

Menu 651

Chapter 651: Invisible Enemies All Around You!_2

"Don't worry, with me, Telly, here, even if Jason really is a straight as an arrow, I can still help you straighten him out!"

"Um, no, not straighten him out."

"It should be... It should be

"Never mind what it is, just leave it to me."

Telly thought for a long time but couldn't come up with a suitable phrase, so she simply skipped to the conclusion.

"Thank you, Telly."

Kemi turned her head to look at Telly, who was hugging her arm, and her tension melted away, along with the remaining unease that had evaporated.

"We are sisters!"

Telly said with a beaming smile.

"But

A hint of hesitation appeared on Kemi's face.

She wanted to tell Telly about the sudden barking and meowing sounds she had heard, and the sense of unease that came with it, but she didn't know how to start.

"What's up?"

"Are you okay, Kemi?"

Telly, with her sharp perception, noticed Kemi's hesitation.

Moreover, she recognized an odd emotion hidden within that hesitation.

She was all too familiar with it.

When she had escaped that 'hellish' place, her face would often show such emotions as well.

Instinctively, Telly raised her hand to Kemi's back and began to gently rub it.

"I had a hallucination earlier!"

"Just when I was mustering up the courage to tell all, I heard the howling of cats and dogs in my ears, along with a sense of unease, like someone was holding a knife to my throat, and if I moved forward, my neck would be slit."

Comforted by Telly, Kemi confided in her best friend.

"Are you just too nervous?"

"Or

As she spoke, Telly mime the words 'power from the Mystical Side.'

"I'm worried about that too, it makes me think of a curse."

As she spoke, Kemi seemed to snap back to reality. She immediately stood up and walked outside, telling Telly as she went, "I'm going to let Jason know what just happened, I'm afraid he might be in danger."

"Don't go!"

Telly quickly stopped Kemi.

Looking into Kemi's puzzled eyes, Telly said seriously, "We have no idea what's going on, and we don't know whether blurting everything out might bring about even worse consequences, because you don't know how this mechanism works, and whether telling Jason might make it more dangerous, even, that might just be how it operates."

Hearing Telly's words, Kemi promptly nodded her head.

The two of them knew very little about the 'Mystical Side.'

Only its power and strangeness were known to them.

So, being overly cautious was never too much.

"If we can't tell Jason directly, then we

Kemi said, turning to her best friend.

Just then, Telly also turned her gaze to Kemi.

A name came to both of their minds at that moment.

The next moment, they spoke in unison—

"Delbon!"

...

Achoo! Achoo!

At the Toni's Restaurant, in the kitchen.

Delbon, who was washing dishes, sneezed twice.

"Tonio, I think I've caught a cold."

"Can we switch the cold water to hot water?"

"Even though it's not winter yet, dipping my hands in cold water for a long time makes me feel like I can't control them anymore."

Delbon looked pitifully at Tonio, who was busy preparing food.

"Hot water costs extra."

"Because, using an electric water heater or charcoal means extra expenses for me."

"So, if you use it, your dishwashing term gets extended by another month!"

Tonio, scooping up a lobster from the tank, spoke without turning his head.

"A demon, huh?"

"You must be a demon!"

"A vile capitalist!"

Delbon muttered under his breath.

"No, I'm a benevolent capitalist."

"At least, I'm not charging you for the cold water you're using now."

With that, Tonio's words momentarily stunned Delbon.

The member of 'Clock Tower' stationed at 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau' pondered for two seconds, then resumed washing dishes obediently, head bowed.

After all, he had been at fault.

It was nothing but dishwashing, after all.

What's there to fear!

But...

The water is so cold!

Delbon screamed inwardly.

However, it was of no help.

Moreover, the scent of detergent began to pervasively spread throughout his body without him realizing it.

...

Translation was harder than he had imagined.

It wasn't that the Dufol Language had become complex; Jason, who had reached Proficiency Level in Dufol Language, didn't find any generic Dufol Language complex. The difficulty lay in how to translate Dufol Language into a common language that was easy to understand, and then relay that to John, Brian, and McCaul.

This stumped Jason.

You see, some of the vocabulary in Dufol Language was inherently untranslatable—it was what it was.

Impossible to describe with more words.

Or rather, to describe it with words would lead to deviations.

And on the Mystical Side, any slight deviation could lead to irreversible, serious consequences.

"What should I do?"

Jason couldn't help but scratch his head.

Although he was a writer, the task of precisely translating Dufol Language into common language was still quite challenging.

After pondering for a moment, Jason eventually decided to put this problem aside for now and began to focus more intently on the notes in his hand.

Leviah's notes could generally be divided into two parts.

Swordsmanship and Dharma Seal.

Neither was superior to the other, nor more important; they complemented each other.

The swordsmanship consisted of single-handed swords and dual-wielding single-handed swords.

What surprised Jason the most was Leviah's emphasis on the "Silver Sword" in the notes, paired with specially concocted sword oil, which could kill most creatures very effectively.

Regrettably, the formula for the sword oil wasn't included in these notes.

"So that's why Leviah called it 'partly advanced'?"

Jason muttered to himself.

Undoubtedly, learning the formula for the sword oil would naturally require contacting those Masters at Silver's Glory.

And this would create a deeper bond between the learner and Silver's Glory.

Similarly, this was also a choice.

To stop here or to continue further.

Jason wasn't adverse to this.

He firmly believed that there are rewards only after contributions!

Pies falling from the sky?

That doesn't exist.

That would only be a trap.

Then, after continuing to peruse the section on the Silver Sword, Jason gained a deeper understanding of Silver's Glory.

Although there were no detailed explanations in the notes, the "silver" of Silver's Glory must come from these silver swords wielded by those who self-proclaimed as Hunters.

And why did they call themselves Hunters?

Because they regarded those creatures as prey.

Of course, most of the creatures nowadays were legal.

They had become part of them.

They were members of the Golden Wind.

"Perhaps this is also a reason for the 'decline' of Silver's Glory?"

Jason speculated, his gaze continuing to rest on the notes in his hand.

The notes, although lacking detailed instructions on sword oil, had very clear designs for the Silver Sword.

On the following page, there appeared a diagram of the Silver Sword.

