

Menu 721

Chapter 721: What a Coincidence, I'm Also Procrastinating

Digest?

The old butler was startled.

Then, a flash of annoyance flickered across his frenzied face.

He had come into contact with the remnants of the "Angel Envoy."

He, of course, knew what that was.

Not to mention digestion, normal people would face fatal dangers just by touching it.

...

Even if Jason was powerful, holding the title "Ship Slayer" and could temporarily swallow the "Angel Envoy's Halo" by relying on his strong physique, it was absolutely impossible for him to digest it.

To truly absorb and utilize the power within, it was necessary to set up several coordinating rituals, and then, select the correct timing to possibly complete it.

That's right.

Just possibly!

Even with all the preparations, there was still a chance of failure.

No need to mention something about digestion!

The "Angel Envoy's Halo" is not food!

How could it possibly be digested!

Therefore, the old butler did not believe a word Jason said.

On the contrary, he thought Jason was mocking him.

"Do you think you can hinder me by taking out the 'Angel Envoy's Halo' in advance?"

"Naive!"

Staring at Jason's body wrapped in bandages, the old butler, believing he had understood everything, let out a scoff.

Digestion was of course impossible.

But to extract it with the help of the "Copper's Resilience" doctor, and then hide it, that was doable.

"Let's see where my thing is!"

As the butler spoke, he didn't pay any attention to Jason in front of him, his hands flipped over his head like blooming flowers.

Instantly, the "Dufol Language" that gathered at his feet spread rapidly.

In just half a breath, these mysterious letters had filled the entire "Copper's Resilience" camp.

Having meticulously planned for so many years, the butler had come to understand the "Angel Envoy" to an extreme.

With regards to the "Angel Envoy" and the "Angel Envoy's Halo," this old butler had special skills to search for and lock onto them.

As long as the “Angel Envoy’s Halo” was nearby, he was confident he could find it.

Then, he would mock Jason severely.

Mock his ignorance.

And...

Overestimate his own abilities!

"Ship Slayer" might be powerful, but that was only when compared to ordinary people.

To him?

It didn't count for much.

A warship of the Sabie Aliens, as long as he had sufficient preparation, he could easily “slash it down.”

Now, before arriving at this “Copper’s Resilience” campsite.

He was thoroughly prepared.

So, the butler was full of confidence.

But soon, the old butler, who was confident just a moment ago, had a blank expression on his face again.

Nothing!

Nowhere to be found!

In the range of his ritual, there was nothing related to the “Angel Envoy,” let alone the “Angel Envoy’s Halo.”

This was impossible!

No one who got their hands on the “Angel Envoy’s Halo” would let such a trophy get away from them!

He wouldn't.

He believed others wouldn't either.

Yet the fact in front of him was telling him: Jason had really done it.

Immediately, the way the old butler looked at Jason changed.

"I underestimated you," said the butler.

As he spoke these words, the madness on his face subsided, and he sized up Jason again as if seeing him for the first time.

"You actually entrusted such an important thing to someone else."

"Do you trust him or her that much?"

"It seems you slightly underestimated the 'Angel Envoy's Halo!'"

"I look forward to your outcome!"

The butler said, a sneer appearing on his face.

Especially when he mentioned “outcome,” such mockery reached an extreme.

A person like the butler would never trust anyone else.

Therefore, he was certain that Jason’s actions wouldn’t lead to a good outcome.

The best outcome would be pointless efforts.

The worst outcome?

The butler chuckled lightly, his mockery turning into a faint malevolence.

He looked forward to that moment.

"I have never underestimated the ‘Angel Envoy’s Halo.’ On the contrary, I believe I understand it the best.”

Jason stood his ground and responded confidently.

And that was the truth.

Who else had eaten the “Angel Envoy’s Halo”?

Who else knew how it tasted?

That was a bite of “food” worth 100 satiety and 1 point of the Excitement of Feast.

It was a pity he had only taken two bites.

The third bite...

He didn’t manage to have it.

For Jason, this was a real regret.

If possible, he really wished to consume the entire “Angel Envoy’s Halo,” and of course, the “Angel Envoy” itself was also edible; such a large body could provide him a splendid meal.

However, such assumptions, Jason knew, were impossible now.

At least for a considerably long time, an “Angel Envoy” was unlikely to come descending again.

So, he needed to find something else to compensate.

Jason’s gaze turned towards the butler before him, his nostrils flaring incessantly.

Faint!

A very faint taste!

And quite a distance from here!

He could only determine a general direction!

It would take some time to make a more accurate determination.

When he confirmed the identity of the other party, Jason didn't believe he would be without something like 'magic snacks.'

How could someone who had schemed and planned for so long not have such items?

Not to mention, he was adept at arranging "rituals."

With the [Mystic Knowledge] he possessed, Jason was very aware that some "ritual" arrangements required valuable materials, which to him, were all "food."

At most, they were divided into "meals" or "snacks."

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Therefore, Jason could deduce that the old butler in front of him was just a "real substitute."

Or, more accurately, a doppelganger.

The other party must have mastered a secret technique similar to creating doppelgangers.

These doppelgangers were no different from the originals.

They had flesh and blood.

They could get injured and die.

...

This was not some baseless conjecture, but an inference with solid evidence.

Think about those arrangements in “Edward’s” secret base.

Since “Edward” could perform such “rituals,” it was impossible for Findelter, as “The Planner,” not to possess the ability.

Only this could explain the true nature of the other party’s “death” at the time.

And with the existence of doppelgangers, it made sense for the other party to appear so “openly and upright.”

However, Jason didn’t care about these things.

What he cared about was “food.”

Therefore, before he could determine the exact location of the “food,” he wouldn’t “startle the snake in the grass”; he had to buy time.

"Heh."

The old butler laughed.

His laughter was full of scorn; he thought Jason was just “hanging on.”

He had seen too many people like this before.

Naturally, he categorized Jason as one of these people.

And it was for this reason that he temporarily changed his mind.

"I want you alive!"

"I want you to see with your own eyes what kind of end your so-called ‘trust’ will meet!"

The old butler said maliciously.

"You want to keep me alive?"

"Aren't you too arrogant?"

Jason said, while his sense of smell was urgently locking onto the exact position of the "food."

"Do you really think that with the title 'Ship Slayer' you are truly strong?"

The old butler sneered.

"If not that, then what?"

"At least I have."

"And you?"

"You don't!"

Jason retorted.

Jason could easily see the anger rising again on the old butler's face as he said these words.

This anger was different from the previous irritation.

The anger now was even more pure.

"I've changed my mind!"

"Keeping you completely intact is not a good idea!"

"I'm going to chop off your limbs, cut out your tongue, pickle you in a jar so you can see everything unfolding before you, hear their real voices, but be unable to rebut."

As he spoke, the old butler made his move.

The "Dufol Language" cage that Jason had just torn apart twisted again at this moment, and the torn "gap" bitten towards Jason like a mouth.

Then—

Crack!

Amidst what seemed to be the twisting sound of metal, sparks appeared on Jason's arm where it was being bitten.

The "Dufol Language" cage didn't bite Jason!

Moreover, like a tooth had been broken, the "Dufol Language" cage twisted even more violently.

