

Menu 611

Chapter 611: Who Am I?_3

"I've left your mail at the door."

"Don't worry, it's not cash on delivery."

After repeating himself, the mailman left straight away, his tone full of jest.

Kandater listened to the retreating footsteps, and his Talent once again informed him that this was real.

It was precisely because of this that he was puzzled.

What was before him was real.

Then, what about before?

Full of doubts, Kandater opened the door, finding a thick large envelope on the ground outside.

He picked up the envelope and secured the door behind him.

On the envelope was the name Billy Publishing House and his own name, Kandater.

The contents of the envelope were divided into two parts, one was an apologetic letter, and the other was the manuscript.

Dear Mr. Kandater,

We regret to inform you that your manuscript did not meet our publishing standards.

Editor-in-Chief: Lunsen

DY20.3.15

...

After reading the letter, Kandater picked up the manuscript.

He began to browse through it.

It detailed the story of a peace-loving Sabie Alien during the '99 invasion of Earth, who wanted everyone to coexist peacefully, but was exiled by the Sabie Aliens as a traitor.

Because of this, he joined Earth to resist the invasion of the Sabie.

But he was a Sabie Alien.

Earth treated him as the enemy and imprisoned him for twenty long years.

What followed?

The Sabie Aliens compromised with Earth.

The twenty years of war had drained too many of the Sabie's resources.

The Sabie could no longer continue.

Earth was the same.

Both sides entered a period of peace.

Just as he had hoped.

But it was not because of him.

As a 'prisoner of war,' he was returned to the Sabie by Earth.

The years of relentless warfare and subsequent failure left the Sabie leadership needing a scapegoat, and they unintentionally announced him as the key to their defeat.

He truly became a traitor.

After enduring many tortures, he was executed.

The day of his execution coincided with the signing of the peace treaty between the Sabie Aliens and Earth.

Amidst the laughter and cheers, fireworks filled the sky.

The last thing he saw were those colorful fireworks.

"This is quite well-written, isn't it?"

"I wrote this?"

"Is the editor a moron?"

"Why can't such a good manuscript be published?"

Kandater mumbled to himself, then put down the manuscript and walked into the kitchen.

Everything was so familiar.

It was as if he had been living here for a long time.

Just like seeing only two pieces of stale bread left in the cupboard wasn't a surprise to him at all.

I am a writer.

I imagined myself as the protagonist.

That's why everything felt so real.

In that dream?

Was it a burst of inspiration?

Just as he was about to delve deeper, Kandater felt a tightness in his breath.

He knew it was his old problem.

A result of overthinking for too long; a little rest and some food should set him right.

For this, he had even seen a doctor, spending a whole ten dollars, but the medication wasn't as effective as adjusting his condition himself.

Inhale, exhale.

Immediately, he took several deep breaths in his own way.

Then, picking up a piece of black bread and carefully setting aside another, he felt significantly better as he chewed on the black bread, sat back down in his chair, and picked up his quill.

He had to write down those things while the memories from the dream were still fresh.

This was a rare burst of inspiration!

He at least had to write out the plans of the Sabie Aliens, and yes, the names of the various supporting characters.

Perhaps because the previous dream had been so vivid, Kandater found his thoughts flowing like a fountain, and he wrote down name after name, scene after scene at a rapid pace.

When he finished the last scene, he couldn't help but let out a long breath.

Whew!

Kandater prepared to stand up to stretch his back.

But as he stood up, everything around him changed.

He found himself back in his 'office.'

No!

It was the office of his character in the book.

In front of him stood a girl around seven or eight years old, dressed in a red witch's robe, with a sweet face, twirling a mirror in her hand.

"This?"

Kandater was taken aback once again.

Am I fantasizing about the world in the book again?

It's so realistic!

I must write this down quickly and then go back and write it all out.

But, could it be that I'm overthinking and have developed some sort of complication?

Why do I always encounter such realistic scenarios?

Could it be that I've been writing too much?

While Kandater was thinking, the little girl hopped over and raised the mirror with the metal edge in her hand.

What does this mean?

Kandater stared blankly at the mirror.

The reflection showed a disheveled man with unkempt hair, a scraggly beard, bloodshot eyes, and a gaunt face.

This was him.

His constant writing had made him neglect his appearance; the reversal of his daily routine and irregular meals had left him very thin and somewhat sickly looking.

From now on, I must try harder to regulate my routine.

Strive to go to bed early and wake up early.

If possible, I should also find a job.

Preferably a half-day one, so I can go to work in the morning and write in the afternoon.

Looking at his own reflection, Kandater couldn't help but think.

Then, the mirror with the metal frame was suddenly pressed against his face.

Bang!

Pain and dizziness overwhelmed him.

Why did you hit me?

As Kandater thought this, he realized that with his frail body, he couldn't possibly withstand such a blow.

All at once, he lost consciousness and collapsed to the ground.

Jennifer looked at the unconscious Kandater, picked up the mirror, and aimed it at the back of his head, giving it another whack.

Bang!

This blow was even heavier than the last, and the angle was chosen more adeptly.

Kandater immediately fell into an even deeper unconscious state.

"Too reliant on 'Talent abilities', once enthralled, one is completely engrossed... Indeed worthy of the Sabie Aliens?"

Jennifer couldn't help but comment as she looked at the unconscious Kandater.

Then, she looked down at the still-vibrating mirror.

Mirror: I am a noble and respectable mirror, please do not use me as a weapon, especially against less than handsome men (PS: This hurts my eyes T.T).

...

"It was handy."

Jennifer said casually.

Then, she picked up the writings Kandater had just completed and walked over to the side.

Kandater's mini computer was there, with Jason on the screen.

Seeing Jason amidst the crimson, Jennifer immediately gave a sweet smile.

"Hi, Jason, good evening~"

Chapter 612: Jason: I am a normal person

Sweet smiles, sweet voices, as if coated with honey.

But Jason's brows furrowed behind the mask.

The most terrifying thing isn't a madwoman screaming at you in rage; it's when a madwoman smiles at you.

Because the former shows her claws, and you will be on guard.

But the latter?

You don't even know what they are thinking, so how can you be on guard?

Jason has always kept his distance from such people.

And now was no exception.

It appeared that Jennifer had seen the thought in Jason's eyes.

She picked up the list.

"Wait, Jason."

"Don't you want this?" Jennifer asked.

"I don't." Jason said bluntly.

He had just witnessed the entire process and knew that Jennifer had obtained the early infiltration list of the Sabie Aliens, but that didn't mean he felt any obligation to rely on her because of the list.

He believed that after Cortana and the general confirmed the name Kandater, they would surely uncover more.

After all, where there's a deed, there's a trail.

That's a famous saying from Nightless City, and Jason firmly believed it.

