

Menu 581

Chapter 581: I, Jason, Have an Exceptional Talent for Swordsmanship! (2)

The veteran instructor, who held such simple concepts, already had a quite good impression of Jason, which he now elevated further.

As for the hockey mask?

In the instructor's eyes, it wasn't anything special.

When he was on the battlefield, he also preferred to choose a face guard.

Moreover, the more terrifying and imposing it was, the better.

It was not solely for protection but also for intimidating the enemy.

And Jason's hockey mask did these very well; in the instructor's view, it was a wise choice for Jason.

Not to mention the Broad Blade Cleaver!

Every warrior, every Knight should have a weapon!

Whether it be a Wolf Fang Club or a small dagger, that is the foundation upon which you survive.

You need to become familiar with it!

It's best if it feels like an extension of your arm!

Jason had done this very well!

The instructor could tell from the way Jason held the cleaver that he was immensely familiar with the Broad Blade Cleaver; he must have gone through countless life-and-death battles.

Strong, wise, an experienced combatant.

The more he looked at Jason, the more the instructor liked him, and a smile unconsciously grew on his face.

"Jason, I am very pleased to meet you!"

The instructor said happily, then, without waiting for Jason to speak, the burly old man directly asked, "Would you like to join 'Copper's Tenacity'?"

"I'm sorry, I have joined 'Night Watcher'."

"And, I shall keep my everlasting vow—stand watch at night, body in darkness, heart in the light."

Jason shook his head.

He wouldn't have a bad opinion of an organization like 'Copper's Tenacity'; if it were another time, he wouldn't mind joining.

But now?

Absolutely not!

He wouldn't let anyone disrupt his 'rotating feast' plan.

Unaware of Jason's plan, the instructor continued to mutter Jason's vow of "standing watch at night, body in darkness, heart in the light." After a moment, the instructor raised his head with a look of puzzlement and asked, "Please forgive my ignorance, but I don't know of an organization called 'Night Watcher'. However, your vow suggests that it must be ancient." rÃÑQ BÊS

"'Night Watcher' is passed down between masters and disciples, hidden among the populace, and when people need us, we will stand forth."

Jason calmly replied with an explanation he had thought of in advance.

But the instructor was respectfully impressed.

"Knights who wander in the dark night, huh?"

Speaking thus, the instructor gave Jason a Knight's salute.

Jason responded with a similar, yet different, gesture—a salute belonging to true 'Night Watchers', originating from 'Lorde'.

It wasn't complicated but carried a unique sense, seemingly making Jason, who stood there, radiate with the profoundness belonging to the night.

To ordinary people, this feeling was nothing special, but for those from the 'Mystical Side,' it was like an inherent division. Continue your journey on

Connecting the previous vow with this, at this moment the instructor had no doubts.

' Night Watcher' truly existed.

And it was indeed an organization with a long history.

Otherwise, they would not have such a demeanor.

It was a pity to lose such a naturally gifted warrior!

The instructor felt a twinge of regret deep down, but his expression turned solemn.

"Thank you for restoring Larson's honor, allowing him to don his armor and return to his resting place with dignity."

"As a token of gratitude, as long as it doesn't conflict with warrior and Knight beliefs, 'Copper's Tenacity' will stand behind you!"

"Also..."

"I shall offer a skill of my own as thanks."

The instructor said formally.

Hearing the instructor's words, Tel from Delbon standing nearby admired Jason even more.

A simple 'maneuver' earned 'Copper's Tenacity's' friendship and a secret technique from Koda.

This was truly enviable!

While Tel thought this inwardly, he discreetly stepped to the side.

A secret technique, by its very nature of being secret, was not meant to be shared publicly.

As an outstanding member of 'Clock Tower', Tel wouldn't forget such etiquette.

"What are you skilled in, Jason?"

The instructor asked after Tel had moved away.

"Barehanded Combat, swordsmanship, I excel in both. Especially swordsmanship, my talent is exceptional!"

Jason confidently stated.

Good at Barehanded Combat, swordsmanship, and swordsmanship?

An all-rounder?

The instructor gave Jason's cleaver a surprised glance.

He thought Jason only excelled in swordsmanship.

Thus, he was prepared to use his own expertise in Barehanded Combat to compensate for Jason's shortcomings.

After all, no one could guarantee their weapon would always be in their hands.

But he never thought Jason would also excel at Barehanded Combat, and not just excel but be an all-rounder in Barehanded Combat and swordsmanship.

This gave the instructor a moment's pause, but he did not change his mind.

"Come, hit me with all your might!"

The instructor stood there, puffing out his chest and said.

Jason hesitated.

"No need to hesitate."

"With all your strength!"

"I won't defend!"

"Let me feel your power, your skill."

The instructor declared with absolute confidence.

As an old warrior of 'Copper's Tenacity', even though he had left the battlefield, it didn't mean that his strength had diminished; he and his contemporaries were only teaching the next generation.

Their true strength?

It was still growing!

The effects of age were minimal on them, apart from not being able to perform for very long durations. Basically, they were no different from young warriors and even possessed richer experience.

Moreover, he was especially unique.

His particular training method ensured his strength and defense far surpassed those of his peers.

That's why he was so confident.

"Do you really want me to go full force?"

Jason, sensing the approaching dawn, was somewhat uncertain.

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"Yes!"

"Full power!"

"With your fist!"

The old instructor emphasized.

Fist?

Jason thought for a moment, put away his short-handled broad blade cleaver, and then took big steps toward the old instructor.

The first step, the experience imparted by Master-level Barehanded Combat, allowed Jason to quickly adjust his breathing and instantly enter a combat stance.

Whoosh!

His breath bursting out, Jason's already tall and robust figure became even more imposing at this moment.

The second step, Proficiency Level Griffin Combat Technique, adjusted Jason's posture.

Roar!

In the darkness just before dawn, the cry of an eagle and the roar of a lion rose.

A pitch-black griffin, yet clad in scale armor with dark golden wings, appeared faintly, like mist and illusion.

The third step, the expert-level "War Pattern. Prus. Griffin. Shadow Hide Body Forging Technique" started to operate wildly, like a high-powered engine, roaring inside Jason.