Long handle, wide cross-guard, the blade not too thick, but with a pronounced and straight spine.

Jason, observing this diagram, couldn't help but nod in approval.

Even from just a drawing, one could discern the sharpness of the sword.

And with his exceptional Talent for swordsmanship, Jason knew this sword must excel in slashing—the kind of move where you grip the hilt with both hands, raise the sword above the head, and bring it down in a straight 180-degree slash.

Next, Jason's guess was confirmed.

In the subsequent swordsmanship section, such a move was described as a powerful attacking technique.

Indeed, my Talent in swordsmanship is formidable!

Pleased with discovering this technique, Jason nodded in satisfaction and continued to flip through the notes.

Whirr, whirr-whirr.

Under the lamplight, Leviah's notebook in his hands, the pages flipped one after another.

The sound of the pages turning became the only noise in the room.

Soon, he finished perusing the swordsmanship section and turned to the Seal Imprint part.

Previously he had only glanced briefly, but now, examining it closely, Jason's brow suddenly rose.

"Hmm?"

Chapter 652: People Always Have Times of Obsession

In the latter part of Leviah's notes, the content is all about a special secret technique named 'Dharma Seal.'

At the introduction of the 'Dharma Seal,' Leviah emphasized that Dharma Seals do not require incantations or mediums, but only rely on one's own Spirit to assist the corresponding gestures for release. Of course, those with outstanding 'Talent' can achieve greater power, while those with shallow 'Talent' will find using 'Dharma Seal' merely akin to some sorts of tricks.

What about those with no 'Talent' at all?

Such cases also exist.

Even, those are the most common.

At this point, Leviah's writing paused.

Although he did not witness it firsthand, Jason could envision the helplessness of Leviah at that moment.

Unlike the innate lineage of 'Golden Wind.'

And unlike the warrior training of 'Copper's Resilience.'

The 'Talent' of 'Silver's Glory' dictated that this organization was destined to not have a large membership.

"Perhaps this is also one of the key reasons for the decline of 'Silver's Glory'!"

Jason thought to himself as his eyes continued to move through the notes.

In the following passages, Leviah detailed the 'Roeld Seal,' 'The Gnei' and 'Kaya Seal three types of Dharma Seals.

The 'Roeld Seal' creates a shockwave using focused thoughts, either throwing the enemy into the air or destroying weaker barriers.

'The Gnei' is a simple fire control ability that allows for flames to be sprayed from the hands.

The 'Kaya Seal' is a kind of magical trap that can restrict an enemy or cause damage.

The naming of the three Dharma Seals all commemorate the individuals who created them.

It was also specifically noted that these three were 'Supreme Masters.'

This is a title even higher than 'Master,' reserved for those who have invented or significantly altered the current state of 'Silver's Glory,' truly a mark of honor.

What made Jason utter a sound of surprise was when he meticulously turned to the details of 'The Gnei Seal

[The Gnei Seal evaluation in progress...]

[Evaluation successful!]

[The Gnei Seal can replenish the Charles Burning Technique. Do you wish to spend 60 points of satiety to replenish?]

...

"Replenish?"

Jason was taken aback, instinctively recalling the origins of the 'Charles Burning Technique.'

This was a secret technique unearthed by Gerard in some ruin that likewise did not require recitation of the Dufol Language, not even the coordination of gestures, but it did need significant mystical knowledge and a tenacious will as a foundation.

In order to cast it smoothly, his cousin Gerard had to modify and supplement it, starting the secret technique with a 'ritual.'

Jason still vividly remembers the supporting potions were sandalwood, cinnamon, myrrh, and Dragon Blood, mixed in a 1:1:2:3 ratio.

The ritual started with 'Fierce Sun' as the initial Secret Magic Array, supported by a third-class skew star and an oblique first-class regular star.

The accompanying Dufol Language is No ui el (requiring a triple-fractured chanting method).

"Is The Gnei Seal related to the Charles Burning Technique?"

"Or is it related to Gerard's subsequent supplements?"

"Or is it just a coincidental collision?"

Jason pondered to himself.

But, without a definite answer, unless he could discuss it with his cousin Gerard, which was not possible at this stage.

However, this did not prevent Jason from replenishing the 'Charles Burning Technique.'

"Yes."

After giving an affirmative response,

A burning sensation emerged from his heart, and boiling blood surged from within, coursing through Jason's arms. The pain came suddenly and spread rapidly; Jason felt as if his chest and arms were about to explode.

Yet Jason remained expressionless.

Not because he was numb.

But because he was accustomed to it.

Accustomed to being cut, beheaded, blown to pieces, vaporized, this kind of pain was nothing to Jason; if needed, he could even spare time to eat a bowl of cold noodles with spicy sesame sauce and chili oil, and two roujiamo with a mix of fatty and lean meat. Of course, that was just a thought.

At the moment, Jason was fully focused on observing this transformation.

Roar!

The ui and cx Dufol Language symbols branded on his heart began to flicker, followed by the sound of a low dragon's roar echoing in Jason's ears.

Ui turned bright gold.

Cx turned deep red.

The two intertwined, and the low dragon's roar grew louder.

And at that moment—

Bang!

Jason's chest and arms exploded, or rather, his upper body was gone.

The boiling blood turned into red steam, filling the entire room.

Then,

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Sounds like watermelons being crushed by a truck began to echo around him.

After ten consecutive explosions, the noises ceased.

Jason was once again seated behind the desk, nonchalantly observing the additional Dufol Language symbol on his heart: Vg.

This symbol, positioned in the middle, connected the ui above and the cx below.

Amidst the bright gold and deep red, the bridging Vg turned a mingled gold and red.

[Charles Burning Technique (Expert): A secret technique that can be cast without hand gestures or chanting of Dufol Language, requiring a considerable depth of mystical knowledge and a tenacious will; its original provenance is no longer traceable, not even to Gerard who had unearthed it from a ruin, only identified as hailing from an ancient system different from the current era; Gerard's adaptations and augmentations to make it compatible with modern systems have greatly changed it; your unexpected supplementation has made it much more powerful; Effect: Consumes a small amount of Physical Strength to create an explosive-level Flame of conical shape (45°, 10 meters long, 1.0 meter high) from the palm, and can be continuously sprayed, depleting Physical Strength persistently; you can choose either hand for the attack, or simultaneously use both hands to unleash two flames, but the Physical Strength consumption will be doubled.]

