

Menu 711

Chapter 711 The delicacy of food comes from within!

The ear-splitting screams left everyone paying attention to the battlefield utterly stunned.

Then, they watched with surprise in their eyes.

Effective!

They watched as the monster towering over a hundred meters high frantically swung its left leg.

Pant, panting!

The mad flailing brought about streaks of afterimages, creating gusts of strong winds.

...

Beneath the fierce wind, sand and dust were whipped up.

The already hazy visibility became even more obscured at this moment.

Many could barely stand steady in such strong winds, yet they still stared wide-eyed at the armor-clad monster.

The 'Hunter's' traps were useless.

The swords of the 'Unyielding Copper' warriors were ineffective.

The 'Clock Tower's' magic spells completely failed.

The 'ground's' technology was even more ineffectual.

Facing this monster that emerged from that 'cross,' everyone was at a loss for what to do, and at this time, Jason stepped forward.

At first, they thought Jason was trying to block the armored monster.

After all, delaying for five minutes meant victory.

But now?

They realized how wrong they were.

And it was a ridiculously big mistake.

What Jason did was definitely not delaying.

But countering!

An effective counterattack!

Listen to the monster's screams!

They could understand the agony represented by the wretchedness of those screams.

However...

The meaning behind it puzzled them.

Letting go?

'Ship Slayer' Lord Jason is biting it?

Impossible!

How could Lord Jason as the 'Ship Slayer' possibly bite 'people'?

It must be a similar method that requires the use of 'mouth' to release!

Therefore, it caused the monster's misunderstanding!

After all, a monster is but a monster; how could it possibly comprehend the skills of Lord Jason as the 'Ship Slayer'!

Exactly!

It must be the case!

After a slight hesitation, everyone on scene firmly thought so.

Then, they tried their utmost to discern the situation on the field once again.

Unfortunately, with all methods having failed, they could only rely on their eyes, and amid the near-apocalyptic dust storm, even the 'Unyielding Copper' warriors who treated their bodies as the strongest weapon could not see clearly what was happening, let alone those accustomed to relying on 'Mystical Side knowledge and rituals.'

Panting!

The wild wind howled.

The dust and smoke billowed.

But none of these could cover up a ripping sound.

Creak, squeak.

Rip!

After the sound of metal warping, followed the sound of flesh being torn, and then an even more agonizing scream from the Angel Envoy.

"Ah!"

At the toe tip of the Angel Envoy's foot, a piece of armor the size of a washbasin was bitten by Jason, and then, with the momentum of the Angel Envoy's flailing, Jason used his Sharpness, solid teeth and bite force beyond normal human imagination to tear it off forcefully.

There was no chewing involved.

And no time to savor.

The modified esophagus allowed Jason to directly swallow this piece of 'food' into his stomach.

Then, another bite.

Right where he had just torn a piece off, Jason took another bite.

With the protection of 'armor' gone,

Acquiring 'food' became much easier for Jason.

It was as relaxed and comfortable as leaning on the sofa in the late afternoon, opening the lid of an ice cream bowl and scooping out a spoonful with a long-handled metal spoon.

Effortless and cozy.

The evening's summertime sunshine had long ceased to be scorching, turning comfortable and pleasant.

But the ice cream was still cold and sweet.

Scoop after scoop.

Bite after bite.

The sweet taste had already filled Jason's mouth.

It was somewhat like the taste of 'crab meat.'

But even more delicious.

And before Jason's eyes, text cascaded down like a waterfall—

[Devoured part of an Angel Envoy's body!]

[Physical Strength, energy, and injuries recover substantially!]

[Satiety+25!]

[Satiety: 132]

...

[Devoured part of an Angel Envoy's body!]

[Physical Strength, energy, and injuries recover substantially!]

[Satiety+15!]

[Satiety: 147]

...

Apart from the first bite with the 'shell' yielding 10 more points of satiety, the rest were '15 points' each.

Although having the 'shell' would give 10 more points of satiety, the hard outer 'shell' was not as good as eating it directly like this.

When facing 'food,' Jason would get carried away at the beginning, recklessly so.

But as time passed, he forced himself to adapt.

From restraining himself before 'food' at first,

To now, even while 'eating,' he was able to maintain a certain level of calm thinking.

Although far from the target Jason had in mind, it was sufficiently practical at this stage.

Especially at this moment!

Every bite Jason took caused the Angel Envoy to scream incessantly.

After all, Jason's bites were truly large.

The modified mouth muscles, along with the remodeled esophagus and the stomach that never knew the meaning of 'full,' allowed Jason to cause significant trouble for the Angel Envoy in just an instant.

But Jason knew that such trouble was not lethal.

Or rather...

It was not enough!

He needed to establish his strategic advantage before the opponent could react.

So, Jason ate even faster.

His mouth opened and shut.

His teeth clacked and grated.

The esophagus constantly writhed.

Quickly, the wound before him grew large enough,

So large that even the Angel Envoy's own regeneration struggled to keep up.

However, the Angel Envoy wasn't without counterattack.

Upon realizing that it couldn't shake off Jason, the Angel Envoy bent over and struck.

Chapter 712 The Deliciousness of Food Comes from Within! _2

The massive palm covered his own foot.

Bang!

This strike, just like the previous ones, was extremely fast and didn't seem to fit the 'Angel Envoy's' huge body.

And the force was applied very cleverly.

Apart from the spot where Jason was, the entire palm didn't let even a bit of strength leak out.

Almost at the same moment the 'Angel Envoy's' palm made contact, Jason's body was crushed into mush.

...

Death arrived as expected.

Feeling the scent of death from the ant beneath its foot, the 'Angel Envoy's' fury didn't dissipate.

"You think death is the end?" it said as if making a declaration.

But before it could finish, it let out another agonizing scream.

This time, it was far more excruciating than the previous ones.

Because!

Jason had burrowed directly into the wound he had bitten!

And the moment he tunneled into the 'Angel Envoy's' flesh, Jason breathed a slight sigh of relief.

He had gained the 'advantage' he sought!

His biggest fear was being 'tossed' away from his food!

But now, he had 'burrowed' in!

No one could separate him from his 'food'.

No one!

Carrying a belief of utmost conviction, Jason who had crawled into the 'Angel Envoy's' body and into its flesh, opened his mouth to reveal sharp teeth, and then used his hands and feet to move forward.

There was no more chewing.

Nor was there swallowing.

When Jason's mouth was opened as wide as possible, his oral cavity, esophagus, and stomach became fully 'connected'.

His sharp teeth, like daggers, cut through the surrounding flesh relentlessly, pushing it into his mouth, then, using the power of his limb movements, when more 'food' entered his mouth, it pushed the previous 'food' further down his throat and into his stomach.

Almost instantly, Jason was in a state where 'as long as I run fast enough, there will be plenty of food.'

As for exhaustion?

Non-existent!

Constantly consuming 'food', Jason's physical strength and vitality were always recovering.

And growing ever more abundant!

More vigorous!

Correspondingly, the 'Angel Envoy' who had never imagined being 'invaded' like this, let out even more deafening screams.

In its cries, the 'Angel Envoy' didn't understand how Jason had resurrected, but it realized that it must deal with 'Jason' quickly, otherwise, it would be completely 'devoured'!

In the 'Angel Envoy's' perception, Jason kept eating its flesh while moving forward.

Not only was he moving at a breakneck speed, but he had also 'eaten' out a 'passage' in its 'foot'!

However, Jason's destination naturally couldn't be the 'foot' area.

But a larger space.

For example: the legs, abdomen, chest, or... the head!

With this thought, the 'Angel Envoy' didn't hesitate to slam down another palm.

Despite the layers of 'armor' and flesh, this strike still managed to hit Jason squarely.

Splat!

Jason immediately turned into a mush once more.