It invigorated Jason and filled him with a fighting spirit.

Even without activating "Daytime Hunt," that unique breathing method still allowed Jason to let out a bold strike with a roar.

"Euler Euler Euler Euler!"

In an instant, there were multiple afterimages of fists, as if they were covering the sky and the sun.

The illusory griffin merged with them and pounced.

The sharp claws attached to the afterimages, stacking up layer upon layer, thoroughly enveloped the old instructor.

Bang Bang Bang!

Dat Dat Dat!

Amidst the intense crashing sounds, a loud shout followed—

"Stop!"

Instantly, the afterimages of fists disappeared, and the illusion vanished.

Jason, with his fist still raised, stared at the old instructor in astonishment.

At this moment, the old instructor's face was expressionless, maintaining an inexplicable seriousness.

"I've got a good idea of your level now,"

"Now I need to think about how to teach you."

"I need a separate space."

"Is that car yours?"

"Good, lend it to me for a bit."

Saying this, the old instructor walked toward the refrigerated truck, choosing not the driver's seat but the more enclosed freezer, and after he walked in, he immediately closed the door,

The moment the door shut, the old instructor's serious face quickly contorted, his hands involuntarily rubbing the spot where Jason had struck.

Painful!

So painful!

Extremely painful!

The old instructor restrained himself from crying out.

Shock filled his eyes.

He had tried to overestimate Jason.

But, he had not expected Jason's fists to be so strong.

Even his body, tempered a thousand times, seemed unable to withstand the blows.

No!

If he took a few more punches, he certainly wouldn't be able to withstand them!

"Is Jason, a monster?"

The old instructor couldn't help but think.

Then, he pushed open the door again and walked out.

At this time, Jason was standing in the same spot, unmoved.

"I've decided what skills to teach you,"

The old instructor declared. Then, the bear-like burly old man asked curiously, "Between barehanded combat, broad blade cleaver, and swordsmanship, are you most skilled in barehanded combat?"

Although Jason had previously said he was skilled in swordsmanship, after experiencing Jason's fists, the old instructor believed Jason's barehanded combat skills should be stronger.

"No!"

"My greatest skill is swordsmanship!"

Jason shook his head, affirming confidently.

"Hmm... if possible, could you demonstrate it for me?"

The old instructor pondered for a moment before asking.

It wasn't that he didn't believe Jason; he was just curious about what kind of swordsmanship could be stronger than Jason's barehanded combat.

"Of course I can!"

Jason nodded.

"Do you need a sword?"

As he spoke, the old instructor began to unbuckle the long sword at his waist to hand it to Jason.

Jason waved his hand.

He, Jason, with his powerful swordsmanship, never used a sword.

He only needed the right moment!

It was the manifestation of the earth's force that condensed into a sword, which was the best display of talent!

And at this moment—

Dawn just arrived.

Chapter 583: The Gathering under the Morning Sun

The pitch-black night sky suddenly brightened.

A streak of light appeared in the east.

This was the first light of the day.

Its arrival signaled the end of the night and the beginning of a new day.

Gentle and bright, it shone upon Jason's body.

The pale light made his tall, robust figure even more profound, and then—

Brilliant!

A 25-meter-long Light Sword appeared in Jason's hands.

The darkness was split in two!

Only the dazzling brightness and sharpness of the Light Sword remained!

The old instructor's eyes bulged as he looked at the 25-meter-long Light Sword, his mouth opening and closing like a fish out of water, wanting to express his emotions at the moment, but truly unable to say anything.

Swordsmanship?

This is swordsmanship?

Is this what swordsmanship is like?

Then, what was swinging a metal longsword before?

Physical exercise?

That instructor from Cherry City, sturdy as a bear and known as 'Copper's Resilience,' found himself falling into a life crisis to some extent.

But compared to the existence sliced by the 'Chen Xi Sword,' the instructor was far better off.

Cedric, who had just recovered from his 'sheep state,' rushed to the outskirts of Cherry City as soon as he received reliable news.

As the sole 'Earl' of Cherry City, he was very clear about what it meant for Jason to possess the ability to identify 'infiltrators' from the Sabie Aliens for the entire 'Mystical Side' on the surface. rANÓ\$ E S

He was even clearer about what it would mean if he could master this ability himself.

His deterrence would not be limited to Cherry City alone!

He could truly become a regional lord!

Even more so, to exchange for more resources and become a Marquis!

At the thought of this, Cedric's long-still heart stirred with a hint of warmth.

Without hesitation, Cedric sped up.

Because he was certain that if he had such thoughts, so did the other few guys.

Let alone that muscle-brained Nosa who always antagonized him.

That sneaky Derluce must be scheming something.

And then there's...

Jennifer!

Thinking of her, Cedric's eyes showed an unprecedented seriousness.

She was truly terrifying!

The Witch... no!

A Sorceress!

Compared to the former, Cedric preferred to use this 'official title' to describe her.

Her power was like the ocean, vast and strong without a visible end, with even more bizarre waves beneath the surface.

Especially the latter, which always filled him with dread.

Otherwise, how could he, a dignified Earl, be so craven?

Ever since Jennifer appeared 10 years ago, Cedric, after a bit of probing, always showed a stance of 'protecting' and even 'pursuing' her, but only Cedric himself knew why he did so.

Love?

He had long been devoid of it.

As one of the purebloods, such things didn't exist.

Who would feel love towards food?

He was simply afraid of her.

But that was the past, and now?

He needed to find Jason, control Jason, and then use it as a powerful opportunity to overturn the 'Golden Wind' class system within Cherry City.

From afar, Cedric saw Jason and Koda.

The vision of the vampire was not affected in the slightest at night; rather, it was enhanced even more.

"Koda?"

Cedric frowned.

The 'Copper's Resilience' warriors and knights were nothing but high-quality food in the eyes of this vampire Earl.

Their blood, sweet and scorching.

He had not only once secretly set up arrangements to taste such blood before the Sabie aliens arrived.

Of course, he didn't recklessly drink all he could.