Chapter 653: People Always Have Times of Obsession (2)

...

[After supplementing the Charles Burning Technique, the inherent mastery option 'Flame Transformation' has been enhanced:]

[Flame Transformation: You can choose the initial method of emitting flames, or change the shape of the flames. You can attach them to your fists and shoot them as fireballs; or you can turn them into armor, covering your entire body, without changing the base power of the flames. When attached to your fists, physical strength is reduced, providing you with bullet-level protection for your hands; when shooting fireballs, the fireball radius cannot exceed 0.4 meters (the power of the fireball is related to its radius), and the throwing distance is related to your own strength. When you choose to turn them into armor, you will get a defense capable of withstanding bullet-level attacks, but its persistence will continuously consume your physical strength.]

...

Length: 8 meters → 10 meters

Height: 0.8 meters → 1.0 meters

...

Fireball radius: 0.35 → 0.4 meters

Defense strength: Above blade-level → Bullet-level

The clear path of advancement is what caught Jason's attention most, especially the 'Flame Armor'.

He walked out from behind the desk, stood in the empty space of the room, and with a thought.

Woosh!

Flames burst forth from his hands and quickly clung to his body.

A warm sensation appeared on Jason's skin.

When Jason looked in the mirror, he saw himself enveloped in flames, his features blurred by the dancing fire, yet his body appeared more powerful and robust.

He raised his arm, squeezed his fist, and reveled in the sensation of this extra protection, the corners of his mouth involuntarily turned up.

Instantly, the reflected figure of the flame-clad man split into a terrifying, ferocious smile, and the fire atop his head shot up 30 centimeters, almost searing the ceiling.

"Not bad at all,"

Jason said, appraising himself.

Then, he dispersed the flames.

They appeared by spreading from his hands over his entire body, and when they disappeared, they vanished into thin air.

As for his clothes?

The clothes that had turned to shreds in the explosion were naturally no longer there to test, but Jason felt they would not have been burned.

"Consumed 90 points of satiety, now at 368 points,"

Jason glanced at the reduced satiety, a flicker of satisfaction crossed his face, but deep down he believed it was worth it.

Facing the 'Nightless City' that is still shrouded in mystery, as if enshrouded by fog.

Facing the replicate world filled with dangers at every corner, where disaster could strike at any time and one could fall into dire situations.

Jason knew very well what he needed most.

Power!

To become more powerful!

Even, from a certain perspective, everything he had done from the beginning was for this one reason.

And to trade satiety for a chance at power?

This was the exchange Jason found easiest to accept.

Then, unconsciously, Jason's thoughts drifted to his teacher in 'Lorde' whom he had never met.

When he learned [Protection Against Evil], it was a similar process.

No!

It was even more 'direct'!

Without any preconditions resembling supplementation, he learned directly with satiety.

In a way, this was a 'Skill Book'!

"Was it the unique circumstances of the author that created something like a skill book?"

"Why can't I directly learn from the notes given to me by the old knight?"

Jason's eyebrows unconsciously furrowed.

The old knight was an unusual figure to Jason.

Not a friend.

Not family.

Not even a mentor.

Indeed, they had met only a few times before that battle.

If anything had to be said, they were at the level of acquainted strangers.

Yet the old knight's influence on Jason had persisted until now.

The self-sacrifice and heroism that the old knight exhibited in the 'Nightless City' had deeply shaken Jason, making him find it unbelievable.

In his original world, Jason was a sheltered flower. Suddenly thrust into the 'Nightless City,' in order to survive, he became cautious, and at the same time, selfish, cold-blooded, and ruthless.

The environment truly can change a person.

What kind of place is the 'Nightless City'?

Roughly as follows—

Ignore those who seek help?

That's taken for granted, isn't it?

Find a corpse?

Great, an unexpected gain!

Kill him for profit?

Don't worry, I'll make sure he doesn't remain whole.

These are just basic day-to-day occurrences, things Jason encounters every day. In such an environment, he initially resisted, naively thinking he could make a change.

And then?

He learned about life the hard way.

If it weren't for his close shaves with death and the old man's name being somewhat useful, he would have been 'devoured' already.

Yes, in the literal sense of the word.

Unable to change the environment, he chose to integrate into it.

That's exactly what Jason did!

To survive, Jason avoided risks carefully, living every day with caution, and when real danger appeared and was unavoidable, he didn't mind using methods learned in the 'Nightless City.'

So, when the Jason who had adapted to the 'Nightless City' saw the old knight turn into light and charge into the night sky, his heart was stirred.

It was then that he realized the blood in his once cold heart was hot.

It could flow through his body with the beating of his heart.

It could feel discomfort, pain.

And furthermore...

It could feel indignant!

All these feelings surged, seeming to 'revive' the Jason who thought he had become indifferent at that moment.

It was also at that moment!

The relationship between Jason and the old knight changed.

They were no longer just acquainted strangers.

They were friends.

Chapter 654: People Always Have Times of Obsession (3)

Family.

And also, a mentor and apprentice.

This was how Jason felt about the late baron, and the reason he was willing to do even more for him.

Even now?

It had never changed.

So, he believed that such writing must require some kind of power to turn into a 'Skill Book.'

...

And the old baron?

He had completely burned himself out.

Such power...

Was naturally gone.

"Lorde, Lorde."

After returning to the desk, Jason murmured this name in his heart.

It took a good four or five minutes before Jason snapped back to reality.

His expression was as calm as usual.

The determination in his eyes was unwavering, solid as rock.

He was striving.

He was becoming stronger.

He wanted to reach the limit before going back.

And when he went back—

"Shepherd!"

"We will not rest until death!"

Jason clenched his fist suddenly, his eyes' determination turning into sharpness.

Next, Jason flipped through Leviah's notes once more.

The following Dharma Seal was the 'Kaya Seal.'

Before the 'Kaya Seal,' Leviah had noted: Direct combat is always the most effective, but you can't deny the existence of auxiliary methods either; they are equally effective.