But this time the 'Angel Envoy' wasn't as careless as before; sensing that Jason had turned into mush, it struck another palm.

Splat!

The mush became even finer.

But for Jason, it was all the same.

The next moment, he reappeared in his original spot.

Then surged forward again, devouring even more of the 'Angel Envoy's' flesh.

"Maggot!"

"You maggot!"

The 'Angel Envoy' roared angrily, its palms repeatedly striking down.

Different from the previous two times, the 'Angel Envoy's' attacks didn't stop this time, it maintained Jason in a 'death state', and then, its flesh began to grow!

It wanted to 'squeeze' Jason within its own flesh.

It wanted to 'fuse' Jason into its flesh.

It believed that Jason, being just a 'mortal', would surely 'die' once 'truly fused' into its flesh, and would become very cleanly a part of it.

It had done such things before.

It firmly believed this time would be no exception.

In fact, it was so.

The moment Jason was enveloped by the 'Angel Envoy's' flesh, the again 'resurrected' Jason just melted away under the pressure of the 'Angel Envoy's' flesh.

Arms, legs, torso, including the head.

Without any particular order.

Almost instantaneously, he melted away.

The "Angel Envoy" sensed this scene and let out a deep voice.

"You will face the most brutal judgment!"

It said so.

Then, just as it was about to extract Jason's spirit, it suddenly found that Jason's 'teeth' moved.

The upper half of the head had already melted away, leaving only the lower half, where the teeth were.

Compared to other parts of his body, Jason's teeth, while maintaining their sharpness, were also much more durable!

Even within the flesh of the "Angel Envoy," they did not melt immediately; instead, they fulfilled their duty, instinctively biting and tearing at the 'food,' pushing this 'food' into the mouth, esophagus, stomach.

With a 'torso' acting as a buffer.

Jason's organs were also still intact.

He could still digest!

He could still gain satiety!

With 'satiety' as support, he was undying!

The recently melted Jason reappeared once more.

The vanished arms, legs, torso, and parts of the head reemerged.

The moment his brain regained consciousness, Jason instantly understood what the "Angel Envoy" wanted to do and also realized his own predicament.

So, he opened his 'mouth' wide!

He wanted not to be melted by the adversary!

He needed a sufficiently large 'living space'!

How to acquire this 'living space'?

Eat!

Devour enough of the adversary's flesh!

Make the adversary's recovery speed slower than the speed at which he's eating!

As Jason opened his mouth wide and curled up his body, he made sure that as little of his body as possible came in contact with the adversary's flesh, especially his 'stomach.' He used his arms and legs for protection.

One bite down!

Jason's body gradually melted!

Two bites down!

A major part of Jason's body melted!

Three bites down!

A minor part of Jason's body melted!

The fourth bite?

Jason did not bite down directly; at this point, he had gained some living space and, to obtain an even larger living space, he started... eating in circles.

Meanwhile, the “Angel Envoy’s” attacks did not cease.

Within one second, hundreds of blows fell.

Jason was nearly reduced to powder.

But once the attacks stopped, Jason came back to life again.

The “Angel Envoy” also tried the ‘flesh melting’ approach twice more.

But it was ineffective!

With one experience behind him, as soon as Jason detected something wrong, he would protect his teeth, mouth, esophagus, stomach, etc., rendering the “Angel Envoy’s” special attacks completely useless.

And in such a prolonged tug-of-war, Jason slowly made progress.

Finally, when Jason was about to break through the ‘foot’ area, the “Angel Envoy” could no longer bear it.

"You parasite!"

"You virus!"

Was it better to lose a leg eventually,

Or to lose a foot now?

This was a difficult question for the “Angel Envoy” to decide.

But it had to choose.

In the end—

"Ah!"

With a wail, the “Angel Envoy’s” foot was severed by itself.

Amidst the scattering blood, the massive foot fell to the ground, and the “Angel Envoy” soared into the air.

A pair of glowing wings appeared behind it, lifting it into the air.

These wings were not the common feathered type.

They were the bare kind.

Overall, they looked like two slanted ‘F’s.

But this did not hinder their ability.

With a flash, the “Angel Envoy” flew up a thousand meters into the night sky.

"You parasite, virus, ant, I will make you wish you were dead!"

With an angry roar, the "Angel Envoy" opened its mouth, and a red-black energy sphere began to gather in front of it.

It was only 1-2 meters in diameter at first.

But in the span of a breath, it grew into a large sphere with a diameter of 10 meters.

Then, the gigantic red-black sphere turned into a laser beam, crashing straight towards Jason, who had just emerged from the severed foot on the ground.

Boom!

Chapter 713 Shadows and Brilliance

The crimson and black lasers against the night sky were like a tangible pillar of light, ruthlessly stabbing into the ground.

Suddenly, the world turned upside down.

The first to bear the brunt was Jason.

Vaporized!

Jason, along with the 'severed foot' under his feet, vanished just like that.

Although at this moment, even as Jason wide spread his arms, trying to block the 'pillar of light,' it was the same.

...

He was merely instinctively protecting his 'food.'

But it was of no use!

The vaporization process faced no obstacles!

And there wasn't the slightest bit of sluggishness!

Of course, the 'pillar of light' didn't just vaporize Jason and his own severed foot.

Boom!

In the deafening roar, a visible shockwave slowly yet quickly spread out in all directions.

With this as the center, houses and trees within a radius of 1 kilometer were uprooted.

As they tumbled, they were crushed to pieces.

And it didn't end there!

The remaining force of the shockwave continued to spread.

Towards the 'Mystical Side' individuals gathered around.

"Defense!"

The old instructor yelled loudly.

A group of 'Copper Unyielding' warriors instantly formed a defensive formation, then took off the shields from their backs, planting them firmly in front of them.

Almost instantaneously, an impregnable defensive formation appeared.

Then—

Bang, bang, bang!

In the relentless sound of impacts, the remains of the shockwave's strength, carrying debris like a tidal wave, crashed against the defensive formation.

Hearing such sounds, Tel's face turned pale.

He instinctively glanced at Bolun and the three Johns beside him.

The old instructor had immediately pulled him and Bolun into the formation when it was being set up.

The three Johns followed closely and hid inside.

The others stood too far away!

There was no time to react!

"Is everyone else okay?"

Tel swallowed, asking the old instructor in a low voice.

"Most guys should be fine,"

"Don't underestimate their abilities,"

"The blokes willing to stay around here all have ways to save their own skins,"

The old instructor answered while listening intently.

"That's good, that's good,"

Tel breathed a slight sigh of relief.

Bolun and the three Johns looked at Tel with somewhat strange eyes.

They knew Tel's character well.

Though he wasn't a bad person, he definitely wasn't someone who would worry about others for no reason, especially when many of these people had mediocre or even bad relations with him.

Unless...

"What did you just mutter under your breath?"

Bolun seemed to think of something and immediately asked.

"I just said, 'With Lord Jason here, we'll all be safe!'"

"Don't worry!"

"I'm not a jinx!"

Tel emphasized.

But weirdly, Bolun and the three Johns grew anxious.

The calm they had just regained was once again lifted.

The old instructor's ears twitched.

He needed to assess the danger.

Next, the old instructor's complexion suddenly changed.

"Change formation!"

"Straight ahead!"

"Strengthen the defense!"

The old instructor shouted loudly.

Immediately, the circular defensive formation quickly transformed.

The 'Copper Unyielding' warriors on the sides and back adjusted their positions, flocking to the front.

Multiple shields, like fish scales, were rearranged, reestablished on the ground.

After all this was done, several large trees that required two people to hug came rolling and spinning, crashing onto the shields.

Bang, bang, bang!

Amidst an even louder noise than before, Bolun and the three Johns looked grim.

Because they saw, following the few large trees, the wreckage of a truck plummeted from mid-air, crashing down.