This scene flashed in the old butler's eyes with shock.

He was well aware of his "strength."

Not to mention flesh and blood, even a body of steel, his "strength" could twist it apart.

Although, during testing, facing a "War Machine" he was somewhat constrained, how could a person possess a "War Machine" level of defense?

Not believing the scene before him, the old butler once again manipulated the “Dufol Language” cage to attack Jason.

This attack was no different from the previous one.

Among the grating noise and the sparks flying, all that happened was some of Jason’s bandages were shredded apart, and he remained completely unscathed.

"Impossible!"

This time, the old butler cried out in shock.

Meanwhile, Jason moved his body slightly.

In past battles, he always faced beings far beyond his own strength, such that his body’s defense couldn’t be fully utilized, forcing him to rely on his “Talent” to find opportunities.

But now that he finally had the chance to demonstrate his body’s strength, Jason felt a bit unaccustomed to it.

However, this didn't hinder Jason's counterattack.

The "Chen Xi Sword," already prepared for two strikes, chopped directly out.

Whoom!

The 30-meter-long Light Sword slashed through the air.

Findelter quickly retreated, at the same time, gathering those "Dufol Language" prison bars in front of him.

But against a [War Machine level] slash, such an attempt at blocking was futile.

The "Dufol Language" prison bars shattered directly.

And Findelter, who had easily dodged Jason's slash before, now had no chance to fight back and was simply grazed by the Chen Xi Sword.

Splash!

The body was split in two.

Blood scattered as the halves flew apart.

"Why was that slash so much faster this time?"

"Did you do that on purpose just now?"

The battered body of Findelter fell to the ground, and though he was not dead—even as a doppelganger he still possessed a vigorous vitality.

But at this moment, Findelter was far from proud of his vigorous life force.

Pain swept over his nerves like a tide.

With each wave of agony, his eyes widened further.

The rage in Findelter's eyes was palpable at that moment.

How could this strike be more than twice as fast as the previous one?

This had thrown his calculations completely off.

He was caught off guard and overtaken.

Jason did not deny it when asked.

The Chen Xi Sword he had swung earlier was indeed intentionally slowed.

Why?

Isn't the result obvious now?

"Do you think you've won?"

"This time was my oversight!"

"It won't happen again!"

"Believe me, we'll meet again soon!"

After seeing Jason nod, Findelter bellowed loudly.

There was no doubt, The Planner would not accept defeat so easily.

At Findelter's roar, Jason raised his hand and a conical flame burst forth.

Under the Charles Burning Technique's fierce flames, Findelter's voice quickly faded away, along with his presence, and when the fire died, Jason had also vanished.

...

Puh!

2 kilometers from the 'Copper Indomitable' camp, underground, Findelter spat out a mouthful of blood.

The stark redness permeated before his eyes.

Hu-chi, hu-chi.

Amidst his heavy breathing, Findelter staggered to his feet and approached a table nearby.

The table was made of black walnut, littered with various bottles and jars; Findelter grabbed one and guzzled its contents after uncorking it.

Doppelganger magic, though marvelous, carried significant constraints and backlash.

While a “doppelganger” could act, sharing vision with the original body and following its will, the original could not move during this time.

Furthermore, the death of a “doppelganger” dealt a serious blow to the original.

Fortunately, Findelter had managed to minimize such “serious injuries” through numerous experiments.

But that did not mean Findelter was in any good mood.

"Jason!"

Findelter ground out the name between clenched teeth.

Then, he turned and moved to another table.

Though his wounds were not yet healed, making it inadvisable for him to confront Jason in person, he already preferred to manipulate everything from behind the scenes.

However, the anger in his heart towards Jason compelled him to act.

Fortunately, as a person of the Mystical Side, Findelter was not short of such means.

For instance: Evil Curses!

The fangs of a viper, the hair of a siren, the roots of swamp grass...

One by one, Findelter placed items into the circle of the metal array before him.

The array was metal, circular on top, triangular below, and interconnected with a siren's hair.

Within the circle, he placed the materials aside from the siren's hair.

In the triangle, Findelter took up a dagger and slit his wrist.

Blood sprayed forth.

Hiss, hiss!

A hissing like that of a serpent sounded in his ears.

Hearing this, the corners of Findelter's mouth curled upwards.

The Serpent's Curse had been successful!

"Go, find that man!"

"Make him suffer the agony of a thousand serpents devouring his heart!"

Findelter screamed out loud.

The serpent hissing amplified behind him, continuing relentlessly.

A look of confusion flashed across Findelter's face.

According to past experience, after a successful "Serpent's Curse," the hissing should fade quickly once it reached its first peak.

Why was it growing louder?

In his confusion and doubt, a possibility that Findelter did not want to entertain emerged in his mind.

Jason was right behind him!

Impossible!

How could this be?

As this speculation arose, Findelter's first instinct was denial.

However, he involuntarily turned his head to look behind him.

And then, he saw an ice hockey mask.

A mask that should have been fully concealed in shadow, but was betrayed by the flash of cold light.

Cold light?

Findelter paused, stunned.

And then—

Darkness enveloped his vision

Chapter 723: Findelter's Struggle

The blood in his chest cavity burst out with pressure, like a red fountain.

Findelter's head rolled and came to rest at Jason's feet.

The eyes of this man behind the scenes were wide open, the last spark of vitality in his eyeballs reflecting the towering figure of Jason as he stepped forward.

Jason slowly pushed up the hockey mask, revealing his calm face.

He looked down at Findelter, who had long lost all signs of life, as the hissing of snakes in his ears became more intense.

Hiss, hiss!

...

Amidst a chorus of hisses, groups of serpentine apparitions suddenly sprang forth from the shadows.

They were elusive.

They reared their heads and flicked their tongues.

A faint, fishy odor began to pervade the entire crypt.

Jason glanced over these seemingly real but illusory shadows, his gaze unchanged.

When Findelter first set up the “ritual,” Jason hadn’t entered this crypt; he only came in when the opponent’s “ritual” was about to be complete.

Though he hadn’t witnessed the whole process, based on his knowledge of the arcane, Jason could roughly determine that the other party must have set up some kind of “Evil Curse.”

At least, considering the relationship between the two, the other party definitely wasn’t bestowing blessings on him.

And the power of this “Evil Curse”?

Hastily set up, it wouldn’t be very strong.

But, it was bound to be troublesome.

Jason thought to himself.

In fact, that was the case.

The next moment—

Hiss!

With a hiss, a slender serpentine shadow suddenly sprang from the shadows and attacked Jason.

The serpentine shadow was very fast, but for Jason, it was not enough.

Just a slight movement of his feet, and Jason dodged the attack.

But then came an even more intense series of hisses.

Hiss, hiss hiss!

Amidst the scalp-tingling, dense sounds, hundreds and thousands of serpentine shadows launched their attack on Jason all at once.

They darted at Jason just like the first shadow had.

In such a confined space, even Jason was hard-pressed to escape.

Soon, a shadow clung to Jason's body.

It shook its head, lashing its tail, gnawing at Jason's skin.

If there is one, there will be two.

After two, comes three.