Even at certain moments, they can be life-saving.

The 'Kaya Seal' is worth your focused study.

The evident hint made Jason even more diligent in his reading.

But unlike the 'Charles Burning Technique,' which Jason had mastered in an instant with the addition of the 'Gnei Seal,' this incremental learning was extremely time-consuming.

Time passed from evening to the next morning.

And from the next morning to sunset.

Jason had spent nearly a week in his room.

Apart from necessary food and rest, Jason had not stepped out of his room at all.

And the results of such relentless studying were obvious.

[Roeld Seal: This is a Dharma Seal created by the Master Hunter Roeld 150 years ago, widely spread among the Hunters of 'Silver's Glory.' Depending on each person's different Talent, it produces varying

levels of effects; effect: consuming a little Physical Strength and with simple hand gestures, an impact wave above the level of a blade is created using thoughts. You can choose to push people or objects away, or shatter them.]

(Note: A Hunter's Dharma Seal cannot be upgraded, it only changes according to one's own Talent!)

...

[Kaya Seal: This is a Dharma Seal that every Hunter of 'Silver's Glory' must master. When you act alone, this Seal, which only requires hand gestures, becomes indispensable unless you wish to be silently attacked by monsters in your sleep; effect: Consumes a little Physical Strength, creates a magical alert trap with hand gestures, lasting 5 hours. When triggered by a stranger, it raises an alert in your heart, or you can spend a bit more Physical Strength to create a binding trap that lasts for 5 hours, capable of binding a monster with destructive power above the level of a bullet.]

(Note 1: A Hunter's Dharma Seal cannot be upgraded, it only changes according to one's own Talent!)

(Note 2: Traps cannot be stacked; any stacking will destroy the structure itself!)

...

Looking at the text in front of him, Jason took a deep breath.

This time, he did not linger; he got up, pushed the door open, and went out.

He knew it was time to teach John, Brian, and McCaul.

However, the arrival of Cortana made Jason have to postpone this schedule.

Sitting in the ground floor reception area, Cortana had been waiting for almost ten minutes. She immediately stood up from the sofa as she saw Jason approaching. She looked at Jason, her face full of excitement, thrilled but a bit apprehensive as she said—

"Jason, I've finished your book for you!"

Chapter 655: Even if it's the end of the world, the manuscript must be submitted!

That fast?!

Just in the past week, finished?

Jason looked at the manuscript Cortana handed over, surprised, and subconsciously took it.

After all, in his mind, Cortana would finish the first draft by next month at the earliest, and since he had promised the editor to hand over the manuscript by the end of the month, he naturally planned to delay it.

Excuses like having a stomachache, the cat at home falling sick, or the dog needing to change its teeth, even though used before, could still be brought out at critical moments.

But Cortana's speed was truly astonishing.

...

Even more astonishing was the quality of the draft.

Jason sat on the sofa and started to flip through it.

Almost after one page, he was completely engrossed.

Swish, swish.

Soon, the living room was filled only with the sound of pages turning.

A full hour later, Jason finally took a long breath and put the book down.

How should I put it?

The same story written by him felt like a simple narrative, while Cortana's version was thrilling and brilliant, with each line drawing the reader in until they snapped back to reality only after reaching the last page.

No need for revisions, it can go straight to the editor!

Jason came to such a conclusion.

Then he thought about his own level—

Indeed, my talent for swordsmanship limits my writing skills.

Jason was very certain of this thought, with no hint of negativity in his heart.

He knew well that not even a 'god' could be flawless.

Let alone a man, right?

Nobody is perfect.

This saying from his hometown, Jason remembered well.

If he had a good appetite, then he couldn't expect to be a good cook, right?

"It's really good!"

Raising his head, Jason looked at Cortana and spoke sincerely.

Cortana, who had been waiting for Jason's assessment, felt a weight lift from her heart upon hearing his words.

When she promised to help Jason complete this new book, she was filled with trepidation, fearing she would let him down or tarnish his reputation.

After all, Jason was a very famous author.

So, she truly did her best to write and to learn those writing techniques, even using some of her "inherent abilities."

This left her feeling even more exhausted.

However, upon hearing Jason's feedback, Cortana felt it was all worth it.

"As long as you're satisfied."

Cortana smiled.

Then, she placed a metal box on the coffee table next to her.

"This is the 'Spartan Potion' you exchanged for with your merits."

"Two doses!"

Cortana sobered her expression and looked at Jason seriously, reminding him, "Master Chief, your physical condition ranks among the top of everyone I've seen, but the 'Spartan Potion' is still dangerous. The first and second dose will definitely be no problem, but please be cautious with the third one, very cautious!"

The aide-de-camp emphasized repeatedly.

Jason nodded.

He would never refuse well-intentioned advice.

Of course, Jason was also curious about how many people had taken the 'Spartan Potion.'

In his conjecture, the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau' must have a special army that had taken the 'Spartan Potion.'

"Have many people taken the 'Spartan Potion'?"

"If it involves secrets, you don't have to answer."

Jason added.

"It doesn't involve secrets."

"Actually, it's kind of a semi-open secret."

"Before the 'Ground Alliance' was established, all governments on the surface were wary of the existence of the 'Mystical Side,' especially some actions of the 'Golden Wind' members, which made most governments start researching 'Super Soldiers,' and the 'Spartan Potion' is one of the outcomes."

"However, taking the 'Spartan Potion' doesn't mean becoming a true Spartan."

"A qualified Spartan warrior needs carbonized ceramic bones, enhanced muscle fibers, and superconducting nerves, and then, combined with the 'Spartan Potion,' becomes a Spartan trainee."

Cortana shook her head, not refusing to answer, and detailed the part about the 'Spartan Potion.'

"Trainee?"

Jason was taken aback.

"Yes, a trainee."

"A Spartan warrior also needs the most important thing: the heart of a human being."

Cortana nodded and emphasized her point.

"The heart of a human being?"

Jason repeated softly.

Though it was a simple phrase, Jason keenly felt there might be some unpleasant stories behind it.

However, since Cortana didn't elaborate, Jason naturally wouldn't inquire further.