Jennifer's smile grew even sweeter when she heard Jason's straightforward response, and without any irritation, she casually tossed the list aside, propped her chin with both hands, cupping her little face, and looked at Jason against the crimson backdrop, full of joy in her eyes.

At this moment, under the crimson light, Jason, wearing a hockey mask, seemed even more charming to her.

"So like Jason."

"Then

"Do you want to become stronger, Jason?" Jennifer said first with a sigh, then elongated the intonation of her question.

Jason's hand, which was about to close the microcomputer, paused slightly, and his frown deepened even more.

Becoming stronger!

This had always been Jason's obsession.

As an ordinary person who walked on the edge of death, even though he had exceptional Talent, he always felt insufficient.

It was like the frustration of having to choose just one of two beloved items and giving up the other.

Why this mentality?

It was simply because he was poor.

Jason had a deeper understanding of this.

After all, he didn't even have the right to choose.

He was too weak.

So weak that he was always forced to choose.

And every time, it left Jason feeling suffocated.

He never wanted to taste that feeling again.

So—

"Sorry, I want to become stronger, but only by myself." Jason declined Jennifer's offer.

He wanted to grow strong, but he would never rely on someone else.

True strength comes from oneself.

Strength given by others?

Jason always felt it was illusory, unreal.

And when it was offered by a madwoman, Jason was even less inclined to agree.

He didn't even bother asking.

And yet, Jennifer's smile became even sweeter.

The seven or eight-year-old Jennifer had an innocent, pure smile at this point.

But her words were chilling.

"Let me kill you one more time, and I'll tell you a way to get stronger quickly. You can choose the way to die, whether I stab you in the stomach with a knife or strangle your neck with a rope, or would you prefer poison? I have many flavors of poison for you to choose from."

Jennifer looked at Jason full of anticipation.

Jason?

He simply shut off the microcomputer.

The screen went black.

Jennifer pursed her lips, feeling a bit aggrieved.

She picked up the magic mirror.

"Am I not sincere enough?"

Magic mirror: Erhaemmm.jpg

Pop!

The moment the expression appeared, Jennifer flicked it away with her hand.

"If you dare to use a dog expression again, I'll throw you into a pile of dog shit."

"I hate dogs the most!"

"Especially Erha, Samoyeds, and Alaskans!" Jennifer, who was spring breeze towards Jason, turned into a cold winter wind when facing the magic mirror.

It made the magic mirror feel wronged.

It knew why Jennifer was acting like this.

Jason was the one she had been waiting for so long, and although because of a blunder by the magic mirror there had been some misunderstanding, there were certain qualities about Jason that still attracted Jennifer.

Jennifer, unconsciously drawn to Jason, even began to feel like he was her 'first love.'

And in a sense, she wasn't wrong.

Because only by continuously killing Jason, or being killed by Jason, could Jennifer regain more memories.

That was the original curse.

But...

The more that was true, the less it dared to explain.

In fact, from the beginning, 'destiny' had already given the mirror hundreds of danger warnings.

If it really dared to explain the misunderstanding, it would have to spend the rest of its life in a toilet.

Can't speak!

Can't speak!

It's not my fault!

I don't know anything!

Thinking such thoughts, the magic mirror used the power of 'destiny' to 'erase' this block of memory deep in its mind, along with some information about Jason.

But such an erasure was rather complicated; after it got started, feeling its own Strength swiftly declining, the magic mirror couldn't help but stop.

If it continued, it feared it would fall into Deep Sleep.

That was the last thing it wanted to see.

Therefore, it changed the 'erasure' into... a blessing!

"You are favored by destiny."

"You are cherished by destiny."

"You are sheltered by destiny."

"By the name of Terjagnet, I bless you."

Chapter 613: Jason: I am a Normal Person_2

"Be grateful to me!"

"From now on, to some extent, you're not just the 'Hidden by Fate,' but you will also be... the 'Child of Fate'!"

"You are hidden, overlooked!"

"Yet, you are destined, favored!"

"Be grateful to me, lucky fella!"

After blessing Jason, the magic mirror weakly completed its last step: erasing all these memories so that even if there were those out there searching for this information, they would never find out it was its doing.

Just before it began the deletion, the magic mirror hesitated abruptly.

"Wait! Could this also be fate?"

The magic mirror thought, but the deletion was irreversible.

The next moment, it forgot everything.

All it remembered was that as a magic mirror, it was advising the 'Witch,' but without much success, it was even scolded.

Magic Mirror: Kitty with teary eyes looking wronged.jpg

...

"This cat is much cuter, why isn't it a black cat?"

"Never mind."

"How should I act to make Jason feel my sincerity?"

Jennifer asked.

Magic Mirror: It's not a matter of sincerity, but the words you're asking, most people would find scary, no? (I'm just analyzing objectively, I don't mean any offense, please don't hit me)

...

Smack!

Jennifer flicked her hand.

She didn't flick the mirror surface, but the frame behind the mirror.

Instantly, the magic mirror trembled.

Not the face, the butt... hurts even more!

"Ordinary person?"

"You're saying Jason is an ordinary person?"

"How could Jason, wearing a hockey mask and holding a Broad Blade Cleaver, possibly be an ordinary person? When he's out gathering materials, with blood flying, he looks too cool."

"How can I interact with someone like Jason in an ordinary way?"

"Naturally, I should choose a way that suits the disposition of a crazed killer like Jason."

Jennifer puffed her cheeks, huffing indignantly.

Magic Mirror: What if he still thinks he's an ordinary person?

...

"Then it's your fault!"

Jennifer said decisively.

Magic Mirror: ???

...

"It's your fault for not telling me this information earlier."

Jennifer spoke as if it were only natural, then paused and asserted firmly, "But that's impossible! My Jason could never consider himself just an ordinary person!"

This time, the magic mirror wisely stayed silent.

It didn't want to get hit in the face, nor on the butt.

And Jennifer turned to walk outside.

As for the list thrown aside?

She didn't even glance at it.

She didn't come for that in the first place.

Opening the door, Jennifer hopped out with a spring in her step.

On her way, it was as though everyone couldn't see Jennifer, allowing her to pass through layers of defense.

When she exited the most secretive base of the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau,' the magic mirror vibrated.

Magic Mirror: How do you plan to get along with Jason?

...

It was a bit curious about Jennifer's choice.

Jennifer raised her hand, and a broom flew straight to her. As she soared into the air, her faint voice echoed in the space—

"He is no saint, nor will I play the good person."

...

Witch' Your Highness, you are too willful!"

Cortana watched Jason closing the micro-computer and couldn't help but speak out.

She had observed the whole process, and displeasure surfaced on her face.

How could one casually speak such words of killing each other?

And besides, their relationship seemed quite well.

