

Menu 59

Chapter 59: As Long as I Eat Enough, I Will Not Die!

In front of Jason's eyes, text was moving:

[Fatally injured...]

[Consumption of Satiety for treatment...]

[Consumed 3 points of Satiety!]

[Treatment completed!]

Looking at the familiar text, Jason smiled.

This had all been part of his plan.

It was important to know that Satiety was not just something for him to quickly learn skills and find employment.

It was also...

Used for treatment!

As long as he had enough points in his Satiety!

It was indeed difficult for a guy like Jason to die!

Breathing, Jason's neck, which had been mostly cut by the dagger, restored to its original condition.

As he began to feel vitality flow back into his body, Jason slowly raised his muzzle.

Bang, bang!

The bullets of the MF92 pistol hit the two intruders exactly.

The tall intruder, with a stagger, almost fell to the ground.

The one holding the dagger fell directly to the ground and was unable to get up at all. He could only turn his head around and look behind him.

Then...

Both their eyes widened in utter disbelief.

In their hearts, they were thinking how Jason, who was supposed to be dead, was now standing there alive and shooting at them.

Was it an illusion?

The two intruders subconsciously thought about this.

Then, the intruders—the one who could barely stand, and the one who fell to the ground—began to mutter under their breaths and started to finish a graphical reiteration ritual without much difficulty.

They wanted to dispel this realistic illusion.

As long as the illusion was expelled,

They would be safe!

But Jason?

Bang!

Click, click!

Bang!

The muzzle of the Winchester Brothers began to fire pellets that rained upon the two intruders.

After five consecutive shots, the two intruders were almost beaten to pieces of rotten meat.

Even the intruder who seemed tall and strong was no exception.

After all, no matter how tall and strong he was, his body was still made up of... flesh and blood!

Jason walked toward the two intruders while filling No. 13 bullets into the magazine chamber, one by one.

Then, he took the sharp dagger.

And the wide-bladed, short-handled machete.

They were both good weapons.

Especially the latter. Jason and the tall intruder were similar in size, and it was easy for Jason to use the same weapon the opponent used as well.

Alas!

Waving it in the thin air and feeling the whistling sound of broken air ripples, a smile crept onto Jason's face that was hidden behind the ice hockey mask.

Although he had not learned the corresponding mastery skills, weapons like knives were very easy to use.

As long as his strength was enough, with a strong hit, the job would be completed.

Then, Jason was ready to continue searching for loot.

But at that time

Poof!

A thin blade passed through his chest and nailed Jason to the ground.

“Not bad for an illusion.”

“Your reaction is pretty quick.”

“It’s just that...”

“Weren’t you being a little careless?”

A sneer came from overhead.

The sword-bearer looked down at Jason.

Step, step, step.

With the sound of unspoken footsteps, the two figures came out of the shadows again.

They stared maliciously at Jason.

“Where is it? The Herke Elixir!”

He shouted, rubbing his feet on Jason’s head.

Then...

Click!

Puff!

The wide-bladed machete passed over the opponent’s calf.

“Arghhh!”

He screamed and fell to the ground.

The opponent had not expected that Jason, who had been nailed to the ground by a sword, could fight back.

Pfft!

The terrible screams came to an abrupt end.

Everything had happened too quickly.

The other accomplice had not expected it at all, nor could he think about rescuing.

They look at Jason, who was supporting half of his body with a sword penetrating from his wound, and their hearts trembled violently.

But what made their scalps numb was what would come next.

Jason arched.

He moved his body up a little.

He actually wanted to stand up!

The sword-bearer quickly responded.

“Stop!”

“Hey, stop!”

The sword-bearer shouted and kept turning the hilt in his hand to increase his grip strength, hoping that the pain and his own strength would make Jason give up.

But it was useless.

Jason seemed to have no fear of pain.

Jason was even stronger than the swordsman.

Therefore, the other party could not stop Jason at all.

Jason not only stood up a little but even leaned back slightly.

Tsch!

The sword-bearer had heard the sound of a sword cutting flesh earlier.

The first time he had hit an enemy, he would hear such a sound.

All of these first-times made him happy.

But this time it was different!

Rather than feeling any joy, he was full of panic.

Watching the view of the back getting closer and closer, the sword-bearer's breathing became messy, and his heart kept rising with an unprecedented sense of panic.

Fortunately, he was not alone.

The other companion who was not hurt pulled out his revolver and aimed at Jason, pulling the trigger.

Bang, bang, bang!

There was a shocking scene in front of him. The opponent had not chosen to aim at the skull but wanted to have a higher chance of hitting the target, so the opponent had aimed at Jason's chest instead.

But it was useless.

Jason still approached the sword-bearer, little by little, in this weird posture.

In the end, the sword-bearer couldn't stand it.

He released the hilt and prepared to retreat.

At the moment, he released the hilt of the sword. Jason, who was slowly moving backward, suddenly accelerated, turning around with a knife

Pft!

The head of the sword-bearer flew up and rushed forward. It continued to roll a few steps before stopping and falling to the ground.

Then, Jason turned to look at the shooter.

At that moment, the opponent was loading bullets.

But his hands couldn't stop shaking.

Especially when he realized that Jason was walking step-by-step. While watching the weird, blood-stained ice hockey mask get closer and closer, a sense of oppression made the other person feel suffocated.

"Monster!"

He shouted, turning and running.

Bang!

The shot of the lever shotgun enveloped the opponent.

The powerful impact of each projectile caused the opponent's body to fly up, and then fall heavily to the ground without a sound.

Jason lowered his muzzle, grasped the hilt on his back with his backhand, and pulled out the fine sword, bit by bit.

It was at the moment that the rapier was completely drawn out.

Jason's body fully recovered.

It was not only the wound from the sword, but the bullets in his body from earlier were also being ejected, one by one, by the newly grown flesh.

Tick, tick, tick.

The bullets fell to the floor, one after the other.

Everyone who was hiding around—everyone who was holding on to the Herke Elixir, was shaking, the sounds of their hearts beating in unison.

Monster!

Immortal monster!

Alas, they did not retreat immediately!

They expected that the more impulsive guys would jump into the situation.

But the five corpses on the ground calmed those who were thinking about being impulsive.

And Jason?

Now that the preliminary deterrent plan had been completed.

Then...

It was time for him to take the initiative!

Huff!

A cold autumn wind blew in from the door.

It passed the blood-stained ice hockey mask.

And it passed through the tall figure.

The nit passed the wide-bladed machete that was being lifted.

At that moment!

The roles of the hunter and the hunted were exchanged!

Now it was...

Hunting time!