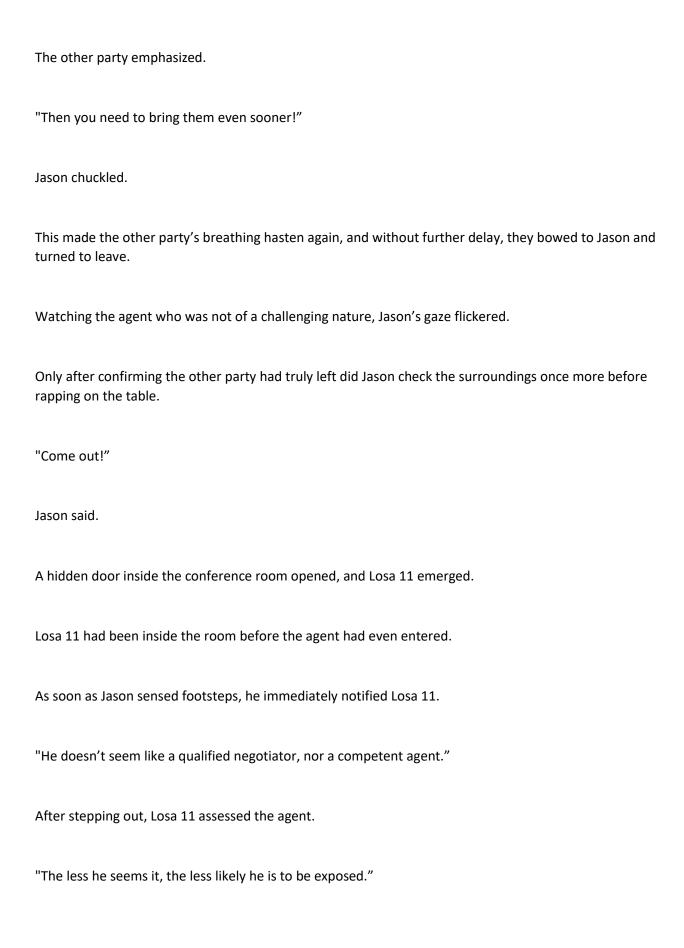
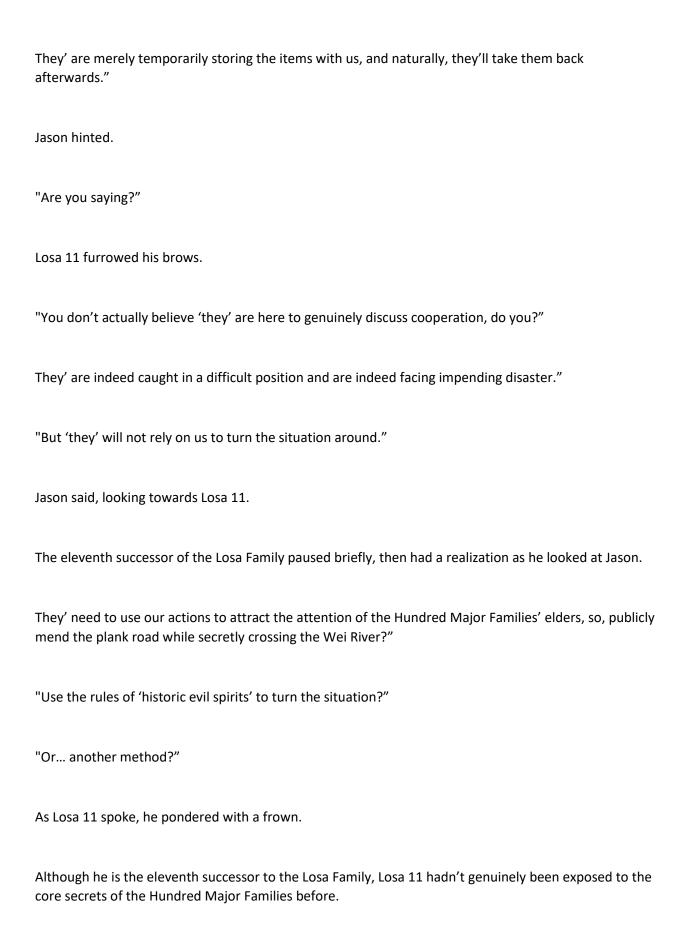
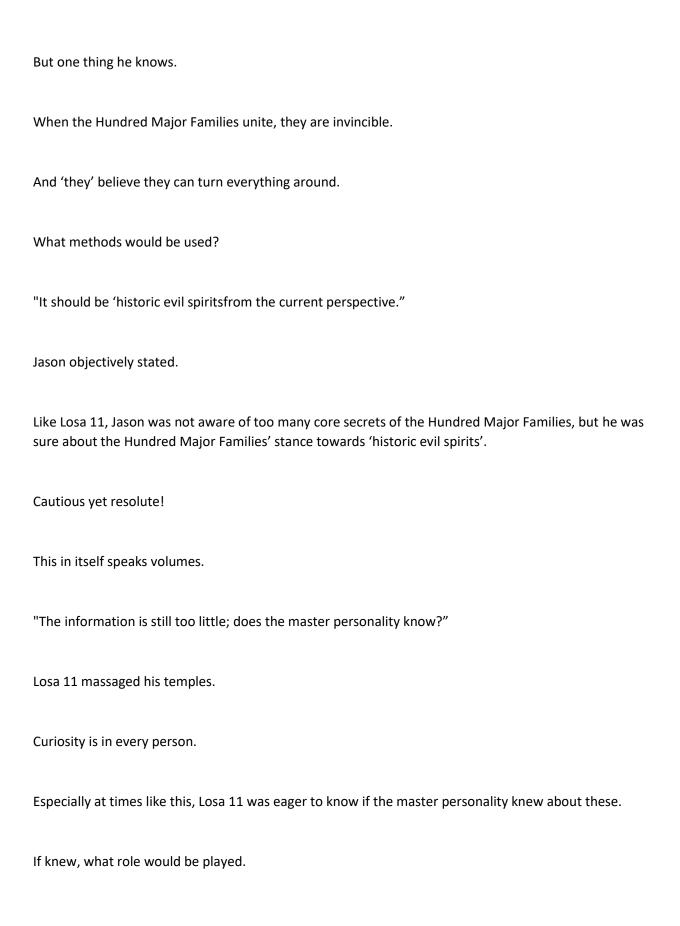
Menu 891











