

Menu 621

Chapter 621: Prelude_3

The figure was unstoppable.

The blade in hand, slashed.

Slash slash slash!

Blood spurted, one corpse after another fell to the ground.

It was as if the scene previously dominated by fear had reoccurred.

This time, even the most composed members of 'Golden Wind' trembled, their voices shrill as ducks caught by the neck.

"Jason, what are you doing?"

"We're members of the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau'!"

Jason stopped.

He turned his head, looking at the few members of 'Golden Wind' who had spoken.

When they saw the icy eyes behind that hockey mask, the members of 'Golden Wind' felt a terrifying aura envelop them, and instinctively, they started to back away rapidly.

But Jason didn't deliver a killing blow.

He simply pointed at one of the bodies he had cut down—

Yi!

In the deep sound of Dufol Language, the cut-down corpse began to change.

A shadow emerged, then distorted by an invisible force field.

"Sabie Aliens!"

At this sight, everyone couldn't help but cry out in alarm.

Then, looking at those corpses, understanding dawned in their eyes.

Jason had cut down 'infiltrators'!

Of course, several members of 'Golden Wind' didn't see it that way.

But they didn't dare to speak.

The Jason before them, drawing his sword without a word, was too fierce, too terrifying!

Such strength!

Such speed!

How could he be human?

More monstrous than us!

These members of 'Golden Wind' couldn't help thinking.

However, when Jason's gaze swept over them, they quickly donned humble smiles.

The senior instructor watched Jason with growing satisfaction.

He had known what Jason intended to do the moment his figure vanished.

Dierde was undoubtedly linked to the Sabie Aliens.

By killing Dierde, those related would naturally reveal their malice and murderous intent, and by killing these manifesting hostility and intent, the 'traitors' could be eliminated.

He had just been about to do this himself.

Little did he expect that Jason had the same idea.

"Truly an outstanding warrior!"

Thinking this, the old instructor went over to Jason and said, "Well done!"

Jason nodded, silently looking at the several corpses.

The special force field of 'Protection Against Evil' was poised and ready.

But before Jason could act, the 'infiltrators' within the corpses showed themselves on their initiative.

They stared at Jason with malice and murderous intent.

"You will be our greatest enemy!"

"We have transmitted your image back to our home planet!"

"We swear, we will deploy all of our soldiers, all our warships to execute you!"

Their voices were high-pitched, insane.

They seemed as if they wanted to tear Jason to pieces.

Jason's response was simple; he slightly lifted his head and said indifferently—

"Come, I'll be waiting."

"Earthling, one day you'll regret your actions!"

The shadows tried to say something more, but Jason was done talking, casting 'Protection Against Evil' with a sweep of his hand, his gaze turning toward Cherry City where he heard faint sounds of gunfire.

The old instructor heard it, too.

Without hesitation, he opened his equipment box, donned a triple-layer alloy armor, slung four rocket launchers over his back, strapped ammo boxes on either side of his waist, and picked up a Gatling gun.

The surrounding 'Unyielding Copper' warriors did likewise.

Layer upon layer of alloy armor dressed them, various heavy weapons held ready in their hands.

They were prepared.

The old instructor's gaze swept over the thirty 'Unyielding Copper' warriors and he shouted—

"Lads, it's our turn to take the stage!"

"Get your armor on!"

"Grab your weapons!"

"Defend our homeland!"

"Hoorah!"

Chapter 622: Jason, We're Going to Kill Your Friend!

The clock had long since passed midnight, and the entire 'Cherry City' was silent as a grave.

The streetlights were bright, the roads wide, and the occasional passing car would startle a burst of dogs barking and cats meowing, which quickly subsided into silence again amid people's scolding.

In 'Cherry City,' even residents who couldn't afford a yard were keen on keeping a dog.

It was both a companion and a guardian.

After all, everyone knew that at night, a dog's vigilance far exceeded that of a human.

But even the most alert dogs were unable to detect the Sabie Aliens cloaked in invisibility, standing silent as shadows, quietly waiting for the signal.

Time ticked by, second by second.

Boom!

A clear explosion sounded in the distant suburbs.

The blaze reddened that part of the night sky.

"Move out!"

At the command, three teams of scouts led by three Assaulters headed straight for Cherry City's council building, police station, and hospital.

Their objectives were crystal clear.

To eliminate Cherry City's landmark buildings, defensive forces, and medical logistics.

And then?

Naturally, to coordinate with those 'infiltrators' for a massacre.

To announce their arrival with blood.

Like shadows, or like ghosts.

The three Sabie Alien assault teams neared their respective targets.

Mosa, as a 'warrior' among the Sabie Aliens, chose the heavily defended council building.

Standing in the shadow, he used the heat imaging on his mask to lock onto the guards inside the council building, and then signaled to the scouts following him with a wave of his hand.

It wasn't to have these scouts attack or act together.

Rather, it was to have them stay put.

He alone was enough to cut through the entire council building.

The scouts immediately concealed themselves.

Mosa, cloaked in invisibility, approached the council building.

At the entrance, two armed guards stood left and right, but they couldn't see Mosa's approach at all.

To Mosa, this was already routine.

This planet was not only backward but also ignorant.

If it weren't for some unexpected occurrences, these humans would have long been their slaves.

However, although the unexpected did happen, the outcome would ultimately not change!

"Let your blood herald victory!"

Mosa thought coldly in his heart.

Then, the Bowl Blade on his arm slowly extended.

Cold, and sharp-edged.

Just like the Broad Blade Cleaver that was approaching slowly behind him.

The council building's guards couldn't see Mosa.

Mosa likewise couldn't see Jason, shrouded in the night.

The rabbit chewed on the grass.

The wolf watched the rabbit.

The hunter's gun aimed at the wolf, protecting the sheep.