Under the remaining light in the crypt, silhouette after silhouette clung to Jason's body, these apparitions savagely tearing at him.

Yet Jason's expression remained calm.

Doesn't it hurt?

Of course not.

When the first serpentine shadow bit him, Jason felt a piercing pain.

And as the subsequent shadows bit into him, that piercing pain surged like waves one after another.

Ordinary people would have been screaming in agony long ago.

What about fainting?

If one could faint, it wouldn't really be an 'Evil Curse.'

Jason was acutely aware that as these serpentine apparitions inflicted pain upon him, there was also a force permeating his nerves, keeping him 'awake.'

Torment?

A look of understanding appeared in Jason's eyes.

An Evil Curse, naturally torments people, doesn't it?

There was nothing surprising about it.

But to him, this was hardly considered torment.

He could feel the pain.

He was not insensitive, nor was he devoid of pain sensation.

He was simply accustomed to it.

Having his heart pierced, his head severed, or his body blown to bits were all as common to him as meals.

When displaying his Talent, bursting into bloody froth was like a noisy yet enduring premature birth.

Occasionally vaporizing was like dessert after a meal, distinctly memorable.

Being compressed into a pile of debris was more like a snack; not to be consumed often, but satisfying every time.

Compared to these, the current heart-piercing pain?

It was just a piece of cake.

It couldn't even hinder Jason's normal actions.

He walked toward the table that was laden with bottles, jars, and many miscellaneous items.

Most were things Jason had never seen before.

A few he could name but not fully understand.

However, that didn't stop Jason from 'identifying by scent.'

If it smelled good, it was edible.

Adhering to such a simple notion, Jason began to select his food.

Strings that looked like hair strands, somewhat like boiled seaweed, salty with a hint of fishiness, but quite crispy.

The round ones that felt like stones, but were soft to the touch, tasted completely like bread.

The colorful liquids in the cone-shaped bottles were, for Jason, various kinds of fruit juice.

What surprised Jason was a small piece of dragon scale.

Saying it was small was a bit inaccurate.

It wasn't complete.

It was about the size of a little fingernail.

Although it was impossible to deduce the exact size of the whole scale, Jason estimated that this small piece of dragon scale was about a quarter to a fifth of the size of a complete scale.

It felt scorching hot to the touch, like a blade.

Yet, the taste was unexpectedly crisp with a hint of spiciness, somewhat like fried tofu skin spread with chili sauce.

As for why Jason was certain it was a dragon scale, it was naturally because of the text prompt before his eyes.

[Consuming a part of Ed Aragon's scale]

[Excess recovery of Physical Strength, energy, and injuries!]

[Special Strength acquired!]

[Determining Special Strength...]

[Determination successful!]

[Charles Burning Technique optimized!]

[Charles Burning Technique (Expert): This is a secret technique that requires no gestures and no chanting of the Dufol Language to cast, yet it demands considerable arcane knowledge and Tenacious willpower as a foundation; where it originated from is beyond tracing, even Gerard, who excavated this secret technique from ruins, doesn't know, only able to determine it originates from a vastly ancient era's different system; and in order to adapt this secret technique for this era's system, Gerard made a series of modifications and additions, causing a great alteration from its original form, and such alteration has unexpectedly been supplemented in your hands, becoming even more powerful as a result, followed by an optimization; Effect: Consume a small amount of Physical Strength to create a chariot-level Flame in the shape of a cone (45°, 15 meters long, 1.5 meters high, though you can control the size of the cone-shaped flame as you wish, but not beyond limits) from the palm of your hand,

continuous spraying will deplete Physical Strength; you can choose to attack with either hand or simultaneously use both hands to release two flames, but Physical Strength consumption will double.]

Chapter 724: Findelter's Struggle (2)

...

[Charles Burning Technique, having been supplemented and optimized, now has an upgraded inherent mastery option 'Flame Transformation':]

[Flame Transformation: You can choose the initial manner of spraying flames or change their shape. You can either attach them to your fists or shoot them out as fireballs; you can also turn them into armor that covers your entire body, with the basic power of the flame remaining unchanged. When attached to your fists, physical strength decreases, offering protection beyond that of a bullet for both hands; when shooting out fireballs, the radius cannot exceed 0.5 meters (the power of the fireball is related to its radius), the throwing distance is related to your own strength, and when you choose to turn it into armor, you will obtain protection that can withstand more than a bullet's impact, which will continuously consume your physical strength.]

...

Length: 10 meters → 15 meters

Height: 1.0 meter → 1.5 meters

...

Fireball Radius: 0.4 → 0.5 meters

Attack Strength: Beyond explosive-level → Armored vehicle level

Defense Strength: Bullet level → Beyond bullet level

The position of the heart occupied by the Dufol Language did not change, but it indicated that the Charles Burning Technique's Dufol Language had become even brighter. And the requirement to upgrade to Master level has changed from 70 points of fullness and 4 points of Excitement of Feast to 80 points of fullness and 5 points of Excitement of Feast.

"5 points of Excitement of Feast?"

Jason frowned.

With the increase of his 'hunting ability', his fullness level could mostly be maintained at a standard level most of the time.

But Excitement of Feast was different.

Not only because it was rare, but also because Protection Against Evil itself is a major consumer of Excitement of Feast.

To elevate Protection Against Evil to the next level needed 10 points of Excitement of Feast.

And now, Jason had a total of—

[Fullness: 232]

[Excitement of Feast: 8]

After a small snack, Jason gained 31 points of fullness, and the total fullness began to approach the pass mark, while Excitement of Feast remained the same as before.

Protection Against Evil still had a gap of 2 points.

Not to mention the Charles Burning Technique.

Under normal circumstances, Jason would need to consider Protection Against Evil as the core.

After that, everything else.

Undoubtedly, the Charles Burning Technique was part of the 'everything else'.

Even if the Charles Burning Technique's power had caught up with his main combat level.

After all, the special power of Protection Against Evil was irreplaceable.

For instance: at this moment!

Jason lowered his head to look at the serpentine shadows covering his entire body, ready to strike with a Protection Against Evil.

Perhaps there were other ways to remove the evil curse in front of him.

But for Jason, nothing was more direct than Protection Against Evil.

Shadows, negative energy, bizarre, and strange—Protection Against Evil had an exceptional way of countering all of them.

If it didn't work, it would only prove that the level of Protection Against Evil was not enough.

Or perhaps, one Protection Against Evil was not enough.

Then two it would be.

But before Jason could release it, he suddenly stopped.

He saw the body of Findelter.

Compared to its previous 'plumpness', now Findelter was reduced to a 'withered' body.

Not mummified.

Shriveled.

The insides—organs, muscles, bones, blood—were all drained.

And all that remained was a dry, dehydrated skin.

And what was lost of the insides—organs, muscles, bones, blood—had transformed into more serpentine shadows.

Although there was nothing obstructing Jason, he could confirm that the number of serpentine shadows on his body had increased by at least half.

They clung to Jason's body with even greater swiftness.

They bit at Jason with even more ferocity.

Jason knew that flesh and blood could nourish an 'evil curse'.

In his knowledge of the mystic, most evil curses could have their power enhanced by the caster's own flesh and blood, or rather, one's own flesh and blood is the most direct way to empower an evil curse.