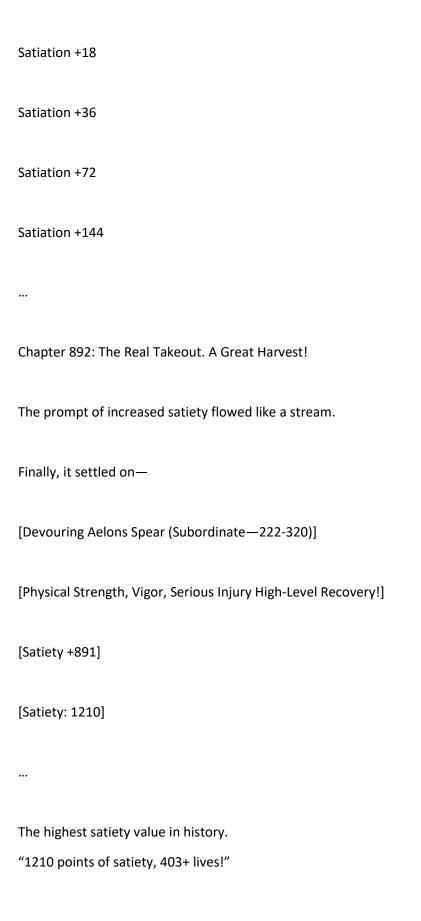


Of course, Jason knew what Losa 11 wanted to do.
After the afternoon meeting starts, Area F will naturally become extremely dangerous.
Staying here is truly a life-threatening risk.
On the contrary, attending the 'Hundred Major Families' heirs' conference is relatively safe.
Because it will be a 'victors' conference.
Probably it's about dividing the spoils.
And the reason why Losa 11 is anxious and uneasy, is probably because he is worried that he will stay behind.
This comes from concern.
Unfortunately, he has to stay behind.
His main task is to achieve victory in the final.
He cannot leave.
"I need to stay."
"Don't forget, the last format: game."
"I represent Area F."