In nature, hunter and prey were never fixed roles.

Just like at this moment.

The Bowl Blade thrust!

The cleaver swung.

The Bowl Blade was fast, but the cleaver was faster.

Thwack!

The Assaulter's head flew high, and the stench of blood spread.

The ice hockey mask flashed once in the night and disappeared.

When he appeared again, he was already beside the scouts.

These scouts had no time to react; they only saw their commander's head being suddenly seized, and then a tall, strong figure appeared before them.

Impact!

A forceful crash!

Crack, crack!

Armor shattered, bones snapped and tendons tore.

The two scouts at the front were sent flying, crashing into the scouts behind them.

Then, a thick fog spread!

So dense you couldn't see your hand in front of you, within the fog, Jason's feet spun like dancing a waltz. The cleaver in his hand left trails of cold light in the air, reaping lives like the scythe of the Reaper.

Thud, thud thud!

The sound of the blade cutting through flesh became the waltz's unique accompaniment.

Death was the sole melody.

[Mist Concealment]!

[Whirlwind Strength]!

Combined, the two were a lethal dance of death.

The scouts remaining in place were utterly unprepared.

They were dumbstruck.

Not just by the surprise, but also by the sheer speed.

From the death of their leader to the spread of death amongst them, it was but the blink of an eye.

By the time they came to their senses, half of the ten-man team was dead or wounded.

And then, a crueler fate descended upon them.

Flame!

Roaring flames burst forth within the dense fog.

Like an invisible dragon exhaling Dragon Breath.

Whoosh!

The conical blast of fire swept over, leaving a field of charred corpses.

The fog dissipated.

Limbs and heads scattered, blood flowed freely, charred corpses strewn about, with Jason in his ice hockey mask standing amidst them.

Not far away, two council building guards turned pale as they raised their guns, their bodies trembling as they stared at Jason.

"Don't, don't move."

One of them stammered out.

Jason paid him no attention.

This operation wasn't a solo job.

Although he was responsible for this area, the finishes were handled by others.

The next moment—

"Stop, drop your guns!"

With such a command, Cortana walked out from the building, gave a salute to Jason.

"Master Chief!"

Master Chief?

Friendly?

The already fearful, hesitant guards immediately dropped their guns, and then they glanced at Jason who was clearing the battlefield, ultimately turning their gaze to Cortana.

Compared to the terrifying appearance of Jason, they undoubtedly preferred to deal with Cortana.

"This is a military operation, it's classified."

"Remember!"

"Classified!"

After leaving these words behind, Cortana walked towards Jason.

Behind her, a squad of 20 soldiers ran out in neat formation, saluting Jason before they started to secure the area.

Chapter 623: Jason, We're Going to Kill Your Friend!_2

"Sergeant, do you need my help?"

Cortana walked up to Jason and asked.

"No need!"

"These spoils... I have other uses for them."

Jason said decisively.

Another meal deal of Sabie Aliens Assaulters and Scouts, the eleven-man combo!

100 points of satiety!

Jason certainly wouldn't just leave it here.

Moreover, more meal deals were appearing in the city, which he naturally could not afford to miss. Therefore, after packing these items, Jason picked them up and headed outside.

"I'm going to provide support!"

Jason said as he walked away.

Cortana did not stop him.

Although Jason held a military rank, his identity with the "Mystical Side" meant he was destined to be a uniquely "unofficial personnel"; their interaction was a form of cooperation, not command.

"Yes, sir!"

Cortana saluted again.

The surrounding soldiers also saluted to see him off.

As participants in the conflict, they had just learned what this mission was all about.

'Annihilate the infiltrating Sabie Aliens'!

The soldiers had no love for these invaders.

They wished they could join the battlefield immediately.

But they followed orders.

As professional soldiers, they understood the importance of their duty.

Since they had the task of protecting and securing the council building, they would execute it meticulously.

As a formal high-ranking member of the Ground Reconnaissance Bureau, Cortana knew more than these soldiers; she understood that beyond the plan to 'Annihilate the infiltrating Sabie Aliens,' there was also a plan to 'Inform'.

The former and the latter complemented each other.

Both were of equal importance.

And equally dangerous.

A single misstep could bring immense disaster to the ground!

Although the old general's staff had been planning for a long time and had made thorough preparations, Cortana had been uneasy in her heart ever since she learned of the plan.

But just now, when she saw Jason standing among the bodies of the invaders, that unease disappeared.

It was an inexplicable process.

It brought her an inexplicable sense of calm.

Watching the tall figure disappear into the night, Cortana took a deep breath and shouted loudly—

"Please be safe!"

She had originally wanted to say more.

To speak some different words.

But as the words reached her lips, they ultimately turned into this sentence.

Jason heard it, but without turning his head, he continued forward.

He couldn't wait for the remaining meal deals.

As for more?

With food right in front of him, he didn't pay any attention.

...

At Cherry City Hospital, the old instructor stood on the rooftop, watching the Sabie Aliens approach under the concealment of their cloaking cloaks, and couldn't help but twist the corner of his mouth.

"Relying on foreign objects, I smelled you from 10,000 meters away!"

With those words, the old instructor pulled out a rocket launcher from behind his back, aimed it at the approaching squad, and directly pulled the trigger.

Whoosh!

In the beautiful tail flames, the rocket shot straight out.

This was the first one.

Then came the second, the third, the fourth.

After depleting all the rockets in the launcher from behind his back, the old instructor, standing on the tenth floor, jumped down.

Thump!

The concrete ground shattered immediately.

The old instructor's lower legs sank into it.

But, as if nothing had happened, the old instructor pulled his legs out.

He pulled the trigger towards the Sabie Aliens who had escaped the range of the rocket explosion.

Whir!

Amid the sound of the motor, the Gatling gun began to spin.