"It's okay, the 'Copper Unyielding' lads will definitely block it for us

"Shut up!"

Bolun and the three Johns hissed.

The old instructor even glared at Tel with fury.

"If you dare blabber nonsense again, I'll sew your mouth shut!"

The old instructor threatened.

Tel tugged at his clothes with a wronged expression.

He didn't mean for it to happen.

Even though it was after careful judgement and deduction that he arrived at the correct conclusion, why did the result turn out to be the complete opposite?

And normally, nothing would go wrong!

Why did issues always arise at critical moments?

Was he truly a jinx?

Recalling various past events, Tel quickly shook his head.

No way!

It was all coincidence!

All of it, just a twist of fate!

Convincing himself internally, he heard heavy collisions nearby.

The truck landed heavily on the shield wall created by the 'Copper Unyielding' warriors.

The shield wall trembled briefly but then returned to normal.

"See, I told you it's fine!"

"With us like this... ugh, ugh, ugh!"

The outcome before his eyes was enough to prove it was just a coincidence, which made Tel breathe a sigh of relief, and he began to speak immediately.

Unfortunately, before he could finish, Bolun covered Tel's mouth.

"You keep quiet!"

"Or I'll make you unable to speak ever again right now!"

Bolun threatened viciously.

Tel struggled, trying to break free from Bolun's grasp.

But then, he stopped moving.

Because he saw that it wasn't just Bolun and the three Johns, but also the old instructor and a host of 'Copper Unyielding' warriors were glaring at him with incredibly fierce looks, as if indeed, if he kept talking recklessly, he truly wouldn't need his mouth anymore.

Tel felt even more wronged internally.

It was just a coincidence!

I'm not a jinx!

He kept appealing for himself inside.

Too bad no one paid him any heed.

The people around him just needed Tel to stop talking.

Whew! Whew!

Chapter 714 Shadows and Brilliance_2

The aftermath of the shockwave finally passed.

The surviving 'Mystical Side individuals' began to look around them.

Everyone's faces were covered in dust and ashes.

Some of the less fortunate ones even had bloodied heads.

But compared to those who would never breathe again, these injuries were nothing.

After exchanging glances, these people began to slowly retreat.

...

Although they had harbored some fantasies about joining this battle, even gaining some 'opportunity'.

After all, that was the legendary 'Angel Envoy'!

The being closest to 'God'.

As 'Mystical Side individuals', they knew all too well what this meant.

Greed can make one brave.

To some extent, it can be called fearless.

But the recent strike was like a bucket of cold water poured over them, quickly bringing them back to their senses.

This was not a place where they could take part!

As these 'Mystical Side individuals' retreated, their gazes turned towards the smoke-shrouded center of the 'explosion'.

They could not participate!

But that didn't mean others couldn't!

For example: 'Ship Slayer' Jason!

How did 'Ship Slayer' Jason fare after taking that hit?

The 'Mystical Side individuals' couldn't help but wonder.

Some were worried, but many more reveled in his misfortune.

A figure who stood above everyone else would never receive everyone's support.

Immediately, some 'Mystical Side individuals' quickened their pace to leave.

While the remaining individuals appeared hesitant.

They shared the same wish as Tel, Bolun, John, and the 'Unyielding Brass' folks—they all sincerely hoped Jason was alright.

But it was too quiet within the smoke!

Not a single sound could be heard.

It seemed as though even the wind was absent.

Darkness enshrouded that area, eerily silent, just like a dead pond.

The people on the ground couldn't find any trace of Jason.

The 'Angel Envoy' soaring a kilometer up in the sky also failed to locate Jason.

Was he dead just like that?

The idea surfaced in the 'Angel Envoy's' mind, but it was quickly dismissed.

Although its 'cannonade' was absolutely powerful, against someone who couldn't be 'melted' in an instant and could reverse life and death, such an attack could at most severely injure him.

He surely couldn't have just died like that!

Therefore, this 'parasite' 'virus' 'ant' must have been heavily injured and was now hiding somewhere, recovering from the damage!

Previously inside its body, it had 'personally witnessed' Jason's recovery.

It seemed instantaneous, but still required time.

It was only because it looked so brief that it created the illusion of being instantaneous.

Moreover, based on its understanding, similar low-end forms of 'immortality' required consumption.

Opportunity!

One couldn't give Jason time to recover!

Increase Jason's consumption!

Deal a fatal blow to Jason!

Thinking this, the 'Angel Envoy' no longer hesitated.

It dived down!

It wanted to completely resolve this difficult enemy!

It had not forgotten what it had come to this 'ground' for.

It needed to cleanse the 'ground'.

To make the people of the 'ground' feel pain!

Only by feeling 'pain' would they become obedient!

The thoughts in its heart made the 'Angel Envoy' dive even faster.

Already measuring a hundred meters in size, the distance of a kilometer was nothing for the 'Angel Envoy.' Almost as soon as the thought emerged and a decision was made, its figure appeared above the center of the previous explosion.

It began to search for traces of Jason.

The halo atop its head began to rotate slowly.

Light fell, piece by piece.

The surrounding nighttime darkness was dispelled.

But there was nothing!

After a brief shock, the 'Angel Envoy' coldly sneered in its heart.

"Dragging your injured body, you avoided this area, didn't you?"

"Do you think you're safe now?"

"Naive!"

Thinking this, the light from the halo on its head grew even more blinding, covering a radius of about 500 meters before, now enveloped an area with a radius of 1000 meters.

But still, there was nothing!

This puzzled the 'Angel Envoy.'

Could he really be dead?

Otherwise, under the embrace of this 'light,' it was impossible for any 'person' to evade its senses!

Standing still, the 'Angel Envoy' pondered.

It was completely unaware of what was beneath its feet.

Light, enveloping its surroundings.

Yet, the shadow still existed!

That was its own shadow!

The 'light' cast down from the halo intermingled with its body, forming a 'shadow'!

Because of the angle, this 'shadow' wasn't large.

But for Jason, it was enough.

Relying on the master-level [War Pattern. Prus. Griffin. Shadow Concealment Body Forging Technique], Jason seemed to blend into the shadow.

Under normal circumstances, the master-level [War Pattern. Prus. Griffin. Shadow Concealment Body Forging Technique] would grant Jason an additional +5 to his stealth and concealment levels, and with the enhancement of the subsidiary talent [Embrace of the Night: Basic Form], he would again, at night, in darkness, within shadows, receive a +3 effect to his stealth and concealment levels.

This meant that at this moment, Jason's stealth and concealment level was 8!

Starting from the basics, moving through beginner, proficient, adept, expert, master, and unparalleled levels.

The 8th skill level was known as Transcendent!

It meant surpassing mortals!

It represented stepping into another realm!

A realm wholly different from that of mortals!

At this moment, Jason could clearly feel the shadow's affection for him.

It wrapped around him.

It concealed him.

It made him appear invisible.

It allowed him to merge within it.

The 'light' scanned over and over again.

Again and again, it 'brushed past' Jason.

Jason adjusted his breathing, knowing that he only had one chance for the attack that was to follow!

He had to seize it!

The 'foot' within reach?

That was no longer his target.

His goal was higher!

Jason's gaze continually moved upward, finally settling on the halo atop the Angel Envoy's head.

He slowly crouched down.

The muscles in his legs began to store strength.

Then, he abruptly leapt from the ground!

Bang!

Jason shot out from the shadow like a crocodile lurking in a swamp, leaping up towards its prey.

The instant Jason left the shadow, the Angel Envoy spotted him, immediately smashing down with a punch.

But Jason was faster!

By the time the punch was thrown, Jason had already clung to the Angel Envoy's knee, then, like a nimble monkey, he shifted to the back of the Angel Envoy's knee.

Next, he continuously climbed up along the back of the Angel Envoy's knee.