Of course, under normal circumstances, a caster would never do this.

Because the lost flesh and blood would not grow back in a short period of time.

Even in most cases, it's irreversible damage.

But when it comes to a life-and-death situation, no one would care about these things.

These casters would often fight desperately.

Living is the most important thing, isn't it?

And if one were to die?

It's all over.

Who would care about their own flesh and blood then?

'Evil Curse'?

It was supposed to disappear.

But the 'Evil Curse' before Jason's eyes didn't vanish.

Far from disappearing, it became more intense instead.

Even with the blessing of Findelter's 'Last Effort,' it should have disappeared by now.

It's important to know that an 'Evil Curse' is not a 'Curse.'

Both are evil and bizarre.

But the duration of an 'Evil Curse' is nothing compared to a 'Curse.'

The former torments the cursed for a period of time, usually ending after a certain duration, or when the one who cast it dies.

The latter?

Although it also lasts a period of time, that period could be ten years, a hundred years, or even continue for generations through the bloodline, never changing with the death of the caster.

And now, the 'Evil Curse' that should have ended didn't for Jason.

Jason also confirmed that the 'Evil Curse' hadn't turned into a 'Curse.'

That left only one possibility—

Findelter was not yet dead!

The 'body' present here was also a 'Doppelganger.'

The true body was somewhere else.

"A true cunning rabbit has three burrows, huh?"

Jason muttered to himself, then turned and walked to a corner of the secret chamber, where there was a chair.

He simply sat down, quietly waiting.

The 'Evil Curse' on his body?

Jason had no intention of dispelling it.

The 'Evil Curse' brought him pain.

The 'Evil Curse' became a guide.

This guide was for him, but for Findelter, it was 'bait'!

When the other party was 'revived' and discovered the 'Evil Curse' was still active, especially since one of his doppelgangers had 'strengthened' it, what would they do?

Given their mutual hatred, it would be difficult not to come and investigate, right?

So, what Jason needed to do was wait for the other party to come.

Thinking this, Jason stood up again, closed the door, and raised his hand to arrange a 'Kaya Seal' on the secret room's door.

After doing all this, Jason sat back down in the chair and pulled down his mask.

...

"Aaaah!"

With a wretched howl, Findelter awoke once more.

Experiencing the pain of beheading was a first for him.

It hurt so much!

It hurt so much that tears and snot flowed from him.

It hurt to the point of suffocating him.

However, he quickly let out a sinister laugh.

He could feel that the 'Evil Curse' he had cast was still in effect.

"The taste of the 'Excitement of Feast' must be exquisite, right?"

Murmuring such words to himself, Findelter quickly climbed out of the coffin in the depths of the suburban graveyard, shaking off his clothing that was filled with the scent of decay and on the verge of falling apart.

As Findelter's last card.

This place had not been opened since it had been sealed.

It looked exactly like the surrounding tombs.

Both inside and out.

Without paying any mind to his attire, Findelter pushed open the tomb's door.

Click, click.

The long unopened tomb door swung open amidst the grinding of stone.

Fresh morning air hit him in the face, and Findelter took a deep breath, quickening his pace.

He needed to get back to his previous secret chamber as fast as possible.

Even though Jason was currently incapacitated with pain, he worried that things might change if he was late.

"Wait for me, Jason."

"Do you think everything is over?"

"No!"

"This is just the beginning!"

Chapter 725: Where the Heart Belongs

Under the morning sun, Cherry City became vibrant once again.

The recent residents of Cherry City had experienced too many things, and last night's "Apostles' Descent" was indeed a surprising event, but with the previous "Night of Turmoil," "Sabie Aliens Invasion," and other incidents, they seemed to have been inoculated. After a glance at the streets, seeing that the patrolling officers were still around and nothing unexpected had occurred, they began to walk the streets calmly.

Today was the day the "Kylin Main Ship" ascended.

It was also the day of the New Soldiers' Expedition.

The entire "ground" had a holiday.

When people didn't need to go to work or school, the "meaning of the festival" became particularly prominent.

...

Even if it wasn't a festival, it would become one.

People walking on the streets conversed with excitement yet tinged with nervousness about the events of yesterday.

Especially that "Ship Slayer" Jason, who had become a hot topic among the people.

They discussed the life of a "Ship Slayer."

They discussed the strength of a "Ship Slayer."

Exactly how powerful?

Could a single person rival an entire army?

Why would such a strong person become a writer?

Could it be to attract followers through travels?

And what about their daily life?

Do they also eat several times more than ordinary people?

All sorts of things made people unconsciously turn their eyes to the release of “The Jason Enigma.”

So many posters and banners, they were just too conspicuous, impossible not to notice.

And then there were the lines of people.

Among them, only a very small part were original fans of Jason’s books. Most had been drawn in by Jason’s deeds, after being “spread” and “marketed” by Bolun.

Looking at the many people.

Those who originally didn’t think much of it began to waver.

Should they buy a book to read?

It wasn’t too expensive.

What if it really was like the rumors say?

If I could become a “Mystical Side person,” would I be as powerful as that “Ship Slayer”?

With this thought, a few young people quickly made their way to the back of the line.

People always follow the crowd.

When someone takes the lead, those who were originally hesitant became resolute.

In an instant, hundreds more joined the back of the line.

And this was just a corner of the street.

After all, the “Kylin Main Ship” launch ceremony wouldn’t start until 10:30.

The bookstore opened at 9:00, so there was plenty of time to line up, buy a book, and still make it.

Thinking this way, people lined up in an orderly fashion.

Everyone’s gaze was turned towards the bookstore.

They completely failed to notice, in the shadow of the alley behind them, that fleeting figure.

"Humph!"

Findelter looked at these people, his cold laugh filled with disdain.

Scoffing at their ignorance was as much a mockery of Jason’s crowd-pleasing.

How could a true “Mystical Side person” ever write a book?

Could someone who writes books be a real “Mystical Side person”?

"A half-baked amateur!"

"This has sealed your failure!"

"The ultimate victory will be mine!"

Findelter murmured.

His pace quickened.

Because his confidence had grown stronger.

He truly believed that he had already won.

After all, it was the “Serpent’s Curse!”

Anyone afflicted with the “Serpent’s Curse” would end up writhing in agony, too pained to live but unable to die, becoming weak, servile, and abandoning their honor.

This was not mere scaremongering.

It was his own hands-on experimentation.

And not just once.

A warrior known for his tenacity cried at his feet, begging for death.

A knight who valued honor as life took up his sword and turned it on himself.

The wizard, called “wise,” lost his sanity in madness.

He had seen too much.

And this time would be no exception!

Jason, what makes you the exception?

Even if Jason is a “Ship Slayer,” it makes no difference!

Not to mention, what Jason had was an enhanced version of the “Serpent’s Curse.”

Using one of his “doppelgangers” as “nourishment,” Jason must already be writhing in pain by now, right?

Findelter smiled smugly at the thought.

He was grateful for what he had done upon waking earlier.

Goaded by anger?

No!

It was luck that guided him!

Luck that had him cast the “Serpent’s Curse.”

And luck that would turn the tables for him!