Rather, he quietly savored just a little bit.

It wasn't about restraint.

Coming from the magic lineage, he didn't care about restraint; he wasn't one of those hypocritical members from the Secret Faction, nor was he any independent.

He simply didn't dare.

Because Koda was the instructor of 'Copper's Resilience' Cherry City.

He was a warrior who had once twisted off the heads of over ten purebloods with his own hands, including one who was about to be promoted to a Marquis.

Before the Sabie invasion, he always avoided meeting Koda.

This moment was no exception.

With nefarious intentions, Cedric used a vampire secret technique to conceal his own scent and body.

Like a shadow, he approached Jason stealthily.

With Koda present, he of course couldn't strike directly.

But the vampire ceremony gave him confidence that he could influence Jason!

Not direct control!

But little by little, influencing him, eventually making Jason side with him!

Just like those half breeds' worshippers.

What do humans call them?

Right!

Blood Slaves!

Jason, become my Blood Slave!

This will make you feel honored for a lifetime!

This is the most glorious moment of your life!

Even if you are powerful, you will still take pride in it!

"I need a good start to approach Jason!"

"Show my goodwill!"

"Then, start arranging the ceremony..."

While Cedric was pondering, as if sensing something, he instinctively looked up.

Then, he saw a brilliant 25-meter-long Light Sword slashing down straight at him.

Before the Light Sword actually hit him,

Its very aura made him shudder.

It was an instinctual terror!

What terrified him even more was that the sword was too fast, too sudden; he had no room to dodge,

Silently, Cedric was split in two!

The vampire's powerful regenerative abilities were completely useless at that moment.

Because—

Yi!

The special force field of 'Protection Against Evil' had enveloped Cedric along with the strike of the 'Chen Xi Sword.'

Chapter 584: The Gathering under the Morning Sun (2)

The next moment!

"Aaahhh!"

A scream came from Cedric's mouth as flames engulfed his entire body.

In the midst of the flame, he turned to ash.

Only a ring was left, emitting an unusual glow.

It was a golden ring, not inlaid with any gemstones, but exquisitely crafted and covered in intricate patterns.

Jason walked over, picked up the ring with ease, and his nostrils twitched slightly.

"It smells good!"

Just before, when Cedric had come close, Jason had already sensed that hint of malice.

And the ring in his hand had further confirmed the other's location.

Added to that was the display of his talent in swordsmanship at the break of dawn.

Everything was just so appropriate.

"Cedric?"

The old instructor looked at the fading figure in the flames, his voice reflecting his surprise.

"You knew him?"

Jason asked.

"Hmm, a smart-aleck,"

The old instructor nodded in assessment, then took another thorough look at Jason.

His eyes were full of admiration following the surprise.

He found that Jason was truly a continuously surprising individual.

Though he had already estimated him highly, Jason quickly shattered those estimations.

And not just once.

It was several times in succession.

Especially 'that one sword' just now!

It had already surpassed what was common.

It no longer fell within the realm of normalcy.

It carried a faint feeling of Transcendence!

That was what he had been pursuing, yet failed to achieve.

Now appearing in Jason, what did it indicate?

Jason's talent for swordsmanship had long surpassed that of ordinary people!

It wasn't merely a talent for swordsmanship, but... genius!

Yes, a genius of swordsmanship!

Someday he would indeed become a Transcendent master of the sword!

The old instructor silently made this evaluation in his heart and went on to introduce Cedric in detail.

"Cedric was the leader of those vampires in Cherry City. His strength was decent, his ambition great. In the whole 'Golden Wind,' he could be considered mid-level, aligning with other dark creatures and a few detestable beings to form the upper echelons of Cherry City's 'Golden Wind.'"

"It?"

Jason was paying attention to how the old instructor referred to Cedric.

"Of course, it. The 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau' emphasizes that we should acknowledge the 'humans' within 'Golden Wind.'"

The old instructor's face showed a hint of scorn as he stressed the last word.

Struggles for power in the shadows had been going on for decades, centuries, even hundreds of years.

Were it not for an external enemy suddenly proving too powerful, how could they possibly have united?

And even united, how could they truly live together in peace and friendship?

Maintaining such superficial peace was probably already the limit.

Learning more about the world before him, Jason thought quietly to himself.

"Of course, there are still some decent folks in there."

"They can be called friends."

"But definitely not Cedric, that bastard."

The old instructor said, then his gaze drifted off into the distance.

A burly man with a rugged face, powerfully built, was heading towards them.

As he ran, all four limbs touched the ground, moving with both hands and feet, accelerating at an exceptional speed.

From his appearance in sight to arriving in front of Jason, it took merely a few seconds.

"That's right, Cedric is a bastard."

This man had exceptional hearing, having heard the old instructor's assessment of Cedric from a kilometer away.

Then, he turned towards Jason, gave him a thumbs up with a smile. Beneath the morning sun, as he smiled, his teeth shone brilliantly.

"Well done, Jason."

"You're now a friend of mine, Nosa," said Nosa.

Then Nosa stood up straight and saluted the old instructor formally.

"Instructor."

Nosa greeted respectfully.

The old instructor simply smiled, raised his hand, and powerfully patted Nosa's shoulder.

He had taught him when he was still human.

And now, though he was no longer human, he still managed to control himself and maintain his bottom line, which in the eyes of the old instructor was enough.

Bang, bang, bang!

The sincere patting made Nosa grit his teeth.

Although he had become a Werewolf and his body was several times stronger than when he was human, and he was improving every day, he still found the instructor's 'affection' tough to bear.

The instructor had grown stronger!

Feeling the strength in the old instructor's palms, Nosa couldn't help but think.

And then, his gaze shifted back to Jason.

Jason was also strong!

Otherwise, he couldn't have taken out Cedric with a single sword strike!

Even though that bastard Cedric had strength, he indeed had some.

And that sword strike just now... was it swordsmanship?

Accustomed to fighting with his body, Nosa was full of doubt and couldn't help but look towards the instructor.

"Of course!"

"That was swordsmanship!"

The old instructor said with certainty.

"But where is the sword?"