Cortana thought to herself, yet she didn't notice the scrutinizing flash in Jason's eyes.

Just now, when those four rockets passed by and the six hidden 'Cursed Arrows' fell, death had already descended.

In that short moment, despite his physique and defense level, he still died thirteen times!

And what about Cortana?

No harm done.

Throughout it all, she was completely unscathed.

Even her presence, in his perception, had no change whatsoever.

Hiding her true strength?

Jason thought almost subconsciously.

To this, he did not believe it was wrong.

He was also accustomed to doing so.

Having one or two extra ace cards wasn't a bad thing at all.

However, deep down, Jason couldn't help but be more vigilant toward Cortana.

"Don't worry, I'll help you handle the aftermath, Master Chief,"

Cortana said as she handed Jason the box containing the 'Spartan' Potion and reopened it.

When the rocket had appeared just before, Cortana had immediately closed the box—a 'Spartan' Potion so precious, she did not wish for any senseless loss.

Luckily, the Master Chief was strong enough.

To make everything safe and sound.

"Please remember to find a quiet, safe place to inject."

"And your 'Mjolnir Standard Armor', I will get it to you as soon as possible."

Having said these things, Cortana turned and boarded the aircraft.

Jason watched her departure before turning his attention to the 'Spartan' Potion in his hand.

He had no habit of injecting, picked up the syringe, only five centimeters in length, pulled off the plunger, and directly poured the potion into his mouth.

Sour, with a hint of sweetness.

Quite palatable.

Sea buckthorn juice!

Jason quickly identified the taste of the food and couldn't resist sucking on the syringe.

Suddenly, any remaining residue was completely ingested.

[Swallowed special Potion 'Spartan', assessing...]

[Assessment passed!]

[Strength, agility +1]

...

"Not adding to fullness?"

"Directly adding attributes!"

Jason's eyes lit up.

And almost instantly, he thought of the [Hulk Potion].

"A potion that can directly increase attributes, at least comparable to [Hulk Iron Potion]!"

"And it's repeatable!"

Jason's heart was set ablaze at the thought.

An increase in attributes is the most direct reflection of strength.

Jason was eager to try what it would feel like to swallow ten 'Spartan' Potions in a row.

Even with drug tolerance, it was enough to elevate his strength and agility attributes to a new level!

"Merit?"

Jason thought silently, going over to pick up his self-made 'Free Assault', waiting patiently.

Of course, he did not forget to check his fullness.

[Fullness: 476]

[Excitement of Feast: 3]

...

Under the recent 'Cursed Arrows', Jason had died thirteen times, but after swallowing six 'Cursed Arrows', he gained 66 points of fullness.

As for the taste of those six 'Cursed Arrows'?

A bit like fried dough twists.

But the flavor was a bit bland.

Probably because of the release of the curse power.

Still, they were crunchy!

The crispy sensation of the layers of fried dough twists, fried in sesame oil, resembling dragon's beard, made Jason's mouth water unwillingly.

What to do when food distracts your attention?

As Jason, who had always been plagued by 'hunger', had a method for this.

It was to shift attention with 'more food'.

Just so happens, there was some right before him.

"158.6 lives, huh?"

"Enough to carry out the 'Feast' plan."

The previous assassination attempts had already shown Jason how eager the Sabie Aliens were to eliminate him, someone capable of discovering 'infiltrators'.

It was certain that after all assassination attempts failed, the Sabie Aliens would use an even more fierce approach.

And what could be better than an abrupt attack when distinguishing members of 'Copper's Resilience' and 'Golden Wind'?

Of course, it had to be unexpected.

"If they want to catch me off guard, they have to make me relax my vigilance."

"According to the previous agreement, Koda will bring the members of 'Copper's Resilience' over early to dull my senses, and among these people, there should be no 'infiltrators'."

"Then, within the members of 'Golden Wind', there would likely be a large number of 'infiltrators'."

Jason considered from another perspective.

Then, he immediately shook his head.

"No, that's not right."

"Although sudden, it's still within expectations."

"Moreover, to identify, both 'Copper's Resilience' and 'Golden Wind' will make full preparations."

"So

Chapter 614: I have a different way of distinguishing

Cherry City!

The Sabie aliens wanted to disrupt the Ground Reconnaissance Bureau's deployment; attacking Cherry City would be their best choice!

Compared to the 'Copper Unyielding' and 'Golden Wind,' who were prepared and vigilantly focused, the entire Cherry City seemed completely defenseless!

After all, both 'Copper Unyielding' and 'Golden Wind' had their attention on the internal 'Assaulters,' relying solely on the Ground Reconnaissance Bureau's deployment...

It would be very difficult to cope!

Jason came to this conclusion.

He could even imagine what would happen once those Sabie aliens successfully attacked the city.

The entire Cherry City would plunge into panic.

Panic would drive more panic, spreading like a plague.

When that happened, not just the Ground Reconnaissance Bureau, but even 'extraterrestrial' matters would be affected.

And what if the city being attacked wasn't just Cherry City?

What if Apple City, Pineapple City, and Pineapple City were also involved?

That was almost certain.

As long as the commander of the Sabie aliens wasn't a fool, they would surely seize this opportunity and make these other cities targets as well, not only causing the Ground Reconnaissance Bureau to be even more worn out but also accelerating the spread of panic.

What about after that?

Naturally, it would be to turn the disadvantage around!

And then, to finish him off!

Jason speculated about the potential events from the perspective of the other side.

Jason knew he wasn't particularly intelligent.

Nor did he have any ability to foresee the future.

His composure was mostly due to the good habit of 'being prepared' formed in Nightless City.

Therefore, he directly called Cortana's microcomputer.

"Master Chief?"

Cortana's puzzled voice sounded.

They had just parted ways; what had happened?

The lady guessed and then quietly waited for Jason's words.

She believed Jason wouldn't call her for no reason.

"I've just thought of something

Jason informed Cortana in detail about his deductions.

Although she had just braced herself psychologically, Cortana was still stunned to hear Jason's words.

"Attack the city?!"

"Their manpower shouldn't be

Before she could utter 'sufficient,' Cortana thought of Kandater, who had just arrived.

She recalled the earlier 'Undercover Agents.'

And she considered the previous 'Reconnaissance' and 'Assaulters'!

More than ten 'Reconnaissance' agents!

Assaulters who shouldn't be on the ground!

All these things, at this moment, lined up in her mind, striking Cortana like lightning; her breath caught.

Damn!

I should have thought of this sooner!

The ultimate goal of the Sabie aliens is to destroy the surface!

The previous 'Undercover Agents' had already gathered enough information, facing the Ground Reconnaissance Bureau's confidential strategies, they naturally would do the opposite. ř AJOvĚš

Stir up chaos within the 'surface.'