But a complete one?
Naturally, there were certain risks.
Not to mention these 'Divine's Body' came from 'them.'
Likely tampered with.
Plus, the inevitable battles erupting in the afternoon.
Therefore, stocking up on more 'satiation' couldn't hurt.
Definitely not because he couldn't resist.
Crunch!
Crunch!
Amidst the crispy sounds, the 'Ailong Spears' full of rich cocoa flavor were bitten in half by Jason and stuffed into his mouth, chewed vigorously, because they had been washed with strong liquor, the 'Ailong Spears' now felt a bit like rum-filled chocolates, it's a pity the sauce wasn't enough.
But, the satiation was absolutely sufficient!
An unprecedented kind—
Satiation +9



Jason let out a slight sigh of relief.
Having 400 lives felt completely different from having 100; the former made Jason more relaxed, comfy, and even a tad self-indulgent.
But vigilance and tension were still there.
As for completely losing vigilance and tension?
For Jason, that was impossible.
He had grown accustomed to a life of vigilance and tension, even in a peaceful environment, he would do the same.
Out of place?
That was to be expected.
But it was unavoidable.
There were gains, and naturally, there were costs.
Both were constant and unchanging.
Just like the deal at this moment.
'Their' mole quickly returned with the bargaining chip.
No extras, just him alone.

And in his hand were two more briefcases.
Black, metallic in texture, both of the same size.
"This is everything you asked for."
"I hope you will keep your promise!"
After uttering these words, 'Their' mole chose to leave, not staying a moment longer.
Jason watched the figure leave, a glint fleeting in his eyes.
Jason was sure that the mole hadn't truly completed the task set by 'The Leader.'
At the very least, he hadn't explained which briefcase contained the whole Divine's Body and which one contained the fragmented Divine's Body.
As for the Divine's Body being so small that it could fit into a briefcase?
Jason, having consumed [Core of Deception (Incomplete)], [Core of Ruggedness (Damaged)], found nothing surprising.
The Divine's Body might be named a body but was in reality much smaller than one might assume.
Of course, it was also more dangerous than one could imagine.
Therefore, it was time to show 'sincerity.'

'Their' 'Leader' would certainly show 'sincerity.'
He would have the mole explain in detail.
But he did not do so.
After leaving 'Them,' not only did he forget to act the pig properly, but did he even forget his true identity?
Jason thought and shook his head slightly.
In his heart, he had already sentenced the other party to death.
Perhaps the mole thought this was trivial, thought it impossible to be discovered.
But
How could 'Their' Leader not have a contingency plan?
Or say, make it so that 'Their' Leader would find out.
The war between both sides was inevitable.
Then, naturally, it's best to affect the enemy's state as much as possible before the battle.
Whether it is physical or psychological.
Especially the latter—if influenced, for Jason, it really couldn't get any better.

Sigh!
Jason took a deep breath and picked up one of the briefcases nonchalantly.
Although the briefcases looked identical, though the other party did not inform him, Jason could feel that this briefcase contained 10 fragmented Divine's Bodies—by their scent.
10 incomplete Divine's Bodies, albeit fragrant, were still much inferior compared to 3 complete Divine's Bodies.
Moreover, distinguishing between 10 different scents and 3 different ones was too easy for Jason.
The briefcase did not have a real lock, only a latch that appeared with the case.
Click!
As he flipped open the latch and opened the case, two rows of 'test tubes' appeared before Jason.
Each of these 'test tubes' was about 10 centimeters long, but they were of differing thicknesses. The thickest one was as wide as three fingers, while the thinnest was not even one finger thick. Furthermore, each 'test tube' was made from different materials: there were metal ones, wooden ones, and the more commonplace glass ones.
Seeing this, Jason was not surprised.
The differences in the Divine's Body necessitated different methods of preservation.
And the differences in thickness?
Naturally, it indicated different levels of completeness.