Nosa looked puzzled at Jason, who was barehanded.

"No sword in hand, yet a sword in the heart."

"With a sword in the heart, you can slash through anything."

Jason said indifferently.

"So that's how it is."

After nodding slightly, the old instructor's face took on a thoughtful expression.

Scratching his head in total confusion, Nosa didn't disturb the old instructor; instead, he waved towards Delbon.

"Leader Nosa."

Delbon, who had been minimizing his presence from the very beginning, smiled again at this moment.

He too was startled by Jason's sword strike.

He had always thought Jason was deceiving him, that all the talk of swordsmanship talent and being exceptional were lies.

But who would have thought it was actually true!

And that sword strike was so strong!

Swift!

Sharp!

It seemed just like light!

Even Cedric, the vampire leader, was reduced to ash by a single strike!

He used a knife, but the strongest was the sword?

Is this what they call a hidden trump card?

But is it okay to reveal such a trump card like this?

Delbon couldn't help thinking and inadvertently glanced towards where Cedric had been reduced to ashes.

Almost instantly, he thought of something.

A revealed trump card naturally can no longer be a trump card.

But what if only half of this trump card was revealed?

What if the 25-meter long Light Sword wasn't whole?

What if it was 40 meters?

What if it was even longer?

Thinking this, Delbon couldn't help but sigh.

"So it's like that."

Immediately, Delbon introduced Nosa to Jason with an even more respectful attitude.

"Leader Nosa is from the 'Unyielding Copper,' but due to an accident was infected with werewolf poison, then due to another accident became the leader of the Cherry City werewolves. It's also because of Leader Nosa that in the past 20 years, there hasn't been a single incident of werewolves harming people in Cherry City."

Accidents?

Jason subconsciously glanced at the old instructor, deep in thought.

He didn't believe that accidents happened so frequently to the same person.

"Mr. Jason, the messages have all been sent. Everyone is very interested in the corpse of 'Assaulter' from Sabi Star and are rapidly approaching. Do you have any other instructions?"

Delbon asked.

"When will they arrive?"

Jason inquired.

The arrival of these people meant that the 'Golden Wind' plan had already commenced.

Jason was already impatient.

Saliva involuntarily secreted in his mouth.

Jason struggled to resist the urge to eat the 'ring' in his hand.

"Any moment now!"

Delbon replied.

And just as Delbon finished speaking, the ground next to Jason began to tremble, and a small, humanoid creature with green skin, dressed in neat overalls, emerged from the ground.

From the nearby dense woods, a man covered in leaves with messy hair and beard came out from a large tree.

Then, in the sky, several huge eagles suddenly appeared, and when they landed on the treetops, their eagle heads turned into human heads—all of them females, who then stood up stretching their bodies.

Whoosh!

Amidst the swift sound of cutting air, several witches riding on brooms appeared near Cherry City.

Behind them, on the ground, a group of monsters was running wildly.

There were globules of jelly, humanoid creatures with bull horns, and more green-skinned humanoids with slightly more ferocious faces and disheveled attire.

And this was only part of it.

Even more monstrous creatures were gathering here.

As these creatures amassed, Jason could not help but twitch his nostrils.

Delicious!

So delicious!

A jumble of different delectable scents wafted from certain items on these creatures.

Or perhaps the creatures themselves were fragrant.

When they all converged, it was like a flood overwhelming Jason's sense of smell.

The very next moment—

Unable to hold back any longer, Jason parted his lips.

Between the sharp teeth, saliva dripped and stretched.

Before the 'Golden Wind,' should he enjoy a hearty 'breakfast'?

Chapter 585: Be Patient in Life!

The thought of a 'hearty breakfast' as soon as it appeared, spread uncontrollably in Jason's mind.

The thoughts in his mind, tugged at his stomach.

Gurgle, gurgle.

His stomach moved slightly.

Suddenly, Jason's unique scent began to drift away.

That was the scent of having an idea in the heart, that everything is food!

That was, 'predator'!

In the morning sun, a faint silhouette emerged behind Jason.

In the warm sunlight, it appeared even darker, more profound.

The huge figure, with blood-red eyes, scanned the surroundings.

The next moment, it opened its massive jaws and howled to the sky—

Hungry!

The members of 'Golden Wind' who flocked over almost simultaneously perceived this intangible silhouette, which seemed like smoke and mist to ordinary people, and they all paused in their tracks.

An immense pressure descended from the sky.

At this moment, in their hearts, they all rose to the illusion that they were like goods on a deli shelf, being scanned by a customer.

It was just an illusion!

These 'Golden Wind' members would never think of themselves as goods on a deli shelf!

But one by one, they became uncertain.

A trap called in our names, under the pretense of 'infiltrators'?

Some 'Golden Wind' members even thought of this subconsciously.

They began to look around.

They carefully surveyed their surroundings.

At this time, Delbon immediately came over from the side, first smiling at the 'Golden Wind' members, then he whispered to Jason.

"Mr. Jason, please rest assured, they are all members of 'Golden Wind,' not enemies!"

This member stationed at the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau' from the 'Clock Tower' obviously misunderstood something.

But such words were useful enough. After a slight start, the huge, dark shadow that ordinary people couldn't see behind Jason disappeared immediately.

At the same time, Jason's reason, which had been restraining 'hunger', once again took the upper hand.

Phew!

Jason took a deep breath and furrowed his brows subconsciously.

He, once again, found his weakness.

Although he had restrained himself as much as possible, when faced with a large number of 'foods', hunger would still take the lead.

"At my current level, I can maintain my reason only when facing one or two 'foods'?"

"Any more than that...not enough!"

"Still not enough!"

"What I need is to make all decisions by myself, not be driven by 'desire' to make decisions!"

"I am just me!"

"I will not be a puppet!"

With this thought, Jason's previously somewhat blurry goal gradually became clear—

I don't want to be a ruthless, thoughtless eating machine!

I want to be a gourmet with ideals and aspirations!

"Jason, are you alright?"

The old instructor asked.

Unlike Delbon, the much stronger old instructor keenly noticed Jason's difference before.

