

Menu 60

Chapter 60: Intimidation

Taking one step out, the wide-bladed machete in his hand pierced into the shadows.

Instantly, there was fresh crimson that appeared from the darkness.

It looked like red stage curtains that slightly shook before they would slowly open.

The difference was that there was laughter and crying on the stage.

But here?

There were only purely...

Motives!

Jason wasn't a killer and had never intended to kill. He had just wanted to scare off these people using his own means.

That's right.

Forcing them to retreat through intimidation.

Or threats.

Because Jason knew that he would be outnumbered when facing the mysterious side people who were attracted by the Herke Elixir with his current strength.

Even putting aside the number of people, first.

Just by using these endless, weird methods was enough to make Jason feel frightened.

That was how Jason came up with this plan of intimidation.

His mind was clear.

He did not think that he was invincible just because he was full.

After all...

There was a limit to how full you could be!

In the previous scene, although short, it had still cost him to consume 9 points of Satiety.

He was now left with 12 points.

“That’s enough.”

Jason calculated as he waved the wide-bladed machete in his hand.

He never shied away from bullets, blades, crossbows, or anything that came from the shadows.

He wanted to etch his “immortality” deep into the hearts of his enemies.

In fact, Jason had already accomplished this.

The intruders, who were hiding in the shadows, were scared out of their wits.

They looked at the big man wearing a hockey mask in front of them and retreated, step by step.

Because they realized that this big man was not only immortal but also seemed to have no notion of pain!

What was even more frightening was...

That the other party seemed to be able to track down their positions as time passed!

This wouldn't do!

They couldn't delay any longer!

They had to leave!

These thoughts involuntarily emerged in the hearts of these people.

Jason still acted according to his own plan and walked step by step toward the position of the intruders that he had long felt, and after ignoring his opponent's attacks, he gave the opponent a stab.

These people were hiding nearby and he could feel it.

But according to the plan, for the time being, he pretended not to know.

As for the pain?

Satiety could heal fatal injuries, but it didn't have the ability to soothe the pain.

Therefore, at that point, Jason's face under the ice hockey mask was distorted with pain.

But he didn't make a sound.

He just gritted his teeth and released a heavy breath, moving forward, taking one step at a time, slashing with his knife.

His whole body was like that of a robot.

The reason for doing this effect was obvious.

When Jason cut down another intruder, the remaining intruders could no longer hold it in anymore.

They didn't know who would run first.

But after seeing someone run away.

They immediately became flocks of birds and dispersed.

And Jason was still striding forward, chasing and chopping the slowest ones to the ground. Watching the intruders who had run away, Jason let out a low growl from his mouth.

He appeared to be unhappy from not being able to enjoy this to the fullest.

But it was really because he could no longer bear the pain any longer, so he was venting.

Hearing such a roar, those people fled even faster.

After a while, all of them had disappeared into the night.

Jason turned around and immediately started cleaning out the battlefield.

At that point, the “Sir” finally made an appearance.

It was not from the basement but from the outside.

Before he was even close to 10 Pea Street, Sir Beta could smell the strong stench of blood.

The old sir's complexion immediately changed.

He was certain...

He had been caught in a trap.

Damn those hyenas and vultures.

The cursing and anxiety in his heart made the old Sir like a nightingale, and he flew straight to 10 Pea Street from the streets.

Then...

The old sir saw Jason cleaning out the battlefield.

The old sir, who was donning a white wig and wearing a red military uniform, glanced across the hall. His eyes moved quickly, and when he saw Jason's shirt, the corners of his mouth twitched.

He didn't need to take a closer look. The old sir could clearly see that Jason had suffered no fewer than 10 shots, sword slashes, and crossbow shots.

Under such an attack, let's not talk about standing.

They would, straight away, be a pool of rotten meat.

As for Jason?

Not only was he okay, but he was cleaning out the battlefield without letting go of a pocket.

Moreover, the loots had been classified and lined up side by side.

"You consumed Herke's Silver Potion?"

"And attained the immortality talent?"

Subconsciously, the old sir began to speak, but he immediately knew that he had spoken too abruptly, and before Jason could reply, he said again, "I'm sorry. I've been negligent!"

"I will give you an explanation!"

The old sir promised.

In response to such a type of promise, Jason believed it.

The other party had just shown the ability to fly, and the props in the tent indicated to Jason that the other party was unusual.

And Jason didn't care too much about the moment.

His attention was focused solely on the loot of war.

It wasn't that he saw value in this loot.

But...

On some of the loot, he smelled food.

Obviously, some loot had used “food parts” in their creation.

He just didn’t know how to eat it.

There was no way he could sprinkle cumin on the blade and eat it, right?

What if he cut off his own tongue?

Otherwise, was he supposed to take it down and eat it directly?

But how was he to remove it?

And doing it in such a manner missed the feeling of completing a ritual.

It felt disrespectful not to place the food over a fire.

Most importantly, wouldn’t it become unpalatable?

Many thoughts began pouring into Jason's head.

Looking at Jason, who had turned silent, the old sir didn't speak again, but his eyes did not leave Jason at all.

The old sir was clear what this existence with immortality represented.

Anxiety began to fill the heart of the old sir.

In the end, the old sir smiled.

The person in front of him, with immortality, was not his enemy.

On the contrary, to a certain extent, the two sides had a very happy start, before.

All he had to do was turn this happy start into an even stronger relationship.

Thinking about this, the old sir didn't have any psychological burden and turned his head and said behind him, "Eric, go help our guest clean the battlefield, and then ask someone to identify those things."

“And also...”

“Find suitable clothes for our guest.”

After saying this, the old sir stepped forward and gave Jason a very kind smile.

“Those guys won’t be able to run away.”

“Now let’s talk about your compensation.”

“Do you have anything you want?”

“Anything. You can tell me, as long as it’s within my capability, I won’t be stingy.”

A nearly unlimited condition was presented to Jason.

In order to make friends with this mysterious person with immortality, the old sir was naturally prepared for major bleeding.

Just...

What the old sir did not expect was that Jason would make a completely unexpected request.

“Sir, do you have a large amount of... monster corpses?”

“Specimens work, too.”