at the 'Extraterrestrial Investigation Bureau' was most concerned about whether all this was just Jason pulling a fast one. RÂNÒBĚŠ

If it were all pretend, even if there were enormous benefits, he would withdraw.

He was not a lone individual.

He was from 'Clock Tower.'

He didn't want to cause trouble for 'Clock Tower,' for his mentor.

"Of course."

Jason replied with certainty.

Instantly, Delbon sighed in relieve and a habitual smile returned to his face.

"Leave it all to me, Lord Jason," Delbon said.

"I guarantee that you will be satisfied."

Saying so, Delbon went to the side and once again took out his quill to write.

Jason didn't pay any attention to this 'Cat Hole' affiliate who was automatically filling in the blanks in his mind; he was contemplating whether there was anything he might have missed in his plan.

While Jason was thinking, the events that had occurred here had already spread to the relevant powers through Cortana and Delbon.

...

Someplace underground at a depth of 300 meters, a large complex was teeming with people.

Soldiers armed to the teeth were everywhere.

A succession of special armored vehicles, war machines, were in orderly transport.

A warship exceeding 5000 meters in length was being completed amidst a flurry of activity.

Major General Rael Fono stood at the control panel, overlooks this warship, already named the 'Kylin.'

In February, the incomplete 'Kylin' went to the moon to help with defense, only returning to earth last month when the fighting waned, to finish the parts that were incomplete.

Not just the main cannon's energy adjustments, but also the quantity of secondary cannons.

In fact, in February, aside from the main cannon, the 'Kylin' was basically functioning as a transport ship.

But this time, it would certainly serve as a real flagship.

Wipe out those mongrels!

And those bastards!

To think they would betray their own race!

With a face already lined with wrinkles, he now displayed an indescribable fury.

This old general, with over 30 years in the military, wasn't afraid of the enemy's strength but couldn't bear the existence of traitors.

In his mind, a series of bloody orders began to emerge.

Beep, beep!

A sound came from the wrist-mounted computer.

The old general looked at it, and the anger on his face immediately disappeared.

"Parasitized?"

"Sabie Alien bastards again?"

"XXXXX!"

Through a string of curses, the old general's eyes fixed on a name in the document: Jason.

This was the fourth time he had seen this name today.

The first time was during Edward's cowardly skirmish.

The second time was when the provocation of the Sabie Aliens began.

The third time was just before, when Cortana sent news about Jason finding the parasitized and controlled Larson in advance.

The fourth time was now!

Appearing four times in a short period, the name firmly embedded itself in the old general's memory.

Moreover, it was memorable from the first occurrence.

Regarding Edward that coward, the general would have loved to crush his balls, because keeping Edward around was pointless; upon hearing of the Sabie Alien invasion, he had just been cowardly,

selling off his assets hoping to use mystical powers to protect himself, truly not deserving the title of a man.

Chapter 577: An Accidental Twist of Fate (2)

If it weren't for the tense situation on the front line, he would have shot that bastard dead long ago.

Afterwards, Jason's performance had satisfied the veteran general even more.

Whether it was hanging the corpses of the Sabie Aliens to provoke the enemy, or discovering the hidden Larson.

And now?

The veteran general began to pull up Jason's profile.

The profile was comprehensive, including photographs, one from his daily life, another with Jason wearing a hockey mask and holding a Broad Blade Cleaver. Underneath the latter photo, it was clearly noted that Jason was a writer accustomed to seeking inspiration in the wind with his mask and cleaver in hand.

Even this veteran general, upon seeing such notes, couldn't help but be startled.

He then scoffed.

What kind of joke was this?

How could such a guy possibly be a writer?

And to wear a mask and wield a cleaver to seek inspiration?

Nobody would believe it!

However...

"Mastered the secret technique to discern the parasitism and control of the Sabie Aliens, huh?"

"Interesting."

About two seconds after pondering, the old general's face broke into a meaningful smile.

The next moment, the general granted Cortana a temporary authorization in his own name.

The authorization had only one purpose: to exchange for a Potion with merits.

It was named—

Sparta!

...

'Persevere in Bronze' maintained its inheritance and traditions for two hundred years.

They did not disregard opulence, yet they remained rigorous and austere.

They feared not death, yet they cherished the weak.

