

Menu 591

Chapter 591: It's time to show my talent! (2)

'Food' is set, 'God' will eat for you to see!

Watching Jason's attitude, the old instructor became increasingly satisfied.

A warrior should be fearless like this!

A warrior with fear in their heart will only become a quail at the mercy of others!

Unfortunately, Jason is a 'Night Watcher', not an 'Unyielding Copper' warrior.

With a tinge of sigh in his heart, the old instructor turned serious.

"Let's begin!"

"Fulfill the promise from before!"

The old instructor spoke and then started to demonstrate, practicing more than a dozen moves in succession.

These dozen or so moves were all big and wide, with most being 'throws' and 'takedowns'!

But Jason, with his Master level in Barehanded Combat, kept his gaze fixed on the instructor's fingers, palms, and wrists, recognizing that while these moves seemed to be 'throws' and 'takedowns', what really mattered was the 'apprehension' with the hands.

The old instructor noticed Jason's gaze and a smile appeared on his face.

It's no wonder he's Jason!

He really has an extraordinary talent!

"Jason, your swordsmanship has already developed its own style, which I cannot guide, but I have some tricks for barehanded combat.

"They don't belong to the 'Unyielding Copper', they're just my own findings, and I hope they will be useful to you. Of course, I hope you'll never need to use these tricks."

A warrior should always grip their weapon tightly.

When a warrior loses their weapon, that's naturally the most dangerous moment.

Jason instantly understood what the old instructor was saying.

"My sword is within my heart, never to be lost," he declared emphatically.

"That's good."

"Now, practice the techniques I just demonstrated."

The old instructor nodded with a smile.

Instantly, Jason began to practice.

With Master level Proficiency in Barehanded Combat, he had almost completely memorized the instructor's moves; at this moment, practicing them was no problem. *Ra*NO B E\$

Even the practice of fingers, wrists, and palms was flawless.

The old instructor grew fonder as he watched Jason's practice.

Physically strong, with immense Tenacity, bravery, and extraordinary talent—what a great warrior!

In his mind, he couldn't help but picture Jason clad in triple-layered armor, with Gatling guns in both hands, an ammo belt across his waist, three rocket launchers on his back, running rampant on the battlefield.

In a storm of bullets, the Gatling guns roaring furiously, the rockets moving forward with thick smoke.

Explosion! Non-stop explosions!

When the bullets were spent, and the rockets fired.

He would draw his long sword, tear off his heavy armor, and continue to fight!

Flipping tanks, slashing down War Machines!

This is the romance of a man!

The old instructor could guarantee that with just ten years, if Jason would learn from him for ten years, he could reach this level of prowess!

It's a pity that such a man has chosen to be a 'Night Watcher'.

What's so good about being a 'Night Watcher'?

The old instructor pondered silently in his heart.

But, he taught Jason with utmost dedication, without a single mistake.

He pointed out the nuances of these techniques, the way to exert force, and the rhythm of breathing one by one.

And when Jason practiced again—

[After special instruction, do you want to spend 5 points of satiety to open an additional option for Barehanded Combat Proficiency?]

[After special instruction, do you want to spend 15 points of satiety to open the Master option for Barehanded Combat?]

"Yes!"

Faced with the text before him, Jason immediately gave an affirmative answer.

The next moment, the text appeared again.

[You have gained Barehanded Combat Proficiency level, with an extra Talent option: Grappling Mastery]

[Grappling Mastery: The ways of barehanded combat are diverse, and grappling is one that can be considered a finishing move. When the enemy is thrown heavily onto the concrete, it may be the arms or the neck that break; Effect: When you perform a grappling move, you will additionally gain a bonus of 0.2 in Strength and Agility]

[You have gained Master level in Barehanded Combat, with an extra Talent option: Apprehension Master]

[Apprehension Master: Your hands are like shackles, you can effortlessly grasp an anthropoid's muscles, bones, and tendons, easily binding your opponent or twisting their joints; Effect: When you apprehend opponents, you will additionally gain a bonus of 0.3 in Strength, Agility, and an extra +0.3 in Perceptiveness upon touching them.]

...

The consumption of 20 points of satiety had immediate effects.

As the text fully appeared, Jason, who was in the midst of practicing, suddenly started to synchronize his knowledge, technique, and body.

Within a few short seconds, any rawness in Jason's movements had completely vanished.

All that was left was proficiency and cunning.

Huff, huff huff!

With the whistling of his hands, Jason was like a bold tiger pouncing down the mountain onto its prey, throwing it to the ground and tearing it apart before the prey had a chance to react.

The old instructor's eyes brightened.

"Good!"

He couldn't help but exclaim.

Jason's barehanded talent was even better than he had imagined.

Although slightly inferior to his sword talent, it was still one in a million.

It should be noted that he had planned to spend a day teaching Jason, but within a mere matter of minutes, Jason had integrated these techniques into his own.

"I'll bring those guys to find you here a bit earlier."

After saying this, the old instructor strode towards Cherry City.

He couldn't stay any longer.

If he stayed, he feared he wouldn't be able to resist urging Jason to join 'Unyielding Copper'.

Trying to persuade someone to join your organization when you know they're already committed to another is not what a warrior does!

Jason watched the old instructor leave.

He always held no aversion towards warriors who kept their promises and had a sense of honor.

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Because such a warrior would never resort to sneaky tricks, there's no need to be on guard, making interactions with him quite relaxing.

Not to mention his sincere guidance.

Jason was clearly aware of the value of the newly emerged knowledge in his mind.

At the very least, he now had more options during combat.

And often, this spelled the victory in a battle!

Of course, there was also—

"Extra Mastery?"

"Beyond the fixed skill options, are there changes, and are there extra ones too?"

Jason pondered.

He wasn't surprised by the change in the inherent options because of the "Combat Print.Plus.Griffin.Shadow Forging Technique," but the extra mastery options were new to him.

Looking at the newly appeared "Grappling Mastery" and "Apprehension Master" alongside the original "Well-Trained" and "Danger Intuition," Jason couldn't help but fall into deep thought.

"These extra masteries, Master options, must have originally existed, just like the inherent ones!"

"It's just that they have become extra options due to my 'habits,' and my habits have also determined what my 'inherent' options are!"

"So, they need to be 'triggered,' requiring an extra satiety to appear in the skill column!"

Combining his own combat style, Jason quickly found the key point.

Jason was well aware of his fighting style, which looked reckless but was actually meticulous.

Before every move, he would consider all the possible scenarios and then deal with them accordingly.

It was precisely because of this fighting style that his inherent talents were "Well-Trained" and "Danger Intuition," instead of others.

Having reached this conclusion, a new question arose directly: Were there any other extra talents?

Naturally, the answer was affirmative.

There definitely were!

And not just a few!

Just like “Grappling Mastery” and “Apprehension Master,” the techniques in Barehanded Combat weren’t just these two; the most direct was using hands and feet in standing techniques.

Naturally, there would also be true ‘reckless’ techniques.

"More extra options, huh?"