Then, take advantage of the chaos to obtain more data.

For instance: Mystical Side!

Cortana was very aware of the importance of the 'Mystical Side' to the 'surface.'

In several battles, at critical moments, it was the 'Mystical Side' that turned the tide.

The Sabie aliens couldn't possibly have no action.

Therefore, there was this batch of second 'Undercover Agents.'

Imagine, if these 'Undercover Agents' hadn't been discovered, and the entire 'surface' had fallen into warfare, what devastation could they have caused?

Perhaps, the entire campaign would collapse!

Phew!

Cortana took a deep breath.

"Thank you, Master Chief!"

Cortana sincerely thanked Jason.

She was grateful to Jason for discovering the second batch of 'Undercover Agents' and for thinking of all this.

"I will inform General Rael Fono immediately."

After speaking, Cortana saluted Jason, then directly in front of him, called the old general's microcomputer.

With Cortana's screen acting as an intermediary, Jason saw the old general for the first time.

The man's face bore the marks of time but remained resolute; his eyes were sharp. Upon seeing Jason, the old general didn't show any surprise.

"Nice to meet you, Master Chief Jason."

The old general said and gestured toward Jason with a notebook he picked up.

That notebook, Jason was very familiar with.

He had seen it before in Jennifer's hands.

Didn't she take it with her?

A flicker of confusion passed through Jason's eyes.

"Miss Jennifer always has unexpected actions; this time is no exception. Kandater's notebook was right on his desk, perhaps... Miss Jennifer is using such actions to declare her stance as a member of the 'surface.

The old general explained.

Jason nodded.

What could he say?

Tell the old general in front of him not to randomly guess the thoughts of a madwoman?

Not to mention there were more important matters at hand, such speculation was hardly credible.

Jennifer was known to be a 'Witch.'

So, a 'Witch' being a bit crazy, what of it?

Wasn't that normal?

What was wrong with that?

Putting aside everything about Jennifer in his heart, Jason began to repeat his previous conjectures.

"So that's the situation?"

"I will make arrangements," said the old general.

Then, after a pause, the old general added, "Likewise, this will be counted towards your honors, and for the assembly later, you can trust Lord Koda."

"Cortana, return to base immediately; there are some matters that must be dealt with by you."

After speaking, the old general ended the communication.

Chapter 615: I Have a Different Way of Distinguishing_2

Along with Cortana signaling with her eyes, Jason watched as the screen went dark.

Frowning, Jason was taken aback by the general's reaction.

And those last words, "Can I trust Koda?"

Such a hint-laden remark sparked an involuntary guess in the depths of Jason's mind—

Maybe the "Ground Reconnaissance Bureau" was not unaware of the Sabie Aliens' plan!

At least, that was the impression the old general gave Jason, as though the other party had known all along.

Then...

Sensing something, Jason narrowed his eyes, an unusual glint flashing across them.

...

"General, should we give any special instructions to Sergeant Major Jason?"

In the conference room, a staff officer asked the general who had just ended communication in a soft voice.

"No need for that."

"Sergeant Major Jason is smarter and more cautious than we thought," the officer said.

"He knows what he should do."

The general waved his hand and then picked up Jennifer's notebook.

As he perused the names inside, a chilling coldness grew in his eyes.

"Bring them back to me."

"And interrogate them one by one.

"I want to know if this is everything!" the general said coldly.

"Yes, General."

Taking the list, a staff officer quickly departed, while the remaining staff members discussed in low voices.

They talked about both the 'sleepers' and the upcoming battles.

After about five minutes of discussion, the general's knock on the table brought it to a close.

"Gentlemen, we are prepared."

"Take action," the general ordered.

Immediately, all the staff officers sprung into action.

Moments later, a holographic map encompassing all the major cities on the ground displayed in the conference room, and the general, with a solemn expression, drew a circle over Cherry City.

"I hope he murmured to himself.

The voice was so low, that apart from the beginning, it was entirely inaudible.

...

As the evening light lingered, Jason saw his old instructor Koda and all the members of 'Copper's Resolve' in Cherry City once again.

They were of different ages, but invariably, they were all muscular and tall men.

At that moment, there were about thirty of them, each with their gear box on their backs, standing in a line wearing sports vests and greeting Jason with friendly smiles, their eyes filled with curious inspection.

They had roughly heard from the old instructor.

This was a warrior like them.

Moreover, with an exceptionally strong talent.

They believed the old instructor's words.

And because of that belief, they were all the more curious.

They knew the old instructor seldom praised someone so highly.

Vince stepped out from among the crowd.

"Jason!"

The young Knight greeted him with a hearty laugh.

As one of only two members of 'Copper's Resolve' who had previously interacted with Jason, he naturally assumed the role of the introducer.

Jason nodded in response.

Then, he stood up.

Sitting there, Jason's height was already remarkable, but as he stood, his tall, muscular frame was fully revealed.

In fact, he was taller and more muscular than all the present members of 'Copper's Resolve'.

Instantly, the members' smiles grew even more genial.

Muscle is strength!

With such straightforward thinking, the members of 'Copper's Resolve' respected those stronger than themselves.

A few couldn't help but flex their biceps, showing off to Jason.

It wasn't a challenge.

It was a simple greeting, a show of respect.

As ordinary people greet their elders with a "hello."

Jason subconsciously watched this display.

He was estimating the strength in those muscles.

At the same time, his Master-level Barehanded Combat skills helped him judge what skills those muscle contours were suited for.

Despite wearing a mask, Jason's focus was noticed by the surrounding members of 'Copper's Resolve.'

Realizing that this strong man was paying attention to those who were showing off, they started to flex, each in their own way, striving to fully display their muscles.

The evening's afterglow, under this display, became intensely hot.

Jason ignored this and swept his gaze over the muscles on display.

He certainly hadn't forgotten the idea of supplementing his "Barehanded Combat" with extra Talent.

"Truly a good warrior,"

The old instructor keenly spotted something different in Jason's gaze and couldn't help but sigh.

He really hoped Jason was a member of "Indomitable Bronze."

Hearing the old instructor's words, the members of "Indomitable Bronze" who were displaying their muscles also began to react.

Was Jason's gaze exploring their strengths based on their muscles?

Deserving of a strong man!

Just by looking, he could discern all these!

Is this also why the instructor often had me "exhibit" myself to the strong?

Members of "Indomitable Bronze" began to exhibit themselves with even more vigor.

This process continued for over ten minutes, until Jason completely withdrew his gaze, and then, they became even more enthusiastic toward Jason.

The exchange between warriors was never complicated.

A single look, if it felt right, was enough.

Moreover, warriors were never shy.

They asked whatever they had on their minds.

"Sir Jason, how do you find me?"