The humanoid Angel Envoy also retained the characteristics inherent to joints.

It couldn't bend backward.

Trying to attack Jason who was behind it turned out to be quite difficult.

Its swift and agile hands became awkward at this moment.

Every attack fell through!

Missed!

Missed!

And missed again!

While Jason climbed higher and higher!

The waist, back, neck!

Quickly, Jason reached its head!

Anger!

An anger like a volcanic eruption began to stir in the Angel Envoy's heart.

It, a great Angel Envoy, was actually being stepped on by a person?

This drove the Angel Envoy into a frenzy, into recklessness.

"You ant!"

"Accept 'God's' judgment!"

The Angel Envoy roared loudly.

Then, its weird, deformed hands first dropped, slowly rising afterward.

Quickly, the hands were raised above its head.

However, they weren't separated on each side.

But crossed!

The Angel Envoy's hands were crossed above its head.

The strange, deformed hands somehow took on an elegant air, and the halo hovering about 15 meters above its head burst out with an unmatched brilliance.

The night sky was suddenly illuminated.

As if the night had passed, welcoming the day.

But this day was filled with a killing intent.

Invisible forces filled the space, omnipresent.

They attacked any living thing within the radius of 1000 meters with a frenzy.

Amidst the dense sounds of strikes that drove one insane, there was only the Angel Envoy's low chant—

"Let everything return to nothingness!"

Chapter 715 Critical Moment Delbon

Amid the chanting, the radiance grew even brighter.

Intense to the point of making one's scalp tingle, the loud striking sounds became softer and seemed as if they were about to vanish. In the end, what reached everyone's ears was like a singular sound.

People widened their eyes, hoping to see something within the white glow.

But other than causing their eyes to tear up from the glare, they could see nothing at all.

Then—

Thump!

...

With the sound of a body hitting the ground, a tall and robust figure tumbled out of the white radiance.

It was Jason.

Jason was in a very sorry state at this moment.

His clothes were tattered to say nothing of his body, which did not have a single spot unmarred, and in some places, there were wounds deep enough to expose the bone.

Yet even so, after rolling on the ground a couple times, Jason gritted his teeth and got up.

Falls are inevitable in life.

Jason knew that he was no exception.

In fact, he had fallen far too many times.

But he would not allow himself to stay down after falling.

Though it was comfortable to do so, he still had to stand up.

Why?

Probably because he refused to be defeated.

He never believed any circumstance could keep him down after a fall, motionless.

Despair?

He had experienced it.

But he staunchly believed that after despair, there would always be hope!

Can't see hope?

When you say that, are you sure you've really searched for hope?

Did you truly give it your all, risking your life to find it?

If you did, you must be able to see hope.

If not, then there is nothing more to say.

Running away might be shameful, but it is indeed an option.

Jason didn't disagree with this saying.

Because that too is a choice in life.

But it was not his choice.

His choice was to be tough!

To face adversity head-on!

If that wasn't enough, he would reinforce his foundations, enhance his strength, and then come back to continue the challenge!

Until he succeeded!

Death is terrifying.

But what is even more terrifying is a surrendered heart!

Huff, huff!

Jason gasped for air, as his vision displayed his saturation level.

Saturation: 1.

...

Before the battle, he had 107 points of saturation.

After the battle began, although 'death' was constant, 'food' was right at his lips. For Jason, not only did his saturation not decrease, but on the contrary, it rapidly broke through to over 500.

Everything had entered a virtuous cycle.

However, just now!

Just as the white brilliance erupted, Jason, shrouded within it, faced wave after wave of death.

Death came swiftly.

In this radiance, death almost seemed to reach the speed of light.

Jason's consciousness couldn't react in time; hundreds of deaths descended upon him silently.

In an instant, a hundred times.

Even for Jason, this was the first time experiencing such a manner of death.

And when the brilliance dimmed, and his consciousness returned, the accumulated pain from a hundred deaths exploded.

At the moment of the explosion, Jason's consciousness was nearly overwhelmed.

He bit down hard on his teeth, enduring the agony, and ran towards the outside of the radiance.

That's right, outside the radiance!

Jason was well aware that his remaining saturation couldn't sustain him within the radiance anymore.

Although at this moment the Angel Envoy's 'halo' no longer burst with a glow as violent as at the beginning, the power it brought was still overwhelming for him.

Every step was pain.

Every moment was death.

Pain accompanied death.

Death resonated with pain.

The two intertwined continuously, wrapping around each other like two snakes hissing.

They coiled around Jason's body.

Their 'hissing' filled Jason's ears.

They did everything possible to influence Jason.

Naturally, Jason was affected.

The pain slowed his pace.

Death made his consciousness hazy.

But from beginning to end, he never stopped.

Once he understood what he had to do, how could he possibly stop?

Saturation plummeted rapidly.

The pain grew more and more intense.

When saturation was nearly depleted, Jason also saw the 'edge.'

He plunged out, bearing a multitude of wounds.

Rolling on the ground, his already scarred body collected a few more wounds.

As he stood up, Jason swayed unsteadily.

But he refused any support.

He looked towards the 'white radiance' created by the Angel Envoy.

The glow was fading more and more, and after two or three breaths, it became virtually invisible to the naked eye; the Angel Envoy's immense figure was revealed once again.

However, contrary to its previous imposing aura.

The Angel Envoy now emitted heavy, labored breathing.

Its form was wavering.

The thick 'armor,' which at this moment, seemed more like a burden, made it appear on the verge of collapse.

Under Jason's gaze, the Angel Envoy struggled to flap its wings, laboriously lifting its body higher.

Compared to the vaulting leap when it first appeared.

This time, it was as slow as a snail.

Yet it still managed to reach a height of a hundred meters in the sky.

Jason looked up at the Angel Envoy.

The old instructor, Bolun, the warriors from Delbon, John, and a group called 'Bronze of Unyielding' had already gathered around, their eyes filled with deep admiration.

At the beginning, they had never thought that Jason would be able to fight an Angel Envoy to such an extent.

Not crushed.

Not entirely at a disadvantage.

But rather...

It was a draw!

Keep in mind, this is the legendary Angel Envoy!

The legends about the Angel Envoy were well known to the 'Mystical Side personnel' present.

Or rather, it was precisely because they knew, that a considerable number of 'Mystical Side personnel' were drawn here.

Chapter 716 Critical Moment Delbon_2

The church that vanished into the history.

A Deity that disappeared overnight.

These were what "Mystical Side folks" sought to explore.

But no matter what, deep down, they acknowledged the strength of the "Angel Envoy".

After all, it concerned the "Deity"!

The might of the "Ship Slayer" was indubitable.

...

But was the "Ship Slayer" as strong as an "Angel Envoy"?

This question had no answer a moment ago, but now it did.

The warriors of “Bronze Unyielding” looked at Jason, covered in wounds, with increasing admiration in their eyes.

"Jason!"

The old instructor came over, took out a leather flask from his waist, uncorked it, and poured the liquid over Jason’s body, particularly on those bone-deep wounds.

Then, a roll of bandages appeared in the hands of the old instructor.

Proficiently, the old instructor began dressing Jason’s wounds.

"Stretcher!"

The old instructor shouted.

Immediately, two warriors from “Bronze Unyielding” came running with a stretcher.

But Jason refused.

"Don’t worry, we’ll hold on from here!"

"Although 5 minutes is too long for us, 30 seconds, there should be no problem!"

The old instructor, thinking Jason was worried about the battle situation, immediately reassured him.

Since Cortana announced the 5 minutes, 4 minutes and 30 seconds had passed—there was more than one person in “Bronze Unyielding” keeping track of this time, with no mistake.

The surrounding “Bronze Unyielding” warriors immediately stood by the old instructor, looking at Jason with determination.

Against a full-powered “Angel Envoy”, they were certainly not a match.

This had already been proven moments ago.