Jason glanced at the 25 points of satiety needed for “Barehanded Combat” to go from Master level to Unmatched level, and the 3 points of “Excitement of Feast,” which, compared to before, was just an increase of 3 satiety points, something he could completely afford.

Even if a quantitative change led to a qualitative change, Jason could bear it.

Because, the increasing number of extra options meant a more comprehensive upgrade the next time he leveled up.

Just like “Combat Print.Plus.Griffin.Shadow Forging Technique”!

With that in mind, Jason had already made up his mind.

To obtain as many “Barehanded Combat” extra masteries as possible.

As for why “Barehanded Combat” and not something else?

It was naturally because the usefulness of “Barehanded Combat” and “Talent of Resolve” were right in front of him!

When he asked the old instructor for guidance, the latter would certainly not refuse.

However, all that was for later.

Now!

He was hungry!

Jason turned around and looked at the refrigerated truck, didn’t linger any longer, and just went in.

Under the incandescent light at the top of the compartment, the packed 'food' shone with a special color, it was the glow of 'delicious temptation.'

Jason raised his hand and picked up the two barrels.

They were the trade items from the goblin engineer: Goblin Landmines.

A Mystical Side item that was not easy to control, but had tremendous power.

Of course, also delicious enough.

Jason pulled out the 'fuse': a metal latch on the barrel.

After making sure that the two 'landmines' wouldn't explode, he just opened his mouth and stuffed one of the 'landmines' into it.

No chewing.

Jason remembered Tucker's words, "Collision will cause an explosion, even if the fuse is pulled out."

The saliva soaked the outer layer of the 'landmine,' the wooden surface immediately showed mottled Corrosion, slight but slick enough to slide down Jason's throat smoothly.

Jason's enhanced esophagus allowed him to swallow like a snake, anything that fit in his mouth could pass through his throat and enter his stomach without a hitch.

Creak, creak!

Amidst the faint sound of compression, the 'landmine' entered Jason's stomach.

Under the erosion of his gastric acid, the 'landmine' dissolved directly.

A warm sensation surfaced from his stomach.

Very comfortable, very cozy.

Just...

He didn't taste anything.

Should he take a bite?

Jason looked at the other 'landmine' in his hand and couldn't help but lick his lips.

After considering for about twenty seconds, eventually, Jason left his mask and cleaver in the refrigerated truck, then moved about 30 meters away from it.

According to Tucker, the effective radius of the 'landmine' was about 15 meters.

In case of an accident, this would prevent other 'food' from being damaged.

As for Jason himself?

He wanted to take the risk.

Without tasting the 'food' in front of him, he'd never rest in peace.

To eat, is grand!

Because, it brings pleasure to the brain.

It is also a necessary activity for people to survive.

If a person can't eat, their life would definitely be miserable, or worse, it would be a death sentence to life itself.

And for Jason, there was an additional sense of mission to this greatness: as a 'gourmet,' how could he back down in the face of 'food'?

Just because it's dangerous?

The desolate horn sounds that once echoed in his mind, along with the people wearing animal skins, shouting, calling out as they chased after the giants that shook the earth, obscured the sky, and overturned rivers and oceans, all told him—

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Nothing is not fragrant!

All things are food!

They're for survival!

Even if it's dangerous, they have to keep on living!

He?

The same!

Crunch!

The shell of the 'Goblin Landmine' was directly torn open, not exploding, but instead being filled with liquid.

Sweet.

A bit sticky.

It's like cream!

And the wooden shell's cocoa flavor perfectly matches such an interior.

Cream-filled chocolate?

Jason narrowed his eyes, directly tossed the entire 'landmine' into his mouth, and began to chew vigorously.

[Swallowed Goblin Landmine (x2)!]

[Physical Strength, Energy, Injuries greatly recovered!]

[Satiety +66]

[Satiety: 371]

...

"Tastes good."

Jason commented with narrowed eyes, quickly returning to the refrigerated truck, took out the 'Curse Bag' from the first trade with the witches; they didn't participate in the subsequent trades, which disappointed Jason a bit, but the taste of the 'Curse Bag' didn't disappoint him. **ÖB&S**

Buns!

Meat buns with thin skin and a generous filling!

Moreover, not just one type of meat, it was a mixed filling with pork, beef, and mutton.

With one bite, juices dripped.

The heavy sensation of beef, the delicacy of mutton, all bursting forth under the fat of the pork.

Slurp!

Jason couldn't help but suck in breath.

The filling directly entered his mouth with the soup.

"Delicious!"

Jason's eyes lit up.

[Swallowed Curse Bag (Refined)!]

[Physical Strength, Energy, Injuries greatly recovered!]

[Satiety +50]

[Satiety: 421]

...

As his words fell, Jason raised his hand to hold the 'Magic Wand,' just like the witches, the gloomy male witches also did not go for the trade afterward.

But the taste of the 'Corpse Control Staff' was not bad.

A bit like a long loaf of bread, not the hard kind like a baguette.

It was a soft, buttery bread whose texture felt like it was smeared with honey on top.

[Swallowed Corpse Control Staff!]

[Physical Strength, Energy, Injuries greatly recovered!]

[Satiety +30]

[Satiety: 451]

...

The 'Magic Wand' should have been delicious, but because of the 'Curse Bag' the taste had dropped a bit, which made Jason frown.

"I need to prepare a bottle of water to rinse my mouth in the future."

Thinking this, Jason threw three 'Witches' Feathers' into his mouth.

The harpies opted for the trade afterward, and they were eager, paying a considerable price.

Crunch!

The three 'Witches' Feathers' showed an extraordinary crispness under Jason's chewing.

The feel was a bit like...

Doritos!

[Swallowed Witches' Feather (x3)!]

[Physical Strength, Energy, Injuries greatly recovered!]

[Satiety +66]

[Satiety: 517]

...

Seeing the rapidly increasing Satiety, Jason's lips curled up, pulling out the gold ring left over after Cedric was burned to ashes.

Compared to the 'food' he had eaten before, this ring was the most delicious.

Jason twitched his nostrils and licked it with his tongue.

Bitter yet sweet.

When placed in the mouth, however, the texture was just right.

After a few chews, ample apple sauce oozed out, instantly dispersing the earlier bitterness, leaving only the sour and sweet taste.

The deliciously tangy flavor spread through Jason's mouth, making him so hungry he felt like he could eat the whole world.

[Swallowed Vampire Ring (Earl)!]

[Physical Strength, Energy, Injuries excessively recovered!]

[Satiety +80]

[Satiety: 597]

...

"Matcha-flavored macarons?"

With his appetite wide open, Jason eyed the remaining 'food' in the garage.

This time, he didn't bother tasting each one by one.

He ate all the ones that were worth tasting based on their flavors.

The rest?

Naturally, he gobbled them up!

Whoosh!

With a sweep of his mouth, Jason created a gust of wind as he passed over the 'food'.

Under the bright incandescent lights, 'food' disappeared moment by moment.

The fully-packed refrigerated truck's compartment was rapidly emptied.