The next moment, a metallic storm composed entirely of bullets engulfed the rushing Scouts.

The Scouts who died in the explosion left no trace.

Those who dodged the blast and rushed out were also annihilated.

The invaders' bodies flew back and forth like car parts in an accident.

"Hahaha!"

"You little brats, do you feel my enthusiasm?"

With his left index finger still on the trigger, the old instructor took out a bottle of vodka from a pouch on his side with his right hand, bit open the cap with his mouth, and began to gulp it down.

The burning liquor lit a fire in his stomach.

And it made the old instructor's blood boil again.

Tossing aside the Gatling gun that had run out of bullets, the old instructor strode toward the frontline.

At this moment, two Sabie Aliens remained.

An Assaulter and a Scout, one brandishing a Bowl Blade, the other wielding a long spear.

The spear-bearer charged straight ahead, aimed directly at the old instructor's throat, while the one with the Bowl Blade circled around, flicking the Bowl Blade at the old instructor's ankle like a viper's tongue.

Their speed was incredibly fast, and their coordination was tight.

This was a tacit understanding forged by the Sabie Aliens over many years, and tactical synergy that had emerged from it, which had previously caused considerable losses on the 'Ground' in frontal battles.

After all, at that time the Assaulter was leading a squad of a hundred.

With a hundred-man squad as a buffer, their shoulder cannons could be used to their fullest potential.

But now?

Without time to charge up, they had chosen the most straightforward approach to close combat.

Despite the old instructor's formidable build resembling that of a bear, clearly very strong, it came with drawbacks; his bulkiness, which brought him strength, would inevitably make his body less agile, less nimble.

"Die!"

"I will collect your head as a trophy!"

The Sabie spoke through their masks, translating their words into the language of the Ground.

Hearing their words, the old instructor curled his lip.

He, of course, knew what they were planning.

In fact, in every battle, his opponents always had the same idea.

Ever since he stepped onto the battlefield at the age of 18, it was no exception.

"I don't have absolute speed."

Chapter 624: Jason, We're Going to Kill Your Friend!_3

"Not agile enough,"

"But that doesn't mean I

"Too slow!"

The old instructor bared his teeth.

Agility has its own style of fighting, as does a robust physique with its corresponding battle style.

With a raise of his hand, the old instructor caught the long spear that had not yet truly thrust before him.

Then, without waiting for the other party to react, he directly dragged the spear-wielder into his embrace and squeezed tightly.

Crack, crack.

In the midst of such crisp sounds, the instructor's body toppled toward the Assaulter.

The massive body fell like a toppled marble column, heavily crashing onto the scout's body.

Bang!

In the dull thud, the Assaulter that was hit was visibly flattened.

Blood plasma mixed with bubbles and bits of unidentifiable viscera gushed out.

The old instructor then stood up with a roll, glanced disdainfully at the flattened Assaulter, and strode toward the police station.

There, gunshots and explosions had already merged into one.

Clearly, the situation was critical.

He certainly did not wish any harm to come to the young men under his command.

...

Whir!

Amidst the distinctive charging sound of a shoulder cannon, a glowing orb smashed directly into the entrance of the police station.

Boom!

Instantly, the police station's doors blew sky-high.

Several 'Invincible Bronze' warriors cloaked in alloy armor were also affected and, propelled by the blast wave, they tumbled aside.

"Vince! Cyril!"

As the defense leader of the post, Jock called out anxiously.

He didn't know why they had been discovered by the Sabie Aliens.

But he did know that these young people, who represented the future of 'Invincible Bronze,' must not be harmed.

Fortunately, the alloy armor's defense was strong enough that, upon hearing Jock's shout, the young men shook their heads and stood up.

"I'm fine."

"I'm fine too."

The young warriors of 'Invincible Bronze' responded one after another.

Jock breathed a sigh of relief.

Then, as the corner of his eye caught a glimpse outside the police station, his gaze suddenly sharpened.

An Assaulter with a small squad of scouts.

Just as their intelligence had indicated.

However, one item in a scout's hand caught his particular attention.

It was...

A gasoline bomb!

Did the opposition have other logistical weapons?

Who was it?

Which bastard?

Jock thought.

But time did not allow him to ponder any longer as the enemy forcefully hurled the gasoline bomb.

Watching the incoming gasoline bomb, Jock didn't hesitate to rush out.

He had only one thought: he absolutely could not let the gasoline bomb fall into the police station.

The young men had a long road ahead of them.

And he?

A warrior who entered the battlefield, born here, should also rightly die here.

The best destination for a warrior is... the battlefield!

"Urah!"

With a war cry, Jock leapt towards the gasoline bomb.

Boom!

The half-person-tall gasoline bomb exploded.

Within the dense flames, Jock's figure was engulfed.

The night sky was lit up by fierce flames.

All that remained was the echo of the war cry.

Then—

"Urah! Urah!"

The young warriors of 'Invincible Bronze' roared, launching a charge.

They crossed the firewall, letting the flames scorch their bodies.

They forgot the pain.

They kept their eyes firmly fixed on the enemy.

In their hearts at that moment, there was only one thought: take down the enemy before them!

The Sabie Alien Assaulters, seeing the warriors approaching cloaked in flames, shivered involuntarily, and even the scouts behind them could not hide their terror behind their face masks.

Weren't these 'ground' people afraid of death?

The thought arose from the depths of their hearts, but was quickly drowned out by the flames.

Vince tackled the Assaulter to the ground.

His longsword had penetrated the gaps in the enemy's armor a moment earlier, and at the same time, the enemy's Bowl Blade was lodged in the alloy armor on his abdomen.

The solid defense saved Vince from a fatal blow.

But he was still injured.

Blood oozed.

Vince felt it distinctly.

Yet his fighting spirit boiled even more ferociously.

"Urah!"