It was unquestionable.

But now, the “Angel Envoy” was clearly exhausted, and they believed they could hold out for 30 seconds.

Even if they couldn’t hold out!

Then they would resist with their lives!

The warriors of “Bronze Unyielding” thought simply.

However, the thoughts of the “Bronze Unyielding” warriors did not represent the thoughts of all “Mystical Side folks” present.

These “Mystical Side folks”, drawn by the “Angel Envoy” and having gone through panic and horror, were once again overtaken by “greed”; they looked at the exhausted “Angel Envoy”, cast wary glances at each other, and began to take action.

Some concealed themselves in darkness, approaching the “Angel Envoy”.

Others flew towards it.

And still others simply ran over, blatantly.

Each person was so impatient.

Each person so eager to get ahead.

"A bunch of disgusting cretins."

The old instructor scolded.

But such scolding was useless to those whose hearts were seized by "greed"; they only quickened their pace.

For they feared the old instructor would compete with them for the spoils!

The old instructor snorted in anger.

Then he spoke no more.

Although these individuals had ulterior motives, the old instructor believed that with them as obstacles, stopping the "Angel Envoy" would become easier.

Even though in front of the "Angel Envoy", these people were basically killed in a punch or a kick.

An exhausted "Angel Envoy" was still an "Angel Envoy".

Perhaps unable to use any technique, but instinctive counterattacks were no problem.

The "Mystical Side folks", driven by "greed", barely made contact with the "Angel Envoy" before casualties arose.

But this did not deter these “Mystical Side folks”.

On the contrary, they became more heroic.

Because at this time, the “Angel Envoy” was weaker than they had imagined.

Gone were the terrifying secret techniques, and even the instinctual resistance, those punches and kicks, were much slower.

A chance!

All the “Mystical Side folks” who rushed up couldn’t help thinking.

The old instructor once again glanced at the distant battlefield, couldn’t help but curl his lips, and then turned away.

"Rest assured, Cherry City won’t have any problems!"

"Those greedy ones, at this time, they all fear not death."

The old instructor thus said to Jason.

It was a sort of alternative reassurance.

But Jason did not relax in the slightest.

30 seconds!

Only 30 seconds left!

At this thought, Jason could no longer stand still; he stumbled forward towards the location of the "Angel Envoy".

But his steps were too slow.

To call it a shuffle would not be an exaggeration.

Yet no one mocked Jason's pace.

To move at all under such severe injuries was beyond all expectations.

"Lord Jason, you need to rest now," said Vince, clad in knight's armor, as he quickly ran up to Jason.

"My fight is not yet over."

Jason emphasized the words "my fight", showing his resolve, then he continued to walk forward.

This time, he walked even slower.

Clearly, it was a distance that could not be covered in 30 seconds.

Therefore, Jason paused mid-step and turned to ask, "Who has a way to get me up there?"

Jason's persistence wasn't just because he wasn't used to giving up.

It was also because Jason considered himself a 'gourmet'.

His range of food interests was very broad.

You could almost say he ate everything.

But there was one thing Jason didn't eat.

That was making a loss!

Jason never made a loss!

Having just lost a huge amount of satiety, if he didn't recoup it from the 'Angel Envoy' before him, he would never rest in peace, not even able to close his eyes.

It was definitely not because he wanted to taste what that halo on top of the 'Angel Envoy's' head was like.

"You want to?"

Vince had a hunch in his heart but wasn't certain.

"Go there!"

Jason pointed at the halo above the 'Angel Envoy's' head.

The young Knight, who had been uncertain earlier, was now sure.

He showed solemn respect.

"You are the most tenacious and bravest warrior I have ever seen,"

Said the young Knight, performing a knightly courtesy.

He placed his right fist over his heart and bowed his body slightly.

And the young warriors around him thumped their chests in unison.

They were also expressing their respect to Jason in their own way.

"If you don't mind, please let me help you!"

The young Knight said with an almost fanatical tone.

Moreover, after speaking, the young Knight walked in front of Jason, turned his back to him, and bent down.

He was going to carry Jason to the battlefield.

As for the dangers they might face?

For Vince, carrying Jason to the battlefield at this moment was a matter of honor above all else.

Including life.

"Wait."

The old instructor intervened.

He, of course, would not stop a true warrior.

He wouldn't stop a warrior from fulfilling their desire.

On the contrary, he would do whatever he could to help.

The old instructor's gaze shifted to the 'Angel Envoy's' halo and then to Jason.

"Let me!"

"Our chances are better!"

Said the old instructor.

Without a doubt, the old instructor spoke the truth.

Vince couldn't argue.

Despite his reluctance, the young Knight immediately gave up his place to the old instructor.

He was reluctant to let go of such honor.

But he would not let his pride hinder Jason from heading to the battlefield.

Jason didn't object, either.

Compared with Vince, the old instructor was undoubtedly faster.

Allowing him to reach the battlefield more quickly.

But just as Jason was about to let the old instructor carry him, the situation on the distant battlefield changed again.

The 'Angel Envoy' once again flew into the night sky.

Not just a hundred meters above the ground but thousands!

Using such an altitude, the adversary was warding off the attacks from the 'Mystical Side' people.

This tactic worked.

Thousands of meters in the air made most of the 'Mystical Side' people helpless.

Even those from the 'Mystical Side' who could fly were the same.

Though they could fly, very few could reach such heights.

The 'Witch' could do it.

But the 'Witch' had already left.

Those present couldn't do it at all.

Including the old instructor.

Watching the 'Angel Envoy' flying thousands of meters into the air, the old instructor frowned.

Jason felt the same way.

Was this really how it was going to end?

Jason wondered deep inside.

Then—

"Cough, cough!"

Tel cleared his throat with a fist to his lips, feigning a cough.

And beside him, there appeared something 10 meters tall, covered with a red satin cloth.

Even though it was covered with red satin, one could still see the outline of a cylindrical shape.

What was this?

Everyone looked at Tel, puzzled.

Under everyone's gaze, Tel, with a smile on his face and a slower tone, said,

"Let me introduce my manned secret weapon

"The Armstrong Spiral Accelerating Jet Cannon!"

Chapter 717 Blind Spots and Destiny

As soon as Tel's voice faded, he yanked down the red silk.

Suddenly the 'Armstrong Spiral Acceleration Jet Cannon' was revealed to everyone's eyes.

Upon getting a clear view of the 'Armstrong Spiral Acceleration Jet Cannon', many twitched at the corners of their eyes and mouths.

The tall cylindrical body, the round spheres on both sides... does it resemble something?

"I feel somewhat offended."

Bolun said so.

...

"So do I."

Vince nodded in agreement.

Although the others didn't speak, their expressions were the same.

"It was a prop that my teacher made to attract business to the 'Prophecy House' when I was interning at the circus with him—the design might be a bit peculiar, but its capability is undeniable. It can easily send someone into the sky, and if the power is turned up to the maximum, getting from here to the 'Angel Envoy' is indeed a breeze," Tel said quite seriously.

Bolun frowned slightly.

Why would the 'Prophecy House' need a 'cannon' to attract business?

And why would a formal member of the 'Clock Tower' have to work internships at a circus?

And why with a teacher?

Before, Bolun had believed he had a considerable understanding of the 'Mystical Side.'

But now?

He felt he didn't understand enough.

He needed to delve deeper.

"Is it safe?"

Asked the young Knight.

As times change, cold weapons have long ceased to be the only choice for the 'Mystical Side,' from initially resisting to understanding and accepting 'firearms,' it took quite some time.

But once accepted and the convenience of 'firearms' was discovered, most of the 'Mystical Side' practitioners couldn't get enough of them.

Swinging swords one moment, suddenly pulling out a gun to shoot the next?

Incongruous?

Not at all.

After all, times have changed.