"I always feel like I'm lacking something."

"Right, Sir Jason, look at me!"

"I also think I'm lacking something?"

The enthusiastic members of "Indomitable Bronze" surrounded Jason and asked loudly.

"What you're lacking, I can't yet conclude,"

"However, we can discuss it privately,"

"And practice in real combat."

Jason was laying the groundwork for augmenting "Barehanded Combat."

The old instructor stood by with a full-faced smile.

This was the scene he was most pleased to see.

A harmonious atmosphere where cheerful youngsters gathered together, seeking advice from each other, advancing together.

"This is youth!"

The old instructor exclaimed.

Then, he pushed through the crowd and walked up to Jason.

"We'll talk about real combat later,"

"Right now, we need Jason to evaluate you."

The old instructor hadn't forgotten the purpose of this visit.

Of course, he wouldn't directly mention anything about 'infiltrators.'

Because that would sadden the young men in front of him.

So, his words came out a bit strange.

Immediately, the members of "Indomitable Bronze" got serious and turned their gaze to Jason.

Vince was the first to come forward.

"Sir Jason, what should we do?"

"Please inform us, and we will comply faithfully."

Then, this young knight's gaze couldn't help but glance at the "Assault Freedom."

The "Assault Freedom," specially modified by Jason, was really too conspicuous at this moment, hard not to notice.

But Jason moved to the side.

He had changed his original intention of using "Assault Freedom."

To better understand these members, he planned to use a more straightforward approach.

Jason walked to a clearing previously formed by an explosion, began to quickly clear the debris, and with his feet, he compacted the ground.

Next, he picked up a tree branch and drew a circle along the ground.

Then, Jason stepped into the circle, threw his wide-blade short handle knife onto a tree branch nearby, and assumed a stance.

The members of “Indomitable Bronze” were stunned.

Was this...

Wrestling?

While the members of “Indomitable Bronze” were astonished, Jason activated “Protection Against Evil.”

Unlike usual combat, the field of “Protection Against Evil” didn’t shoot out but was triggered around Jason himself.

In an instant, the members of “Indomitable Bronze” sensed something different.

The intuition of a warrior told them that Jason was different now.

Although they didn’t know what exactly had changed, it was enough for them to advance at this moment.

"I'll go first!"

Vince was the first to step into the clearing.

The next moment—

Smack!

Two pairs of strong palms collided.

All the muscles tensed in that moment.

Bones crackled and popped.

The tall, robust members of “Indomitable Bronze” subconsciously crowded around the ring, not making a sound, just staring intently at the two grappling figures.

The atmosphere immediately became tense and charged.

Chapter 616: The Most Powerful Warrior Talent

"Hyah!"

Vince twisted his body, his back now facing Jason, and hoisted Jason's arms onto his shoulders.

Then, he exerted force once again.

Creak!

Sounds emanated from Vince's joints due to the sudden exertion of strength.

In just an instant, the young Knight's cheeks flushed red, sweat spilled from his forehead, and his jaw was clenched tight.

But, it was useless!

Jason just stood there, unmoved, as solid as a mountain.

The young Knight did not give up and exerted force once more.

Yet, he still could not move Jason.

After three attempts, the young Knight gave up. He let go of Jason's arms and looked at him.

"Sir Jason, your strength is even greater than it appears."

The young Knight's face carried a hearty smile as he conceded openly.

Then, he stepped out of the ring.

"I'm up!"

No sooner had the young Knight stepped out than a slightly 'slender' young man leaped into the ring.

Such 'slenderness' was relative only to those around him; compared to the average person, he was still well-built, and moreover, very fast.

After Jason nodded his head signaling the start, the opponent charged straight at Jason.

And then, just as he was about to reach Jason, the entire person vanished!

Not disappeared on the spot.

But vanished from Jason's field of vision.

"A special technique?"

Jason's eyes lit up.

Why else would he choose this more demanding method to identify the members of 'Copper's Resilience'?

Wasn't it to witness and learn more Barehanded Combat techniques?

Thus, the sudden disappearance did not startle Jason; instead, it was full of delight.

The next moment, a palm reached out from behind, attempting to grab Jason's shoulder.

But just as it was about to touch Jason's shoulder, it was dodged by him.

Not seeing the opponent's figure in his eyes did not mean he could not pinpoint where the opponent was.

Jason's perception, nearly seven times that of an ordinary person under normal conditions, was enough to let him replace sight with hearing.

The young man was taken aback as his nearly certain grab came up empty.

He had practiced this move countless times.

Against other opponents, it had always been foolproof.

But this time...

Smack!

As the young man stood astonished, Jason lightly tapped the opponent's shoulder with his palm.

Instantly, the young man's face flushed with color.

"Sorry, I shouldn't have gotten distracted."

With the most systematic guidance, the young man naturally knew the consequences of getting distracted during a fight.

Although the fight at hand was only similar to a drill in the camp, it was still inexcusable.

It wasn't just irresponsible to himself; it was also a lack of respect for the formidable fighter before him.

Embarrassed, the young man instinctively looked over to the old drill instructor outside the ring.

"After this, run a hundred laps around the camp!"

"Your training volume for the next ten weeks is doubled!"

The old instructor said sternly.

"Yes, Instructor," replied the young man, equally serious. He nodded, then with even greater solemnity, bowed deeply to Jason to extend his apologies once more before leaping out of the ring.

"My turn!"

The third person stepped in.

Unlike the previous youths, this was a middle-aged warrior.

His strong physique made the very elastic sports vest seem as though it might burst.

Not only was he strong, but in Jason's perception, his aura was also the strongest of everyone present, excluding the old instructor.

"Shall we begin?" the man asked.

After Jason nodded, the man didn't immediately make a move but instead did a small hop on the spot several times, as if warming up, before saying, "I'm going to strike."

Whoosh!

The moment the words fell, he threw a punch.

The fist cut through the air, stirring up the surroundings.

This punch had the strength to match the man's bear-like build.

But what caught Jason's attention the most was the man's trajectory of the punch.

A straight line is the shortest distance between two points.

For a faster and more effective hit, a straight-line attack bursting with maximum strength is the choice of many.

But this man's punches had a slight curve to them.

A very subtle arc.

Jason was certain that if he were to punch straight out with equal strength, according to the man's trajectory, combined with the movement of his body, he could 'easily' push down or deflect his punch.

Of course, what concerned Jason most was the man's tiptoeing.

As the body shifted, the man's toes could easily strike at the knees of both of Jason's legs.

Even more terrifying was the man's other hand, which was poised in a 'knuckle protrusion' stance.

Knuckle protrusion is similar to making a fist, except the thumb is tucked over the fingernails of the middle and index fingers, causing the second knuckle of the middle and index fingers to protrude.