After pulling out his longsword and decapitating the Assaulter, he charged towards the next scout.

The warriors on the field, following that explosion, all fell into a particular state.

Unaware of pain.

Unaware of fatigue.

Their muscles swelled, fighting with more strength than ever before.

"The 'Invincible Bronze' is terrifying!"

In the shadows at a distance, a figure watched this scene in shock.

He mumbled to himself involuntarily.

"Failed,"

"The initial actions all failed,"

"It's all that damn Jason's fault!"

"He ruined everything we had!"

The figure started to grind his teeth in anger.

Then, suddenly thinking of something, his gaze became vicious—

"You caused us to fail!"

"We won't let you off easy either!"

"You have friends in Cherry City, don't you!"

"I'll kill them, I remember they are... John, Brian, McCaul, right?"

Chapter 625: Is the restaurant closed tonight...?

Tigers do not walk with sheep.

A monster's friend is naturally considered a monster as well.

That much was common knowledge, but Berenke, as an "infiltrator," seemed unaware of such common sayings "aboveground."

In fact, as an "unplanned" "infiltrator," Berenke not only chose an exceedingly ordinary "container" but also made it a priority to distance himself from other "infiltrators."

That included Kandater, who was in charge of the plan.

Even Kandater wasn't aware of its existence.

It was the fish that slipped through the net.

All for the sake of just in case.

And now was the time for it to make a move!

The last resort in the Sabie Aliens' "decapitation" plan!

With this in mind, Berenke drove towards the outskirts.

Upon noticing the name "Jason," he had started to investigate the man, and luckily, the private detective he hired was quite skilled.

Consequently, results of such investigation came swiftly.

A quite detailed investigative report had been delivered to his hands the night before.

The report meticulously outlined everything from Jason's arrival in Cherry City to his exposure as a "Mystical Side" personality, including the friends he had made and so forth.

It even touched upon Edward's affairs, of which he had some understanding.

As for those three friends?

A destitute widower living off apartment rentals, whose dog had died just days ago.

A middle-aged man at the company, agreeable to everything but abandoned by his wife and belittled by his daughter.

And a guy who drifted from factory to dock, claiming to be a detective yet never completed a single commission.

Just a bunch of losers.

In the same vein as Jason, who claimed to be an author yet couldn't produce any real work.

But unlike Jason, who also hid the identity of someone from the "Mystical Side," these guys were losers through and through.

However, even the most wretched of losers could be useful.

"Kill them!"

"Incite Jason's rage!"

Berenke sneered at the sight of the suburban residence not far away.

Clearly, Jason was worried about these "kindred spirits" and had them move to the outskirts to avoid the battle that might unfold tonight.

But the more he did so, the more valuable they became to kill.

Berenke stepped out of his car, carrying a submachine gun and several magazines—weapons he had gone to great lengths to acquire through special channels, nearly depleting half of this identity's wealth.

The rest of the wealth?

Naturally, it was paid to that fairly well-known detective.

At this moment, it was penniless.

But that didn't matter.

Following this would be the moment to abandon this persona and return to its previous noble rank in the presence of these primitives, these slaves.

Thinking this, Berenke quickened his pace.

He raised his hand and rang the doorbell.

Ding-dong.

"Hello, is John home?"

"I am March, the previous tenant of 3A Apartment, 202."

"I called earlier, hoping to talk to you about some items I lost. My car broke down, and I just managed to get here, sorry for the inconvenience."

Berenke said.

All of this was true.

The previous tenant of 3A Apartment 202 was indeed a man named March, who had lost items and had called John—this was all part of its orchestrations, and while constrained by an ordinary "container," it could still threaten a regular tenant.

And after the threat?

Best to kill them off.

Dead men tell no tales, right?

Unfortunately, there was not enough time, or it could have added another trophy carved from a skull to its collection, a treasured item acquired by the identity of an “infiltrator.”

But no matter.

Inside the room before it lay even more spoils of war.

Berenke aimed the gun’s muzzle at the door.

It was ready to pull the trigger the instant the door swung open.

However, to its surprise, the door didn’t open, only a voice came through.

"The door’s unlocked, come on in."

The door is unlocked?

Indeed, as expected of a group of losers, their level of vigilance was pitifully low.

With a sneer emerging in his heart again, Berenke said, “Alright.”

Gun in the right hand, he reached for the doorknob with the left, about to push the door open.

But the instant his left hand touched the doorknob—

Crackle!

A flash of electricity streaked by.

Streams of electricity as thin as a pinky sparked over its body.

Almost instantaneously, Berenke smelled the scent of roasting meat.

Then darkness fell before his eyes.

Accompanied by the sound of Berenke's body falling to the ground.

The door opened.

Standing before them was the Sword Shield Gatling.

Not one, but three!

Three Sword Shield Gatlings were positioned crosswise, covering every angle of the doorway with their firepower.

From the second floor, a 107mm Type 95 single-tube rocket launcher was ready to fire.

John walked out from behind the rocket launcher, without turning off the infrared autonomous sensing of the Sword Shield Gatlings, stood at the top of the stairs, looking down at the fallen Berenke with a puzzled expression.

"Is this the guy who was investigating us before?"

Brian, merging effortlessly with the camouflage walls and holding a grenade launcher, walked out and asked concisely.

"Yeah, it was this guy. One of my apprentices has already sent the photo, it was him who secretly funded the detective apprentice to investigate us, and moreover, purchased weapons."

McCaul, emerging from beneath the floorboards with the drone bomber controller in hand, nodded with certainty.

Chapter 626: Tonight, the restaurant is closed...?_2

Such a nod made Brian also wear a puzzled expression.

Without a doubt, this was an amateur.

From behavior to methods, all amateur.

Sabie Aliens' 'Infiltrator' this weak?

The trio couldn't help but exchange glances.