Vince was well-versed in most light and heavy firearms and knew about heavy firepower.

But he was not very familiar with the 'Armstrong Spiral Acceleration Jet Cannon' before him, and so, he was concerned about safety.

"Don't worry!"

"When the 'Prophecy House' opened, I personally tested it hundreds of times!"

"There's no problem!"

Tel said with full confidence.

"How was the business?"

Bolun asked subconsciously.

For some reason, young people always seem to be curious about 'business' inadvertently.

"Very good!"

"Packed every day!"

"After work, I could even eat doughnuts with the teacher."

Tel said, looking down guiltily as he spoke.

You can't even lie?

Bore flexed the corners of his mouth and, in the end, did not pursue further questions.

A 'business' that focused on eating doughnuts after work could only be imagined as quite dismal.

Probably...

No one cared even after price drops, right?

Thinking this, Bore looked at Jason.

All eyes were on Jason.

Looking at the 'Armstrong Spiral Acceleration Jet Cannon' in front of him and imagining what he would look like being shot out of it, Jason suddenly thought of a special phrase often used by netizens of his hometown when 'roasting' others.

It's quite inappropriate!

With that thought, Jason still took the helmet Tel handed to him.

"Enter from this side."

"Don't worry, I'm very accurate."

Tel said as he opened a door at the back of the 'cannon barrel' for Jason, and after Jason climbed in, Tel immediately began to adjust the angle of the barrel.

"Are you really accurate?"

Vince looked doubtfully at Tel.

"Of course!"

"I have a perfect record!"

Tel said confidently, but sweat started forming in his palms.

He had real confidence in his 'cannon-firing' skills, which was honed at the circus.

But he had no confidence in his own 'mouth.'

Would he jinx it again?

Although he didn't want to admit it and always made excuses for himself, Tel knew his own circumstances all too well.

Self-deception was harmless most of the time.

It was just his last act of defiance.

But this time was different!

This concerned Jason, and if he failed...

Involuntarily, Tel began to feel nervous.

Just then, a voice came through—

"Aim a bit higher."

Bolun looked into the distance, as if he were eyeing the 'Angel Envoy' in mid-air, but Tel was sure that it was Bolun who had spoken.

Tel was far too familiar with the voice and tone of Bolun.

Aim a bit higher?

Quietly, Tel adjusted the angle.

Then suddenly, a question arose.

How much higher should he aim?

As Tel pondered, the night wind brought dust, and he felt a tickle in his nose.

Achoo!

Tel let out a big sneeze, bending his waist and lifting his hand instinctively.

It was a completely reflexive reaction.

By the time he realized it, he found his hand was already on the launch button.

Tel's face went pale.

He hadn't finished adjusting.

But it was too late!

Bang!

A loud boom.

Magical brilliance flashed from the barrel of the 'Armstrong Spiral Acceleration Jet Cannon,' and Jason shot straight out.

Tel felt cold in his hands and feet.

It was over!

This member of the 'Clock Tower' stationed at the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau' could already imagine what would happen after Jason flew past the 'Angel Envoy.'

Everyone's complaints.

Jason's disappointment.

Forget going to confess to Telly.

Perhaps Telly wouldn't even want to see him again.

No, not like this!

This isn't what I wanted!

Can the heavens hear my prayers?

If you can, I'm willing to trade my precious complete uncut collection of 'Detective' for this shot to hit its mark!

Chapter 718 Blind Spots and Destiny_2

Tel knelt within the Delbon, praying.

It was entirely a desperate measure.

Then, he saw Jason actually advancing toward the predetermined target—Angel Envoy's aura.

This?

Was it really effective?

Tel was filled with surprise and joy.

...

Of course, at the bottom of his heart, Tel still had some doubts.

Why was his sneeze such a coincidence?

It seemed to occur just perfectly to avoid his 'curse'!

Was it because of Lord Jason himself?

Tel couldn't help but think so.

However, immediately, he cast these thoughts aside.

He no longer needed to face that tragic scene.

He could confess his love to Telly.

A small curve began to form at the corners of Tel's mouth.

Bolun glanced at Tel, who had this expression, and a flicker of confusion crossed his eyes. The recent scene had seemed somewhat unusual, but at this moment, Bolun didn't say anything, merely shifting his attention to the distance.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh!

The sharp, piercing whistling that should ring in one's ears became very faint behind the helmet.

Not only the sound, but also the wind when moving swiftly was greatly diminished.

"Magic item!"

Without a doubt, this helmet was extraordinary.

However, it lacked the scent of 'food.'

Jason took a deep breath in effort.

After confirming again the absence of the scent of 'food,' his gaze locked onto the Angel Envoy's aura, which was getting closer.

Nearing!

Even closer!

Yet the Angel Envoy, who should have noticed all this, was utterly unaware.

It floated in midair, serenely waiting for the time to 'return.'

It never expected such an event would happen.

Or rather, it had descended with great pride to feel the pleasure of a 'cleansing.'

Just like every time before.

But why was this time different?

Dragging its exhausted body, the Angel Envoy pondered this question.

Jason!

The one with the title of Ship Slayer!

Almost instantly, the Angel Envoy thought of Jason.

Everything in front of it was related to him!

It seemed as if all of it was caused by him!

But why did it feel like something was missing?

No!

Not missing!

But a mistake!

It felt as though there was a mistake somewhere.

Just like not being able to find an item that should be easily seen in daily life.

After I return, I'll think it over in detail!

Faced with what seemed like a daily problem, the Angel Envoy chose the most ordinary way to cope.

After all, the harder you look for something, the less likely you are to find it.

But when you stop searching, you'll find it when you least expect it.

In normal situations, such an approach would certainly be without issue.

But now?

It wasn't normal!

The Angel Envoy amidst the battlefield seemed to have forgotten this detail.

Just as it couldn't pinpoint what was off.

Unnoticed, a blind spot had formed.

Jason approached overtly.

The two entities, unaware of each other, converged and overlapped.

Bang!

With an impact he could still withstand, Jason opened his mouth and bit down on the Angel Envoy's halo above its head.

The intangible halo, before Jason's mouth, became visible to none but him.

Jason bit it and sucked in.

A rich sweetness burst forth in an instant.

It tasted like honey.

Like cream.

And like sugarcane juice.

The freshest, crunchiest part.

Crack!

Facing such a tender part, Jason couldn't help but bite down hard.

After a loud crunch, there came...

A scream!

"Aaaaah!"

The Angel Envoy floating midair let out an unprecedented scream.

And with that scream, the Angel Envoy's entire body started to fall uncontrollably.

"Get out of the way!"

The greedy Mystical Siders below the Angel Envoy turned pale.

They fled faster than before.

But the Angel Envoy's rate of descent far exceeded their imaginings.

A thousand meters in the air landed in almost the next second.

Boom!

The hundred-meter-tall body smashed heavily into the ground.

Making the entire land tremble.

Amidst the earth-shaking tumult, a crimson hue appeared under the Angel Envoy's body.

But at this time, the convulsing 'Angel Envoy' couldn't care about these things.

Crackling, crackling.

Thin electric arcs appeared between the 'Angel Envoy's' armor.

At first, they were only as thick as a little finger, but they quickly grew to the thickness of an arm. Those greedy survivors who had just escaped disaster but couldn't resist their greed and returned were struck by such electric arcs.

Pop, pop.

Like the sound of an electric mosquito swatter hitting mosquitoes, one after another, the returning greedy ones turned into charred remains.

And the changes in these electric arcs didn't stop there.

They began to merge.

They became thicker and more terrifying.

The old instructor and others simply couldn't get close.

Moreover, the unique brilliance of electricity made it impossible for them to see clearly how Jason was doing inside the electric light.

Just when everyone was anxiously waiting, Jason at this time felt as if he was in heaven.