To burst through surfaces with pinpoint accuracy!

A fierce hit with the man's strength would be enough to break bones and rupture internal organs of anyone.

One attack, with three techniques!

Not only was it brutal, but it was also agile!

Even if the opponent dodged the first strike, the following attacks would keep the opponent in a tough fight.

Master-level Barehanded Combat made Jason think of all these things in an instant.

Then, he instinctively sidestepped, and with a forward surge, raised his right forearm as a shield, his upper arm for support, and his elbow as a spear!

Whoosh!

A louder and sharper sound of slicing through the air than his opponent's rang out.

The middle-aged man, seeing the elbow that had suddenly rushed in front of him, felt a sharp pain in his face and, without any hesitation, sprung back on his tiptoes with his body retreating repeatedly. His initial attacking hand and the other hand set for the follow-up moves started to punch with arced trajectories at the elbow tip that was close at hand.

Thump!

Thump, thump!

Thump, thump, thump!

The continuous sound of punching rang out, but Jason's thrusting elbow remained unchanged.

Chapter 617: The Most Powerful Warrior Talent_2

On the contrary, the punching fist began to swell and turn red.

So hard!

Harder than imagined!

Like a steel plate!

No!

Even harder than a typical steel plate!

The middle-aged man thought and immediately retreated again.

He didn't wish to be struck by such an elbow hit.

One hit, and he'd be bedridden for at least a week.

Now was a critical moment, one he didn't want to miss.

"I concede!"

The middle-aged man jumped out of the ring, shouting loudly.

Jason's elbow strike stopped instantly.

"Today is not a good day."

"Can we spar again later?"

The middle-aged man asked with a look of anticipation in his eyes.

It was pure, without any impurities.

He just wanted to spar.

Not out of dissatisfaction or jealousy.

"Of course!"

Jason nodded without hesitation.

He would not refuse an invitation from a warrior.

The middle-aged man clearly had considerable prestige among this group of warriors; seeing him conceding, the surrounding warriors hesitated for a moment, but then they started challenging Jason one after another.

Losing is not frightening.

Losing to someone stronger than oneself is not shameful.

What's terrifying is being afraid to lose, and thus not daring to fight.

For a true warrior, that is the most unbearable.

"Lord Jason, please teach me!"

"Lord Jason, I concede!"

...

The old instructor watched the scene with a smile; this was the moment he most wanted to see.

Elders imparting experience, the young eagerly catching up, thus repeating, endlessly, to infinity.

This was the most important legacy of "Copper's Indomitable Spirit."

"Instructor, can Jason join 'Copper's Indomitable Spirit'?"

The middle-aged man who had sparred with Jason approached the old instructor and asked directly.

"Jason is a 'Night Watcher'."

The old instructor sighed.

"A Night Watcher?"

"Can't a Night Watcher become a warrior?"

"Look at Jason, he is a true warrior."

The middle-aged man pointed to Jason, who was tangled in a fight with the younger men in the ring, his tone urgent.

"Jock, I too hope Jason could become a member of 'Copper's Indomitable Spirit.'"

"But the honor of 'Copper's Indomitable Spirit' doesn't allow me to do so."

The old instructor sighed again.

The middle-aged man looked helpless.

How much he wanted to rise every morning to run towards the sunrise with Jason, sweating profusely, fists colliding, swords clashing, armor resonating... Such scenes were the best.

But unfortunately, it couldn't be.

Jock stopped talking and just looked at Jason.

The battle with the thirty "Copper's Indomitable Spirit" warriors ended just as the sun set.

Jason removed his mask, his face brimming with a smile.

Although no additional proficiency options had appeared directly, sparring with these warriors had given him new insights into [Barehanded Combat].

"Hand techniques, footwork, dodging skills, and some special secret techniques!"

Jason recalled the previous scenes.

Besides the middle-aged man named Jock, who had left a deep impression on him.

There were a few warriors who remained fresh in his memory.

All of these warriors used special techniques.

Among them, ignoring joint locks and jump-style attacks grabbed Jason's attention the most.

The former, bizarre and unexpected in its variations.

Because who could expect an attack with the forearm extending outward while in a joint lock?

The latter?

Jason liked this kind of headlong fighting style.

Leaping into the air and crashing down heavily, like thunder.

Jason stood there pondering.

He didn't notice that the "Copper's Indomitable Spirit" warriors who had just sparred with him were watching him with shocked expressions.

Does Lord Jason never tire?

Not get weary?

Several young warriors, gasping for breath, again looked at him with admiration.

Indeed, we still have a long way to go!

The young warriors thought to themselves.

Similarly, this was the thought of all the other warriors as well.

Unconsciously, these warriors gathered around Jason, some sitting, some standing, some making a fire.

Where there's strength, followers will come.

Everything had been done quietly, without notice.

By the time Jason snapped out of his thoughts, five fires had been lit before him.

A large pot hung over each one.

A rich aroma wafted from the pots.

"Lord Jason, please try this," Vince offered, passing a bowl the size of a watermelon to Jason.

Without any niceties, Jason took the bowl and tilted his head back.

The bowl contained a liquid food that was very thick, with a faint taste of milk, a hint of herbs, but not bitter, rather sweet.

This made Jason's appetite surge.

One bowl, two bowls, three bowls.

When Jason picked up the fifth bowl, the "Copper's Indomitable Spirit" warriors around him fell silent. They stared at Jason, dumbfounded, then at their own 'pre-battle meal' they could only eat half or two-thirds of and were overwhelmed with shame.

For a warrior, the ability to eat well denoted strength!

Eat well, train, sleep after training, wake up and eat!

This is a complete day for a warrior.

Starting with eating, naturally, is the most important.

No wonder Lord Jason is so strong!

The warriors couldn't help but think and then started devouring food from bowls the size of watermelons.

A warrior never concedes defeat.

If one cannot even manage to eat, how can they chase after Lord Jason's footsteps?

The campsite, once filled with soft laughter and conversation, suddenly resounded with nothing but the sounds of voracious eating.

Meanwhile, Jason put his bowl down.

Not because he was full, but because there was no more left.

"Go cook two more pots," the old instructor ordered Jock.

"Thank you."

"Won't this inconvenience you?"

Jason turned to thank the old instructor, genuinely so.

Chapter 618: The Most Powerful Warrior Talent_3

Meanwhile, he showed a sense of apology.

Jason knew his own appetite.

He didn't want to affect others because of himself.

"Being able to eat is the Talent of a warrior."

"And Jason, you are a born warrior."

Copper's Endurance' is the home of every warrior, so... eat to your heart's content!"

"I brought enough 'Battle Meals'."

The old instructor laughed and patted Jason on the shoulder.