You see, they had received a phone call from Jason in the afternoon. In the call, Jason had explained in detail everything about the Sabie Aliens, especially emphasizing 'Infiltrators'.

Then, an apprentice of McCaul brought news that someone was investigating them.

Combining the two pieces of information, the three almost immediately guessed what was happening.

Therefore, after allowing non-combatants to enter the shelter from the basement, they all got ready.

All necessary weapons, ammunition, and special heavy weaponry were prepared.

Only the outcome seemed to differ from their expectations.

"Could it have 'gone native'?"

McCaul jested.

John kept a cold face, without answering.

Brian was quite straightforward, picking up the grenade launcher and firing a shot at the 'Infiltrator's' corpse.

Jason had said, even a dead 'Infiltrator' still poses considerable danger.

Boom!

Flames flickered.

The 'Infiltrator's' corpse immediately turned into Fragments.

A shadowy figure rose from within.

Ratatat!

Three Sword-Shield Gatlings fired under John's control.

A stream of bullets, at 3600 rounds per minute, devoured the shadowy figure, the scorching bullets directly tearing apart most of the shadowy figure's body.

"Trap!"

"This is a trap set for me!"

"Despicable ground dwellers!"

Berenke roared, and then it sent information about 'Jason' back to the home planet once more.

Extremely dangerous, a cunning enemy, recommend elimination as a priority!

Berenke, having completed all this, looked towards John and his two companions.

"Do you think this is the end?"

"Everything has just begun!"

"Repent in horror!"

"Repent that you're still alive!"

Berenke shouted, then charged towards John and the others.

The endless stream of bullets could affect it, but the injuries inflicted were at most superficial, by no means fatal. As it spoke, its torn body had already healed itself.

Looking at John and his two companions, Berenke's eyes were full of ferocity.

It wanted to torment these three.

It wanted to show these three the terror of an 'Infiltrator'.

It wanted to—

Yi!

In the Dufol Language, the special force field of 'Protection Against Evil' enveloped the 'Infiltrator', instantly obliterating its ethereal form.

No resistance.

Not a trace of struggle.

"Jason!"

As it died, Berenke cried out in agony.

Seemingly hoping to solicit sympathy with such an agonized cry or perhaps to threaten Jason.

But the Jason that walked out from a shadowy side didn't even glance at the 'Infiltrator'.

An 'Infiltrator' influenced by the residual consciousness of its host body was simply not worth the attention.

Or rather, all 'Infiltrators' are influenced by the residual consciousness of their bodies.

It's just a matter of how strong they are and the extent of that influence.

If the Spirit is strong enough, it can even backfire on the 'Infiltrator'.

This wasn't a conclusion Jason had come to.

It was information passed on by the 'Clock Tower'.

After capturing a large number of 'Infiltrators', with no need to worry about the death of test subjects, these 'Wizards', in a very short time, discovered the vulnerability of the 'Infiltrators'.

"Good evening, gentlemen."

Tel, a member of the 'Clock Tower' stationed at the Ground Reconnaissance Bureau, seeing the Sword-Shield Gatling and the 107mm Type 95 single-tube rocket launcher in the house, couldn't help but twitch at the corners of his eyes.

Are all of Jason's friends monsters?

Who keeps a Sword-Shield Gatling and a 107mm Type 95 single-tube rocket launcher at home?

Is this preparation for a small-scale war?

Tel thought to himself, trying to keep the smile on his face as normal as possible.

But in the next moment, his smile could not be maintained anymore.

Vroom vroom vroom!

In the sound of propellers whirring, a 20-drone squadron flew out from the window on the third floor, and seeing the miniature missiles, Tel instinctively stepped back.

This 'Clock Tower' member stationed at the Ground Reconnaissance Bureau looked at John, Brian, and McCaul with a gaze devoid of any previous underestimation, filled with caution.

Regardless of whether it was shown or not, the 'Mystical Side' always harbored an air of superiority over ordinary people.

That was a fact.

But looking at the barrels of the Sword-Shield Gatling, the muzzle of the rocket launcher, and each miniature missile, Tel quietly calculated his chances of surviving against these three and then promptly, the smile on his face became extremely sincere.

"Good evening."

Brian and McCaul responded to Tel.

John simply nodded.

Was this the supposed 'Mystical Side' friend who appeared with Jason?

After the incident with Edward, the three of them had begun their investigation into the Mystical Side.

They might not be 'people of the Mystical Side', but their abilities, connections, ensured they could easily touch upon things beyond the reach of ordinary people.

Things were simply concealed in everyday life.

Yet once the 'veil' was lifted.

Some things simply couldn't be hidden.

Nonetheless, for John and his companions, 'people of the Mystical Side' were worthy of attention.

Especially the first time they met a supposed person from the 'Mystical Side'.

Are you talking about Jason?

Jason doesn't count.

In their minds, Jason was a good friend.

And Tel?

Chapter 627: Tonight, the restaurant is closed...?_3

A stranger encountered for the first time.

Therefore, the three curious ones now looked at him a bit differently.

Tel felt as if he were being targeted by three wolves.

And not just any wolves, but lone wolves that roamed forests, wilderness, and deserts.

Without hesitation, Tel took a step back and positioned himself behind Jason.

‘Does it shame a person from the Mystical Side to retreat before normal people?’

Better to lose face than to lose life, right?

There were historical instances of Mystical Side individuals dying at the hands of normal people; Tel certainly did not wish to be next.

That would truly be a laughingstock even in death.

Now?

Naturally choosing to live following one's heart, that is the essence of longevity.

"Lord Jason, your friends are truly extraordinary,"

"They are among the most powerful normal people I have encountered,"

"Even when compared to some from the 'Mystical Side', they are not inferior at all."

Tel praised them subtly.

In response, Jason did not object.

In his view, John, Brian, and McCaul really were that strong.