The only sound in the compartment was the crunch, crunch of eating.

Unlike the 'refined' nature of chewing slowly, gorging brought a pure sense of pleasure, like holding a roasted leg of lamb when hungry, and biting into it.

The outer skin was crispy, and the meat was tender and juicy.

The best moment was when cumin, chili, and meat juices hit the taste buds all at once.

It made one unable to resist taking a second bite.

That was how Jason was.

One bite followed another.

Soon, the entire truck was squeaky clean of 'food'.

Leaning against one side of the compartment, a post-meal smile surfaced unconsciously on Jason's face.

Although he wasn't filled to satisfaction, the feeling was indeed very nice.

And afterward, the satiety level made Jason feel comfortable.

Satiety: 778!

This was a new high for Jason's satiety!

An unprecedented height!

Although Excitement of Feast hadn't increased at all, a satiety of 778 was enough for Jason to do some things.

"It's time to show my true Talent!"

Jason's gaze turned to the expert-level "Prus Griffin Hidden Forging Technique".

Previously, to prepare for the potential battle during the ‘banquet’, Jason had been restraining himself.

After all, to advance from expert level to Master level under normal conditions, the “Prus Griffin Hidden Forging Technique” required 200 points of satiety and 10 points of Excitement of Feast.

Using Talent, the cost would be even more, and never less!

Now, a ‘pre-meal buffet’ had completely resolved such concerns.

Whoosh!

Taking a deep breath, Jason’s breathing pattern entered the training mode of the “Prus Griffin Hidden Forging Technique”.

Boom!

The moment he breathed in for the first time, air had just entered his lungs when Jason exploded.

It was a complete explosion, turning into bits of flesh.

Blood, flesh, and organs mixed with pieces of bone splattered inside the compartment.

Then, all this blood, flesh, and innards began to coalesce again.

They reformed Jason once more.

Unperturbed, Jason exhaled the breath he had just inhaled.

Boom!

The explosion occurred once again.

The same scene repeated itself over and over.

Maintaining the cycle of inhaling and exhaling, dying and reviving, Jason completed thirty-three breaths.

After dying sixty-six times, the explosions finally stopped occurring, but his organs, especially the muscles, were still bursting from time to time.

Each time, death inevitably followed.

It was after twenty-two breaths and forty-four deaths that his muscles stopped bursting, leaving only his organs, particularly his heart, which kept breaking under the strain.

After another eleven breaths and twenty-two deaths, his heart finally stabilized.

And at that moment, the dual-winged griffin with dark golden feathers appeared before Jason again.

It raced across the dark wilderness, its limbs, body, and wings even stronger; the fine scales hidden beneath its feathers grew larger, with the edges even gaining a sense of Sharpness.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!

Gale-force winds howled past his ears.

The increasingly strong dark gold creature took off into the sky.

With a single flap of its wings, it spanned 20 meters.

With one beat, it created gales of wind up to force seven or eight.

It flew through the darkness of night and the dawn of daybreak until it reached a land bathed in the bright light of the Fierce Sun, where it landed and turned into a 10-meter-tall giant!

The giant basked in the sunlight, its entire body shimmering brightly!

It swelled in size as if inflated with air!

15 meters, 20 meters, 25 meters!

It was only at 30 meters that the growth ceased.

The giant began to run backward.

Passing through the day, entering the dawn, and into the darkness!

He transformed back into it.

The griffin spread its wings and took flight once more.

In the cycle of transformation between the two, the symbols of the Dufol Language they represented began to manifest on Jason's heart—

Si Wl Vc! signifying the Griffin Body Refinement Technique!

Emmmmm EX! signifying the Prus Body Refinement Technique!

Ola Ola Ola! signifying the Body Forging Technique of combat!

Go AY! signifying the Hidden Forging Technique!

These Dufol symbols were closely aligned, exuding a unique charm, and not far away, the symbol for Protection Against Evil, sl oT Yn, shone brightly, echoing the others as their glow finally unified.

"Determining upgrade for Prus Griffin Hidden Body Forging Technique

"Determination passed"

"Promotion to Master level"

Chapter 594: Don't mess with the goddess... scripture!

The text before Jason's eyes paused for a moment before cascading down like a waterfall—

[War Pattern. Prus. Griffin. Shadow Concealment Body Forging Technique (Master): Night merges with dawn, and the sunrise follows! They are at your command, capable of being subdued and silent or radiantly brilliant. As a master who has integrated multiple Body Forging Techniques, you have already surpassed the realm of ordinary humans. You have begun to glimpse the steps to transcendence, yet there is still a true distance between you and it! Effects: Strength +2.1, Agility +1.7, Constitution +2.0, Spirit +1.2, Perception +1.2 (Basic, Beginner, Proficient, Expert, Master +0.1; Master all attributes +0.3; and Strength, Constitution 'Prus' additional +0.4 (Master additional +0.2), War Pattern all attributes +0.8 (Master additional +0.3), Shadow Concealment Strength, Agility +0.3, Spirit, Perception +0.2 (Master each additional +0.1)), Physical Strength recovery speed +50%, Energy Recovery Speed +50%, Wound Recovery Speed +50%, Full-body possesses War Machine-level defense (excluding fragile areas such as eyes, not immune to fatal weak points), in unarmed (with knife) combat, Strength, Agility, Constitution +0.5; when jumping, Strength, Agility checks +1.0; underwater, breathing time increased by an additional 100 minutes, Stealth, Concealment levels +5 (even in the light, similar modifiers will be obtained)]

(Note: A special training method makes it extraordinary and increasingly unique. The level of [War Pattern. Prus. Griffin. Shadow Concealment Body Forging Technique] cannot exceed [Protection Against Evil])

[Judging Master level War Pattern. Prus. Griffin. Shadow Concealment Body Forging Technique undergoing fundamental change, inherent Talent changing...]

[Judgment passed!]

[Daytime Hunt promoted to Master level Talent—]

[Daytime Hunt. Basic Form: The unique Talent of the War Pattern Breathing Technique has merged into your soul, and upon reaching Master level, when you are in daylight or under the sun, you will gain an all-attribute bonus of +0.4, and Physical Strength, Energy, Wound Recovery Speed +25%]

[Daytime Hunt. First Form: You can launch a fierce and bold attack toward the enemy; Effect: consume 10%-100% Physical Strength to perform one high-speed attack with Agility check +0.15-1.5; when you complete a 2-second charge in a stationary state, your first attack gains an additional Strength, Agility +0.2]

[Daytime Hunt. Second Form: When you engage the maximum consumption Daytime Hunt and use the skill 'Thrust,' your Agility bonus will stack, and you will gain an additional Agility bonus of +0.1 for the subsequent five attacks!]

[Daytime Hunt. Third Form: A bold attack should be accompanied by a battle cry. When you attack the enemy with a loud battle cry, you have a certain chance to Dispel negative statuses such as fear, confusion, and depression from yourself, and gain an overall combat strength increase of 1%]

...

