

Menu 62

Chapter 62: Targeting

Facing the sobbing and whimpering coming from behind, Jason did not turn around.

Instead, he took a large step forward.

At the same time, his lever-action shotgun passed through his armpit, its muzzle pointing backward.

Bang!

A shower of pellets burst out instantly.

The sobbing and whimpering ceased at once.

Click, click!

During the rhythmic loading noise of the “Winchester Brothers,” Jason turned around.

His gaze met nothing but emptiness!

Then,
the sobbing and whimpering started up again.

Still...

behind him!

Only this time, the sound was a little closer.

As if the person sobbing and whimpering had taken a small step forward.

Jason's heart tightened.

He definitely didn't want this bizarre presence to get close to him.

Without any hesitation, he pulled the trigger again.

Bang!

The muzzle flashed with fire.

Then, Jason turned around once more and loaded his shotgun.

However, different from before, after completing his turn, Jason drew his broad-bladed, short-handled machete. He held the knife upright and, using the reflection on the side of the blade, looked behind him.

A blurry figure was cast upon the knife's edge.

The sobbing and crying were coming exactly from that figure.

It seemed to notice Jason's gaze.

The figure's sobbing and whimpering grew louder.

And just like that, it actively began to move step by step towards Jason.

Bang!

The pellets flew out of the barrel, directly streaking past the blurry figure.

Clearly, to no effect.

The blurry figure then instantly accelerated, shifting from walking to a jog, poised to pounce on Jason.

“sl...”

Subconsciously, Jason prepared to release the secret technique “Protection Against Evil.”

The first word of the Dufol Language had already been uttered.

And the hand seals were almost complete.

However, at this moment, Jason suddenly stopped.

A question emerged in his mind.

Who was this sudden attacker?

Or more precisely, what had this attacker come for?

“Hulk Potion!”

Beyond that, Jason could think of nothing else.

Since the other party had come for the “Hulk Potion,” they naturally knew about the “Tomb Guardian” Santel’s incident and would definitely know about his identity as the “Night Watcher.”

Even the probe during the return from the graveyard might very likely be known to them.

So...

A new problem emerged!

If the other party knew he was the “Night Watcher,” would they still employ a method that could be countered by “Protection Against Evil”?

The answer was, they wouldn’t!

No one would choose to attack the enemy at their strongest with their own weakness.

As for if that was the other party's strength?

That was even less likely.

Being countered in what one excelled at, any sensible person would make a wise choice.

Unless...

The other party had the confidence to counteract and overpower him.

But if they were really capable of reaching such a level, why would they bother with such tricks? It would be better for the blurry figure to just rush at him directly, given the speed exhibited by this blurry figure, he had no room to dodge.

That meant...

It was a trap!

This was a trap tailored to his profession as the "Night Watcher"!

The blurry figure before his eyes was not any kind of Resentful Spirit or Evil Spirit.

But—

Illusion!

As the word 'illusion' emerged in his mind, more realizations dawned upon Jason:

The other party must have learned about the incident that had occurred in the hall before.

They confirmed his 'undying' characteristic.

The other party was not confident in dealing with him who was 'undying.'

But, he still had weaknesses.

Such as: Physical Strength!

Undeath is undeath.

Exhaustion is exhaustion.

Conveniently, as a 'Night Watcher,' he also possessed a secret technique that could nearly instantly exhaust all his physical strength.

"Protection Against Evil"!

This was the legacy of the 'Night Watcher,' and it could also be said to be the strongest point of the 'Night Watcher,' but at times, the strongest point could become the weakest one.

Targeting this, the enemy began to set up.

Thus, the current situation had arisen.

The hypotheses in his mind flashed by in an instant.

The illusion before him was within arm's reach.

The slightly paused Dufol Language in his mouth sounded again.

“sl oT Yn!”

It was just words, but the matching hand signs were one beat too slow.

The “Protection Against Evil” had not been successfully activated.

But that illusion vanished nonetheless.

It was indeed an illusion technique!

With his deduction now clear, Jason breathed heavily, feigning extreme exhaustion.

The most direct way to counter an illusion was to use pain to regain clarity.

But Jason wasn’t just hoping to dispel the illusion.

What he wanted was to deal with the person who had set up the illusion.

It wasn't just the opponent's abilities but also their demonstrated capacity to strategize that put Jason on alert.

This time, he had reacted promptly and seen through such an illusion.

But what about next time?

Who could guarantee that he wouldn't fall into the enemy's set up?

Especially at certain moments in battle, a sudden attack from the enemy could leave him in disarray, or even... dead.

An enemy?

In the end, it's better for them to be dead.

Clap, clap clap.

Loud applause echoed around the room.

A middle-aged man dressed in a black tailcoat and wearing a top hat clapped his hands with a smile on his face as he looked at Jason.

“It is an honor to meet you, immortal ‘Night Watcher’ sir.”

“That was just a little trick.”

“To ensure we can have a peaceful conversation.”

The man said, while taking out a test tube.

It was filled with a pale green liquid.

The man shook the test tube, his smile growing even more intense.

The man continued to speak:

“Of course...”

“The following measures will also be the same.”

“Rest assured, I will make good use of your body.”

“After all, certain individuals will definitely fancy a body that has consumed the ‘Hulk Silver Potion.’

Having finished speaking, the man was about to remove the stopper.

But Jason was faster.

One moment he was gasping for air, nearly toppling over, and the next, he lashed out with his knife.

Thud!

The broad-bladed, short-handled machete swept across the man’s neck.

Surprise and shock appeared on the man’s face.

Then, it froze.

The head fell, and the man's body wobbled before kneeling to the ground; the potion in his hand was caught by Jason just before it hit the floor.

Afterward, Jason carefully examined the man's body.

A coin purse contained 12 Gold Crooks, 3 Silver Crooks, and 5 Copper Crooks, with no Copper Corners.

A revolver, fully loaded with bullets, plus an extra 10 bullets.

Beyond that, there were no other items of value.

Jason pocketed the coin purse and put the revolver and bullets with the rest of the loot.

Then, he turned his head toward the door.

With the death of 'The Planner,' evidently, Eric had been freed from the illusion.

The servant was puzzled but still knocked on the door.

Knock, knock knock!

“Sir Jason.”

“It’s me, Eric.”

“I’ve brought your compensation.”

Jason, who had already caught the scent of food, immediately opened the door as Eric’s voice fell.

Instantly, the even richer aroma hit him in the face.

Like a gentle breeze.

Comfortable, soothing.

Without delay, he eagerly looked towards the source of the aroma.

He was momentarily taken aback.