[Partial Devouring of Angel Envoy's Halo]

[Physical Strength, Vitality, and Excess Injury Recovery!]

[Fullness+100]

[Fullness: 101]

[Excitement of Feast +1]

[Excitement of Feast: 7]

...

[Partial Devouring of Angel Envoy's Halo]

[Physical Strength, Vitality, and Excess Injury Recovery!]

[Fullness+100]

[Fullness: 201]

[Excitement of Feast +1]

[Excitement of Feast: 8]

...

One bite was worth 100 fullness and 1 point of Excitement of Feast.

The halo above the 'Angel Envoy's' head didn't disappoint its taste.

The sweetness of the first bite had not yet faded away.

The sweetness of the second bite followed closely behind.

The increasingly sweet sensation filled Jason with joy.

But as he prepared to take a third bite, he bit into the air.

Crack!

The clashing sound of upper and lower teeth made Jason's ears ring, and it seemed as if stars appeared before his eyes.

He was stunned for a good second before he came back to his senses.

Time was up.

"Jason?"

"Jason?"

Calls brought him back to reality.

The old instructor, John, and three others.

Bolun, Delbon, Vince had all gathered around.

"Stretcher! Stretcher!"

The old instructor shouted again.

This time, Jason didn't refuse. He lay on the stretcher and was taken by the warriors of the Copper Unyielding camp to the hospital of the Copper Unyielding camp.

Compared to ordinary hospitals, these warriors had more trust in the camp's hospital.

Indeed, that was the case.

The hospital in the Copper Unyielding camp not only had more advanced equipment than ordinary hospitals, but its doctors were also more outstanding.

Not just in the medical arts.

But also in the healing methods of the Mystical Side.

"Mr. Jason, this is a Healing Potion. Please drink it."

"It not only heals wounds and accelerates recovery but also has a sleeping effect."

"I will suture your wounds while you sleep."

The doctor from Copper Unyielding was also a man that fit the characteristic of the Copper Unyielding: tall, strong, and the white coat stretched tight over his frame.

At this moment, he held a conical bottle that seemed just right in an ordinary person's hand, but rather small in his own, and was speaking with meticulous care.

"Okay."

Jason nodded, took the conical bottle, drank it down in one gulp, and then closed his eyes.

The doctor from Copper Unyielding might have had fingers that were thicker than those of the average person, but he was extremely proficient at suturing wounds.

Moreover, he was very fast.

In just under two minutes, the wounds all over Jason's body were sutured.

After applying medicine and wrapping the bandages, the doctor walked out.

"How is it?"

The people outside immediately gathered around, and the old instructor directly asked.

"No worries."

"Mr. Jason's body is even stronger than we imagined!"

"He should recover in a few days."

"However, he won't be able to attend the 'Kirin Ship's' launch ceremony tomorrow."

The doctor's words eased everyone's worries.

"Although it's a pity to miss the 'Kirin Ship's' launch ceremony, it's good that the person is okay."

The old instructor voiced what everyone was feeling on behalf of them all.

After that, everyone dispersed.

The battle before had exhausted everyone, and rest was necessary.

Furthermore, within the Copper Unyielding camp, there were enough warriors patrolling and standing guard that no one believed anything would happen.

Time passed, minute by minute.

It was almost dawn.

This was the moment before the morning light.

A figure silently passed through the layers of guards in the Copper Unyielding camp and appeared outside the hospital room.

Just as the figure raised their hand to push open the door of the hospital room—

A 30-meter Light Sword pierced directly through the door.

Thrust!

Chapter 719 Finally Takes the Stage

The 30-meter-long Light Sword pierced through both the door and the person directly.

But there was no sound of flesh being cut, only the distinctive noise of fabric being torn.

Rip!

Tattered cloth and wood shavings danced in the air.

The shadowy figure appeared once again.

Now, they stood about 5 meters away from the hospital room door, lightly clapping their hands.

...

Clap clap clap.

Within the crisp sound of applause, a touch of admiration arose in the pitch-black corridor.

"Indeed worthy of being 'Ship Slayer' Jason, Your Excellency."

"To be so vigilant, even with such severe injuries."

The visitor's voice was sing-song and carried a distinctive intonation.

It wasn't natural.

It was a disguise.

Using intonation and pauses to conceal their real voice.

Step, step step.

The sound of footsteps emerged from the hospital room, and Jason's tall figure, wrapped in bandages, appeared at the doorway.

Click.

Jason raised his hand and pressed the light switch on the wall.

In an instant, the light bulb's glow dispelled the surrounding darkness, stretching Jason's shadow to its limits, casting it over the floor in front of the uninvited guest.

This had originally been the location where the visitor stood.

As the switch was activated, the visitor began to retreat.

Clearly, they did not wish their true face to be discovered.

"Is concealment still necessary?"

Jason stood at the hospital room entrance, eyes piercing as he looked into the darkness.

His eyes seemed to have already penetrated the real identity hidden within the dark.

But the uninvited visitor thought otherwise.

"Of course, it's necessary."

"I don't like being in the limelight."

"That has been the case for many years."

The figure chuckled lightly.

"Many years ago?"

"Was it before you became Edward's butler, or after?"

"Mr. Findelter."

Jason spoke indifferently.

His tone was calm, yet it struck like thunder.

An anxious breath came from the darkness.

Although fleeting, it was unmistakably evident to the two of them.

After about a second of silence, the uninvited visitor did not continue to evade the light. They took a step forward, walking into the area illuminated by the light.

A familiar face entered Jason's view.

There was no tailcoat, no white gloves, nor a pocket watch.

However, the silvery hair was still meticulously groomed.

Paired with the black attire, similar to hunting gear, the present Mr. Findelter exuded an even sharper aura.

Especially when Findelter's gaze fell on Jason.

The gentle look from his memories had long since turned as sharp as blades.

"When did you discover it?"

Findelter asked in a deep voice.

The deep wrinkles on his face made his expression even more incisive.

"Just now."

Jason answered.

"Just now?"

"Was it the 'Angel Envoy's' last 'peculiarity' that made you aware of my presence?"

Findelter frowned.

He found it hard to believe that Jason could have detected such 'peculiarities.'

Although these 'peculiarities' did exist, discovering them was almost impossible because they involved many 'ritual' powers.

Not only directed at the 'Angel Envoy,' but also concealing himself.

What's more, both elements supported each other.

It was a case of $1+1 > 2$.

If Jason really could detect him in such a state, Findelter's plans would never have succeeded, and he'd have been discovered long ago.

"I fought with the 'Angel Envoy'; I did detect its 'peculiarity,' but I wasn't sure that 'peculiarity' was your doing, I could only confirm that someone was up to mischief."

Jason stated the facts as he saw them.

This increased Findelter's curiosity.

Even the old butler's face showed such curiosity.

The sharpness diminished under this curious gaze.

"When was that?"

"You're not going to say it was the moment I pushed the door, are you?"

The butler asked with a smile.

The already fading sharpness disappeared completely under this smile.

"I have a habit of thinking and reflecting."

"Every time something significant happens, I contemplate and recall what has recently transpired."

"Most times, there is no gain, but occasionally there are rewards."

"And after just waking up, I thought and reflected out of habit, and then, I found myself thinking of

"Edward."

Jason slowly mentioned the name of the once influential figure of Cherry City, even a former King of Cherry City.

Facing his former employer and provider, the old butler remained smiling, standing there quietly without saying another word, waiting for Jason to continue.

"How did Edward acquire power from the Mystical Side?"

"The records are very vague; nobody knows what really happened."

"It could only be roughly deduced that after squandering his fortune, he gained something akin to 'mystic side knowledge.'"

Jason relayed the information he had gathered earlier.

"What is it?"

"Is something wrong?"

The old butler voiced his puzzlement.

"Of course, it's wrong!"