This put Jason completely at ease, and then, smelling the once again fragrant huge iron pot, he walked straight over to it.

The very easy-to-cook 'Battle Meal' was completely ready after five minutes.

He didn't use a bowl again.

Jason directly picked up the iron pot from the bonfire, as tall as half a man and resembling a giant water jar and started pouring it into his mouth.

"Careful, it's hot

Jock reminded Jason, but before he could finish his sentence, he was stunned into silence.

Gulping, gulping.

Amidst the swallowing noises, the 'Battle Meal' in the iron pot visibly decreased at a rapid pace.

In just ten breaths, the 'Battle Meal,' enough to satisfy six warriors, hit bottom.

"What did you say?"

Jason wiped his mouth and turned his head to look at Jock.

"Nothing, nothing at all."

Jock shook his head foolishly.

Then, he saw Jason pick up the second big pot.

Gulping, gulping.

The previous scene repeated itself.

And this time, not only Jock was dumbfounded, but all the surrounding people were as well.

"This, this is indeed a born warrior!"

The old instructor said, his eyes shining.

The others couldn't help but nod their heads in agreement.

"Boil two more, no, make it three pots."

The old instructor ordered Jock.

However, it didn't take long before all five bonfires had iron pots set up on them again.

Because Jason's swallowing speed hadn't slowed down in the least.

The 'Battle Meals' for a total of thirty-five people were quickly swept away by Jason.

And that number was still rising.

Forty, fifty, sixty!

The warriors in the camp had long stopped everything, just watching Jason, silently calculating how much he could eat.

At first, they were thinking about how to reach Jason's level.

But when Jason reached the sixtieth portion, these warriors despaired.

The gap was just too big!

Impossible to catch up!

When the number broke through seventy, the middle-aged warriors also lamented the mercilessness of time.

Being young is great!

And when the number surpassed eighty, even the strongest among the warriors, including Jock, showed admiration.

Jason was clearly a target they couldn't catch up with.

As the number entered the nineties, the old instructor also sighed.

He marveled at Jason's Talent.

He also lamented the fact that he could travel back lighter.

The 'Battle Meal' was about to run out.

More importantly, he hadn't eaten yet.

"This Talent is just too terrifying!"

Watching Jason eat the hundredth 'Battle Meal,' the old instructor murmured softly to himself.

Then, a thought appeared at the bottom of the old instructor's heart.

Could it be that the Night Watcher's lack of fame was because they were eaten into bankruptcy by Jason, leaving them no ability to develop?

Next, the old instructor cast this rather unfavorable thought out of his mind.

How could an organization be eaten into bankruptcy!

With this firm thought, the old instructor watched Jason, who was wiping his mouth.

"Jason, you are the most Talented warrior I have ever seen!"

The old instructor praised him.

What does being able to eat have to do with a warrior's Talent?

Jason wondered in his heart but still responded.

"Thank you for the hospitality."

Jason said.

"Are you full yet?"

The old instructor asked.

"There might be a fight in a while, being fifty percent full is just right."

Jason said politely.

Ever since he had awoken the Talent of [Predator], Jason felt that his stomach was connected to a pocket dimension, simply a bottomless pit. If the ground beneath his feet was edible, he could eat the entire ground.

As for being full?

Jason didn't know.

He had never felt 'full.'

Not in the slightest.

He just estimated roughly.

And to thank the old instructor, he deliberately raised the 'fullness' quotient.

"Fifty percent?!"

The old instructor looked at Jason, a flash of shock in his eyes.

Then, he quickly became disheartened.

"If you could join 'Copper's Endurance,' I would definitely train you to become the greatest warrior in history!"

"Unfortunately

The old instructor shook his head and sighed.

The surrounding warriors nodded in agreement as well.

But just then, a piercing voice rang out—

"The greatest warrior?"

"Nothing but a big eater, that's all!"

Chapter 619: Prelude

The piercing sound was immensely loud, and even possessed a certain technique that made it reverberate throughout the entire temporary camp.

Instantly, the warriors of 'Copper's Resilience' stood up in anger, scouring the area.

Warriors are not gentlemen.

They would not offer the other cheek after being struck on one.

Warriors have always been the ones to chop off the opponent's head after being struck on the cheek.

"Come out!"

Vince, the young Knight, bellowed.

The few young people around him also raised their voices in unison.

The old instructor, however, remained completely calm, showing no sign of anger.

Jason noticed this slightly unusual serenity.

In fact, his attention had been on the old instructor ever since that shrill sound appeared.

And upon seeing that smile, Jason was fully convinced of his earlier speculation.

The old instructor knew what the old general was about to do.

Unveiling 'secrets' for all to see!

Not just the Mystical Side!

But also the Sabie alien invasion!

The old general was using this opportunity to inform everyone!

It was not that he couldn't keep a secret.

It should be...

The situation on the Moon turned out to be unexpectedly tough!

They needed more troops!

And the old instructor was in favor of this.

Or rather, only with the old instructor's agreement, would the general dare to do so.

Otherwise, the old general would never dare to risk the cities on the ground as a bargaining chip and would have acted in advance instead.

Simply put, the old general had long been aware of the 'infiltration' of the Sabie aliens; he was just feigning ignorance for the sake of later actions.

"Old Funo didn't mean any harm."

"He was forced to do it."

Noticing Jason's gaze, the old instructor began to explain in a low voice.

Jason did not ask any further about the events that had just occurred.

He merely gestured subtly towards the direction from which the sound had come.

Perhaps the other party used some technique, but for Jason, who had nearly seven times the sensory perception of ordinary people, such tricks simply did not exist. In fact, he had locked onto the other party even before the sound was made.

"Including what's happening right now?"

Jason inquired.

"Yes."

Golden Wind differs from us."

The old instructor nodded, his expression enigmatic.

Different from us?

Not human!

Those who are not our kin are sure to have a different heart!

Jason was taken aback and quickly thought of a common saying from his hometown.

He had not experienced the 'Mystical Side' of the world before him, but he had witnessed the confrontation between 'Copper's Resilience' and 'Golden Wind' at yesterday's gathering.

Tel had also talked about the actions of certain members of 'Golden Wind'.

Humans, for the most part, were the victims.

Even, they were essentially fodder.

With such an undertone, Jason could imagine what kind of battle had erupted between the two sides initially.

And now?

That battle was still ongoing.

It had changed from being 'open and above board' to now being 'hidden'.

What surprised Jason was that the members within 'Golden Wind' were indeed in cahoots with the Sabie aliens.

For instance, this one in front of him!

Jason was more than eighty percent certain that the other party was not an 'infiltrator'!

But a complete terrestrial creature!

Because only then would the other party's current cry be effective!

Think about it, what would be the consequences of the other party provoking before 'identifying' themselves?