He had a considerable fondness for the female aide-de-camp who had helped him complete the main quest.

"Besides Spartan warriors, are there other types of Super Soldiers?"

Jason shifted the conversation.

This time Cortana didn't respond verbally, just looked at Jason with a soft smile.

That, of course, meant the answer was as clear as day.

Besides the 'Spartan Warriors,' there were certainly other types of Super Soldiers.

It just involved secrets that couldn't be disclosed.

Jason hadn't pressed for answers before, and naturally, he wouldn't now.

"How is the national conscription doing?"

In the span of a week, Jason hadn't kept up with the outside world, except for the occasional bit of news he had overheard from Kemi while she was delivering food.

Very grand.

Many people enlisting.

That was Kemi's description, fitting the "bits and pieces."

More?

Well, the benefits are quite good.

Chapter 656: Even if it's the end of the world, the manuscript must be submitted! (2)

It is indeed not bad, not only does it have a high salary, but the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau' also sets the condition of being able to contact the 'Mystical Side'.

This is the message that's publicly promoted.

Newspapers and television are all covering it.

And Jason wants to know some private news.

Cortana did not disappoint Jason.

"About a million have been recruited already,"

...

"Out of them, around two thousand passed the tests and have entered 'Bronze Unyielding' military camps in various places. We contacted three Masters from 'Silver's Glory', and these three Masters expressed that they do not have the capacity to teach more people. Moreover, they all indicated that they already have successors—although our data does not show this."

'Golden Wind' requested more manpower, but was rejected by General Rael Fono, who also declared that 'Golden Wind' is not allowed to participate in this recruitment."

"As for the 'Undying Diamond'?"

"They remain the same, always silent. Perhaps they will only appear at the most critical moment."

When it comes to the 'Undying Diamond', Cortana slightly frowned.

If the 'Mystical Side' is already an unknown, mysterious, and immeasurable aspect for ordinary people, then the 'Undying Diamond' is the 'Mystical Side' within the 'Mystical Side'.

Even 'Mystical Side' persons have difficulty getting in touch with anyone from that organization.

According to rumors, 'Liu', who previously summoned a meteorite, is from this organization.

"Then there are those scattered 'Mystical Side persons', some of whom also chose to join the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau' after the Sabie Aliens' attack,"

"This gives us more manpower."

When speaking about this news, a smile emerged on Cortana's face.

Nobody understands the worth of a 'Mystical Side person' better than she does.

Whether it is on the frontal battlefield or in some smaller scale skirmishes, a group of 'Mystical Side persons', if properly deployed, can turn the tide of battle.

"What about the Sabie Aliens?"

Jason continued to inquire about the matters he was interested in.

"Very quiet!"

"After the raid a week ago, they seem to have gone silent."

"Not only has no reconnaissance been spotted anywhere, but even the attacks on the 'moon' battlefield have ceased."

"The staff believe this to be the calm before the storm, and have asked everyone to be prepared for battle at any moment, while the troops stationed on the 'moon' have strengthened defenses and started building more Bastion forts."

The smile that had just emerged on Cortana's face now turned to worry.

The existence of the Sabie Aliens, like the Sword of Damocles hanging over one's head, really doesn't allow for joy.

"Have the origins of that small warship that appeared earlier been investigated clearly?"

Jason continued to ask.

"No."

"We used a variety of methods to thoroughly search that area, including the help of some special people from the 'Mystical Side', but came up empty-handed."

"It's as if it appeared out of thin air."

"And

At this point, Cortana's voice involuntarily paused, her face filled with even more unease.

After a full two or three seconds, Cortana then continued, "Moreover, a soothsayer fell into a coma vomiting blood while divining in that area, and has not yet awakened."

"According to checks by other professionals, it's certain that this soothsayer encountered interference and attack while divining."

"And this form of interference, attack, is unlike any they are familiar with."

Jason listened, unconsciously sitting straighter.

"That is to say

He looked at Cortana.

"The Sabie Aliens likely have methods similar to the 'Mystical Side', but they differ from our understanding; during the inspection of that small warship, we also gradually confirmed this."

"Because, that warship seems to be 'alive'!"

"An unknown life form to us."

"Although it's mostly metal, we can be certain that this warship isn't the sole one of its kind."

Cortana lowered her voice.

This is the highest-level secret within the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau' right now.

Why inform Jason?

Because Jason had said he felt that warship was 'alive'.

Not knowing if it was an illusion, Cortana found that after finishing this statement, Jason's eyes brightened as if... he was swallowing saliva?

Not the nervous kind.

But hunger?

Cortana was taken aback.

Her thought process seemed unable to keep up with Jason's pace.

Even if those warships are alive, they shouldn't be edible, right?

How does one consume metal?

Put it in the mouth and chew it?

A person couldn't do that, could they?

Jason noticed the peculiarity in Cortana's gaze. He did not explain or add anything but rather nonchalantly asked, "How's my Mjolnir Standard Armor coming along?"

Any explanation would only lead to more explanations.

And any additional details would raise suspicions.

At this time, calmly inquiring about what one is entitled to is the best approach.

Immediately, Cortana's attention was drawn.

"It has entered the final stage of production."

"Moreover, because of your performance this time, Master Chief, General Rael Fono specially enhanced your armor."

"From the regular standard model, it has been upgraded to the enhanced elite model, obtaining the ability to fly, dive and also operate in space for extended periods, on top of the original capabilities."

The words from Cortana lit up Jason's eyes.

To know, his biggest shortcoming right now is the lack of effective anti-air capabilities.

If he could fly, that shortcoming would be addressed.

Chapter 657: Even if it's the end of the world, the manuscript must be submitted! (3)

Even with a temporary solution that involved outside help, Jason was willing.

After that, the conversation revolved around the reinforced elite armor.

From additional weapons to basic coatings, until half an hour later when Cortana rose to leave.

"Chief, contact me if you need anything."

"I am always at your disposal."

Jason escorted Cortana out of the safe house, and before she got into the car, the female officer said.

...

Jason smiled and nodded in response.

After watching her leave, Jason turned and headed back to the underground activity area, immediately picking up the phone to call his editor, Raven.

"Raven, it's me, Jason."