Mystic side knowledge' is hard to come by, and even for us 'mystical side folk,' acquiring relevant knowledge is very difficult."

"How much more difficult would it be for an ordinary person?"

"I had speculated, but there was also a bit of oversight — being a 'mystic side person' myself, I unconsciously overlooked the true difficulty until I met Bolun."

Jason said, shifting his stance a bit.

He moved from standing upright to leaning on the door frame with his arms crossed.

"Bolun is one of those with an exceptionally high talent that I've ever seen."

Chapter 720 Finally Appearing_2

"And he's very intelligent,"

"His economic strength is also among the very top tier."

"Compared to Edward, aside from being slightly less impressive in terms of economic strength, he surpasses in many other aspects. Yet, even so, Bolun's process of acquiring 'Mystical Side Knowledge' was incredibly tortuous."

"In fact, to some extent, if it weren't for my help, Bolun would have struggled to acquire 'Mystical Side Knowledge' at all."

Jason spoke of the young man Bolun with great admiration in his tone.

"What if it was luck?"

...

"Bolun has bad luck."

"Edward has very good luck."

The butler rebutted with some disapproval.

"Luck is relative."

"Moreover, statistically speaking, Bolun's luck ought to be better,"

Jason shook his head.

"Why?"

The butler pressed on.

"Timing!"

"Edward's era was a time when the 'Mystical Side' wasn't truly public knowledge, while Bolun happened to be there when the 'Mystical Side' came into the public eye."

"Under such circumstances, who is more likely to acquire 'Mystical Side Knowledge'?"

Jason asked in return, but he did not stop speaking, he continued, "So, Edward must have obtained 'Mystical Side Knowledge' through 'acquaintances,' of course in what he considers the most normal ways, like: the Butler discovering some special situation or the like."

"Hmm,"

"Edward has no shortage of acquaintances."

"Even more people are close to him."

"Me?"

"I am not the first choice."

"Why are you so sure it was me?"

The butler first nodded, then continued to express his doubts.

"Because, I've seen you kill."

"Facing Pang'er's assassins, your clean and efficient methods left a fresh memory in me, especially considering that you had always maintained a polite demeanor up to that point. Such contrast, such contradiction felt eerily familiar to me, it reminded me of certain individuals."

"And these individuals?"

"Each one is like a 'viper'."

"Cold-blooded, ruthless, and cunning."

"At that moment, I began to harbour a sliver of doubt."

Jason spoke, lifting his head to meet the gaze of the butler, who kept a smile on his face.

"Doubt about what?"

The butler inquired further.

"Doubt that you were putting on an act!"

"That you had already noticed my prying!"

"Or rather, no matter whose prying it was, you needed to draw them to 'EdwardEdward was the bait you threw out to attract attention and slip away behind the scenes."

Clap, clap, clap!

The butler applauded once again.

Admiration appeared on his face.

"Worthy of the 'Ship Slayer.'"

This time, the Butler's praise seemed much more genuine than the perfunctory ones before.

"So, did I do too much?"

"My arrangements made you suspect me."

"And you can probably guess what happened next?"

The butler asked.

"I can take a guess."

"From the beginning till the end, it was all for the 'Angel Envoy,' wasn't it?"

"You needed the 'Angel Envoy' to descend."

Jason nodded.

"I am by no means a believer!"

The butler emphasized.

"Of course not."

"A person who has arranged such a 'game' is not something those simple believers could manage, and you're summoning the 'Angel Envoy' merely because you need the 'Angel Envoy's Strength.'"

"Not much different from those greedy individuals."

"The only difference is perhaps that your ambition is much greater than theirs."

Jason said, flaring his nostrils slightly.

The absence of a familiar 'scent' made him let out an involuntary sigh.

"You seem disappointed?"

The butler was very concerned about the sigh.

"You probably don't know that the 'Angel Envoy's' descent lasts only 5 minutes, do you?"

Jason asked.

Suddenly, a chill appeared in the butler's eyes.

"Those people's brains are filled with faith in that unfathomable 'god,' lacking any 'information'; I've split open several heads and found nothing I wanted."

"Coincidentally, at that time, some disturbances arose from 'the ground.'

"Some 'invaders' appeared."

"Back then, they were still far away and very vague."

"But to me, it was an opportunity."

"So I 'acquired' Findelter's identity, and I appeared by 'Edward's' side, perfectly 'guiding' that fool onto my stage,"

"What happened next?"

"Pretty much what you guessed."

"But have you considered one thing?"

The butler laughed again.

"What?"

Jason cooperatively asked in return.

"Why would I bother talking at length about these utterly useless matters with you here?"

"I was stalling for time!"

As the butler spoke, he lifted his right hand, thumb pressed against his middle finger, ring finger and pinky naturally bent, with index finger raised, forming a gesture akin to the number 1.

But contrary to common understanding!

Complicated 'Dufol Language' symbols began to appear at his fingertips.

Then, more 'Dufol Language' symbols appeared at his feet.

The symbols at the fingertips and underfoot almost simultaneously shone with a red light.

As the two sets resonated with each other, an unidentifiable strength enveloped the entire hospital room.

Naturally, Jason was within this range as well.

After completing all this, the butler spoke again.

"I needed time to activate the 'ritual'!"

"And then

"To 'steal' the power you obtained from the 'Angel Envoy'!"

The butler said, a smile reappearing on his face.

Only this time, it was different from the previous, genial smile.

This time, the smile became very... insane!

An enormous smile spread across the butler's face, exaggerated to the point where the apple of his cheeks split open, his pallid teeth gleaming with an odd light, his eyes filled with bloodshot.

"It's mine now!"

The butler declared loudly.

Suddenly, a series of complex 'Dufol Language' text emerged, fountain-like, beneath Jason's feet, instantly enveloping him as if in a cage.

Next, the butler pointed his fingertip toward Jason.

Instantly, numerous 'Dufol Language' symbols, like a beam of light, connected to the symbols at Jason's feet.

Upon connection, the beam of light transformed into 'chains'.

It coiled around the cage, layer by layer.

Under the inexplicable strength, it expanded and contracted like breathing, or rather, like it was sucking something in.

The butler's face was filled with madness as he spread his arms wide.

He seemed to be preparing to embrace the pinnacle of his life.

And then...

The anticipated power did not appear!

The butler was taken aback.

He looked at Jason, who was 'bound', and raised his arms again.

But still, nothing happened.

This utterly stunned the butler.

He had clearly seen Jason biting off a piece of the 'Angel Envoy's Halo,' and in this ritual specially prepared for the 'Angel Envoy' to 'steal power,' such strength should have surged towards him like a tide.

But now?

Nothing at all.

This was impossible!

The 'Angel Envoy's Halo' could be said to be the fundamental source of an 'Angel Envoy's' power.

Even a small piece was enough for him.

Enough to easily reach his goal.

As for a mistake in the ritual?

Even less likely!

This ritual, he had tried it before.

He had tried it on the remnants of an 'Angel Envoy' he had once found.

Even though those remnants were no larger than a little finger, the power within them was something he could not forget to this day.

It had transformed him from a person of mediocre talent into one outstanding and powerful.

Having experienced such an enhancement, he could no longer bear the routine practice, hence, he laid out his plans.

What went wrong?

Anxiety began to creep into the butler's frantic expression.

The 'power-stealing' ritual could not be maintained for much longer.

He had to find the key to the problem before it was too late.

At that moment, there was a series of strange noises ahead.

Clang!

The chains suddenly made clanging sounds as a pair of broad, thick hands extended from within the chains, slightly pushing them aside to reveal Jason's silhouette.

He stepped forward and walked out.

"How is it possible!"

"How could you possibly break free from the bonds targeting the 'Angel Envoy's power'?"

"This is impossible!"

The butler growled, his eyes full of disbelief.

Jason simply said —

"Have you ever heard of digestion?"