The more complete, the thicker.
The variations in size right in front of him clearly showed that 'They' had gone all out. Otherwise, even if 'They' considered reclaimed the items later, they would have based it on the worst, most incomplete Divine's Bodies.
Not for any particular reason.
Just human nature.
They' are stronger than imagined!"
Jason silently pondered.
When he put forward his demands, he was indeed opening his mouth wide like a lion.
He asked for the moon, which naturally would mean paying the price when the claim comes to earth.
But the other side did not do so.
Apart from the thoughts of reclaiming after the fact, they also demonstrated their strength.
At the very least, Jason didn't believe that ordinary members of the Hundred Major Families could possess such strength.
However, this all came to his own advantage.
Jason reached for the 'glass' 'test tube.'

This was the thinnest one.
Then, after carefully cleaning it with strong alcohol, Jason put the 'test tube,' along with its contents, into his mouth.
If possible, Jason certainly would not mind 'normally' tasting each piece of food.
But he didn't have the luxury to do so now.
He lacked time.
And he needed to avoid any accidents.
For this reason, after sincerely apologizing to these 'foods' in his heart, he began to chew vigorously.
Crunch!
Amidst the sound of shattering glass, the stored incomplete Divine's Body within awakened.
Chapter 893: The Real Takeout. A Great Harvest! _2
But immediately, the incomplete 'Divine's Body' fell into eternal slumber.
Nobody knew what happened until that incomplete 'Divine's Body' truly ceased to exist.
Even 'their' Leader couldn't have imagined such a scene.
Because, in the world of this replica, using the power of 'Divine's Body' requires communication.

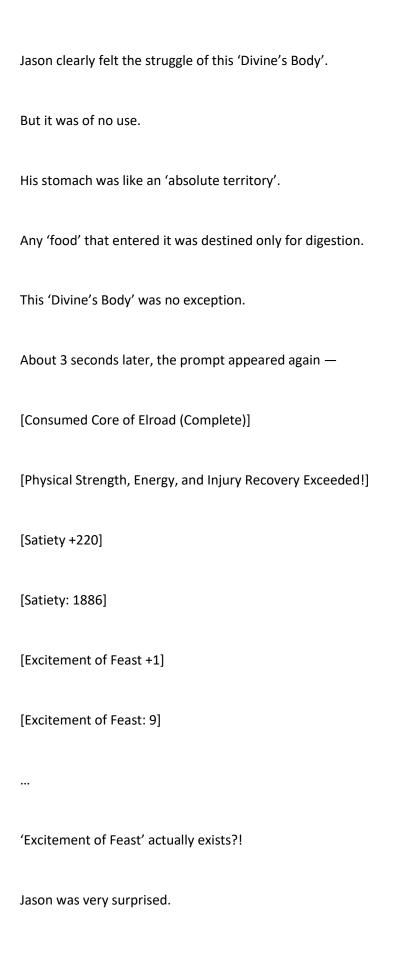
Only through communication can resonance be achieved.
With resonance comes power.
And to communicate, one must open these stored 'containers'.
Once the 'containers' are opened, the 'Divine's Body' will 'come to life'.
Only those who truly pass the 'trial' can complete the 'communication'.
Failed ones?
Most are dead.
Even if not dead, they have gone mad.
This is the 'secret knowledge' among the 'Hundred Major Families'.
It is also recognized and mastered by 'them'.
Naturally, the methods of 'communication' vary, as do the success rates.
This is the 'core secret' of each family, utterly unknown to outsiders, the true inheritance of each family—accumulated over hundreds or thousands of years, the real 'knowledge'.
'They' are no exception.
Thus, that 'Leader' was not worried about Jason doing anything to those 'Divine's Bodies' in a short time.

Because, according to common sense, Jason could not possibly do anything in a short time.
Afterward?
It would naturally be 'their' justified repossession.
'Their' 'Leader' thought of everything.
He just didn't anticipate that Jason didn't need to do anything, just needed to eat.
What was even more unimaginable for that 'Leader' was that the 'container' that restricted the vitality of the 'Divine's Body' became a guarantee for Jason to eat faster.
After all, who eats even the packaging?
Never seen it.
Naturally unimaginable.
But everything was really happening!
The taste was a bit sour, but sweet after, with quite a lot of juice, somewhat like crispy dates.
Just the glass shards were a bit stinging to the mouth.
Still not bad.
Jason gave a true evaluation in his heart.