"Indeed, I am the favored of fate!"

Findelter thought of how he had gone from an ordinary and unremarkable commoner to discovering a corpse by chance, acquiring a notebook written in both the common and Dufol languages, learning the “Secret Knowledge of the Mystical Side” from it, and inadvertently finding a treasure map at a “Mystical Side gathering,” which led him to acquire many mystical potions and materials.

And with such potions and materials, he became powerful in one fell swoop.

Then, he planned everything according to the “Angel Envoy’s” scheme.

Despite the ups and downs, Findelter believed.

In the end, he would win!

With this belief, Findelter returned to the secret chamber from before.

He immediately noticed the [Kaya Seal] on the door, and his ears filled with the hissing of serpents.

Findelter laughed.

Everything was as he had expected.

Under the pain, Jason no longer had the strength to act.

He could only use the [Kaya Seal] as a barrier and a warning.

In doing so, Jason was probably trying to buy a little bit of time when he showed up.

But Jason probably didn’t realize that this would give him even more clues.

Without touching the door,

Findelter picked up a pebble from the roadside and threw it at it.

The Hunters' seals were naturally reliable.

Chapter 726: Where the Heart Points Towards (2)

Especially the Kaya Seal, it really is an essential Dharma Seal for both home and travel, but for those who discover it in advance, the flaws of the Kaya Seal are also immense.

No need to touch it personally.

There's an "intermediary" involved.

Triggering the Kaya Seal then becomes "safe".

Therefore, when Hunters use the Kaya Seal, they are extremely cautious.

They make the Kaya Seal concealed.

...

And not blatantly stamped on the door panel like this.

Findelter believed that under normal circumstances, Jason wouldn't either, but under the influence of the "Serpent's Curse", the other party apparently couldn't care less.

Crack!

The pebble touched the Kaya Seal.

Immediately, the power of the Dharma Seal was activated.

An extraordinary Strength lingered in the air for a full second before slowly beginning to dissipate.

Findelter listened to the hissing of snakes, confirming that there was no change in pitch or distance, then slowly pushed open the door of the secret room.

Upon entering, Findelter saw Jason, seated in the chair, entwined and bitten by layers upon layers of dense shadowy serpent figures.

Seeing this, Findelter completely let down his heart.

"Jason, we meet again."

"Isn't it a bit of a surprise?"

As he spoke, Findelter walked towards Jason.

The mastermind looked at Jason, who sat motionless, wearing a mask, with that oddly-shaped machete resting on his knees, and his smile grew even brighter.

He could confirm that Jason's situation must be very bad.

Pain had already spread from his body to his scalp.

Trembling was an instinct.

And Jason, in an effort to suppress such pain, endured it.

Findelter had seen more than one person like this.

Therefore, he was not surprised.

But this mastermind was unusually excited.

"Does it hurt a lot?"

"Do you want to scream and shout?"

"Do you want to roll around on the ground?"

Findelter inquired like this.

To kill your enemy with a single strike?

That's just merciful.

To humiliate their soul and torture their body is what Findelter now wanted.

Of course, there's the "Angel Envoy's Fetter".

Findelter had never forgotten his original intention.

But to Findelter's surprise, as he questioned, Jason did not answer, and his closed eyes showed no intention of opening.

"Worried that your gaze will betray your pain and cause you 'shame'?"

"You needn't be. "

"Here, no one but me will see."

Findelter seemingly consoled with kindness.

He had said the same thing when he tortured that Knight.

In a sense, it was true.

Here, truly no one but him was present.

But, one can prepare a video camera in advance.

Record it.

Then, one copy for each person.

How can you enjoy alone?

Fair distribution is the source of happiness.

Just like when rain hits the banana leaves, it is not aimed at a single leaf but strikes the whole cluster to make that slapping sound.

As for the video camera?

He did have one here.

Thinking this, Findelter confidently took down the video camera placed up high.

Turned it on, placed it on the table.

After doing all this, he looked expectantly at Jason.

But Jason still remained the same, still motionless, eyes still shut.

This made Findelter uncomfortable.

He felt his patience was nearly exhausted.

"I originally hoped to preserve your dignity until the end."

"But you didn't seize the opportunity."

"That really irritates me!"

Findelter said, and moved in front of Jason.

The snakes clustered on Jason's body, densely packed to form a shadow resembling a cocoon, parted for him.

However, they only parted around the body.

The snapping jaws of the shadowy serpents remained clamped onto Jason's body.

Findelter was the one who had cast the "Serpent's Curse".

This level of control was a piece of cake for him.

Hiss, hiss.

Amidst the abnormal hissing, Findelter raised his hand to grab Jason's mask.

It felt cold, hard.

Not a pleasant touch, but with an interesting sensation underneath.

Like panic.

Like unease.

Enjoying this feeling, Findelter smiled.

"Magic artefact?"

"An unexpected gain."

He said.

He had never intended to let Jason go; once Jason was dealt with, whatever Jason had would naturally become his.

With the unexpected gain in mind, Findelter didn't hesitate, using force on his fingers to push up Jason's mask to reveal his calm face with closed eyes.

"Do you still need to persevere?"

"It's useless."

Thinking Jason was merely putting on a brave front, Findelter continued.

At that moment, Jason suddenly opened his eyes.

They were as calm as his expression, shimmering under the light.

There was a sense of focus.

And a hint of anticipation.

Anticipation?

Seeing those eyes, Findelter was startled.

Then, the familiar flash of a blade followed.

The familiar sound of a metal blade cutting reverberated.

The mastermind also saw a familiar body.

That was his body.

Just standing there, dumbfounded.

Without a head.

His head?

It soared into the air once more.

I'm being beheaded again?

Upon the emergence of this thought, darkness engulfed Findelter's vision.

Unlike the quick awakenings before.

This time, it was an eternal darkness.

Hiss, hiss.

The sound of hissing snakes rapidly faded away.

Chapter 727: Xin's Direction (3)

In the secret room, silence had fallen, leaving only the faint sound of Jason's breath.

Whoosh!

Jason looked down at Findelter's corpse, a trace of relaxation showing on his face.

Not just because Findelter was truly dead.

But also because he no longer had to hold back.

When Findelter appeared once again just earlier, Jason really was close to not being able to contain his laughter.

...

Because sensing Findelter's presence was like hearing "You have a new Meituan order" echoing in his ears.

And then?

The delivery rider had reached the pickup spot and was en route to delivering.

Recalling these thoughts, he had struggled so hard to restrain himself.

And now?

He was his own customer.

Leave a good review.

Although he might not receive it.

Jason fished out another dragon scale from the dead man's embrace.

It was the same size as the one he had gotten before.

The color, however, was blackish-green.

Cool to the touch and tough.

Crunchy as it was ingested, and had a bit of a kick, like plain chips dipped in mustard sauce.

[Devouring a portion of Demont Aether's scale]

[Physical Strength, Energy, and excessive injury recovery!]

[Special power obtained!]

[Special power assessment in progress...]

[Assessment passed!]

[Mist Concealment level improved, optimized!]

