

Menu 84

Chapter 84: Praise of Blood

Just as Jason's words had fallen, a man clad in a wide cloak appeared beside him like teleportation, smashing a hand chop down onto the side of Jason's neck.

Crack!

Snap!

In the crisp sound of impact, was mingled the noise of breaking bones.

"Heh."

"Overconfident."

The man said as he attempted to step past Jason, into the tent.

Thud!

The sound of a blade's friction with flesh followed.

The man lowered his head to look at the blade that had pierced through his chest, and even though his face was concealed by the hood, anyone could guess his shock at that moment.

He turned his head in astonishment only to see Jason, who should have had his neck and trachea shattered and suffocated to death, standing perfectly fine behind him.

“You?”

The man opened his mouth, wanting to say something.

But Jason had no desire to waste words with him. The “Winchester Brothers” reappeared in his hands, aimed at the man’s head, and he fired.

Bang!

This shot,

Again, missed its mark.

Gripping his pierced chest, the man appeared far away, his eyes beneath the hood looking at Jason with shock and uncertainty.

He was certain his strike had been effective.

But...

Why hadn't Jason died?

Doubt rose in the man's mind.

"It seems you haven't been in Lorde lately."

"So, there are some things you do not know."

"I have your 'Hulk Silver Medicine' to thank for enabling me to awaken the 'Undying' talent!"

Jason declared with seeming authenticity.

Yet, deep inside, he confirmed that the man before him must be something like a doppelganger or puppet—definitely not the real deal!

Otherwise, the man wouldn't be using such 'low-end attack methods'.

Jason vividly remembered the man's bizarre and unpredictable methods from their encounter at the 'Moon Mask' club.

Moreover, though his last attack had been sudden, the man should have been able to at least try to dodge it.

As for the whereabouts of the man's real body,

It must be tangled up with his master, unable to get away, which is why he hastily sent something like a doppelganger or puppet.

And that's precisely why the man was completely unaware of the recent events in Lorde.

Jason confirmed certain information in his mind.

The man was still stunned.

My "Hulk Silver Medicine"?

Isn't that a scam?

How could it possibly become real?

He looked doubtfully at Jason.

And his mind raced.

Could it be...

Tercon?!

In an instant, the man thought of his collaborator.

Just as he had calculated against the other,

The other was also calculating against him.

After many years of cooperation, although they appeared to be in accord, they were estranged. If it weren't for the other party attempting to ascend to 'Bone Desecrator,' he wouldn't have even known that the true identity of the other was the mayor of Lorde.

With the other's status as mayor, it would be difficult to seek a sample of "Hulk Silver Medicine."

But, it wasn't impossible!

Only...

After obtaining the "Hulk Silver Medicine," why would he give it to an apprentice of Night Watcher?

Obviously because...

The "Hulk Silver Medicine" was incomplete!

It was secondarily extracted from corpses!

It had severe side effects!

Or perhaps...

It had significant flaws!

For a time, the man's mind churned with possibilities.

Then, he chuckled lightly once more.

"I was careless!"

"I never expected to encounter someone so similar to myself."

As he said this, he lowered his hand.

The wound that had pierced through him, which would have been fatal to an ordinary person, had already healed!

Moreover, without leaving the slightest scar.

"I,"

"am also undying!"

“How about we see who the real ‘Undying’ one is?”

Laughing, the man appeared before Jason again, his palm shooting toward Jason’s chest like a knife.

If it were a secondary extraction, with either side effects or flaws,

Then what could be more fitting than the heart?

Thud!

The man’s palm plunged into Jason’s chest.

The speed was just too fast.

Jason couldn’t avoid it.

He didn’t even try to dodge.

Letting the man's palm pierce into his chest, he then seized the man's wrist, and with a swift motion, the blade fell.

Thud!

The man's head flew into the air.

His body was about to stagger back,

But Jason caught it.

The broad-bladed hatchet rose and fell once more.

Thud!

The arm that was stuck in Jason's chest was severed cleanly.

Jason yanked out the man's arm, tossed it casually to the ground, and with eyes hidden behind the mask, coldly watched as the man's body 'rejoined' its own head, becoming intact once again.