[Embrace of the Night promoted to Master level Talent—]

[Embrace of the Night: Basic Form: It is the most initial aberration from the fusion of the Night Watcher and the Griffin Body Refinement Technique, its uniqueness is unquestionable. As your Talent has slowly pushed it towards a certain pinnacle, it is about to become transcendent, and so are you; when you are also in the night, darkness, or shadows, you will gain Stealth, Concealment levels +3, and Physical Strength, Energy, Wound Recovery Speed +10%]

[Embrace of the Night. First Form: When facing shadows and the erosion of negative energy, you will gain an additional defense of levels +3, and when you complete a 2-second charge in a stationary state, you gain an additional level against shadows and negative energy +1]

[Embrace of the Night. Second Form: When the shadow and negative energy damage you sustain accumulates to bullet levels, you will be able to return such an attack to the attacker, with the highest endurance being the full body defense level]

...

[Chen Xi Sword: A treasure from the shadows of history, you have not only unearthed it again but have also gained an unexpected experience. You remembered that experience and it has become stronger, and as you continue to strengthen yourself, it has been enhanced once more; at dawn, you can create a 25-meter-long Chen Xi Sword with a 3-second charge, delivering a War Machine-level slash that consumes a great deal of your Physical Strength; when you complete a 2-second charge in a stationary state, Chen Xi Sword length increases by +5 meters]

...

The full-body strength adjustment began with the appearance of the text.

This adjustment was longer than any previous skill level upgrade.

20 seconds later, Jason opened his eyes and instinctively clenched his fists.

He seemed to feel an endless power!

He knew it was an illusion, but the joy was still there.

He knew that moving from Expert to Master level in [War Pattern. Prus. Griffin. Shadow Concealment Body Forging Technique] would bring a qualitative change, but he did not expect it to be such a significant change.

The attributes alone were a pleasant surprise.

After silently tallying them up, Jason came up with the following list—

Strength +1.2→2.1

Agility +1.0→1.7

Constitution +1.2→2.0

Spirit +0.5→1.2

Perception +0.5→1.2

...

The numbers before are the five attributes at the Expert level, and the numbers after are the values increased to the Master level.

Agility, Spirit, and Perception saw the smallest increase, all 0.7 points.

Constitution was next, increasing by 0.8 points.

Strength had the highest increase, a full 0.9 points.

At this moment, Jason's attributes had become Strength 4.7, Agility 4.3, Constitution 5.3, Spirit 3.3, Perception 6.9.

And that was just the most direct improvement!

The rest of the various recovery and special condition judgments had made significant progress; what delighted Jason the most was that his full-body defense level had reached that of a War Machine.

Chapter 595: Don't Mess With the Goddess...Sutra! (2)

Under such defense, Jason finally could completely ignore ordinary swords and small-caliber firearms, and was able to withstand a considerable amount of explosive damage.

For him, who possessed the 'Undying' Talent, this truly represented a qualitative transformation!

He finally 'hardened'!

But this still wasn't enough!

If one is going to stack armor, then it must be stacked to the thickest!

High health, thick armor, and the ability to resurrect, that was what he pursued!

After reaching the Master level, Daytime Hunt and Night Embrace would undergo a major transformation, Jason guessed, but he hadn't anticipated Daytime Hunt: Third Style and Night Embrace: Second Style.

"To emit a battle roar to Dispel fear, chaos, depression, and other negative statuses, and to gain an overall combat strength boost of 1%, huh?"

"1%?"

Jason stared at the seemingly trivial enhancement, his eyes narrowing slightly.

1% might not seem like much.

But sometimes even 0.01% can affect the final direction of a battle.

Let alone 1%!

Moreover, this 1% was not the final result.

As the War Machine: Prûs: Griffin: Shadow Hidden Body Forging Technique improved, it would undoubtedly increase again.

"What level will it reach in the end?"

Unable to help himself, Jason speculated with anticipation shining in his squinted eyes.

As for emitting a battle roar?

After an initial embarrassment and then getting used to Aras's way of 'Euler Euler Euler Euler' punching, it was actually quite thrilling, especially when fists were thrown in an unbroken chain, each hit

resonating with stacked echoes as they slammed heavily into the enemy—this was a charm that only a man could understand, that swung with sweat and flowed with blood.

It was a way of fighting.

And more importantly...

Youth!

Constant failure, unyielding battle, the indefatigable youth!

Jason did not dislike this kind of youth.

Just as he similarly enjoyed the straightforwardness of the Chen Xi Sword.

"After a perfect charge, it has a range of 30 meters; an attack power above the level of war chariots qualifies it as War Machine caliber, right?"

"Based on the way vehicles work, huh?"

"Or because War Machines are the bane of war chariots?"

Jason pondered, somewhat eager to test the might of the Chen Xi Sword.

Unfortunately, it was just noon at the moment, far too distant from dawn.

Huh!

He let out a sigh of disappointment.

Jason then looked at what was needed to advance from Master to Unrivaled level in the War Machine:
Prûs: Griffin: Shadow Hidden Body Forging Technique. ~~ANÓ?ES~~

"400 points of satiety and... 20 points of Excitement of Feast?!"

"20 points?!"

Jason's eyes widened as he saw this figure.

Although he had guessed that the demand for Excitement of Feast would grow as the level increased, he hadn't expected it to reach this extent.

Keep in mind, advancing from Expert to Master level only required 200 points of satiety and 10 points of Excitement of Feast.

"Is it really increasing exponentially?"

Jason furrowed his brows, but they quickly relaxed.

For Jason, accumulating 20 points of Excitement of Feast was difficult, but not impossible, just moderately challenging.

And when facing a challenge?

Jason never shrank back!

Cowardice, just like humanity's bottom line, once crossed, truly turns someone into a coward, who thinks of escape rather than problem-solving at the first sign of trouble.

Once, twice, thrice, and more, again and again.

But there's always a time when there's nowhere left to retreat.

What use is regret then?

It would be far too late.

Jason, fully aware of this, quickly adjusted his state of mind.

"At this moment, I have 382 points of satiety and 1 point of Excitement of Feast... which means, I've just demonstrated my Talent 132 times, didn't I?"

"Now I still have 127.3 lives left!"

"That's enough!"

Thinking about his 'buffet' plan, Jason turned and walked to the side.

Although he couldn't test the Chen Xi Sword at the moment, other abilities weren't included in this restriction.

Time passed bit by bit.

Jason's control over his own body became more and more effortless.

His coordination of skills and knowledge had long since allowed Jason to adapt to his enhanced physique, but prudent by nature, he always felt the need to test himself personally, otherwise, he would always feel uneasy.

As the sun began to set, Jason finished his tests and returned to the side of the refrigerated truck, leaping directly onto the roof of the vehicle.

With his physical condition surpassing that of an ordinary person by four times, and with his jumping strength and agility checks receiving a +1.0 bonus, such an action was truly easy for him.

No running start was needed, nor any climbing—just a jump from standing was enough.