He could clearly feel that just a moment ago, there was a power that was both in control and uncontrollable that appeared on Jason.

He couldn't precisely identify where that power came from, but one thing was certain, it was terrifying!

So terrifying that even an old fellow like him, who had been through countless blood and fire battles, felt an instant pressure and fear, so much so that he would break out in a cold sweat. ㄹᄇᆞᆫ

What could that power be?

The old instructor speculated in his heart, and his gaze towards Jason became even more concerned.

He didn't want anything unexpected to happen to Jason, who had restored honor for Larson.

Moreover, for a warrior with talent like Jason, any accidental change would be a disaster for the entire world!

The old instructor did not wish to see that happen!

After all, it meant he and his companions would have to face Jason in battle.

No matter the outcome, familiar people would be lost.

That would be the scenario he hated the most.

"I'm fine."

Jason replied to the old instructor.

At this moment, having identified his life's goal, Jason's eyes behind the mask were more lucid than ever, even clear and bright, revealing an unprecedented determination.

Seeing those bright eyes, the old instructor immediately breathed a sigh of relief.

That was the look of a true warrior!

No confusion!

No struggle!

Warriors with such eyes already know what they want and how to get it.

Such warriors will definitely be unstoppable, boldly cutting through obstacles.

They will never fall!

That just a moment ago...

Was it tempering himself?

With a sigh of relief, recalling the scene just now, the old instructor quickly came to a conclusion.

Embedding a power within oneself, using one's will as both spear and shield, and constantly fighting against it, every battle becomes an act of self-improvement; after each one, the spear is bound to become sharper, and the shield even more robust.

Eventually, that power will become nourishment completely, everything needed for growth!

Such a method is undoubtedly efficient.

But also dangerous.

One misstep could lead to death.

With Jason's talent, there was no need to adopt such a method; methodical progression would ensure reaching heights unattainable by others.

Yet Jason chose this path!

Does he not only have talent but also tenacity and bravery?

Is this Jason?

The old instructor pondered, watching Jason standing in the morning sun, and felt as if a gleam of light had appeared around him.

That was the light of a warrior!

Heaven on the left, warriors to the right!

The old instructor had no more words of persuasion.

Chapter 586: Be Patient in Life! (2)

Because any persuasion would be an insult to the “warrior’s choice!”

At this time, respect is all that is needed.

More?

That would mean waiting.

Waiting patiently for the last moment of celebration or... “assistance for Jason.”

This was his promise as a warrior!

A commitment from an older, retired warrior!

"I understand,"

The former instructor nodded solemnly.

Do you also understand?

What do you understand?

Jason's cheeks twitched behind his mask.

But Jason, who had had many similar experiences, quickly regained his composure and handled the situation with seasoned expertise.

First, he nodded subtly to the old instructor, indicating that he understood the implication, then, at the right moment, he shifted his gaze, avoiding any further topics that could lead to confusion.

Jason looked at the members of "Golden Wind" gathered around him with uncertainty.

"The corpse of a 'Sabie Alien Assaulter' is in the refrigerated truck, interested parties can start bidding,"

Jason stated plainly.

Without small talk or beating around the bush.

Jason might bargain, but he was not a true merchant, nor did he have experience organizing auctions.

So, he approached it in his own way.

This left Delbon filled with regret.

This member of 'Clock Tower' stationed at 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau' knew very well how a lively start to an 'auction' could enhance the seller's proceeds.

Because it wasn't just the atmosphere that was affected, but also emotions!

The latter, in an event like an auction, would be crucial!

An identical item, with the support of emotions, could easily yield profits of thirty or even fifty percent over its value, or even double or triple if there were competitive bidders!

And right now was the perfect opportunity!

Everyone knew about the tension between ‘Unyielding Copper’ and ‘Golden Wind.’

Even when facing an attack from external foes, they had barely maintained a superficial peace.

Such a perfect chance it was!

Delbon lamented inwardly but did not utter any words to contradict Jason.

Because he was just a liaison.

And had promised not to pursue any ‘differences in price.’

All matters were to be directed by Jason.

Recognizing his place, Delbon at this time moved beside Jason and, with a smile, assured the members of ‘Golden Wind’ with a clear voice: “The message was sent by me, so naturally, I guarantee everything, including Lord Jason’s words—I swear upon my name as a member of ‘Clock Tower’s Ground Reconnaissance Bureau.’

Delbon, with his extensive connections and unique status, offered reassurance, and all the ‘Golden Wind’ members who had been startled relaxed.

"I, too, can vouch for Jason,"

The old instructor stepped forward.

His initial favorable impression, combined with Jason's adherence to the warrior's style, had already earned his approval.

"And I as well!"

Nosa also stepped forward.

Simply put, if the old instructor vouched for someone, so did Nosa.

The former warrior, now the leader of Cherry City's werewolves, was that straightforward.

Immediately, all the surrounding members of 'Golden Wind' let down their guard.

The old instructor, whom they all recognized, had a reputation for integrity that was sufficiently reassuring.

Not to mention the assurance from Nosa, one of their own.

Suddenly, several people stepped forward from the crowd.

The first to come forward was the small, goblin-like creature, humanoid in appearance, dressed in neat work garb.

"Tucker, Tucker exchange for 'landmine,

The humanoid with green skin spoke in their unique grammar.

As he spoke, he lifted a barrel as tall as himself from the ground where he had just emerged.

The mere sight of the barrel made the surrounding members of 'Golden Wind' step back in shock and fear, instinctively taking two steps back.

Obviously, this seemingly ordinary barrel was far more dangerous than it appeared.

Jason looked at the barrel with interest.

Among many 'foods,' the 'flavor' contained within this barrel ranked highly, though it was unclear what it tasted like.

"We will trade 'Witch Feather' for it,"

One of the ladies who had transformed from large eagles to human form and were perched atop tree canopies spoke, the leader raised her hand.

A single feather lay upon the palm of her hand, shimmering with a metallic sheen under the sunlight, and emitting a subtle fragrance that was far less enthralling than the scent of the barrel.

"Hmph, since when do harpies call themselves 'witches'?"