"Of course I know it's you, I can recognize your voice."

"I also remember the promise you made to me before, to submit the manuscript by the end of the month."

"And now there are only 5 days left!"

"Don't you dare use an alien invasion as an excuse for not being in the mood to write!"

"Let me tell you!"

"Even if aliens invaded, even if it were the end of the world, you'd still have to submit on time!"

As soon as the call connected, the editor spoke with a serious tone and stern words.

"Yeah, I'm calling about submitting the manuscript."

Jason said.

"Submitting?"

"You've finished it?"

The editor's voice rose involuntarily with disbelief.

"Yes, it's finished."

Jason said truthfully.

Writing with the mind is still writing.

If it's finished, it's finished.

After muttering an apology, Jason began to think resolutely.

"Then fax it over."

"I'm telling you, if you dare to send me a pile of rubbish, I'll come find you and sit by your side every day until you hang yourself over your desk or I hang myself at your doorstep!"

Before hanging up the phone, the editor made a harsh, no, a dangerously stern warning.

Clearly, he must have had 'prior offenses'.

"Don't worry, I won't."

Jason reassured the other party and hung up the phone before beginning to transmit the manuscript via fax.

During this, two 'Spartan Potions' went straight down.

Accident? Death?

Jason felt, for someone with his Talent ceiling, these things were non-existent.

[Consumed special potion 'Spartan,' evaluation in progress...]

[Evaluation passed!]

[Strength, Agility +0.1]

...

[Consumed special potion 'Spartan,' evaluation in progress...]

[Evaluation passed!]

[Strength +0.1]

...

The effect of the first potion was consistent with previous 'Spartan Potions.'

By the second potion, the agility increase began to vanish.

"Have I hit the potion's limit?"

Jason wondered.

It was an expected event, and therefore not worth any surprise.

Jason wondered if the fourth potion would still take effect when he took it.

Or rather...

Would other methods of becoming a Super Soldier work on him?

With this thought in mind, after Jason transmitted all the documents by fax, he headed towards the ground level.

Outside the safe house, John, Brian, and McCaul, having been notified earlier by Jason, were already waiting there. Seeing Jason appear, the three immediately greeted him.

Moreover, each of the three men held a pair of swords.

One Steel Sword and one Silver Sword.

These were crafted using modern techniques following the designs from Leviah's notes.

Although Jason hadn't provided any guidance in a week, the preparations hadn't been neglected, and during this week, John and his group had already gotten a handle on 'Silver's Glory' swordsmanship.

It wasn't difficult for the three men at their peak human potential.

What was difficult was what came next—

"Leviah's notes record two parts, swordsmanship and Dharma Seals."

"As for swordsmanship, with your physical capabilities, you've already entered the beginner stage."

"Now? Let's talk about Dharma Seals."

As Jason spoke, a flame appeared in his hand.

Whoosh!

The flame danced, and its orange glow added a vivid color to the afternoon, also brightening the eyes of John, Brian, and McCaul.

This,

Was the moment they had long been anticipating.

Chapter 658: Men Have Their Romantic Moments Too, Friendship Comes First

Watching John, Brian, and McCaul's eyes light up, Jason smiled.

He had felt the same way when he first encountered the "Mystical Side."

Even more intensely, in fact.

Back then, he had the sensation of biting into a stuffed pancake filled with roast chicken, straight out of the oven with two eggs, lettuce, and sauce, where even if his tongue got burnt, he didn't want to stop eating.

It hurt, yet his mouth watered uncontrollably.

He understood that feeling.

...

But a necessary reminder was still essential.

"A Dharma Seal is a form that doesn't require the Dufol Language, rituals, or mediums; it only needs the aid of one's own spirit and hand gestures, which is perfect for beginners," he said.

"Of course, it's not easy."

"At least a certain Talent is required."

After Jason finished speaking, he began to explain the "Roeld Seal," "Gnyei Seal," and "Kaya Seal."

"These three Dharma Seals are the advanced skills of the 'Silver's Glory' Hunters and recognition of being a formal Hunter. Simply put, mastering one of these is to become a true Hunter," he explained.

"As for which one to choose?"

"There are no requirements; you're free to choose any one of the three to start with."

As Jason spoke, he pointed his hand towards the target set up on the open space beside him.

Hum!

An invisible force suddenly surged out, striking the target specially set up for the trio to practice their swordsmanship.

Bang!

The target, covered in various sword marks, was instantly shattered upon impact with the invisible shockwave, with wooden splinters flying all around. Jason opened the palm of the hand he had raised.

Whoosh!

A conical blaze erupted and rolled fiercely.

The wooden splinters turned directly into ashes.

Then, the ashes did not drift away with the wind.

They were frozen in place.

Or more accurately, they were bound in mid-air.

A moment later, as the binding force dissipated, the ashes scattered.

John, Brian, and McCaul had seen the power of the “Mystical Side” before, but none of those times were as vividly remembered as they were now, almost gaping at Jason’s every move.

Naturally, this included his subsequent explanations.

"This is the power of the ‘Roeld Seal,’ ‘Gnyei Seal,’ and ‘Kaya Seal’; their learning is

After providing detailed instructions, Jason looked towards John, Brian, and McCaul.

The trio displayed different expressions and behaviors.

John silently walked to a corner of the courtyard, his face expressionless as he pondered deeply.

Brian, however, sat on the steps at the entrance, gazing out thoughtfully.

McCaul paced around the entire courtyard, murmuring to himself.

Jason did not disturb them.

Everyone has their own way of thinking, their habits, just like he habitually propped his chin with the thumb of his left hand, the remaining fingers clenched into a fist, index finger resting below his nose, when he was deep in thought.

Moving quietly, Jason walked to a table and chair in the courtyard, and the moment he sat down, Kemi and Telly tiptoed out from a side door, directly across from Jason.

"Jason, can we learn what you just taught?" Telly asked expectantly.

After carefully recalling his meeting with Leviah, and thinking of the other's incredibly whimsical words, Jason nodded decisively, "Yes, you can."

Immediately, Telly was about to cheer excitedly.

But Kemi quickly covered her friend's mouth with her hand.

Kemi raised her right index finger to her lips, making a silencing gesture.

