

Menu 79

Chapter 79: Eyes or?

Jason took off running, and Taniel, without a second thought, followed in his tracks.

Bondi, Finch, and the rest were a beat slower, but they didn't hesitate either.

After numerous dangerous encounters, they had already come to trust Jason implicitly.

But the individuals from the Mystical Side around them, had not.

They watched perplexed as Jason and his group dashed away.

However, those who were more cautious among them also chose to retreat.

And just at that moment!

Rolling, rolling!

One round object after another tumbled down the narrow streets of Pea Street.

The Mystical Side individuals with keen senses recognized at a glance what those were.

Heads!

All of them were heads!

The heads of the 'Mercenaries' who had just charged in!

Had their entire force been wiped out?

At that moment, the perceptive Mystical Side individuals turned pale and immediately took off.

The remaining Mystical Side individuals couldn't see very clearly, but the strong smell of blood rushing toward their faces allowed them to guess.

This time, they didn't hesitate.

But,

For some, it was too late.

An invisible force swept through the area.

All were rooted to the spot.

A low, indistinct, incomprehensible murmur began to echo in their ears.

Every one of them wore an expression of fear.

Creak, creak.

Their bones made noises as if they could not take the strain.

Muscles distorted bit by bit.

Veins, like earthworms, surfaced on their cheeks.

Ha!

Ha!

Meaningless sounds started to come from the mouths of these people.

Among them included...

Taniel, Bondi, Finch, and others.

They had run.

But they were one step too short.

Even at the edge of this force, they were still affected.

Jason had one foot outside the influence of this power, but the rest of his body was still within its grasp.

He could clearly sense—

A cold, slimy entity, like a serpent, meandering around the back of his neck.

A cold, sharp entity, like a knife, constantly rubbing against his back.

Every time the serpentine thing slithered around,

The knife-like thing would gently caress his back.

And with each time, Jason could feel his body stiffen a little more.

What was more important...

He found that his extended foot was slowly retracting out of his control!

“sl oT Yn!”

The Dufol chant for “Protection Against Evil” rang out from Jason’s mouth.

Jason, whose physical strength had not fully recovered, immediately suffered a backlash.

But at that moment, he could not care less about the repercussions.

To suffer backlash,

Or to face death.

It was a choice that didn't require any thought.

A special force field associated with "Protection Against Evil" enveloped Jason's body, but the next moment, his breathing hitched, and blood started flowing from his nose.

Jason was not alarmed, but pleased.

Because the chilling presence had paused for a moment.

His stiff body regained its mobility.

Though his chest felt as if it had been struck by a hammer, the pain was extreme.

Though the special force field lasted only an instant before disappearing.

But,

It was effective!

“Sl oT Yn!”

Another invocation of “Protection Against Evil”!

If the backlash from the first one felt like being hit with a hammer,

This time it was like being stabbed in the chest with a sharp sword, mangling the internal organs.

Jason could clearly feel death looming.

But he didn’t care.

Because—

[Suffering a fatal attack...]

[Consuming satiety for healing...]

[3 points of satiety consumed!]

[Complete healing accomplished!]

...

“Just as I thought!”

“When backlash reaches lethal damage, healing can still be achieved!”

As he looked at the text before him, the Dufol Language once again formed on Jason’s lips.

“sl oT Yn!”

The special force field representing “Protection Against Evil” appeared yet again, and Jason experienced the agony of having his innards cut once more.

Lethal injuries could be healed.

But physical strength might not have recovered.

Involuntarily, a thought surfaced in Jason's mind:

Jerky!

I must save up jerky for the future!

The thought didn't slow down Jason's actions one bit.

"sl oT Yn!"

"sl oT Yn!"

The special force field of "Protection Against Evil" appeared over his body again and again.

Quantity can lead to a qualitative change.

The continual special force fields might not be able to confront this immensely powerful force head-on.

But they were enough to resist the edge of this force!

Jason could clearly feel that the cold strength clustering around him became slightly sluggish.

Taniel, whose body was almost twisted into a pretzel, sensed it too.

The young teacher from Deer Academy grabbed Finch, who was closest to him, and lunged forward, both tumbling ahead.

Bondi saw it and immediately seized a nearby detective, also plunging forward in a roll.

With an example set, the remaining detectives and officers followed suit.

One second?

Or two seconds?

No one counted.

They only knew it was brief.

But for those on the brink, it was enough.

They each escaped the edge of death.

After surviving the ordeal, the people looked at each other before turning to look behind them.

Each one was trembling with residual fear.

Then, each one turned to Jason with gratitude.

Jason stood erect before them, like a sturdy wall protecting them from any danger, and as they recalled the recent events, warmth filled the hearts of the detectives and officers.

Especially the young ones.

Their youthful, hot-blooded hearts were immediately infected.

They clenched their fists as if they had made some resolve.

Only Taniel noticed something different.

His friend's hand, gripping the wide-bladed hatchet, was bulging with veins.

And...

His body was still trembling slightly.

Subconsciously, Taniel took a step forward.

The young teacher from Deer Academy was about to say something when a tremendous pressure emerged out of thin air.

Thud!

Taniel fell to his knees.

His consciousness was clear.

But he couldn't control his body.

Or rather...

His subconscious told him it was safer to kneel, that kneeling was the right thing to do.

Taniel blinked.

He immediately obeyed his inner voice and knelt upright.

However, from the corner of his eye, he kept watching his friend.

He did not know what had happened, but Taniel was sure it had something to do with his friend.

From his angle, he could see his friend's forehead and cheeks covered in sweat, his figure swaying as if he would fall at any moment, yet he never did.

Was he resisting this pressure?

Surely only my friend could be so steadfast!

I won't be so faint-hearted!

Feeling inspired, Taniel thought involuntarily, subconsciously trying to stand up.

However, the next moment, when the pressure increased a notch—

Bang!

Taniel not only knelt upright but also smashed his head onto the ground.

He hit so hard that not only did stars appear in his vision, but his nose began to run and his eyes to tear up.

And because of the angle...

The snot...

Began to flow back up, threatening to smear across his eyes.

Even though it was his own snot, Taniel still felt disgusted!

Just then, as Jason stood unmoving, he suddenly reached out and grabbed Taniel by the collar, pulling back.

Instantly, Taniel sprang up.

The snot trailing back upwards arced through the air...

And smeared onto his mouth.

“Ptui, ptui ptui!”

Taniel spat nonstop.

Then, he turned to Jason, about to say something, but Jason spoke first.

“Here it comes!”