Normal people would think the other party to be an 'infiltrator', whose provocation was just to create chaos.

Then, the crucial point arrives!

He begins to 'identify' the other party's identity and discovers they are a terrestrial creature, what happens then?

The other side would definitely make a scene!

Moreover, if the other party isn't stupid, they would certainly capitalize on yesterday's gathering, where they received a considerable 'deposit', and then drag down the members of 'Copper's Resilience', stirring up old grievances between the members of 'Golden Wind' and 'Copper's Resilience'.

This wouldn't be difficult to achieve.

Given the nature of 'Copper's Resilience' members, the success rate would be an absolute one hundred percent.

Of course, what the other party is seeking is definitely not these!

What they want is to keep all members of 'Copper's Resilience' tied up here.

And then, let the Sabie aliens wreck the city!

Thinking this, Jason narrowed his eyes.

Jason didn't know why this 'Golden Wind' member betrayed the ground, nor was he clear how many benefits the Sabie aliens had given to the other party; he only knew he didn't like traitors.

Irrespective of anything else, it was just sheer dislike for betrayal.

The next moment—

The hockey mask reappeared in his hands. Jason slowly donned the mask, and his entire figure vanished into the night.

The old instructor slightly moved his body; he was prepared to drag that bastard out.

But at that moment, as if sensing something, the old instructor turned his head sharply.

Jason, who had been standing by his side, was gone.

The old instructor was startled, then the corners of his mouth lifted slightly.

"Truly a born warrior!"

...

Dierde, as a blood relative of Cedric, had the chance to compete with Cedric for the inheritance of the nobility forty years ago, but he had been lingering at the very edge of the family ever since.

Of course, that was not of his own volition.

He was marginalized by Cedric.

Using a 'minor mistake' of his.

Not only was he ousted from the family, but he was also stripped of his rights to the inheritance of the noble title.

Even, in some sense, he was expelled from Cherry City and could only live around the rural areas surrounding the city.

Dierde was quite angered by this.

He had held just one 'Blood Feast', so why should he face such consequences?

It was merely the blood of ten living people after all!

Why should he face such punishment?

And why were those who had done the same enjoying everything?

Chapter 620: Prelude_2

Including that damned Cedric!

He knew very well, once the other party inherited the title, he would hold a 'blood feast' twice a year!

On a much larger scale than his own!

Moreover, he would choose the purest kind!

And what about him?

He could only use the poorest quality blood.

Not fresh and full of filth!

Just like spoiled food poured into the sewer.

Hatred was like a seed, deeply buried in his heart.

In the following forty years, Dierde spent almost every day cursing Cedric and the undying old members of his family.

At the same time, he was looking for an opportunity to strike back.

Then, an opportunity came a year ago!

Some guys approached him, discussing something special: to make him a 'spy'.

These individuals were mysterious, but they were quite generous in their dealings.

Those special potions were enough to let him catch up with Cedric in a short time.

Given enough time, it wouldn't be a problem for him to catch up with the old immortals in his family either.

Therefore, Dierde did not refuse.

Why would he refuse?

For his family that had humiliated him?

Impossible.

He wished nothing more than to destroy them.

The survival of the land?

Sorry, in his eyes, it was too stupid to risk his life for a bunch of food.

Those mysterious guys... no, the Sabie Aliens, had already promised him a place, along with a population of no less than twenty thousand, to become his exclusive 'pasture'.

There, like the true blood clan recorded in history, he could enjoy the freshest blood and waste away the longest years.

So, Dierde's mood had been quite good for the last year.

Especially after learning of Cedric's death yesterday, he even indulged in the most beautifully pure 'food' in his eagerness.

To celebrate!

And today, he had come here immediately upon receiving the message from the Sabie Alien 'infiltrator'.

He knew, today was his day to take the stage.

He wanted to let those who had looked down on him in the past see how he played everyone in the palm of his hand.

Hidden in the shadows, Dierde watched the angry 'Copper of Unyielding' members with disdain in his eyes.

A group of foods whose muscles had grown into their brains, they were too easy to deal with.

"Idiots, did I say... ugh!"

Dierde prepared to continue his speech.

But as soon as he began to speak, his neck was clenched tightly by a broad, powerful hand.

This hand gripped his throat firmly, making it impossible for him to utter a word. More importantly, a burning heat emerged in the hand.

Whoosh!

Flames erupted.

An Explosive-level 'Charles Burning Technique' ignited a blaze.

In an instant, Dierde was turned into a living torch.

"Ahhhhh!"

A cry of agony rose.

Under the glow of the flames, everyone's gaze was drawn to it.

Not just the 'Copper of Unyielding' members, but also 'Golden Wind' members who had arrived with Dierde.

To fully show himself off, Dierde had made sure to notify all 'Golden Wind' members he could, and these members now watched Dierde burn with widened eyes.

'Believe me, you're here to watch a good show!'

Is this the show?

Burning himself?

Is he looking for death?

Most 'Golden Wind' members were taken aback, puzzled.

Even a vampire with powerful vitality couldn't survive in the flames.

Dierde was no exception.

Under everyone's watch, the vampire who thought he would take the center stage, hadn't really stepped up before taking his final bow in perfect form.

And the situation?

It continued.

Jason casually tossed the ashed vampire onto the ground.

Then, he stepped forward.

Without dodging, he just walked over him.

Crunch, crunch.

The charred vampire was directly crushed into dregs.

Some 'Golden Wind' members shuddered at the sight.

Instinctively, they looked towards Jason.

Under the cold moonlight, the hockey mask covering Jason's face shone with an unusual luster, as if they saw amidst a storm of blood and slashes, countless wailing corpses being beheaded.

But Jason, wearing the mask, didn't hesitate to stomp on the skulls of the wailers one by one.

Brains splattered.

Eyes decayed.

And just as another corpse was about to be crushed, a 'Golden Wind' member spoke out, trembling.

"No, don't."

"Don't kill me!"

With these words, the 'Golden Wind' member cowered with his head buried, no longer daring to look at Jason.

He had just seen himself.

Among those corpses, he saw himself.

And he saw quite a few familiar figures.

The ones around him.

Facing the member who had lost his composure, the other 'Golden Wind' members didn't criticize, nor did they mock.

Because they too had seen a similar scene.

They saw themselves being slaughtered like lambs and pigs.

Just as they had once slaughtered others.

Footsteps, heavy and forceful, echoed as the tall, strong figure resembling a butcher got closer and closer, and the 'Golden Wind' members, struck by fear, couldn't help but swallow their saliva as they watched Jason approach.

Among them, one or two who were relatively calm and only slightly affected tried to speak.

But just then, Jason, who had been walking slowly, suddenly charged forward.

Thud, thud-thud!

Their hearts pounded like war drums.