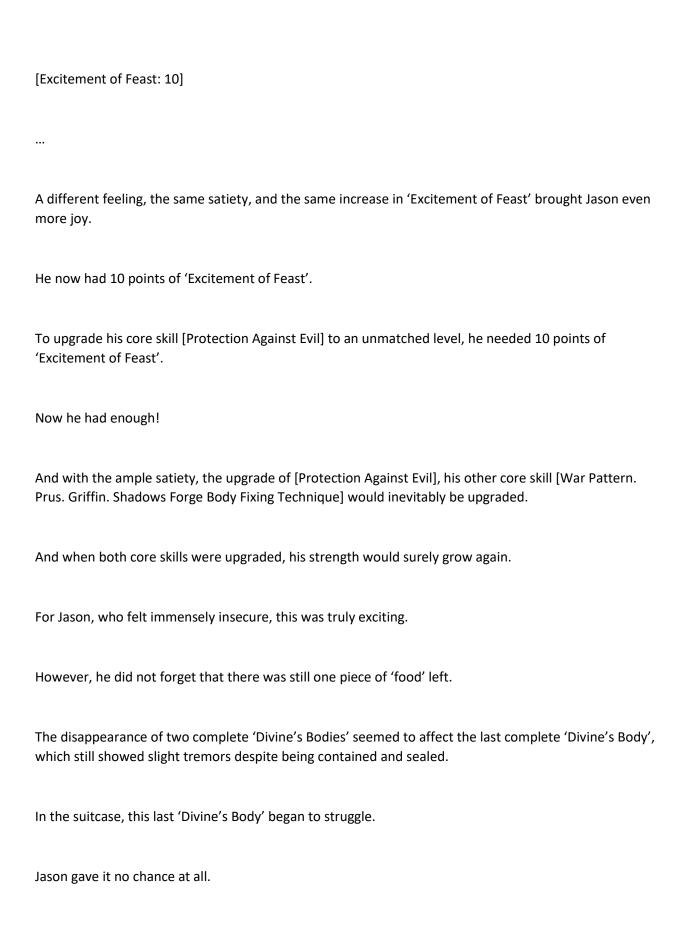
[Consumption of the Hidden Core (Residual)]
[Physical Strength, Energy, Injuries greatly recovered!]
[Satiety +15]
[Satiety: 1225]
A satiety matching the taste.
Jason glanced at it, did not wait to savor it again, and picked up the second wooden 'test tube', swallowing it down in one gulp.
Then the third one.
The fourth, fifth, sixth.
Sweet, sour, bitter, spicy, salty.
Fried, steamed.
Fruits, meats.
And snacks.

A series of ten incomplete 'Divine's Bodies', to Jason, felt just like having a meal with a well-balanced mix of meat and vegetables, rich in nutrition.
When the last incomplete 'Divine's Body' vanished, Jason smacked his lips, looking again at the satiety.
[Satiety: 1666]
Satiety reached another historical high.
Of course, it wasn't the end.
The real feast was just beginning.
Jason looked towards the remaining suitcase.
3 complete 'Divine's Bodies'!
As Jason opened the suitcase, the food appeared right before his eyes.
Unlike the containers with incomplete 'Divine's Bodies'.
These containers harboring complete 'Divine's Bodies' were not only as thick as a fist, reaching a height of 20 cm but also branded with different patterns.
Based on the 'mystical knowledge' Jason possessed, he could determine that these patterns were some kind of 'seal'.
The 'container' and 'seal' worked together to truly hold a complete 'Divine's Body'.