Because they too had grown from the weak.

From the initial 'Sword of Order,' 'Shield of Guardians,' and 'Hand of War' that formed 'Persevere in Bronze,' relying on such traditions, they attracted a significant portion of people from the Mystical Side. Over two hundred years of inheritance, the original three organizations had already expanded to thirty-three, with the thirty new organizations allowing 'Persevere in Bronze' to become the most numerous organization on the Mystical Side.

In a 'military camp' hidden within Cherry City,

Vince was meticulously explaining everything to his instructor.

"Has Larson abandoned his honor?"

The old man, as burly as a bear standing there, expressed an indescribable sadness in his demeanor.

As the instructor of Cherry City's military camp, just like Vince, Larson was someone he had personally trained.

Even though Larson didn't have Vince's Talent, he was extremely hardworking, which filled him with great expectations. He hoped to see Larson become a true warrior.

Who would have thought, it would be betrayal.

Did I cause all this?

The bear-like burly old man began to reflect on himself.

Watching the silent instructor, Vince and those beside him fell into silence as well.

They too were pondering why something like this had happened.

Larson, their former comrade-in-arms.

A comrade-in-arms they could entrust their backs to.

Why would he betray them?

If not for the verified information received and the narration from Vince, they would have never believed it.

While the emotions of these warriors were complex, the old man, as sturdy as a bear, trembled at the waist: he held a horn in his hand, and then a voice rang out—

"Lord Jason has confirmed, Larson was parasitized, controlled, and the betrayal was not of his own volition!"

The voice was urgent, brief.

But, the warriors and Knights, who had just fallen silent, now looked hopefully at the instructor.

"Larson did not betray!"

"To his death, he was still fighting!"

The old man, robust as a bear, let out a long sigh, then stood up and walked outside.

"Instructor Koda?"

Vince and the others were astonished.

"It was Lord Jason who helped Larson regain his honor."

"As Larson's instructor, I must thank him," the old instructor stated formally.

The young warriors and Knights present all nodded in agreement.

A warrior can die,

But cannot forget honor.

Honor above all.

"Instructor, please convey our gratitude!"

Vince spoke on behalf of the young warriors and Knights.

They did not request to accompany him because they now had a more important goal: to kill more of the Sabie Aliens, for their fallen comrades!

"Very well!"

"Before I return, everyone swing your sword 1000 times!"

After speaking, the old instructor turned and left.

And Vince and the young warriors earnestly drew their long swords and started swinging.

"Swing the sword 2000 times!"

"1000 times is the instructor's task!"

"Another 1000 times... to send off Larson!"

"To send off Larson!"

Everyone shouted in unison, and then, in the large space which was outwardly claimed as a gymnasium, the group of young people began to repeatedly swing their swords.

They poured out sweat.

They had a determined look in their eyes.

Stroke after stroke.

Apart from the sound of swinging swords, only the noise of sweat hitting the floor remained.

As before.

Unchanged for two hundred years.

...

Inside an opulent manor, several well-dressed individuals and others donning helmets or having rugged faces congregated together.

Not far from them, an array of peculiar 'people' were whispering amongst themselves.

There were small, green-skinned creatures,

Slimy and transparent gelatinous beings,

And large horned cattle-faced monsters.

However, what was most arresting were a few ladies sitting on floating broomsticks, wearing tall pointed hats and smiling as they watched everything below.

"Earl Cedric, can you explain why 'Aisass' would make a move against my apprentice?" a man in armor, his face obscured, asked ominously.

"I will find a way to treat your apprentice,"

Chapter 578: An Accidental Twist of Fate (3)

Dressed to the nines, Earl Cedric gave an affirmative answer.

"Turn into one of your living dead?"

The man with the hood didn't speak, but a rough-faced man scoffed.

"Stinking dog, what are you talking about?"

A young man beside Earl Cedric retorted angrily.

"Flying rats, are you looking for death?"

The rough-faced people stood in a row, all breathing rapidly, their hair beginning to grow.

The 'people' opposite, dressed just as finely, were not to be outdone, baring their sharp fangs, their eyes blood red.

The hooded questioner, at this point, stepped back with others similarly dressed, making room for both sides.

The battle between the two was about to erupt.

"Wait."

A crisp voice came from overhead.