A few witches sitting on their brooms scoffed.

The challenged harpies immediately responded with an unfriendly gaze, but they did not counter the claim.

Even though 'Witch' Jennifer was not present there, the reputation of the opposition was enough for these harpies to understand how they should act.

"Lord Jason, we offer a 'Curse Bag' in exchange,"

One of the witches, disdainfully looking at the harpies and casually sitting on her broom, took out a cloth bag.

Ordinary in appearance and the size of the woman's fist, the bag was closed with a jute rope as thick as a little finger, looped through one end of the bag and around the wrist on the other, and at that moment it swung in mid-air, tied to the witch's wrist, emitting an enticing 'aroma.'

Undoubtedly, this was the most fragrant of all the 'foods.'

Jason's eyes fixed on the 'Curse Bag,' contemplating the flavor it might have.

Meanwhile, the surrounding 'Golden Wind' members, who were already keeping their distance from the witches, now backed away even further—their speed noticeably faster than when they saw the goblin's barrel earlier.

Chapter 587: Be Patient in Life! (3)

But there were some who did not move.

They were draped in voluminous robes with hoods, which, even under the warm morning sun, emitted a loathsome, eerie chill.

"We are here on behalf of the Derluce Master."

"We are willing to offer the 'Corpse Control Staff' as a trade."

A composed middle-aged man spoke, holding out a staff about 30 centimeters long, resembling a tree branch.

It also had the scent of 'food,' but it couldn't compare to the 'Curse Bag,' similar to what the one who called himself Tucker had offered with his 'landmine'; it was just slightly better than the harpies' 'Witch Feathers.'

"Is there anything else?"

Delbon stepped out at the right moment to ask.

The members of 'Golden Wind' remained silent.

Although they were curious about the Sabie Alien 'Assaulter's' corpse, they weren't here for the 'Assaulter.'

After asking twice more, Delbon then turned to Jason.

"What will you choose, Lord Jason?"

As Delbon spoke, he subtly gestured with his finger towards the 'Corpse Control Staff.'

The witches' items were too dangerous; Delbon immediately ruled them out for Jason.

The Goblin Landmine was the same, with instability being its biggest issue.

And as for the harpies?

The so-called 'Witch Feathers' were too cheap and simply didn't match the value of the 'Assaulter.'

Therefore, that left the 'Corpse Control Staff.'

While that group of male witches could be troublesome, Delbon was confident that in this situation, they wouldn't cause trouble or do anything underhanded.

Jason saw Delbon's signal, but he had his own choice in mind.

Naturally, he would choose the most enticing option.

There was no need for hesitation.

"I want the Curse Bag!"

Jason said decisively.

Delbon was taken aback, while the witches sitting astride their brooms immediately burst into laughter.

"Smart man."

"We like doing business with smart people."

The witch holding the 'Curse Bag' directly tossed it to Jason.

Delbon, standing next to Jason, saw the 'Curse Bag' being thrown and immediately ducked behind Jason, while the old instructor, Nosa, quickly positioned himself in front of Jason.

One mustn't recklessly touch the witches' belongings!

This was a recognized fact in the 'Mystical Side'!

Especially items from the 'Witch' of Cherry City, Jennifer, or anything related to her.

They had even become somewhat taboo.

The old instructor, Nosa, watched the 'Curse Bag' as it flew closer, but as everyone's eyes followed the 'Curse Bag,' it just vanished into thin air.

The next moment, it reappeared right before Jason.

The members of 'Golden Wind' once again quickly retreated, creating distance.

Although they were monsters, when faced with a 'taboo,' they still followed their inner choices.

Nosa was astonished; the Werewolf Leader hadn't seen how the 'Curse Bag' got behind him.

The old instructor, however, was closely watching a witch behind the one who had thrown the 'Curse Bag.'

He saw her casting a spell when the 'Curse Bag' disappeared, while everyone's attention was drawn to the thrown 'Curse Bag' and the initial holder.

In the shadows, the witch had cast a spell that changed everything.

The old instructor noticed it.

Jason, of course, noticed as well.

But what Jason cared about was not the spellcasting, but the cooperation between them.

That was not something that could be developed overnight.

It wasn't just about understanding; it also involved command and coordination!

Jason took another look at the seemingly carefree witches all perched on their brooms, each with a smiling face and a languid posture, but each one was positioned at a distance calculated down to the last detail, neither too far nor too close, positioned in a way that they could easily support and cover one another, and Jason was certain of one thing: if a battle began, they would demonstrate even greater strength.

Military formation?

This scene made Jason involuntarily think back to Hans Port, and the personal guard under his cousin's command.

They too had similar formations.

But that was an army.

These before him were witches!

"An army made up of witches?"

Jason pondered inwardly as he reached out to take the 'Curse Bag' that was in front of him.

The witches upon the brooms saw Jason's composed action and chuckled lightly.

They moved down from mid-air, landing above Jason, maintaining a certain distance, but the atmosphere was entirely different from before.

"Indeed, a smart man."

The witches said softly.

"It's just abiding by trading principles."

"It's mine now."

"The Sabie Alien 'Assaulter's' corpse in the refrigerated van is yours now."

Jason stated flatly.

There was nothing about being smart or not; he always acted cautiously.

It might seem casual to take it into his hands, but he had checked the 'Curse Bag' several times with mystic knowledge, ensuring there was no danger and no malice in his sense before he finally held it.

However, the surrounding members of 'Golden Wind' did not know this, and the way they looked at Jason turned somewhat strange.

There had been more than one or two cases of men being attracted to 'witches.'

Of course, none of those stories ended well.

But before that?

They savored the attraction.

It was unchangeable.

Immediately, the harpies twisted their necks bird-like, appearing disdainful yet at a loss for words.

The male witch representing Derluce silently put away his staff.

Tucker, representing the goblin engineers, still felt somewhat unwilling to give up.

Chapter 588: Be Patient in Life! (4)

"Tucker, Tucker."

The goblin murmured in its mouth.

Behind Jason, even Tel of Delbon looked on with incredulous eyes.