Landing on the roof without a sound, Jason sat cross-legged, took out the bag he had with him, and pulled out a small table. After setting up dishes, utensils, and condiments, he simply raised his hand and took out two cans and a package of compressed biscuits.

These were the food items he prepared for himself, just in case.

While not much, they were certainly better than nothing.

Huh!

Flames appeared in Jason's hand and the lids of the two opened cans soon emitted a rich beefy aroma. Amidst the bubbling sounds of the soup, Jason simply poured both cans of beef onto a dish.

"How convenient!"

Jason marveled.

He even wondered whether the inventor of the Charles Burning Technique had also designed that genius secret technique with the convenience of starting fires and cooking outdoors in mind.

Of course, there might be other possibilities.

But it definitely wasn't invented for calling down meteors or anything like that.

Crisp!

Jason tore open the packaging of the compressed biscuits and took out a piece, taking a bite.

The texture was crisp with a hint of sweetness—not overly so, but instead, it was the natural flavor of the flour that was more pronounced.

Then, he dipped the biscuit that had been bitten into the soup of the beef can.

Chapter 596: Don't mess with the goddess... scripture! (3)

Suddenly, the taste underwent an earth-shattering change.

Flaky yet tender, the juice of the meat infused into the flour.

He casually picked up a large chunk of beef and threw it into his mouth, and as he chewed, the gentle breeze from the suburbs brushed across his cheeks, the branches, shrubs, and grasses were diverse yet their sounds, though distinct, entered his ears without clamor, causing Jason to involuntarily close his eyes.

In his mouth was the taste of beef and biscuits.

In his nose, however, was the freshness of plants.

"Is this nature?"

Jason murmured softly to himself.

Then, he immediately shook his head.

"No, this isn't nature. Nature should be a mix of chickens, ducks, cattle, sheep, pigs, fish along with various vegetables, best cooked together in a big copper pot with charcoal, slowly stewed over a low flame, not this simple tone of freshness!"

"Such freshness, at best... is

"The scent of a small garden."

Thinking this, Jason opened his mouth and swallowed the rest of the canned beef and compressed biscuits in just a few chews, donned his mask once more, and looked into the distance.

A tall figure was walking towards him.

The wide robes, the round-edged pointed hat, and the broom that followed at the figure's side, all indicated the person's identity as a witch.

The figure was extremely beautiful, the best-looking woman Jason had ever seen.

Her features were delicate; moreover, she had a unique aura.

Her eyes possessed an innocent naivety, yet when she occasionally glanced back, they were filled with a different kind of allure.

But Jason didn't care about any of that.

What caught his attention was the 'food' scent on her!

A rich, slowly fading 'food' aroma!

She had just been in contact with an extremely delicious 'food'!

Jason was certain of it.

Immediately, he flared his nostrils.

He wanted to confirm the direction from which she came.

For Jason, whose senses were seven times greater than an average person and whose sense of smell was particularly sharp, this was no problem at all.

Almost instantly, he determined that the scent of 'food' should be coming from southeastern Cherry City.

Having ascertained a general direction, Jason quickly tidied away the small table, utensils, and condiments, packed them into his bag, hoisted it onto his back and set out toward the direction from which the 'food' scent was coming. ~~ra~~NoBĚš

It was only the afternoon, still more than a dozen hours away from the time he had agreed to meet 'Golden Wind' and the old coach; if he moved quickly, there should be no problem.

After all, judging by the rate at which the 'food' scent was dissipating, although 'food' was some distance from Cherry City, that distance surely wasn't too far.

As for the witch?

Jason had no intention of paying her any heed.

Even if he was grateful for the 'food' scent that emanated from her.

But as for the witch herself?

Jason had not the slightest bit of interest.

With his pack on his back, Jason walked directly past her.

Both moved forward.

The distance between them closed.

Jennifer, seeing Jason walking towards her, couldn't help feeling uneasy.

Having received a negative answer from the 'Magic Mirror,' Jennifer was not willing to settle for that.

Even though she knew Jason was not the person who could help her regain her memories, she still wanted to take a look at him.

After all, Jason was the only one she knew who fit the description of someone who could stir up the entire ground world from Cherry City.

Initially, she thought it was Edward!

She had invested quite a lot for that!

Otherwise, even with Edward's wealth, even though he could buy some items related to the 'Mystical Side,' he would be targeted by certain 'Mystical Side' individuals.

In the Mystical Side, there were warriors like the old coach, as well as malicious, cruel, and greedy characters.

In fact, the latter were more common.

If it weren't for her command, Edward would have been devoured long ago, skin and bone, and there would be no subsequent events.

However, Edward had disappointed her.

Just like several other candidates she had eyed before him.

Completely and utterly disappointing!

But unlike those candidates, Edward led her to Jason.

This person she had heard of but never paid attention to.

Because initially, Jason was not in Cherry City.

The subsequent events, however, made her quite happy.

Jason was in Cherry City, and he was the one who had caused a commotion.

Yet the magic mirror denied it.

The mirror would not lie.

That was a prerequisite for the ritual and the core of the entire ceremony.

Otherwise, she would have smashed it long ago.

She had no need for a mirror full of lies.

With these thoughts in her heart, Jennifer saw Jason approaching closer and closer, and soon, Jason was in front of her.

They were less than a meter apart.

Jennifer's previously uneasy heart suddenly tensed up.

This was an emotion she rarely felt; the last time was when she had suddenly woken up in this world, finding herself with no memories, the only thing in her mind was an adjective, or rather a title—

Witch!

Besides that, she had no memories whatsoever.

She didn't know her name.

She didn't know where she came from.

She had no idea what she had done before.

As for her current name 'Jennifer'?

That belonged to a witch who harbored ill intent towards her.

She liked it and, after getting rid of her, took the name for herself, as well as the witch's spellbook, cauldron, herbs, and everything else.

As for these things, she was certain they were not in her memories, but she knew them at first glance, became incredibly proficient in them with little practice, and even reached a depth that others could not attain.

Even innovating was not difficult for her; she only needed to clear her mind and think.

Chapter 597: Don't Mess With the Goddess...Sutra! (4)

And her strength, under such a premise, soared rapidly.

Knowledge represents strength.

Among wizards, this is most accurate.

In just one or two months, she could reach a level that ordinary wizards wouldn't be able to achieve in their entire lives.

Her strength?

Up until now, she had never encountered an enemy that required her to go all out.

Thus, apart from the initial nervousness, she rarely felt tense.

But at this moment, looking at Jason, she felt nervous.

Jennifer opened her mouth, wanting to say something, but she couldn't utter a word.

And Jason?

He didn't even glance at her, just brushed past her.

Jennifer was taken aback.

Was she being ignored?

Subconsciously, Jennifer turned around and shouted at Jason's retreating figure—

"Stop!"

As her words fell, Jennifer disappeared on the spot, appearing in front of Jason like teleportation, blocking his path.

The tall Jennifer didn't need to look up, her gaze simply moving upward to watch Jason.

At this moment, her eyes were wide, her cheeks slightly puffed.