Given enough preparation time, normal Mystical Side individuals would indeed be killed by the trio; in some special circumstances, killing some Mystical Side individuals wasn't much harder for them than killing a chicken.

After all, all three were professionals.

Thus, when Jason received a message from Tel about 'Assaulters' targeting his friends John, Brian, and McCaul, he was truly thrilled.

The strength of the trio John was something Jason was very aware of.

Since the Sabie Aliens' 'Assaulters' had set their sights on them, they must have been fully prepared.

In Jason's eyes, Sabie Aliens' full preparation equated to having all the ingredients ready.

So, he immediately changed direction and headed towards the outskirts.

Jason was running at full speed, his previous bad mood had disappeared.

Yes, bad mood.

Earlier, Jason was in a foul mood.

Because not only was the original 'Flowing Water Plan' completely disrupted, but his backup plan didn't come into play either.

The 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau' coordinated with the 'Mystical Side' to secure the remaining two Sabie Alien Assault teams adeptly, and scattered Sabie Aliens were already monitored by the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau'; at the instant battle commenced, all Sabie Aliens were taken down.

To put it simply, apart from the initial serving of one Assaulter and ten scouts from the Sabie Aliens, Jason had no gains.

The anticipated food was gone, which was truly a blow to Jason.

It's like skipping breakfast and looking forward to lunch, only to be told that lunch was canceled.

But this wasn't the worst!

If lunch is missing, dinner could still be looked forward to.

But who could have guessed that even dinner was gone!

Even worse, the whole restaurant was closing down!

Jason couldn't fathom how an 'Assaulter' kept in reserve for unforeseen complications could have been influenced to this extent by the consciousness of its host.

It was truly illogical!

"Exactly where did the unexpected arise?"

Jason pondered intensely.

Just as he didn't believe the people of the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau' were unreliable.

Since the Sabie Aliens dispatched this 'Assaulter' as a precautionary measure, then certainly, the individual must be quite exceptional and powerful.

"What's the matter, Jason?"

John inquired.

"I have some doubts."

Facing John's question, Jason spoke frankly.

Immediately, the already puzzled trio John furrowed their brows even more.

Tel was no exception; as a member of 'Clock Tower' stationed at the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau', he wasn't a fool, and with Jason's prompt, he quickly sensed something was amiss.

And while everyone was contemplating, a rumbling suddenly emitted from the distant sky.

The next moment, everyone couldn't help but widen their eyes.

Tel even murmured in an almost moaning voice,

"That, that is

Chapter 628: The Way of a Stay-at-Home Man

The moment before dawn.

Under the dark ink-like sky, a small battleship a hundred meters long with a peculiar shape appeared on the outskirts of Cherry City.

It slowly ascended from the mountain-encircled area, its greenish-black paint already blending it completely into the night, but the gathering points of blue light at the ship's front cannon let people gradually, fuzzily, perceive it.

Above was a semi-circular shell, below was a tangle of tentacle-like thin branches, each one twisting, entwining, like earthworms.

It looked like a mutated, ugly beetle or a kind of jellyfish.

With each twist and entanglement of the seemingly alive branches and tentacles, the front cannon, ten meters in diameter, gathered more light.

The flickering of such blue light in the pitch dark didn't give any feeling of brightness or warmth; on the contrary, it was cold and fierce, like a venomous snake slowly creeping out of the bush, gradually opening its mouth, baring its fangs, showing its malevolence and lethality.

"A Sabie battleship!"

Tel swallowed nervously.

Fine beads of sweat appeared on his forehead.

This member stationed at the Ground Reconnaissance Bureau from Clock Tower had no inclination to wipe them away, his eyes riveted on that Sabie battleship, completely unable to comprehend the situation.

Why would a Sabie battleship appear on the ground?

How did it come to the ground?

Why had the Ground Reconnaissance Bureau not detected it at all?

Why did none of the famed astrologers from the Mystical Side detect any signs?

Question after question emerged in Tel's mind.

This only made Tel more confused.

Ever since the establishment of the Ground Reconnaissance Bureau and with its powerful mobilization, although the Sabie people still held a certain advantage, such an advantage should never allow the enemy to approach the ground undetected.

The appearance of "infiltrators" should have been the limit.

Such a battleship appearing?

Impossible!

Even with a traitor, it shouldn't be possible!

Could the enemy have some special technology?

As Tel speculated, the most surprising thing happened—

"Earthlings, repent!"

"Repent because you are still alive!"

Familiar words and a familiar voice came from the battleship.

Yes, Berenke!

The voice of Berenke, who had just died!

The crowd exchanged surprised glances.

They could confirm that Berenke was dead.

But now?

Jason, however, had an epiphany.

Witnessing the appearance of the battleship, Jason finally resolved the confusion that had lingered in his heart.

Why was the powerful Berenke so unexpectedly weak?

Because, the other party was controlling this uniquely shaped battleship, which seemed to be alive.

More accurately, some kind of 'biological' entity.

Linking a battleship with a 'biological' description seemed absurd.

But the battleship before him gave Jason the feeling it was 'alive'.

"Some special organism?"

"Or is it... a modified biological entity?"

Jason pondered, his gaze shifting to the only cannon on the battleship!

It was hard to imagine a hundred-meter-long battleship with only one main cannon, devoid of any other armaments.

There could be only two reasons for this.

Either they could not accommodate any.

Or... didn't need to!

And now, Jason believed more in the latter.

In fact, that was the case.

At the next moment—

Whoosh!

Bang!

With a special buzzing sound, the Sabie battleship's main cannon fired, a muffled sound followed by a straight beam of blue light firing from the cannon towards Cherry City's direction.

The pitch-black night sky was instantly lit up.

Everyone saw that blue light zooming through the darkness, and then... a massive explosion!

Boom!