"A little quieter," Kemi suggested, letting go of Telly's mouth.

Coming back to her senses, Telly immediately covered her mouth and nodded.

"Sorry, I got a bit too excited," Telly apologized and then, the lively girl asked with worry, "Can I really learn it? I feel like I don't have any Talent."

"Most people don't have Talent," Jason stated truthfully.

He would not comfort her with lies.

Because such lies were easily exposed.

Temporary comfort followed by greater disappointment only deepens the hurt.

Hearing Jason's words, Telly became even more nervous and uneasy.

"Don't worry, Telly. You can definitely do it," Kemi reassured softly, her eyes involuntarily glancing at Jason.

She had told herself to act normal, to stay calm, and not to be nervous when she came out of the house. But upon seeing Jason, all her prior thoughts flew out the window.

All that remained was nervousness.

She wanted to say something to Jason, but her mind was blank, not knowing what to say.

Just like at that moment.

Her best effort was only to silently gaze at Jason.

Telly, sensitive to her friend's nerves, took Kemi's hand into hers, warming it with the warmth of her palm to help ease Kemi's tension. Meanwhile, she brought up another topic.

"The newspaper says you're not married.

"Are you part of the no-marriage group?" Telly asked.

"I don't know," Jason replied with a smile, shaking his head.

"You don't know?"

Telly smacked her lips, dissatisfied with such a response, thinking Jason was being evasive.

"Yeah, who knows about the future?" Jason answered.

"Haven't you ever met a lady that made your heart beat, where you've felt the desire to commit for a lifetime?" Telly persisted.

"That's... a luxury," Jason sighed.

Yes, that was a luxury.

Chapter 659: Men Also Have Romantic Moments, Friendship First_2

In the precarious situation of the Nightless City, how could he possibly entertain such thoughts, let alone any encounter with a lady in the Nightless City would make Jason even more vigilant.

The ladies who could survive in the Nightless City were all not to be underestimated.

Those who underestimated them had long since turned into nutrients that sustained their survival.

And in the replica world?

Thinking of this, Jason suddenly became lost in thought.

He thought of Erha, then the female pastry chef, and then Aras.

...

Thinking and thinking, Jason shook his head again.

All is good, he doesn't deserve it.

Or rather, he has no qualification.

He's too weak now.

Weak to the point of "uncertain survival."

Telly noticed Jason's moment of distraction, and just as this straightforward girl was about to ask, she felt a tightness on her palm.

Glancing down, Telly saw that Kemi was firmly grasping her hand.

Looking up again, Telly saw Kemi subtly shaking her head.

"You

"I feel a bit unwell."

Saying this, Kemi stood up, pulling Telly's hand and walked towards the house.

"Jason must be a big flirt!"

"Did you see his expression just now?"

"It was brimming with radiance!"

The moment they entered the house, Telly couldn't help but speak out, but Kemi suddenly knelt on the ground, gasping for air.

"Kemi? Kemi?"

"What's wrong with you?"

"Such a scumbag isn't worth your

"It has nothing to do with Jason."

"I just had another auditory hallucination."

Telly quickly knelt down to support Kemi, but before she could finish her words, Kemi interrupted her.

"The howling of cats and dogs?"

Telly was taken aback.

"Mhm."

Kemi nodded, reaching for her neck.

There lay an amulet carved from peach wood, appearing somewhat ugly, but it was enveloped in a distinctive aura, making it seem quite extraordinary.

This was a gift from Delbon after learning about Kemi's situation.

As for asking Jason about encountering a curse?

Don't be ridiculous!

No curse can harm a "Ship Slayer."

Therefore, Delbon believed that Kemi had encountered something.

And this little “something” naturally reacted when faced with Jason the “Ship Slayer,” thus, he gave Kemi an amulet.

"That unreliable Delbon!"

"What guarantees that there won't be any more problems? For such an amulet to cost me 5000 bucks!"

"I'm going to call him right now!"

Telly said indignantly.

"Didn't you say that Delbon gave it to you?"

Kemi looked up at her best friend.

"I, I

"He said he's been short on cash lately and couldn't spare the time, so, I said I could pay—Kemi, don't be mad, I didn't mean to deceive you."

Telly held Kemi's hand, her eyes pleading with her best friend.

"I'm not mad."

"I just think it's a bit expensive."

Kemi consoled the sensitive Telly, and her words immediately resonated with Telly.

"Exactly!"

"I thought Delbon was a swindler at that time."

"I'm even more certain now!"

"I'll call him right now, and if he doesn't refund my money, I'll discuss it with Lord Jason."

Telly grew even more furious after hearing Kemi's words.

"Discuss what?"

Kemi knew that Delbon feared Jason, but she didn't think Jason would care about such matters.

"As long as Lord Jason helps me get back the 5000 bucks, I will give Lord Jason 3000 bucks, and also, I will tell Lord Jason that Delbon has significant profits and is at fault in the first place." RANQBEŞ

"Trust me, this is very effective."

Telly whispered.

"This

Kemi was about to say something, but the noise outside stopped their conversation abruptly.

The two girls ran out of the side door, looking towards the courtyard.

John, Brian, McCaul were still the same as before.

Only...

A faint difference was beginning to emerge from the three men.

It was a change in aura.

A change from low to high.

A complete sublimation.

Kemi and Telly clearly sensed this sublimation, and after exchanging glances, the same thought arose in their hearts: did it work... perhaps?

Although still in doubt, they leaned towards affirmation.

John and his friends didn't disappoint the two young ladies.

Next moment—

John, who had been looking down, lifted his head and after gesturing with his hand by his leg, an invisible wind swept across the lawn.

Bang!

The sudden gust lifted debris, scattering it in the air.

Whoosh!

Flames burst forth from Brian's hands, engulfing all the debris.

McCaul, who had stopped walking, performed several hand gestures, and as the ashes fell, there was a brief pause.

Finally, the ash drifted down slowly.

This scene was just like the one previously performed by Jason with the "Roeld Seal," "Gennie Seal," and "Kaya Seal."

Perhaps a bit unpolished and less powerful, but they had essentially replicated it.

"John, Brian, McCaul's talents are really not bad."

Jason appraised them thus.