[Mist Concealment (Mastery): This is a secret technique that doesn't require hand gestures but does require a certain Proficiency Level in Dufol Language as a foundation. It was initially circulated among several secret forces but ultimately became one of the 'Tomb Guardian' heritages. Utilizing special food to reach the Mastery level as you did has completely transformed it; Effect: Creates a 60-meter radius fog, within which you gain a +1 Stealth assessment and a +0.5 Agility assessment bonus. Other creatures entering the 'fog range' will suffer blade-level toxic damage. Over time, this damage will accumulate, and after 10 minutes, the toxic damage increases to bullet-level, and blade-level acidic Corrosion starts to occur; when leaving the fog range, self-buff and enemy buff effects disappear; creating fog consumes some Physical Strength, and continuous maintenance of the fog will steadily drain Physical Strength.]

(Note 1: Learning 'Mist Concealment' doesn't require Mastery-level Dufol Language, but when you learn it from a scroll, it's the Mastery-level Dufol Language that helps you understand the 'structure'.)

(Note 2: The appearance of the fog doesn't change due to toxicity; it still looks like normal fog.)

...

[Mist Concealment has reached Mastery because of Demont Aether's scale, permanently altering the Mastery options!]

[Mastery option obtained: Pervasive Toxic Fog]

[Pervasive Toxic Fog: The toxic fog you release will have an additional 10 meters radius, plus an initial increase of +1 to the level of toxin, acidic corrosion, and a +2 increase to the sustained toxin level. Likewise, this will consume more of your Physical Strength.]

...

"Ordinary fog has turned into toxic fog with lethal properties?"

"And there's corrosive damage after a while?"

Jason looked at the text explanation with surprise and delight.

Then, his gaze shifted to that name.

"Demont Aether?"

"Is it related to that dragon, Ed Aragon?"

Jones pondered this, his mouth beginning to water again.

Clearly, this world was far broader than he had imagined.

His explorations had been much too shallow.

Yet, the main quest [992000/100000] reminded him that he was running out of time.

"Hope there's another chance next time."

With that thought, Jason directly left the secret room and headed towards the ground.

At this time, the morning sun was still shining.

Warming the body.

Without his mask and machete, Jason couldn't help but stretch languidly.

"Another beautiful day has begun."

Jason spoke like this.

"Yes, it's a beautiful day,"

Suddenly someone chimed in from the side. Jason didn't turn his head; he had obviously noticed the person's approach already, and the one who had unexpectedly spoken didn't mean to seem mysterious, simply walking up beside Jason.

Silver hair, particularly striking under the sunlight.

Eyes filled with a defiant light, even more dazzling than the sun.

Leviah looked at Jason and couldn't help but sigh.

"I owe you a favor,"

The Master Hunter said.

He was referring to Bolun, John, Brian, and McCaul.

Even Emily, Kemi, and Telly had joined them.

They had learned the techniques of Silver's Glory, and although there was no explicit indication, to a certain extent, they were already branded with the mark of Silver's Glory.

It was something that no one could change.

The withering legacy of Silver's Glory had once again found its heirs.

And they all had remarkable talents.

Especially that young man.

After observing the young man secretly, even Leviah was immensely shocked.

Such a talent was no longer merely outstanding.

It was...

Legendary!

A talent that only the legendary Golden Race possessed.

He had initially cast it away thoughtlessly.

Yet he didn't expect to reap such a reward.

This left Leviah feeling somewhat restless.

He didn't like owing favors to others.

Especially after retirement, he liked it even less.

So the Master Hunter looked at Jason, hoping Jason would propose a condition that would allow him to repay the favor.

"Just treat me to a meal,"

Jason said with a smile, under the watchful gaze of the Master Hunter.

"No,"

"I'm broke,"

"Have no money,"

The face of the Master Hunter was filled with embarrassment as he said this, reaching into his own pocket.

The pocket was completely empty, cleaner than his face.

It wasn't pretending to be poor.

He was really poor.

"Then, let's leave it for another time!"

Jason said this and took a step forward, walking ahead.

The morning breeze whistled by.

The sunlight became even more resplendent.

Jason's figure became ethereal and unreal in the sunlight, raising his arm to wave, both a farewell to the Master Hunter and to the friends in this world.

Avoidance?

No, that wasn't it.

He simply wasn't accustomed to saying goodbye in person.

This way of saying farewell was quite good.

"Where do you plan to go?"

The sudden question came from the Master Hunter.

Jason walked on without stopping or turning back to answer—

"Far away."

Chapter 728 Welcome Aboard!

The bright warmth of the morning sun dimmed as Jason stepped forward into the gloom.

The sense of warmth vanished without a trace.

The sudden disappearance even brought about a chill.

Before Jason's eyes, the table remained, the utensils remained.

The high-backed chairs were still just as uncomfortable.

The feeling of restraint made even the most comfortable chairs unbearable.

...

Whoosh!

On the table, the black notebook flipped open without any wind, and text began to appear one by one on the slightly yellowed pages—

[The purity of clear soup is not the simplicity of the ingredients, but the sublimation of their essence.]

[It is rich and delicious.]

[Destined to be unforgettable.]

(Note: I hope you truly tasted its sublimation!)

Just like the maxims after 'dinner' before, this time was no exception.

"Essence's sublimation?"

Jason furrowed his brows.

At that moment, he thought of many things—John's trio, poor Edward, the shadowy puppet master Findelter, Cortana, the old general, the old instructor, and more, including the exceptionally talented Bolun and Kemi.

Eventually, these figures all slowly dissipated.

No!

Not dissipated, but overshadowed by the brilliance of another figure.

‘Witch’!

Jason's memories of the ‘Witch’ were indeed fresh.

After all, not just anyone commits suicide in front of him.

"Ordinary people's sublimation is... mental illness?"

The answer involuntarily surfaced in Jason's mind when he thought of the ‘Witch’.

Then, Jason quickly shook his head.

No.

Impossible.

He was overthinking it.

"The sublimation of an ordinary person should be a more beautiful existence."

"Just like having vinegar with dumplings."

"Or chili with tripe."

Jason firmed up his own thoughts.

And the text on the notebook continued to appear —

[Main task: Perfect!]

[Hunting performance: Excellent!]

[Cooking performance: Mediocre!]

[Combat performance: Excellent!]

[Search performance: Mediocre!]

[Overall evaluation: Almost excellent!]

(Note: Do you need a soup spoon?)

...

Looking at the 'almost excellent' overall evaluation, Jason was not surprised.

In the previous replica world, he had hardly left 'Cherry City,' and his exploration of 'Cherry City' was almost superficial, with some hidden places he never delved into, so his search was naturally mediocre.

As for 'cooking performance'?

Emmmm...

It's really hard to say.

He also hoped to learn some culinary skills.

But it was difficult.

More difficult than he had imagined.

In the replica world, there were too many things to consider and deal with.

So much so that there was no opportunity or time to learn cooking.

Or rather, he simply couldn't afford to 'give up short-term gains' for a 'long-term perspective.'

Jason was not unaware of the importance of 'long-term' development.

It's just that he was still living on the 'edge of survival.'

Talking to someone starving, barely scraping by about 'ideals, the future'?

It's a bit difficult, really.

Simply put, he was still too weak.

Weak to the point of being unworthy.

Sigh!