Rolling flames shot up hundreds of meters high.

The intense heat brought a gust of wind, sweeping across Cherry City.

The ground started to shake violently.

Crack after crack in the city's surface appeared, buildings leaned, houses collapsed, screams completely shattered Cherry City's tranquility.

But the cries soon vanished.

People watched in horror towards the direction of the explosion.

There, only a deep crater remained.

All ground structures and every person... were gone.

Just as if they had been erased from a map.

A corner of Cherry City, completely disappeared.

But more importantly, the main cannon of the Sabie ship again began to gather light.

As people watched this light, it seemed like the reaper's scythe, with louder cries than before, they began to run frantically.

They didn't know where to go.

Only their biological instinct told them to leave the area.

"It's finished; it's all finished," Tel murmured in a pale whisper.

Then, without waiting for Jason, John, or others to inquire, he crisply said, "The place that was just destroyed was the Ground Reconnaissance Bureau's air force base in Cherry City."

Instantly, everyone's expression changed.

No one present was a fool; they immediately thought of the horrifying consequences.

Without the interference of the air force, the Sabie battleship could fire without restraint.

"The nearest air force base is in Durian City. Even if they refuel and take off immediately, it will take at least 45 minutes to get here," Brian said somberly.

Chapter 629: The Way of a Stay-at-Home Man_2

Having once held a special occupation, it was quite normal for him to be privy to some secret knowledge.

"Are there no forces left to counterattack?"

McCaul asked.

"Currently, the only main force warship at the base is the 'Kirin'."

Tel replied.

"Main force warship? That's got to be able to take it down, right?"

McCaul pointed at the Sabie alien warship in the sky.

"Of course."

"These types of smaller warships can't compare to a main force warship, but the 'Kirin' is an unfinished third-generation main force warship. It returned to Earth to complete its power and artillery systems. Three days ago, the 'Kirin's power system was just disassembled and improved, and it hasn't been installed yet

Before Delbon could finish, he started to chuckle bitterly at the situation.

Although he was part of the 'Mystical Side', with his integration into the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau', he had also come into deep contact with some things named 'technology'.

Perhaps he was still unaware of the more advanced theories.

However, he was very clear about one thing: reinstalling the 'Kirin's power system wasn't a matter of a day or two.

And Cherry City wouldn't last a day or two.

In fact, it didn't even need that much time.

Based on the firepower and speed displayed by the Sabie alien warship just now, Cherry City would be reduced to ashes in half an hour.

Brian and McCaul's faces turned exceedingly grim.

Obviously, both had come to the same conclusion.

John, with a stony expression, headed towards the room.

Cherry City wasn't important.

What was important were the memories he had here with his beloved.

Therefore, he couldn't allow Cherry City to disappear.

About a few seconds later, amid the roaring of the engine, a heavy truck emerged from a concealed underground passage.

Looking at the heavy truck that had driven out, Tel's eyes nearly popped out.

Heavy trucks were common.

But usually, heavy trucks were towing trailers.

However, what was attached to this heavy truck was all artillery!

The artillery was arranged in three tiers, with four gun barrels on the top layer and six on the two layers below.

Squeak, squeak!

Under the control of the central pressure-regulating system, the heavy truck hunkered down like a tiger, and all 16 gun barrels opened up, with missiles adjusted through the barrels starting to aim at the Sabie alien warship.

"This, where did this come from?"

Stumbling over his words, Tel asked.

"As an adult homeowner, isn't it normal to keep some weapons behind the closet at home, some in the basement, and some in the garage?"

Brian calmly replied.

"But, but this is a self-propelled gun!"

Tel had an expression that said 'I'm a man too, don't joke with me'.

"That's the difference between an ordinary homeowner and a 'Mystical Side' person."

"An ordinary homeowner needs more weapons to protect his family and home."

"As for the Mystical Side?"

"I don't know much about it, maybe we can share notes later."

Brian said as he walked towards John.

Looking at Brian's retreating figure, Tel's face twitched.

He was a 'Mystical Side' person, but at most, he would set up a few 'alarms' in his house, or at the very extreme, add a couple of 'acid traps'. How could he possibly have something as extravagant as self-propelled guns?

"Protecting oneself is not wrong."

"We just want to live more safely."

McCaul patted Tel on the shoulder, consoling him.

Tel agreed with such sentiments, and subconsciously, the 'Mystical Side' member was about to nod when McCaul spoke up again, "So, a self-propelled gun is not enough. Though it has been modified, its anti-air capabilities aren't as good as an anti-aircraft gun. We need to install two concealed anti-aircraft guns in the backyard!"

With those words, McCaul also walked towards the heavy truck.

After a couple of steps, McCaul paused.

"No, it's not enough."

"Two anti-aircraft guns are too few."

"And they're too concentrated."

"We need at least six, scattered around the house."

McCaul's face brightened with a warm smile as if struck by a brilliant idea.

Tel clearly heard these words.

This member from the Clock Tower stationed at the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau' seemed to have his view of the world refreshed.

His stiff neck made it impossible for him to nod anymore.

No, it wasn't about nodding at all.

It was about how he couldn't possibly agree with such a notion.

How could a home possibly contain so many dangerous items?

Home should be homely.

Home should be filled with laughter and joy.

Such a home is what's truly cherished.

But...

What if someone came to shatter that happy life?

Tel's expression turned grave.

He started contemplating his own happy family being attacked by invaders, what if his wife or children were hurt, or if something even worse happened?

Although I don't have a family now.

One day, I will.

So what's wrong with preparing for a rainy day?

Immediately, his grave expression became stern.

Tel's breathing quickened involuntarily.

A suffocating sensation overcame his chest.

He couldn't bear any harm coming to his wife and children.

The house would have to be refitted.

Alarm traps didn't need to be abundant, just add two more.