Had he fallen under the enchantment spell of a witch?

This member of the 'Clock Tower' stationed at the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau' couldn't help but think, then hesitated about whether or not to disenchant Jason.

He wasn't particularly skilled in such matters.

What's more, the seduction spells of witches were not so easily lifted, and even among the Masters, there was only a ten to twenty percent chance of success.

Most importantly, there was the matter of facing the witch's retaliation!

As for the auction at hand?

It was clearly under the control of the witches.

Tel of Delbon sighed inwardly.

The members of the 'Golden Wind' were also sighing in dismay.

They had dealt with witches before and knew all too well how terrifying these women could be.

Each one of them was capable of devouring a person without leaving any bones behind.

Nosa looked at Jason with concern.

This Werewolf Leader also believed that Jason was influenced.

Only the old instructor watched all this with an unchanged expression.

He didn't believe that Jason would be seduced by a witch.

What rot! Seduction spells were worthless before the iron will of a warrior!

As everyone watched, the witches walked towards Jason with smiles, their graceful figures hardly concealed by the voluminous witch robes, especially since the robes had been altered with slits down the sides, up to the thigh.

With each step, the fair skin peeked out teasingly.

Just one such woman was enough to captivate everyone's gaze.

Side by side, their allure was magnified.

And then, a wonderfully strange atmosphere began to emanate from them—a scent like musk, like Lian, peculiarly fragrant.

Many members of the 'Golden Wind' immediately felt their hearts race and faces flush.

Then, they looked at the witches with increasingly horrified gazes and backed away even faster.

The witches paid no mind to these startled souls; their gazes were fixed on Jason, looking at his hockey mask as if trying to peer through it and see Jason's true expression.

Especially the lead witch, who had a pitiful look on her face and spoke in a gentle voice.

"Jason, then can you help us identify those 'lurkers'?"

As she spoke, she reached out to support Jason's shoulder.

Jason stepped aside, avoiding such assistance.

She was taken aback.

Jason, meanwhile, tilted his head downward, looking at her clearly.

"I can."

"But you'll have to pay extra."

Jason stated seriously.

Jason's voice wasn't loud, but everyone around could hear him clearly.

Not seduced?

The members of the 'Golden Wind' looked at Jason in relieved surprise.

Jason, facing their gazes, spoke indifferently as before—

"I can help everyone identify 'lurkers', but such identification requires a great deal of energy, so I need some form of compensation."

"As for who gets identified first?"

"As before, you may start bidding!"

I refuse to be a heartless, thoughtless devouring machine!

I want to be a gourmet with ideals and aspirations!

The above is true!

But I definitely won't let any 'food' pass me by.

Children make choices.

I, Jason, want it all!

Having considered every possibility when he devised the 'Floating Banquet' plan, Jason naturally intended to maximize his benefits.

Who says you can't have a 'buffet' before a 'Floating Banquet'?

Everyone heard what Jason said.

All the members of 'Golden Wind' gasped in shock.

They thought Jason would be somewhat reasonable, but he turned out to be just as ruthless as the witches.

No!

Even more cold-hearted and ruthless than the witches!

The witches would probably only make some modest demands, but Jason was clearly looking to empty their collections!

But could they refuse?

No one knew if 'lurkers' were lurking nearby.

Moreover, such identification was best done quickly.

After all, it was a matter of life and death!

Tel of Delbon looked at Jason, dumbstruck.

"Isn't this an auction targeted at the 'Copper Unyielding' and 'Golden Wind' groups?"

Tel of Delbon couldn't help but ask.

"Who said it was an auction?"

"I'm monopolizing sales!"

"And why should it be targeted at just 'Copper Unyielding' and 'Golden Wind'? In my view, 'Golden Wind' is already composed of a dozen groups."

Jason replied earnestly.

Tel of Delbon looked at the 'Golden Wind' composed of a dozen ancient races and, for a moment, felt it made perfect sense.

Yes, why consider 'Golden Wind' as a single group?

They were clearly different ancient races!

But why had he not thought of that before?

As Tel of Delbon, a member of the 'Clock Tower' stationed at the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau', pondered, Jason turned his gaze toward the old instructor.

"I promised I'd do my best to help 'Copper Unyielding'."

Without asking for anything in return.

Because the kindness and protection that the old instructor showed made Jason think it was worthwhile.

The old instructor immediately smiled.

See, that's a warrior!

The witch by Jason's side once again drew close.

Looking at Jason with gentle, watery eyes, she asked,

"What about us?"

The witch inquired.

"The same as them."

Jason lowered his head, looked intently at her, and said each word clearly.

Facing Jason's eyes that held not a hint of distraction, the witch puffed out her chest.

"Can't you make a little exception?"

"We just completed a pleasant transaction."

Chapter 589: Be Patient in Life! (5)

The Witch accentuated the word 'pleasant' as she spoke.

"We had a pleasant transaction before, but that was before, and now is now."

Jason spoke no more to the Witch and turned his attention to the members of 'Golden Wind' who were ready to make their offers.

Lust?

Heh heh.

It's nothing compared to the appetite!

Especially at this time!

Jason couldn't help but inhale deeply.

The aroma of the food wafting towards him was truly intoxicating!

As Jason's back faced her, the youngest among the witches couldn't help but raise her hand, ready to cast a spell to punish Jason, just as Jennifer had once punished Cedric.

However, the Witch who had been speaking with Jason raised her hand to stop her.

"Sister Emily?"

The youngest witch looked puzzled at the older Witch.

"Calm down, Jill."

"Don't forget the orders Jennifer has given us," Emily said in a low voice.

The youngest witch immediately shuddered.

'Keep an eye on that Jason, you may participate as appropriate, but do not stop him.'

This was the 'Witch's' instruction before she left.

The thought that she had almost disobeyed Jennifer's orders made a trace of fear flash in Jill's eyes.

Jennifer was a taboo for others.

And equally so for these sorceresses.

They admired her strength.

They feared her authority.

The other witches nearby started to comfort the youngest witch in soft whispers.

"It's okay, you haven't broken Jennifer's orders."