"Jennifer, what are you doing? Are you helping these flying rats?"

The rough-faced Leader looked up at the woman sitting on the broom.

"Nosa, I won't allow you to insult Lady Jennifer."

Earl Cedric frowned, his voice turning cold.

But when he turned to look at the lady, the tenderness in his eyes was like water.

"Jennifer, what happened?"

Cedric asked softly.

"Don't look at me with that disgusting gaze."

The lady waved her hand in disgust.

"Sorry, Jennifer, I can't control myself—"

Cedric's words were cut off as the lady raised a finger and pointed.

Bang!

Smoke arose, and Earl Cedric, previously so immaculately dressed, suddenly transformed into a sheep.

"Baa baa baa."

With a burst of bleating, Cedric spun around in circles on the spot.

Whoosh!

The rugged men who had been clustered together immediately retreated, creating a distance of more than ten meters, their faces showing fear.

By the ancestors, Mutu!

They would rather face the thrust of silverware than be turned into sheep!

Jennifer glanced down, satisfied with the scene.

Then, she began to speak slowly.

"I've just received a message. An ancient being named 'Jason' has discovered that the so-called traitors are controlled by the parasites of Sabie Aliens, and he has a way to identify them." RÁNQBĚŠ

"Which descendant is this 'Jason'?"

Jennifer inquired.

Within the hall, beings human, akin to human, or not human at all, exchanged puzzled looks.

They could be certain that among their descendants, there was none named 'Jason.'

"Could it be a member of the 'Undying Diamond'?"

Someone suggested.

Undying Diamond!

At the mention of this name, everyone present revealed a trace of peculiarity.

Jennifer was no exception.

After frowning slightly, she lifted her broom and flew straight out through the skylight of the hall.

The surrounding ladies also began to take action.

The rest of the people scattered.

The hooded man who sought justice from Earl Cedric left, his voice chilling as he spoke.

"Move Aisass's corpse to my lab, I want to study it thoroughly."

"Yes, mentor."

Those around him responded in unison.

Ultimately, the grand hall was left with only the well-dressed individuals watching Earl Cedric turned into a sheep.

These 'people' exchanged glances.

"Are we just going to wait like this?"

"Do you really want to plead with Jennifer for mercy?"

"No! No, no!"

The person who spoke waved their hands rapidly, then pointed to the 'sheep' beside them and said, "What I mean is, we should tie him up temporarily, or lock him up there, until the magic fades away. Otherwise, he is going to wreak havoc..."

"Oh, Cedric, shut up, this is my century-old carpet, you can't eat that!"

"Ah! Damn it, how could he just poop!"

In the luxurious hall, the well-dressed 'people' screamed in shock.

In some sense, for these special beings, this was probably one of their hellish experiences.

Some were joyful, some were distressed.

At this moment, Jason straightened his clothes. He was sitting cross-legged on the roof of a refrigerated truck, with a small table in front of him bearing a plate with a short sword on it.

The table and the plate were prepared beforehand.

Jason thought they would not be needed.

But unexpectedly, there was indeed a harvest.

Jason looked at the short sword he had traded with Vince.

He first extended his tongue and took a lick.

Spicy.

And slightly numb.

But also, delicious.

There was a kind of flavor that got better as it got spicier.

Unable to resist, Jason bit into the tip of the sword.

Crunch!

Crack!

The tip of the sword was bitten off directly by Jason.

Crisp!

Not the kind of crisp that's brittle, but a chewy crisp, combined with the spicy flavor, Jason couldn't help but bite again.

And this time, he confirmed it!

Spicy beef tripe!

Crunch, crunch.

Jason chewed heartily, and quickly finished the short sword, including the hilt.

[Swallowed Flame Short Sword!]

[Physical Strength, energy, and injuries greatly recovered!]

[Satiety +26]

[Satiety: 331]

...

Seeing his satiety increase again, Jason couldn't help but want to show off his Talent.

But immediately, he stopped himself.

"Wait!"

"Just wait a little longer!"

"I will have more gains!"

With these thoughts, Jason quickly began packing up the small table and plate into a bag beside him. He had already heard Cortana's approaching footsteps.

The next moment, Konata climbed up from one side.

"Jason!"

"Your achievements have been converted to points, a total of 965."