Jason sighed silently in his heart.

He, too, wanted to eat carefully cooked food!

Nobody loved the taste of food more than him.

But reality didn't allow it.

Unable to help himself, Jason sighed again.

Then, he looked at the glowing notebook.

Like the previous 'Esophagus Enhancement,' an iron, bronze bi-colored card appeared.

The front of the card showed a nose, with the nostrils depicted in the form of air currents.

[Smell Enhancement: Food and flavor are intrinsically one, and your sense of smell has been enhanced. It not only allows you to smell food from a greater distance but also to finely distinguish the differences between them.]

...

The words before his eyes flickered.

As before, [Smell Enhancement] appeared next to [Esophagus Enhancement], [Tooth Enhancement], [Taste Enhancement], [Poison Resistance Enhancement], [Stomach Enhancement], [Mouth Enhancement], under the Talent [Predator], marked with 'Passive.'

Jason's nose twitched.

It felt itchy.

Then, a burst of scents flooded into his nostrils.

There was the fragrance of soil, the distinct smell of wooden furniture in a humid environment, and the scent of metal utensils, fabric, and more.

However, very quickly,

All these scents were masked by the rich scent of beef.

A palm-sized white ceramic bowl appeared before Jason.

The bowl contained a clear, amber-like broth.

The feeling of restraint on his body almost completely vanished at that moment.

Jason picked up the bowl, unable to resist taking a deep breath.

The steamy aroma went straight to his brain.

He felt as if all his pores had opened up.

"Huh?"

"No spoon?"

When Jason was about to drink the soup, he realized that only a bowl of soup had appeared and there was no spoon.

Upon this, Jason instinctively looked at the previous note: Do you need a soup spoon?

After a slight hesitation, Jason tentatively spoke.

"I need a soup spoon."

He said so.

And then...

Nothing happened.

The white ceramic bowl remained as it was.

The soup was still the delicious broth.

There was no appearance of a soup spoon.

Jason paused for about two seconds, then finally shrugged.

"I was overthinking."

He thought to himself and lifted the soup bowl, drinking it down in one gulp.

The salty and savory taste filled his mouth.

As the flavor of the broth spread, Jason's eyes lit up involuntarily.

For the soup contained not only the richness of beef but also the unique taste of a mixture of offal, and even... bone marrow!

Chapter 729 Welcome Aboard!_2

Although it was only a bowl of soup, Jason felt as if he were consuming an entire cow.

Admirable!

As he thought this, Jason lifted the bowl higher and higher.

Finally, after the last drop of soup had entered his mouth, Jason stuck out his tongue and licked the bowl clean.

[Tasted 'Near Excellent' level 'Beef Soup'!]

[Physical Strength, Spirit, and injuries fully recovered!]

...

[Attribute points +0.1]

...

With this increase in attribute points, Jason's attributes changed to [Strength 5.1, Agility 4.6, Constitution 5.4, Spirit 3.4, Perception 7.0].

His Perception, under normal conditions, finally stepped over the threshold of 7.

Compared to when he first entered the 'Beef Soup' copy world, his Strength increased from 3.7 to 5.1, Agility from 3.5 to 4.6, Constitution from 4.4 to 5.4, and Spirit from 2.6 to 3.4, each attribute experiencing significant growth.

However, Jason knew this still wasn't enough.

He was still far from where he needed to be.

Whoosh!

Taking a deep breath, Jason looked at his notebook once more.

[The sublime essence makes everything unpredictable.]

[You can preserve the taste of this moment.]

[Or you can pursue the flavors that come after.]

[Of course, Satiety and Excitement of Feast are key!]

[Yes/No spend 300 Satiety Points, 20 Excitement of Feast points to return to 'Beef Soup' copy?]

...

Compared to the 500 Satiety Points, 30 Excitement of Feast points required to return to 'Soda Water', returning to the 'Beef Soup' world was naturally much cheaper, but for Jason at this moment, 300 Satiety Points, and 20 Excitement of Feast points were still an insurmountable burden.

Quietly, Jason shifted his gaze away.

He was waiting to return to Nightless City.

The feeling of constraint came back again.

He was about to return to Nightless City.

Just then, Jason suddenly remembered something extremely important.

Where's the beef in the beef soup we agreed upon?

The next moment, Jason appeared inside Ter Street number 19.

He was dressed in his original clothes, wearing an ice hockey mask, sitting on a wooden crate with his beloved cleaver resting on his knees.

And then, in an instant, he perceived something.

When he last sent out signals from Ter Street number 19, Jason's Perception was 5.7, and with the support of various skills, he could barely perceive something existing around him.

But this time was different.

Although he still could not see or touch it.

He could perceive the general 'shape' of this thing now.

Silk threads!

Fine silk threads crisscrossed and filled the entire Ter Street number 19.

Every time he stood up or moved, he would touch these silk threads.

His body moved through these threads, and nothing happened, as these threads returned to their original state as Jason passed through them, akin to walking through a 'beam of light'.

But was it true that nothing happened?

When he moved again, Jason closed his eyes.

The temporary +0.3 Perception granted by [Blind Fighting] immediately allowed him to notice a difference.

These threads, after being touched by him, would quiver and send out 'ripples', transmitting along the 'threads' themselves towards the distance.

Jason subconsciously chased these transmissions.

But these transmissions were too rapid, too streamlined, and too concealed.

He found these 'threads', but only the ones in front of him.

The distance?

He knew nothing about it.

This made Jason quite uncomfortable.

The thought of being surrounded by such 'threads' almost subconsciously made him think of himself as 'prey' caught in a giant spider web.

Every struggle would attract the spider closer.

Then what?

Be eaten.

"Still too weak!"

"Eaten?"

"This isn't what I'm looking forward to."

Jason thought to himself.

He was extremely cautious about this 'Big Shot's' 'collaborator'.

Until he had completely figured out everything about the other party, he wouldn't make a move.

Maintaining his 'postman' disguise, Jason began to patrol inside Ter Street number 19, deliberately peering through the gaps in the windows at the street outside.

The burning car had been extinguished long ago.

The whole street was pitch black.

The fog mixed in made the street even more dim and foggy.

A wind blowing from an unknown source would cause the fog to tumble momentarily, as if a gigantic monster were about to pounce.

And in reality?

It was just a few people hidden within the mist, swinging swords at each other or thrusting out daggers.

The fog, constantly rolling.

Blood began to spread.

Bang!

A gunshot completely brought the whole street to a boil.

Bang Bang Bang!

Ratatat!

Although not dense, the gunshots at this moment could be described as endless.

With Jason's current perception of 7, he could clearly see everything outside.

Nothing more than the 'daily routine of Nightless City'.

A daily occurrence, every moment.

Regardless of day or night.

Regardless of the area.

He tui!

Jason maintained the first reaction of a resident of Nightless City when encountering similar events, then he started reinforcing the 'defense' of No. 19 Ter Street, putting on the appearance that he was preparing to defend to the death.

Only after the gunshots had faded and the sounds of fighting were gone did Jason return to the previous room.

He sat down on the crate just like before.

Hidden, he opened the black notebook again.

Choice of Soup (Thick Soup): Creamy Mushroom Soup.