"You

Jennifer originally wanted to ask why he was ignoring her, but as the words reached her lips, she held them back, instead inspecting Jason with a look of interest.

"Sacred relic? Demon?"

Two unfamiliar terms emerged.

"Human."

Jason emphasized.

"Thank you."

Jennifer mouthed her thanks, but a smile appeared on her face.

It was a smile that held childlike innocence yet seemed cunning.

Seeing this smile, Jason subconsciously tightened his grip on his broad blade cleaver.

He needed to strike first.

But just as he was about to make a move, Jennifer spoke again:

"You know

Jennifer's mouth moved normally, articulating words, but no sound came out.

The situation was extremely discordant.

And what was more bizarre, the sun in the sky disappeared.

It was supposed to be afternoon, but suddenly everything became dark.

But it wasn't night either.

Just darkness.

No day, no night.

Only left with—

Whispers!

In the pitch-black darkness where one couldn't see their own hand, whispering voices circled around like the wails of aggrieved spirits.

Jason was startled.

Then, Jason shattered.

His entire body shattered.

Into tiny pieces.

Flesh and blood were being disintegrated, vaporized.

But Jason's talent allowed him to come back to life again.

However, the whispers continued.

He died once more.

Just like before.

Without any force of resistance, his formidable defense power at that moment was no better than paper.

Ten times in a row!

The whispering around Jason paused.

It or they were puzzled as to why Jason wouldn't die.

Then, such darkness began to squirm.

Moving towards Jason.

Apparently, the darkness regarded Jason as one of its own.

And deep within Jason's heart surged an unprecedented sense of crisis.

Although he didn't know what being covered by such darkness would entail, Jason's sixth sense told him not to get covered; otherwise, something irreversible would happen. ~~À~~ ~~N~~ ~~Ê~~ ~~Ê~~

Yi!

In the low Dufol Language, a "Protective Field" appeared.

The squirming darkness halted.

It or they detested such a special field of force.

But they were even more curious about Jason.

Yi!

Without hesitating, Jason cast another “Protective Field.”

This time, although it or they remained curious, there was also a hint of aversion.

Jason, however, did not stop.

After using the “Protective Field” two more times, when his physical strength reached its limit and he was about to continue its overloaded use by disregarding consumption through satiation, their aversion peaked.

The darkness squirmed away into the distance.

Jason's vision cleared up.

To say it cleared up, but what he saw was still 'darkness.'

It was just regular darkness.

There was no 'bizarre' mixed in with it.

And in this expanse of darkness, as the strange darkness moved away, several presences that made Jason's body tingle unceasingly and his soul tremble cast their 'gaze' upon him.

Just being swept by that gaze, Jason's body started to collapse again.

But unlike before, Jason now sensed the breath of death.

It wasn't him.

It was those beings that cast their 'gaze' upon him.

All those beings were filled with the aura of death.

So intense it was almost tangible!

Where was this?

What were these beings?

Sensing something 'bizarre,' yet different from 'bizarre,' Jason's brain couldn't help but ponder.

And his body seemed to have touched some rule of this place, and was thus 'expelled.'

That's right!

Jason felt his body violently compressed and then ejected by something.

His already crumbling body completely disintegrated.

A pool of blood and flesh appeared before Jennifer.

Seeing this pool of blood and flesh, disappointment surfaced on Jennifer's face.

"So it wasn't you after all,"

Jennifer muttered softly.

Then, she turned around and prepared to leave.

Apologize?

How could she, a 'witch,' possibly apologize?

The chain reaction that Jason's death would cause?

Sorry, she hadn't thought about that.

Or rather, even if something did happen, she didn't care.

She was always willful and unrestrained.

The surroundings lit up.

Regaining consciousness, Jason felt the warmth of the sun once more.

His eyes once again saw the entire world.

And that included the figure of Jennifer walking away.

Without any hesitation, he drew his sword and struck.

Even though his physical strength had reached its limit, relying on the Master-level 'Charles Burning Technique. Griffin. Shadow Concealment Body Forging Technique' for recovery, a single breath was enough for Jason to muster the strength for another slash.

Thud!

The broad-blade cleaver swept across Jennifer's neck.

The opponent's head flew off immediately.

But before Jennifer's head could hit the ground, the flying head, including the standing body, turned into a pile of straw.

Or more precisely, a beheaded scarecrow.

Then, Jennifer appeared not far away.

She turned around with a look of astonishment, and as she saw Jason, who hadn't died, the surprise on her face gradually turned into amazement, while her eyes twinkled with delight.

"You didn't die?"

Jennifer stared at Jason and muttered quietly.

And Jason?

He launched a 'charge' and ran his sword through Jennifer's chest.

As the blade pierced her chest, Jennifer showed no pain. She giggled at Jason, then, puffing up her chest, she leaned in closer to Jason, as if to rest her head on his shoulder.

But Jason didn't give her the chance. He withdrew his sword and with a backhand slice, decapitated her once more.

The same again, a beheaded scarecrow fell to the ground.

Jennifer reappeared in the distance, her expression unchanged, still giggly.

"Dear, you have such a ruthless heart,"

Jennifer said, and as Jason charged at her, she sat on a broom and flew into the air.

Whoosh!

Flames erupted as a 'Charles Burning Technique' fireball was hurled by Jason at Jennifer, who effortlessly dodged it.

Four times in a row, it was the same.

Jason squinted his eyes.

His truly effective means of dealing with airborne enemies was the 'Charles Burning Technique.'

Jump attack?

It was not any better than the 'Charles Burning Technique.'

Even far less practical.

What should he do?

Jason pondered.

While Jason was thinking, Jennifer, sitting sideways on the broom and swinging her legs like riding a swing, let out a silvery laugh.

"Can't touch me~ Can't touch me~"

"Are you annoyed?"

"You really are annoyed, aren't you?"

Seeing Jason's ice-cold eyes, Jennifer shrank her neck as if startled.

Then, sitting there, she softly consoled Jason.

"Don't be mad, okay?"

"If it's any consolation, I can die for you to see!"

"Calm down, please!"

"If I die, you're not allowed to be mad anymore!"

As if worried that Jason would continue to be angry, Jennifer raised her hand, grabbed her head, and then with a forceful yank—

Rip!

Amid the sound of flesh tearing, Jennifer impressively pulled off her own head.

Along with a piece of the spine, the head fell at Jason's feet.

Thud.

The remaining corpse, along with the broom, crashed down too.

It did not turn into a scarecrow.

There was no more life from Jennifer's body.

Jason was stunned, his face behind the mask filled with astonishment.

Could anyone tell him what just happened?

Chapter 598: Jennifer Stands by Her Word

The afternoon sunlight shone on the body at Jason's feet, the glaring light reflected by the blood forced him to involuntarily blink.

Am I not full? Am I hallucinating?

Jason asked himself.

Because, without the need to touch or inspect, Jason could clearly sense that the person before him was indeed dead.

He clearly sensed the entire 'life vanishing' process.

But what on earth got into them? Why would they suddenly commit suicide?

Was there some kind of conspiracy? Shenanigans?