Cortana's face was full of joy.

"965 points?"

"Yes, 965 points."

"An Sabie Alien scout is worth 15 points, that Assaulter is 300 points, and reporting the Sabie Aliens' possession of parasitic and controlling abilities is 500 points."

Chapter 579: An Accidental Twist of Fate (4)

"Furthermore, Major General Rael Fono has granted me the permission to temporarily exchange for a 'Spartan' potion,"

"This is a potion jointly created by the 'Extraterrestrial Reconnaissance Bureau' and the honored members of the Mystical Side. It can make one stronger and faster, and is only available to soldiers with special merits,"

Cortana explained.

"How many merit points does it require?"

"Does it have any side effects?"

Jason's eyes narrowed as he asked directly.

He was quite fond of potions that could enhance one's attributes, yet he was cautious about them.

At the same time, his respect for the world's 'Mystical Side' grew even higher.

This was the first time he had encountered a potion that could improve attributes since his experiences in 'Lorde'.

"600 points."

"As far as we know, apart from the pain during injection, there are no other side effects,"

Cortana responded and then gestured to Jason with some exchange material she held in her hand.

It was densely filled with exchangeable items.

Apart from the 'Spartan' potion listed at the top,

Below it were various weapons, dazzling and numerous in array.

"Exchange for the 'Spartan' potion."

"What can I exchange with the remaining 365 points?"

"Do you have any recommendations?"

Jason first gave a definitive answer and then, after scanning the list several times, inquired.

There were over a thousand items on the exchange list, and it would be a waste of time for him to go through them by himself. With someone familiar with the exchange items beside him, and showing friendliness, Jason naturally wouldn't let the opportunity pass.

"I suggest you exchange for a set of Mjolnir standard armor. It requires 350 points,"

"As for the remaining 15 points, I suggest you exchange them for a military rank,"

"Exchange for a military rank?"

Jason looked at Cortana in surprise.

"Yes."

"The 'Spartan' potion can be injected multiple times!"

"Although a normal person can only take it once, a strong individual can take it twice, or even more. I believe with Jason's physical condition, he could take it at least three times."

"Further exchanges for the 'Spartan' potion require an official military rank."

Cortana explained earnestly.

Jason immediately grasped why Major General Rael Fono would give Cortana temporary permissions.

The other party was confident that after injecting the 'Spartan' potion, he would want a second dose.

Because the allure of rapid empowerment was irresistible to everyone!

Jason was no exception.

In fact, Jason craved even more powerful strength.

But he had always exercised restraint.

Just as one restrains their 'appetite'.

He didn't wish to blindly pursue 'strength' and become one of those beings that know only slaughter.

In the Nightless City, he had seen and heard of several such cases.

He did not want to join them, to become one of them.

Because he was certain that at that time, he would no longer be himself.

Blindness, arrogance, and vanity would completely distort him.

And the final outcome?

Death without a place for his remains to rest!

However, the current situation was somewhat different.

What Major General Rael Fono wanted was merely to enlist him, to help identify who in the army was parasitized and controlled by the Sabie Aliens, and at most, to recruit him as a combatant against the invading Sabie Aliens.

After pondering for a moment and deeming he could endure such a result, Jason nodded.

"Okay."

Jason replied.

"That's great!"

"Jason, we can work together now!"

Cortana, hearing Jason's affirmative answer, was elated, unable to hide her joy.

Then, the lady took a deep breath, calmed her emotions, and continued in the most formal tone she could muster, "The 15 points can be exchanged for the rank of..."

"Master Sergeant!"

Chapter 580: I, Jason, Have an Exceptional Talent for Swordsmanship!

Sergeant Major?

Jason didn't care about the rank that wasn't really that of an officer.

He just needed a channel to exchange for the "Spartan" Potion.

"Certainly."

Jason nodded.

"Good, I'll exchange it for you right away, Sergeant Major."

"There are also two main weapons equipped with the 'Mjolnir' Standard Armor, Sergeant Major, what do you need?"

Cortana said, passing over the microcomputer again, which clearly listed the specifications and weapon configurations for the 'Mjolnir' Standard Armor—

Armor lining: It can cover most of the body, including groin, thighs, knees, shins, chest, shoulders, and forearms; the helmet comes with a power pack, but it's lighter than any standard Marine Corps helmet battery pack.