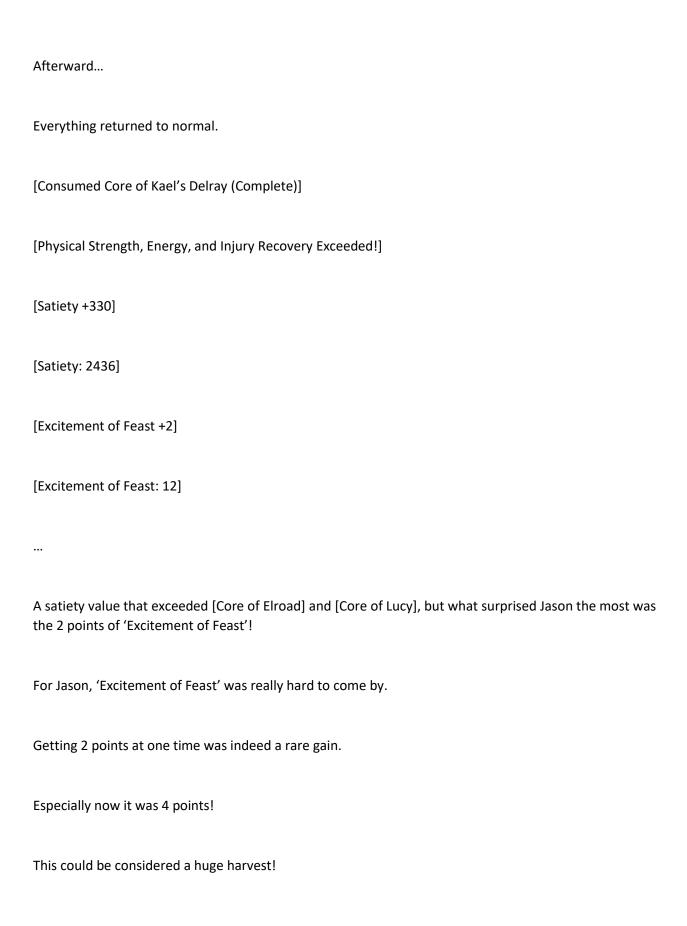
Jason picked up one of them.
It was very heavy.
Weighing a hundred kilos.
Then, without hesitation, Jason opened his mouth and stuffed it inside.
To be cautious, Jason did not chew.
He swallowed it directly into his stomach.
After eating so much 'food', Jason had already realized that no matter how powerful this 'food' was, once it entered his stomach, it could only be passively consumed.
Chew?
Though it would taste delicious.
It was not safe.
Once again, after offering an apology to the 'food' for his 'reckless eating method', Jason felt a burning sensation spreading in his stomach.
Much like a strong shot of liquor.
This spreading sensation was intense.







He grabbed it with his hand.
Buzz!
When Jason's palm contacted the container of this 'Divine's Body', a special tremor occurred. If an ordinary person had touched this tremor, they would have been broken and torn by now.
But for Jason, who was enhanced by Master-level [War Pattern. Prus. Griffin. Shadows Forge Body Fixing Technique] and possessed tank-level defense, this tremor only slightly slowed the speed at which he opened his mouth and ingested it.
The final result?
No change at all.
Buzz!
When sent into Jason's 'stomach', the 'Divine's Body' seemed to sense its final fate and began to struggle with even more intense tremors.
But it was useless.
Once it truly entered Jason's stomach, the tremors turned into:
Glug, glug!
It sounded like the growling of a hungry stomach.
More like the natural movement of the stomach.



Then, it was time to showcase his talents!
Jason took a deep breath and said inwardly —
"Add points!"
"Upgrade [Protection Against Evil] level!"
Chapter 894: My Success and Your Failure
As Jason's voice resounded, a warm current rose from his stomach and began to spread.
The next moment!
Darkness fell.
Night, without moonlight nor starlight.
At this moment, vision seemed to have entirely lost its function.
All Jason could hear was his own breathing and those rustling sounds.
The latter, Jason was not unfamiliar with.
When [Protection Against Evil] was elevated to master level, he had heard such sounds, which were akin to a 'human' tiptoeing lightly on dry branches and leaves, similar to some birds flapping their wings, and akin to some reptiles lurking towards him.

Just like before.

These noises were drawing closer.
Five meters.
Three meters.
One meter.
Quickly, such noise reached the distance it had attained the last time Jason had elevated [Protection Against Evil] to master level.
Then, these sounds approached once again.
With Jason's perception, he could easily judge this approach.
Subconsciously, his body tensed up.
Although he didn't know what was happening, Jason was not accustomed to sitting duck.
And just as Jason decided to resist, tiny spots of light appeared.
Originating from his heart.
The Seal Imprints branded onto his heart, the Dufol Language sI oT Yn!
Representing the initial Dufol Language of [Protection Against Evil]!
These specks of light gradually grew and combined.