Such thoughts kept tumbling through his mind, giving rise to numerous doubts in Jason's heart, and he squatted down to examine the corpse meticulously.

Only after confirming there was no danger did he truly approach.

A moment later, Jason stood up with a confused expression on his face.

He reconfirmed that the person was indeed dead.

But this made Jason even more puzzled.

Why would they do this?

In the just-ended situation, he was the one at a disadvantage.

The person had the advantage of being in the air, able to attack or defend, with no need at all to commit suicide.

Plus, there were the person's words.

Remembering their incoherent words, Jason's brows furrowed deeply.

"Is this what they call a 'Witch'?"

"Pure madness?"

Jason commented with furrowed brows.

The identity of the woman before him wasn't hard to guess, given her Witch attire, her absence from the previous gatherings, and her powerful and bizarre abilities, it only left one possibility: Jennifer.

The leader of Cherry City's Witches, known as 'the Witch,' Jennifer.

Ever since he encountered those Witches, Jason had thought about meeting Jennifer.

Her position was one he couldn't bypass in Cherry City.

He thought she might confront him due to differing stands.

Or perhaps they would draw swords against each other.

Or maybe she would hide and play cunning tricks instead.

Jason considered all the possibilities.

But he had never thought that their meeting would be like this: a comfortable afternoon, with the slanting sunlight in the outskirts of the forest, and after brushing past each other... consecutive deaths.
R&B

After dying ten times in a row, he was crushed into a meat paste.

After she was killed by him twice, she directly pulled off her own head and handed it to him.

The whole process was absurd, bizarre, and inexplicable.

Even with his many experiences, Jason became suspicious and doubtful at this moment.

"This isn't the beginning of some curse ceremony, is it?"

Jason thought so.

Witches are skilled at curses.

This is a commonly accepted fact on the 'Mystical Side.'

But immediately, Jason shook his head.

Again, the same point: the person had the upper hand, there was no need to sacrifice their life to curse him; it would seem more reasonable if he had driven them into a corner instead.

"What on earth happened?"

Jason's heart was filled with confusion.

Even now, Jason had not figured out what happened.

He neither knew why Jennifer had come.

Nor did he understand why she suddenly committed suicide.

But she must have had some purpose!

About this point, Jason was certain.

Even if she appeared mad and strange, there must be a purpose!

Madmen have their own logic.

Unfortunately, most of the time, it's incomprehensible to sane people.

Jason tried to think from Jennifer's perspective, but it was futile.

He knew too little about her; with such scant information, he couldn't put himself in her shoes.

Just as Jason was about to call a member of the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau' stationed at the 'Clock Tower' to ask for more information about Jennifer, the sound of something flying rapidly approached from the distant sky.

Whoosh!

The Witch named Emily, whom he had seen at the gathering, appeared above him at a rapid pace from afar. An invisible force field around her isolated the attack of the air during flight, allowing her to sit calmly on her broom, with her Witch robe not even slightly disheveled and her round-brimmed, pointed hat trembling slightly as she looked down at him.

At this moment, a clear surprise emerged in her eyes.

No keen observation was needed.

Any normal person could see the surprise.

And afterwards, her attitude and behavior were very clear.

Staring at Jason for a full five seconds, the Witch finally spoke.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Jason,"

Her tone was polite as she extended her right hand, lightly pinching the hem of her Witch robe in a curtsy.

Even while sitting on her broom, her etiquette was impeccable.

This was a stark contrast to her behavior before.

She seemed like a well-mannered noble lady.

Jason did not respond; instead, he gazed at her, his hand already gripping the hilt of his knife tightly.

He had not forgotten that Jennifer's corpse lay at his feet.

"Mr. Jason, please don't worry,"

"I'm not here for revenge,"

"I'm just here to convey a message from Miss Jennifer,"

Emily saw Jason's stance and immediately let out a clear, light laugh, which lasted for about one or two seconds before she composed herself, becoming serious again.

One moment, her demeanor was like that of a carefree girl.

Now, she became as stern and as just as a judge.

"I owe you, and I will repay you in kind."

"You died in front of me eleven times, right?"

"Then I'll die in front of you eleven times as well."

After speaking, the Witch gave a small cough.

"These are the exact words of Miss Jennifer, Mr. Jason. Do you have any message to relay back to her?"

Chapter 599: Jennifer Stands by Her Word (2)

Emily asked.

"She's dead, I'm certain of it,"

Jason pointed at the body at his feet.

"Of course."

"But, we are witches."

"And Lady Jennifer is among the best of the witches."

"Death, for ordinary people, is terrifying."

"But for Lady Jennifer, it's routine."

As Emily said this, she carried a sense of unexplainable pride and self-importance.

This pride was founded on Jennifer leading them, who originally belonged to the edge of the 'Mystical Side,' to firmly establish themselves within the 'Mystical Side,' becoming people whom others dared not to underestimate and feared greatly.

Every witch took pride in being under the command of a 'Witch' Lady.

Emily was no exception.

Thus, her curiosity about Jason, whom the 'Witch' Lady had personally instructed, grew even more.

But knowing what could be done and what couldn't, Emily very well concealed such curiosity.

'Immortal,' huh?

Jason pondered.

He was immortal too.

The other party's 'immortality' and his 'Undying Body' were clearly two different concepts.

His 'Undying Body' was more direct.

And the other's?

"Is this a substitute?"

Jason guessed.

"No, no, no!"

"She is Lady Jennifer."

"I can assure you, Lady Jennifer is indeed dead,"

Emily shook her head and then, under Jason's puzzled gaze, explained.

"Her body has died completely."

"Her soul has also gone to the Land of the Dead."

"According to common belief, Lady Jennifer is as dead as one can be!"

"But

"The dead will be resurrected!"

Emily said this while watching Jason.

She now really wanted to remove Jason's mask to see what kind of expression he would have upon hearing that Lady Jennifer would be resurrected.

Surprise?

Incredulity?

Or... fear?

Thinking so, Emily, maintaining some witch habits, showed a mischievous flicker in her eyes as if she had just thought of something, and she lightly clapped her hands. **RÀnQBĚŞ**

Clap!

"Oh, right, Lady Jennifer said that when she returns from the Land of the Dead, she would come to see you... in a form beyond your imagination,"

After the crisp clap, Emily raised her broom preparing to leave without another word.

"Wait!"

Jason called out to stop her, and in her turning gaze, he pointed at the body on the ground, the implication clearer than words.

"Lady Jennifer said, it's up to you to deal with it."

"Throw it here to rot."

"Or bury it, burn it, whatever you want."

"Of course, if you wish to keep it, that's also fine,"

After leaving such words, Emily didn't stay any longer and vanished into the sky.

Jason lowered his head to look at Jennifer's body, his tightly furrowed brow slowly relaxing.

"Returning from the Land of the Dead?"

"Die eleven times in front of me?"

"Settle my debt?"

Jason whispered, then, with a raise of his hand.

Whoosh!

A conical flame devoured Jennifer's corpse.