Armor shell: Made of high-strength composite material, it includes a material that can neutralize the force of energy weapon attacks. Each suit of combat gear has a gel layer that maintains temperature, which can sensitively vary in density. Next to the wearer is a layer of humidity-absorbing garment, and its physiological regulator constantly adjusts the temperature. In addition, the wearer's left arm has a standard-type 'beep beep' microcomputer.

Armor core: A new type of liquid active metal and special drugs from the Mystical Side make up the core. It can sustain the armor's normal activities and combat needs. When entering extreme combat mode, it can double the wearer's strength and reaction speed, but it can't last long. Five minutes is the limit. After five minutes, the 'Mjolnir' Standard Armor core will enter an overloaded state and stop all activity, requiring a core replacement to be used again (Remember: When it's time to go all out, you need to activate it without hesitation, even though it's expensive, you only have one life!)

Main Weapon 1: MA1 Assault Rifle (featuring a typical air-cooled, gas-operated system and using helical bullets. Easy to clean, simple to use, and works in terrible environments. Reliable is their byword, and the 7.62 caliber bullets give them considerable lethality!)

Main Weapon 2: DMR Designated Marksman Rifle (A nightmare for everyone in long-distance combat, but at the same time, it requires a high level of skill to use)

Main Weapon 3: M20 Submachine Gun (Its compact size allows most people to choose dual-wielding, and the dense bullet rain will make your enemies feel fear)

Main Weapon 4: M100 Light Machine Gun (200 rounds of ammunition are enough to create a short period of fire suppression, it needs a special drum magazine)

Main Weapon 5: Glory's Shine (Shotgun, the first weapon developed, improved with more advanced technology to increase its power and range)

Secondary Weapon 1: McNorn (A classic pistol with a 16-round capacity, adjustable for single and burst fire)

Secondary Weapon 2: Silver Serpent S (Large-caliber revolver, five rounds, requiring strong arm strength, but the advent of Mjolnir armor changed this)

...

"There are also grenades and grenade launchers, BR long-range rifles."

"Grenades 'Mjolnir' Standard Armor can carry three, hidden in the armor's waist and legs, while the grenade launcher and BR long-range rifle need extra exchanges."

"As for the BR long-range rifle, I wouldn't recommend exchanging it. Its ammunition is very particular and also requires an extra exchange. Moreover, the quantity is very limited, making it hard to sustain a prolonged battle."

Cortana explained with great confidence.

Jason, however, hadn't listened to so much. When he saw the special spray-painted shotgun, his eyes never moved away.

"For the main weapon, I'll take 'Glory's Shine'; for the secondary weapon, 'Silver Serpent S'!"

"Can 'Glory's Shine' be spray-painted? I want it in black."

Jason made his choice without hesitation.

From the start with the Winchester Brothers, Jason developed a heartfelt love for shotguns with their unique rhythm and close-range covering firepower.

He didn't intend to change. Find adventures on

For the secondary weapon, large caliber was his true love.

"Of course!"

"I'll arrange it for you right away."

After making the promise, Cortana turned and walked towards the helicopter. Before boarding, Cortana turned her head to take a special look at Jason, staring for about two seconds, then entered the helicopter and flew away.

Jason certainly noticed such a gaze, but he didn't respond.

Because his attention was completely focused on the highway they had come from.

There, an old man as sturdy as a bear was approaching briskly.

Like the young Knight before, this old man, upon reaching the edge of the road, leaped straight down.

Thump!

The heavy body landed on the ground, emitting a dull thud.

"Lord Koda."

Tel respectfully saluted.

Not out of ceremony, but from the heart.

As the instructor of 'Cherry's Indomitable' in Cherry City, Koda had an excellent reputation on the Mystical Side, and words like brave, just, and fair were not at all an overstatement when applied to him.

Moreover, the warriors and Knights that he taught also inherited such virtues.

In short, he was a man who truly deserved respect.

He was also the first person that Tel had "invited."

The stout old man nodded to Tel, then turned his full attention to Jason.

Upon seeing Jason's tall, strong physique, he couldn't help nodding, with praise evident in his eyes.

A man must be strong.

Otherwise, how could he wield a weapon to protect his loved ones, his friends behind him?