Even more dazzling than when at master level.
They shone brilliantly in this moment!
Thump! Thump!
His heart beat more powerfully.
Pumping blood steadily throughout his body.
Instantly, those rustling voices ceased.
As before, they began to retreat.
But it was different from the swift retreat seen earlier; it was bit by bit.
Seeming extremely reluctant!
Jason immediately narrowed his eyes.
He grasped the difference.
When [Protection Against Evil] was elevated to master level, he had speculated that the creator of [Protection Against Evil] had left behind a message or a warning in this skill.
And now?
He was certain!

The creator was genuinely reminding, warning the successors—
The threat within the darkness!
"Indescribable in words."
"Unrecordable in writing."
"Can it only be done in this way?"
Jason thought, feeling a chill in his heart, a natural question arose in his mind.
Where does the threat originate from?
Jason believed that someone who could create a special skill like [Protection Against Evil] was undoubtedly a genius with extraordinary strength, yet even such an existence remained extremely cautious.
So, how terrifying is that 'threat'?
More importantly, that 'threatwhat is its attitude toward the creator!
Indifference?
Utter loathing?
Or perhaps

Complete eradication!
Jason's breathing momentarily paused.
He believed it was the latter.
Otherwise, the creator of [Protection Against Evil] would not have used such a covert method to 'alert' the successors.
When you cannot see 'them,' 'they' cannot see you.
When you see 'them,' 'they' also see you.
Jason's 'mysterious knowledge' contained many such examples.
Should 'seeing' be replaced with 'hearing', would it be the same?
Likely the same.
And even more dangerous.
Because, you might just be 'discovered' right at the moment you utter their name.
Even, when you merely think of him, or it, or Them, you are being watched.
No doubt, this skill from the Night Watcher is far more complex than Jason imagined.
And indeed, it is so.

The words that appeared before him began to confirm Jason's suspicions—

[Consumes 40 fullness points, 10 Excitement of Feast points, enhances Protection Against Evil (Master → Unparalleled)!]

[Protection Against Evil (Unparalleled): Amongst the many masters using this Seal Imprint secret technique, you rank amongst the top. On top of the existing foundation, you not only use special Strength to enhance it but have also blended a similar Strength to strengthen it! This allows you unrestricted passage through the city and its suburbs at night, letting you ignore the malice lurking deep within. However, you still need to consume significant Physical Strength to activate this Seal Imprint secret technique! Remember: Your unrestricted passage only extends to cities and their suburbs, and slightly further to rural areas! You still cannot step into further places—This is a warning from the Night Watcher! As one of the Night Watchers, you must remember this warning! Like in the Night Watcher's legacy you possess! Once, a certain Night Watcher made some modifications to this Seal Imprint, hence, you have mastered this long-range attack technique; similarly, the changes you made to the Seal Imprint can also be added to this legacy! Effect: 1, A special force field attached to the surface of the body, it can not only defend against the attacks of negative energy creatures (War Machine level), but can also dispel them and their accompanying Strength (War Machine level); 2, you can direct the expulsion of evil Strength at a radius of 20 meters centered on you, in one long-range attack.]

. . .