With the consumption of 7 points of satiety, more words appeared on the texture-rich paper.

[Thick soup, mouthwatering.]

[Not just for its taste.]

[But also for its inclusiveness.]

[It is not the main course.]

[But it makes you look forward to the main course even more!]

[Remember: Thick soup should be served hot!]

...

After the proverb-like text, a checkmark appeared next to [Creamy Mushroom Soup].

What followed were annotations—

[Background: Do you want freedom? Do you want wealth? Come on! Come! Participate in this 'Excitement of Feast,' no matter who you are, you can obtain what you want here—As a crazy person, you've done too many things that send shivers down people's spines, so naturally, you were arrested, which is quite normal. But fate always has a turn, and you were thrown into this 'Excitement of Feast' as one of the 'Brutalizers,' and you started this 'Excitement of Feast]

[Main Quest: Win the championship in the final showdown!]

[Temporary acquisition of languages, disappearing upon leaving the instance]

[Clothing, appearance, equipment temporarily changed, automatically restored upon leaving the instance]

[Detection of non-gunpowder weapons]

(Reminder: Please enjoy your thick soup.)

...

Crazy guy?

Chilling acts?

Brutalizers?

Jason looked at these descriptions, ultimately his gaze fixed on the name 'Excitement of Feast.'

Although there wasn't much information, it was enough for Jason to make some guesses.

Naturally, such guesses were not pleasant.

Although he didn't think of himself as a crazy person, nor would he commit spine-chilling acts, let alone be arrested, having such an identity and being thrown into such a game meant that... the one controlling the game, in the world of 'thick soup,' naturally wielded a terrifying power.

Moreover, Jason had not forgotten the identity he was assigned.

The Brutalizer.

Or more precisely, one of the Brutalizers!

If there are Brutalizers,

There must be an opposing camp.

What could it be?

Jason frowned to himself.

The next moment, the scenery in front of him changed.

He had left 'Nightless City' once again.

He found himself in a... prison cell?

Wearing a hockey mask, Jason looked at the iron door and the observation hole that couldn't be smaller, then he looked down at his prison uniform and the shackles binding his hands and feet.

Jason began to check if he could extend his reach out of the cell.

He moved his arms slightly.

Clang.

The shackles sank deep into the heavy walls, exceptionally sturdy, and with his strength five times that of a normal person, he couldn't budge them at all.

Jason frowned, ready to continue surveying his surroundings.

But just at that moment, his expression suddenly changed.

Chapter 730 Jason the Weakest?

Where's the machete?

Where's my machete?

Just as Jason was about to survey his surroundings, he suddenly realized that the broad blade cleaver he had been holding in his hand was gone.

It was neither in his hand nor around him.

In the previous copy of the world, in order to fit his 'identity', the broad blade cleaver had left his side.

But it hadn't gone far.

...

It was just temporarily 'hidden'.

But now?

It was truly gone!

The prison cell in front of him was very simple, apart from the chains that bound him and the iron door opposite, there was nothing else—almost everything could be seen at a glance.

For Jason, the ice hockey mask on his face and the broad blade cleaver in his hand had already surpassed their own value, becoming an indispensable presence at Jason's side.

Not in the prison cell?

Then, outside of it?

With that thought, Jason slowly stood up.

Clank, clank.

The thick chains made continuous noise as he moved.

Just as Jason was preparing to walk towards the iron door to investigate further, a sudden strange noise came from the ceiling.

Creak, creak!

In the midst of the mechanical turning sounds,

A square hole appeared in the ceiling, and a 10-inch television slowly descended in front of Jason.

The black screen lit up.

Snowflakes appeared on it.

About two seconds later, a pitch-black silhouette appeared within it.

Using the effect of light and shadow, the silhouette's features were completely submerged in darkness, with only a general outline of the figure visible and even that was blurred.

Sizzle, sizzle.

"Welcome our 'Brutalizer player', Jason."

Amid the sound of electric current passing through the speaker, a mechanical synthetic voice came out from the television.

Then, sounds of 'cheering' and 'applause' served as the backdrop,

Along with one or two prolonged whistles.

It was as if from a 'sitcom'.

Jason's face, covered by the ice hockey mask, showed no emotion, as his eyes coldly watched the scene on the television.

The shadow raised its hand, pressing down.

"Alright, alright."

"I can feel everyone's enthusiasm."

"I bet our player Jason feels it too."

Having said this, the shadow paused for a moment and then turned to gaze at Jason's actions.

"Now, there are 5 minutes left until the game starts."

"Player Jason, do you have anything you want to say to everyone?"

As the shadow's mechanically synthesized voice spoke, a countdown timer of 4:59 appeared at the top of the television screen.

Jason remained silent.

Without understanding more about the situation, Jason chose to keep silent.

Three seconds passed on the countdown.

The shadow spoke again.

"Tsk, tsk, it seems our player Jason is a bit nervous!"

As this was said, another round of 'laughter' played in the background.

This time the shadow didn't stop the sound.

After a full 4-5 seconds, the shadow continued to speak.

"Let me introduce the rules of the preliminary competition."

"We picked the map 'Gerhard the Madhouse'!"

"Just kidding!"

"We've used that map no less than ten times, so we chose a new map!"

"Where's the cheering now?"

"Let it start quickly!"

As the shadow said this, raising a hand and pressing on the desk, immediately 'cheering' and 'applause' noises once again filled the air.

Jason watched this spectacle.

A thought rose from the bottom of his heart.

The other party is a lunatic!

At least, from the current performance, the other party seemed quite unhinged.

But was it genuine or an act?

Jason had yet to find out.

So he just quietly stood there, watching.

"Player Jason, do you want to know what the new map is?"

The other party purposefully paused before shaking their head.

"I'm sorry."

"As one of the 'Brutalizers', you cannot know this information."

"These are the perks only available to 'Survivors'."

"After all, compared to you, they are so weak."

The shadow's voice was full of mockery, and even the mechanical synthetic sound couldn't hide it.

'Survivors'?

The opposing camp to the 'Brutalizers'?

Compared to the powerful 'Brutalizers', the 'Survivors' are weak but would receive help?

Jason silently gathered information without saying a word.

"Even though they are numerous, only by working together can they stand against you."

"In this new map, there are 100 of them, and there are 4 of you."

"Each of them represents 1 point."

"Each of you represents 20 points."

"Whoever reaches 20 points first will win this preliminary competition."

"Of course, if the 'Survivors' find that 'green little door', they can advance directly."

The shadow continued to introduce the rules.

However, upon hearing these rules, Jason frowned.

Whoever gets to 20 points first wins the preliminary competition?

Upon hearing that, the first thing that came to Jason's mind was—

Infighting!

This so-called 'game' didn't seem to prohibit infighting?

The shadow's discourse continued.

"The 'Survivors' have already left this 'base' three hours ago."

"They will set up traps."

"They will cooperate."

"Hunters and prey, the roles shift in an instant."

"So, I hope that as one of the 'Brutalizer' players, player Jason, you will be careful, as this is your first time participating in 'the game,' and as a newcomer, your past 'battle records' have attracted quite a lot of attention."

"Now!"

"I declare the most important thing