"Yes! As long as you don't go against Jennifer, Jennifer is the best leader."

Assured by their words, the young witch came back to her senses.

Then she saw her Sister Emily watching Jason.

"Sister Emily, are you not content?" asked the young witch.

"It's not dissatisfaction, just curiosity."

"Curious about what's beneath his mask," Emily explained, and realizing that such an explanation might be misunderstood by her sisters, she shook her head and said softly, "After all, Jennifer is very interested in him."

This topic immediately drew the witches' attention.

"When will Jennifer be back?"

"Yes!"

"It's so dull without Jennifer."

The witches' whispers, under the Secret Technique, were inaudible to anyone.

Just like the members of 'Golden Wind', who had no idea where Jennifer was at that moment.

Outside a stone house on a majestic mountain, Jennifer hopped off her broom.

She carried the broom inside after opening the door and walked straight to a corner of the house.

Everything she did seemed so familiar.

In the corner stood a stone vanity with an oval mirror on it.

Jennifer swept an invisible layer of dust from its surface with her hand.

"Mirror, mirror, tell me."

"Is Jason the one who can help me find the person whose memory I've lost?" Jennifer inquired.

"No, not him!" came the very certain yet somewhat stammering voice from the mirror.

This raised an eyebrow on Jennifer's face, and a look of annoyance followed her disappointment.

How many times was it now?

Still not the one!

When would her memory return?

Her inner annoyance didn't delay her; she turned and left without lingering another second.

She didn't stay a moment longer than necessary; she truly loathed coming to this place, which disgusted her to her core.

Bang!

The stone door closed shut.

The magic mirror, as if gasping for breath, uttered the rest of the sentence—

"Then, who else could it be?"

Chapter 590: It's time to show my talent!

The sun rose in the east, its warm rays spreading across the land.

As the sun climbed higher, the gathering outside Cherry City quickly dispersed.

The members of 'Golden Wind' fled one after another as if avoiding something poisonous.

Even the most basic pleasantries were gone.

Tel of Delbon, a member of the 'Clock Tower' stationed at the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau', was looking at Jason with admiration. He had never imagined this gathering would yield such results.

Just look at that refrigerated truck!

It was already filled with 'trade items' from the members of 'Golden Wind'.

A truckload!

Even within the 'Clock Tower', Tel had never seen the amount of Mystical Side artifacts being measured in 'trucks'.

At most, it was just two or three items!

Moreover, that was only a level that could possibly be reached by instructors.

As for the average apprentices?

Before proving they could stand on their own and become official members, they shouldn't even think about Mystical Side artifacts.

Moreover, even after becoming official members, the Mystical Side artifacts they received were just of ordinary level at best, and even that was a graduation gift from the instructor. Want to craft their own?

Dreaming of obtaining fine and rare items?

That required not just strength but also incredibly good luck.

But now?

That refrigerated truck was loaded with many fine and a multitude of ordinary Mystical Side items.

"If converted into money... no, using money to measure these items is really undervaluing them. After all, a normal 'Mystical Side individual' would never sell these items for money, not even for the entire Cherry City!"

Thinking this, Tel became even more impressed with Jason.

"You are the wisest merchant I have ever seen," Tel said.

"Merchant?"

"No, I am a writer," Jason corrected him.

He didn't think he had any particular Talent for being a merchant, at least not compared to those true merchants of Nightless City. Jason could certainly deem himself 'foolish' compared to them.

Those bastards always managed to take advantage in subtle ways, making you grateful while unknowingly selling yourself to them.

And him?

He didn't even measure up to an apprentice.

Take the recent transaction, for example. If those bastards were involved, they would have certainly made the entire 'Golden Wind' indebted for three hundred years and then some.

But Jason didn't strive beyond his means.

He knew what he was good at. Skimming a few hundred Mystical Side items off the 'Golden Wind' members was enough for him, for who needs to be a sly merchant when one is a hardworking writer?

"Your modesty is as admirable as your skills," Tel praised him with a smile.

It was heartfelt.

Jason sensed this emotion.

So—

"Does the 'Clock Tower' need my help to identify the 'infiltrators' of the Sabie Aliens?"

"Don't worry!"

"It's free!"

Jason offered.

He didn't mind repaying someone who had helped him.

But upon hearing Jason's words, Tel shivered.

Free is the most expensive!

Having been deceived out of all his spending money by a box of 'free' cookies at the age of six, Tel understood this all too well, especially when he opened the box to find it full of pebbles, a memory that was still vivid.

"Thank you for your kindness," he said.

"Apart from me, most of the 'Clock Tower' provided technical support. I believe there are no 'infiltrators' among them," Tel replied.

"I will come as agreed before the next dawn to verify your trade with 'Golden Wind'."

Saying this, the 'Clock Tower' member stationed at the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau' bowed again and turned to leave.

He dared not stay any longer.

His initial purpose had been achieved.

He had gained more connections!

Although these connections might be tricky to use, his name was remembered by more people.

That was enough for him!

Now?

He needed to return to his room and write to his instructor, warning the entire 'Clock Tower': Beware of a man named Jason, who claims to be a writer. Do not do business with him! Do not do business with him! Definitely do not do business with him!

The thought of what could happen if Jason set his sights on the 'Clock Tower', just like the miserable state of the 'Golden Wind' members, made Tel, the most loyal member of the 'Clock Tower', run even faster. The speed was almost incredulous for a mage who specialized in 'spells', unless it was a matter of life and death.

"Hahaha."

The old instructor watched the scene and let out a hearty, robust laugh.

"Jason, you've scared Tel," he said.

"He will surely write to warn his instructor about you."

"I hold no malice towards the 'Clock Tower', Jason shook his head.

"But that doesn't stop them from being wary of you! Not just the 'Clock Tower', as time goes on, some other folks will also be cautious around you!" the instructor pointed to the refrigerated truck, reminding Jason.

Jason just smiled, seemingly unconcerned.

When he had devised the 'banquet' plan, Jason had already considered the possible consequences.

Being watched by various forces?

Possibly garnering ill will?

No matter.

To Jason, in the face of 'food', these were not concerns at all.