Leviah's notebook didn't mention how quickly performing the first Dharma Seal is considered talented, so Jason could only measure their talents against his own level.

He had grasped the "Gennie Seal" in an "instant"!

And as for the "Roeld Seal" and "Kaya Seal"?

A slight delay in speed was understandable.

After all, he needed to "translate," didn't he?

John looked at Brian, then at McCaul.

This middle-aged man, whose face was usually clouded with sullenness and indifference, suddenly revealed a rare smile.

Chapter 660: Men Also Have Their Romantic Moments, Friendship First_3

Brian and McCaul were laughing so hard that their eyes turned into slits.

"I feel like there's still room for improvement,"

John spoke.

"I have the same feeling,"

Brian and McCaul echoed.

"Follow your instincts, 'Silver's Glory' Hunters. The most important thing is to trust your own instincts—you can choose a Dharma Seal you're familiar with and master it, meanwhile, learn the other two types, especially the 'Kaya Seal.' It's quite important for Hunters. McCaul, having mastered the 'Kaya Seal,' you need to strengthen your offensive methods now."

...

"Of course, such learning takes time."

"So, I suggest you three form a team for the time being."

"I think that shouldn't be too hard for you guys,"

Jason offered some sound advice.

"Of course, no problem."

John and the others nodded in agreement.

"I think we should update our equipment a bit more. Delbon once mentioned that 'Silver's Glory' Hunters would choose custom-made leather armors and such. We're not Hunters, so we don't need to make that choice, but getting a few Spectra Bulletproof Vests and modifying them is necessary. Do you guys need cloaks? I suggest using 'Dragon Scale Armor' and then pairing it with heavy weapons."

McCaul suggested.

"For heavy weapons, I recommend the GS-17. I like its cold operation, and the firepower is sufficient,"

Brian also made a suggestion.

Then the two turned to look at John.

"All these are fine for individual combat, but we also need to consider larger scenarios, so, I suggest expanding McCaul's drone squadron and, as originally planned, reinforcing our 'safe house.' We'll need at least 16 automated anti-aircraft guns and 20 mobile rocket launchers. The sword shield Gatling needs to be designed according to strategic depth to form a ring of perimeter Bastions to protect this place. Most importantly, we still need some 'decisive' things, having only two... is not enough

John also shared his ideas.

Immediately, Brian and McCaul nodded their heads, deeply agreeing.

Why not stock up on weapons at home? In case of emergency, if you don't have enough weapons, how will you protect the home? How will you protect your wife and children?

Three men, well-versed in the 'ways of the home-protecting man,' gathered together and started discussing in low voices.

"Safe house?"

"Actually, I prefer 'Bastion.

"I think it's cooler,"

McCaul, who was busy arranging the multi-layered air and ground defense systems, suddenly said.

"Bastion?"

"It's possible."

"Does it have a name?"

John asked.

"Bastion is the name!"

"How's that?"

"Cool or not?"

McCaul smiled, looking at his three friends.

John had an expressionless face.

Brian's expression was complex.

Jason, who had been silent, just spread his hands; he was also someone who struggled with naming, so he couldn't help in this area.

"As long as you're happy."

In the end, Jason, John, and Brian approved the proposal.

That's what male friendship is like.

Even though they knew the name sounded lame, as friends, they still had to back him up.

"That sounds terrible,"

Telly objectively commented.

"No, this is the romance and friendship of men,"

McCaul retorted seriously.

"Is the romance of a bunch of middle-aged men just bigger calibers and fiercer firepower?"

Telly curled the corner of her lips; she actually wanted to speak up earlier. She had already thought of a name Kemi and Telly's Garden.'

But the four men didn't ask her.

"Isn't that enough?"

McCaul looked at Telly in surprise.

Facing such a serious reaction from McCaul, Telly was immediately at a loss for words.

She had merely been venting, but McCaul had seemed to accept it readily.

This left her with no ground to stand on for the rebuttal she had been preparing.

After a slight pause, Telly didn't think she should accept defeat.

"What about friendship?"

"What about your friendship?"

"Don't say that's not enough!"

"This was just, just... accomodating!"

"Yes, just accomodating!"

Telly struggled to find the right word.

"Is accomodation not a part of friendship?"

"Then let me prove it again," McCaul said.

Seeing Telly's eyes wide with urgency yet mixed with a hint of grievance, McCaul thought for a moment and then walked towards Brian, who had started preparing for the 'banquet' after settling on the name Bastion, he had suggested holding a 'banquet' to celebrate their successful learning of the Dharma Seal, and the proposal was unanimously approved by everyone. řanòĚŠ

"What's up?"

Brian asked, puzzled.

"I've got a cold," McCaul said.

"A cold?!"

Brian looked at his friend, surprised. He had been fine just a moment ago, how could he have suddenly caught a cold?

The thought at the back of his mind didn't make Brian hesitate.

This middle-aged father thought for a moment, then seriously advised—

"Don't take cephalosporin, we're going to drink at the celebration tonight."

Hearing such a response, McCaul immediately gave Brian a thumbs-up, with a radiant smile.

"See, this is the friendship between men!"

Then, McCaul turned to look at Telly.

Telly: ???

"Are you sure?"

Telly looked confused.

"Of course."

"You're too young, you wouldn't understand."

McCaul said this as he walked towards the basement. Since they were celebrating, naturally ingredients needed to be prepared, and he had to get busy.

Everyone sprang into action, except for Jason, who remained in place.

His gaze shifted to the distance.

Jennifer approached with a smile from afar.

"Jason, missed me?"

"No," Jason said assuredly.

"That's great, I missed you, too," Jennifer cheerfully responded, apparently not quite catching Jason's reply.

"Are you guys holding a banquet?"

"Count me in!" Jennifer asked.

"Not welcome!"

Jason shook his head.

The repeated rejection didn't seem to phase the 'Witch'; she just looked at Jason with sparkling eyes, slowing down her speech: "I remember a secret technique that can enhance physical fitness, make the body more resilient, and the constitution much stronger, with special effects. Wouldn't you like to

"Madam, what would you like to eat at the banquet?"

Without letting the 'Witch' finish, Jason inquired very politely.