Then, almost instinctively, Jason cast another [Protection Against Evil].

The body showed no anomalies, and under the continuous jet of the [Charles Burning Technique], it was quickly reduced to ashes.

As for collecting?

He was a normal person, devoid of any special fetishes.

After doing all this, Jason continued to follow the direction of the 'food' scent.

No matter what Jennifer had said or done, Jason had no intention of caring about it.

After all, a normal human being cannot understand a madman.

Upon hearing the words conveyed by Emily, Jason had ascertained that Jennifer was indeed a madwoman.

With such confirmation, Jason abandoned any thought of understanding the other's mindset.

You cannot comprehend what a madman wants to do.

So there's no point in trying to guess.

Just respond to moves as they come.

However, deep down, Jason felt a sense of urgency.

He had encountered those entities that made him shiver once again.

Starting with 'Lorde', in every world, he had more or less come into contact with those beings.

Sometimes facing them head-on, welcoming death.

Sometimes catching a fleeting glimpse, welcoming death.

Sometimes hearing a voice, welcoming death.

Death followed like a shadow.

This time was no exception.

He had died as many as eleven times.

But likewise, those entities were also dead.

Jason once more recalled the 'place where he had been'.

The writhing darkness.

That gaze that should have been dead, yet appeared again.

Cold settled at the bottom of his heart.

As if it intended to freeze his body solid.

With several experiences under his belt, Jason quickly cleared his mind, well aware that if he continued to think further, he would indeed 'freeze'.

"Jennifer must have mastered a skill similar to 'fā X', but unlike the 'fā X' I encountered before, which dealt with 'living' entities, hers dealt with 'dead' ones!"

"But if those entities are already dead, can they still respond?"

"Wait a second!"

Jason used his existing experience to discern the differences, and then, a thought struck him hard.

He could resurrect.

Jennifer could too.

Then, why couldn't those terrifying entities?

At this thought, Jason inadvertently thought about some 'Children of God' mentioned in churches.

Taken literally, they were 'Children of a deity walking among men!'

But most of the time, they served only as 'vessels.'

If there was a vessel, could there be a 'return of the soul to the body'?

Although there must be extremely harsh conditions, 'resurrection' was certain.

Furthermore!

There was a world where these terrifying entities lived, beyond every world!

Chapter 600: Jennifer Stands by Her Word (3)

Are there connections between the worlds where these terrifying beings live?

Or rather, was the 'place' Jason just visited connected to the 'place' he had been to before?

Are they together?

Or are they different places?

What, exactly, are these terrifying beings he has encountered?

Are they merely oddities?

As Jason pondered, he began to run towards the distance.

Although he had been caught off guard, Jason hadn't forgotten his original purpose: to find 'food'.

...

Similar to Jason, who was on his journey, Jennifer was also hastening on her way.

The surroundings were a monotonous gray.

The sky was a dull gray.

So was the ground.

There were no plants, only countless stones of all shapes and sizes.

She was trying to return to the living world from the Land of the Dead.

She had walked this road more than once and was almost intimately familiar with it.

But unlike before, this time her mood was quite good. She hopped along as she walked, humming a tune that ordinary people couldn't understand at all.

"Hmm~ Harvest~ Hmm~ Rachel~"

"Fool~ Fool~ they are all big fools~"

"Hmm~ Hmm~"

After humming several times, Jennifer suddenly paused.

"Who is Rachel?"

"Why would I hum this?"

Jennifer stood still, pondering.

Such a pause was undoubtedly dangerous in the Land of the Dead.

A few seconds later, Jennifer caught someone's attention.

A slender shadow suddenly sprang out from behind her, enveloping Jennifer.

"Hehe, delicious soul!"

"Are you lost?"

As the cold, raucous voice arose, the slender figure stood upright in this dreary world, having no hands or feet, no features resembling a head, just a massive mouth at the top. When it opened, layers of sharp spinning teeth were enough to make one's blood run cold, but what was truly terrifying was the creature's body. rÃ©ôBEş

Hundreds of human faces were grown on it.

"Come, let me devour you!"

"Let your soul nourish my body!"

As the slender figure spoke, the densely clustered faces, like malignant tumors, opened their mouths and emitted their own sounds in response to its words.

Pairs of eyes also stared at Jennifer, filled with greedy desire.

And the slender figure bent its head down to bite at Jennifer.

Jennifer, who had been deep in thought, had her thinking interrupted and looked up, meeting the gaze of these eyes with fury.

Even though she was just one person, the 'thousand' pairs of eyes staring at her caused a piercing pain.

Then, Jennifer saw the 'Bizarre' before her.

The 'Bizarre' paused.

Its instincts told it that the soul before it was terrifying and that it needed to distance itself immediately.

But it was too late.

"It's all your fault!"

"I was just about to remember something!"

"You deserve to die!"

Jennifer roared with fury, a crimson glint appearing in her eyes.

The moment that blood-red yet more vibrant glint appeared, the slender 'Bizarre' froze mid-air.

A gray color, the same hue as the dismal landscape, began to spread from its head.

It spread uncontrollably.

The faces rapidly solidified.

In a matter of breaths, the slender 'Bizarre' became a statue.

"So ugly!"

Jennifer said this and lifted her foot to kick the statue.

Bang!

Crack! Crack!

The dull thud was followed by sounds of shattering.

The next moment, the petrified 'Bizarre' became a pile of debris.

Yet Jennifer still wasn't satisfied.

She raised her foot, stomping the remnants to dust utterly and thoroughly.

After about ten minutes, Jennifer stopped.

"Rachel, huh?"

"Another name!"

"Indeed, Jason is different. Being able to come back from 'there' proves his extraordinariness—but why would the mirror say it wasn't him? Everything seems to fit so well?"

As Jennifer thought to herself, she almost mumbled, huh?”

Huh?

The moment she uttered the word, Jennifer noticed something was amiss.

The name Rachel, like that other name entrenched in her heart, had become unspeakable.

Subsequently, when she tried to think of it, the name also became blurry.

Essentially, she knew it, but could only describe its general sense, unable to articulate it precisely.

Moreover, even general descriptions remained unheard by ordinary people.

Or...

Upon hearing them, something strange would occur.

The first and only time she described the name she remembered to someone else, the listener went mad on the spot and then, as she tried everything to save him, he bluntly chose suicide.

You should know, that man was no ordinary man.

He was a well-known Diviner in the 'Mystical Side' on the surface.

He could even be considered the foremost Diviner.

But even such a Diviner went insane upon hearing the name from her memory.

Afterwards, his suicide was deemed an accident.

Only she knew, it was no accident at all.

It was that person's name!

For this reason, she specifically chased after him to the Land of the Dead.

However, here, after finding that prophet's soul, another accident happened, and the prophet disappeared.

As if he had been erased by an eraser.

The whole process was instantaneous.

It was as if he had never existed.

Since then, she tried several times.

The best case scenario was the same as that of the prophet.

And the worst?

They turned into monsters.

One by one, filled with. desire. And smelling of sulfur, they became monsters.