Acid traps, he should place 20... no, 30 of them.

Lightning traps too, 30 as well.

What if spells were targeted and failed?

Without thinking, Tel raised his head, looking towards the three men nearby.

Chapter 630: The Way of a Stay-at-Home Man_3

"Hi, John, Brian, McCaul."

"I'm quite interested in self-propelled artillery as well."

"In fact, as a kid I always imagined myself as a soldier charging on the battlefield."

Tel said these words as he ran over directly.

Jason frowned as he looked at Tel, wanting to remind him, but eventually not saying anything.

A little more security at home is always good.

Just in case.

After all, who knows what might happen, right?

"Can it hit that thing?"

Jason asked.

"No problem."

"It's just that I don't know if it can penetrate."

McCaul expertly operated the control panel in front of him.

His understanding of the Sabie Aliens wasn't much, but from what he could see, their technological strength seemed to be more than a notch above theirs.

And this fact had already changed many things.

"I haven't seen the battleship in front of us at the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau' before, however, typical Sabie Aliens battleships all have force field shields that can block bullets and artillery attacks

Tel, considering it his duty to blend into this small group and learn the ways of a 'home man,' took the initiative to speak.

And amidst such conversation, the sound of propellers came from the direction of Cherry City.

Six armed helicopters flew over their heads.

"This is the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau's emergency team."

Tel said.

Jason and John both looked up.

The six armed helicopters quickly approached the Sabie Aliens' battleship.

Without any hesitation, the pilot directly flipped open the black box at his side, revealing a red button.

Click!

The unique sound of a button echoed as the missiles slung under the helicopter's stub wings were launched.

Twelve special missiles flew straight toward the Sabie Aliens battleship.

Boom boom boom!

Flashes of fire appeared.

But everyone's faces were grim.

A layer of pale blue, rectangularly arranged force field shield appeared around the Sabie Aliens battleship, completely blocking the attack.

"Fire another round!"

The captain among the pilots shouted over the radio.

Whoosh, whoosh whoosh!

Another twelve missiles were fired.

This time, people could see more clearly.

Layers of light bloomed on the Sabie Aliens' rectangular defense matrix, fully illuminating the night sky.

Under the light of the fire, the blue seemed even more bizarre.

Even though cracks appeared.

"It's working!"

Tel said excitedly.

But immediately, he saw that the rectangular matrix began to emit more blue light and those cracks were slowly being repaired.

"It can repair itself?!"

Tel watched the scene in astonishment.

But what shocked Tel even more was the counterattack from the Sabie Aliens' battleship.

As the rectangular matrix appeared, the charging of the main cannon stopped.

But those lower down, like tentacles, began to twist even more.

When they reached a certain threshold, these tentacles suddenly shot out.

Fast!

And the distance, the coverage area, was beyond imagination.

None of the six helicopters, which were a full 200 meters away from the Sabie Aliens battleship, escaped.

They were like beings swallowed by a huge gaping mouth.

Explosions of fire flashed from between the tentacles.

The faces of all the ordinary people inside Cherry City became vacant.

They were becoming increasingly panicky.

Fear started to spread.

"Foolish ground dwellers,"

"You will never understand the mistake you've made."

Berenke's voice resounded.

Then, the tone of the invader involuntarily grew higher.

"Look what I have found!"

"Jason!"

In a voice filled with icy killing intent, the Sabie Aliens' warship's gun ports began to swivel around.

Tel turned pale in an instant.

He had witnessed the destructive power of this main cannon with his own eyes.

One shot, and he reckoned he'd be vaporized.

John, Brian, and McCaul, however, remained composed as they operated their equipment methodically.

The next moment—

Whoosh whoosh whoosh!

16 missiles shot out directly from the gun ports.

As the missiles fired, the trio immediately jumped out of the vehicle and ran toward the room.

Fleeing?

Not at all.

Their families were in the ‘safe house’ beneath the room.

Although the ‘safe house’ was 500 meters underground and protected by 300 meters of natural granite overhead, it was still dangerous if subjected to prolonged bombardment by the Sabie Aliens’ warship.
RãÑõbEŞ

So, they were preparing to deploy a little ‘special weapon.’

Jason stood still without moving.

He looked up at the crumbling square formation of the Sabie Aliens’ warship under the bombardment of sixteen special missiles, his eyes shimmering with an unusual light.

Being passively attacked wasn’t Jason’s cup of tea.

He preferred to take the offensive.

Yet, against an enemy high in the sky, he truly found himself wanting.

If only I could fly...

Jason thought silently.

Above him, the sound of something cutting through the air returned.

"Hey, dear, want a lift?"

With that distinctive tone, Jennifer appeared in the night sky on her broom, the night breeze fluttering her witch's robe and twin ponytails. With the playful bounce of her ponytails, she seemed like a sprite in the dark night, especially when she looked at Jason with a mischievous grin, exuding an extraordinary aura.

Just like... a black cat.

This time, Jason didn't refuse.

"Hold on tight,"

Jennifer said, and with a pat on her broom, they shot up into the air.

After a few breaths, Jennifer brought Jason above the Sabie Aliens' warship.

"You're delivering yourselves to me?"

"Did you think my attack range was only in front?"

Berenke sneered.

Immediately, tentacles began to unfurl beneath the warship, reaching for Jennifer and Jason above.

Jennifer was just about to soar higher.

She was confident in her flying skills to outmaneuver the Sabie Alien and then counterattack.

However, Jason, who had been sitting behind her, relying on his stable core strength to control his body and had not touched her, suddenly stood up.

"Jason?"

Jennifer turned her head in confusion.

In her mind, the strategy was supposed to be a cooperation between them, using each other's strengths to deal with the warship. It might take some time but it would be safe.

But Jason didn't see it that way.

Because, at this moment—

Dawn had arrived!