The arm on the ground seemed to try to rejoin the body of its own volition,

But was pinned down under Jason's foot. The "Winchester Brothers" was aimed at the arm's palm and he fired.

Bang!

Instantly, the hand burst apart, motionless.

"Let's go again!"

Jason stretched out his left hand's index finger and once again beckoned the other man with a hook gesture.

The man didn't pay any attention but, as he watched Jason's chest return to its original state, a flicker of realization crossed his eyes.

Then, the man appeared behind Jason.

His speed was several times faster than before!

He still aimed to attack the back of Jason's heart.

"At the last moment, you replaced the 'heart' with some other organ!"

"With such a move, I am the true Master!"

The man spoke with the certainty of victory in his grasp.

It was no empty boast.

He was a real master of organ replacement.

Therefore, he knew how to deal with it.

If he was fast enough to prevent Jason from replacing it in time, he would be able to kill Jason.

Thud!

A palm pierced through the back of Jason's heart.

The fingertips touched that pulsing beat.

A look of joy flashed across the man's face.

Then, he vigorously thrust forward.

The man's hand passed right through the chest.

Jason's heart was instantly pierced and shattered.

But before the man could truly savor the joy of victory, Jason, as if feeling nothing, raised his hand and grabbed the man's palm, and then another knife came out.

Thud!

Click, click.

A palm fell to the ground; Jason stepped on it, and amidst the click of the lever-action shotgun being loaded, he pointed the muzzle at the palm and fired again.

Bang!

This palm was just like the previous one.

After turning into pulp, it didn't move again.

And at this moment, the man was still behind Jason.

Jason's voice rang in his ears.

"Do you call yourself immortal like this?"

"And say that you and I are alike?"

"Don't flatter yourself!"

Speaking, Jason loaded his lever-action shotgun again, turned the muzzle around, pointed it at his own head, and was about to pull the trigger.

Of course, Jason wasn't about to shoot himself.

It was for the enemy behind him.

Seeing this, the man standing behind Jason was startled and quickly moved backward, retreating from Jason.

Standing in the distance, the man watched Jason, who had lowered his gun, with a gaze sharp as swords and knives.

A weakness!

There had to be a weakness!

It wasn't the heart!

It wasn't the head!

It had to be some organ!

The man speculated.

Yet Jason once again raised his hand and beckoned the man with a hook gesture.

“Continue!”

Jason’s cold, indifferent voice was a thorn in the man’s nerves.

He liked to talk to others in this manner.

But he absolutely did not like others to talk to him like this.

“You’re as good as dead!”

“I’ll shred you into ten thousand pieces!”

As he spoke, the man’s broken arms and palms began to regrow.

Jason didn’t move, letting the enemy ‘grow’.

Because he very well knew that with his own speed, if it wasn't a trap, he would only be toyed with by the enemy.

And as the man's body was once again restored, he rushed toward Jason once more.

This time, he didn't choose a specific target; he simply aimed at Jason's torso and thrust out his palm.

If he could not find it!

Then try all of them!

One had to be the weakness!

The man believed so firmly.

Jason?

He simply stood there, letting the enemy attack without heeding any wounds, incessantly swinging his knife at the opponent.

Thud!

Thud!

Thud!

Blood and flesh flew about.

Limbs and appendages severed.

Although it was a battle between two men, it seemed as brutal as a military slaughter.

Time ticked away, second by second.

The man's speed began to slow.

And Jason...

Was still as vigorous as a dragon.

At least, that was how it appeared on the surface.

The hockey mask concealed his pain-twisted face.

Once again.

He swung the knife and decapitated the man's head.

This time, the man's body didn't 'catch' the head.

Even more so, it directly stumbled and fell to the ground.

The limbs and torso on the ground, along with the head, instantly decayed at that moment, emitting a strong stench.

The smell caught Taniel's attention.

He rushed down quickly.

Upon entering the hall, he saw his friend covered in blood, his clothing torn, holding a knife while standing there panting, his entire person seeming at the brink of collapse, yet forcibly striving to stand upright.

“What happened?”

Taniel exclaimed.

“Nothing.”

Jason shook his head.

Then, he looked toward the tent.

The voice behind the mask was sonorously powerful.

“I am here to send off the old baron...”

“Last rites!”