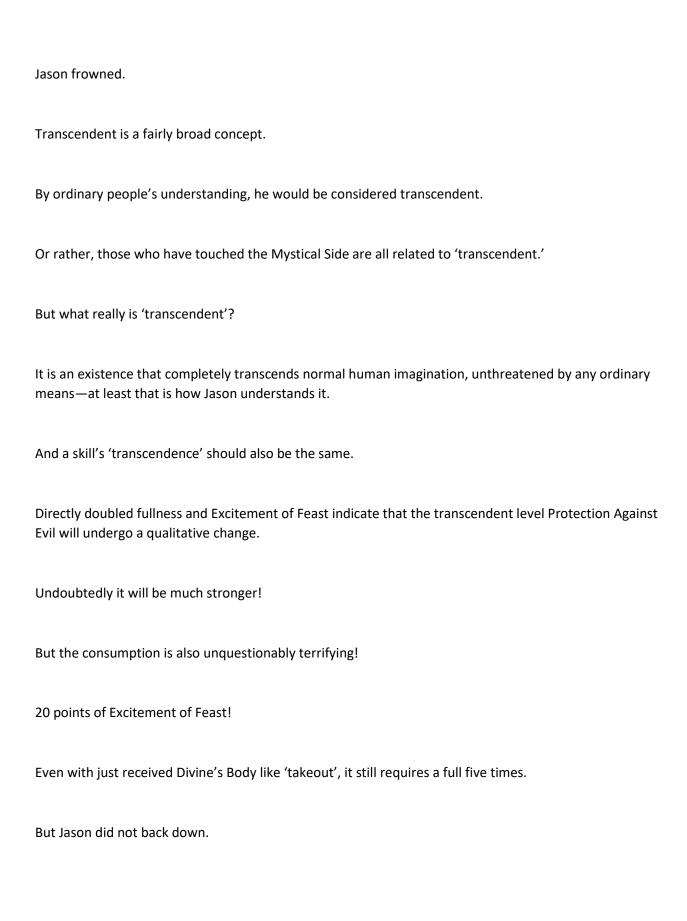
[Protection Against Evil has reached the Unparalleled level, and you automatically obtain the fixed Talent: Master Glyph Replication]

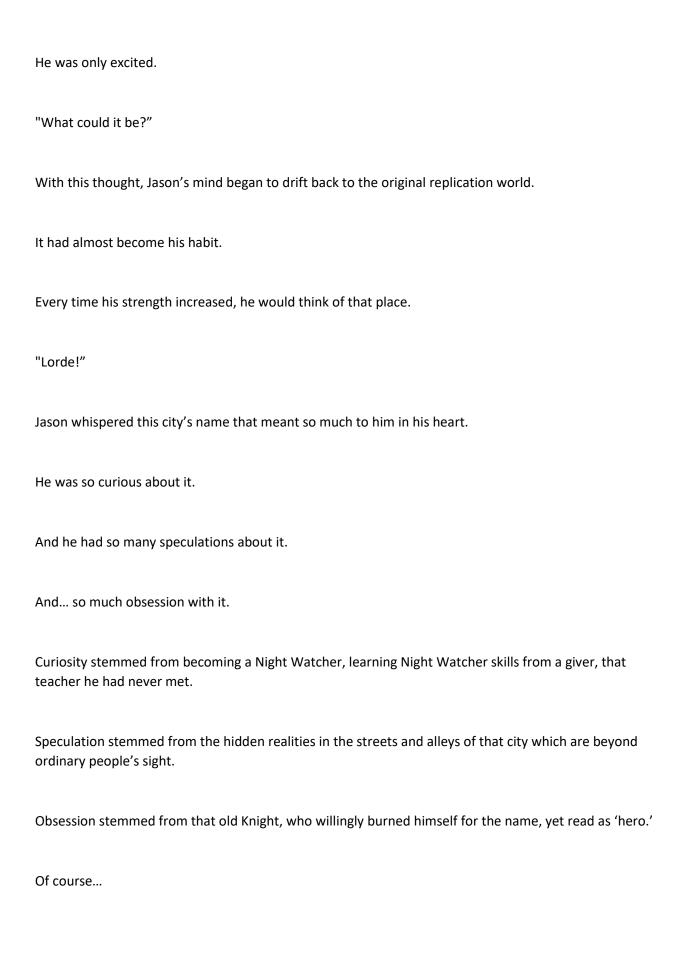
[Master Glyph Replication: This is an advanced level of mastering Glyph Replication, you can pre-store three instances of Protection Against Evil, they have the same consumption as the normal Protection Against Evil, but due to your improvements, they can exist for 7 days; within 7 days, the power of Protection Against Evil does not gradually weaken, only on the 7th day does the Seal Imprint power of Protection Against Evil completely disappear; you can replenish Protection Against Evil at any time within the 7 days; when releasing, only a short Dufol Language syllable (Yi) is needed]

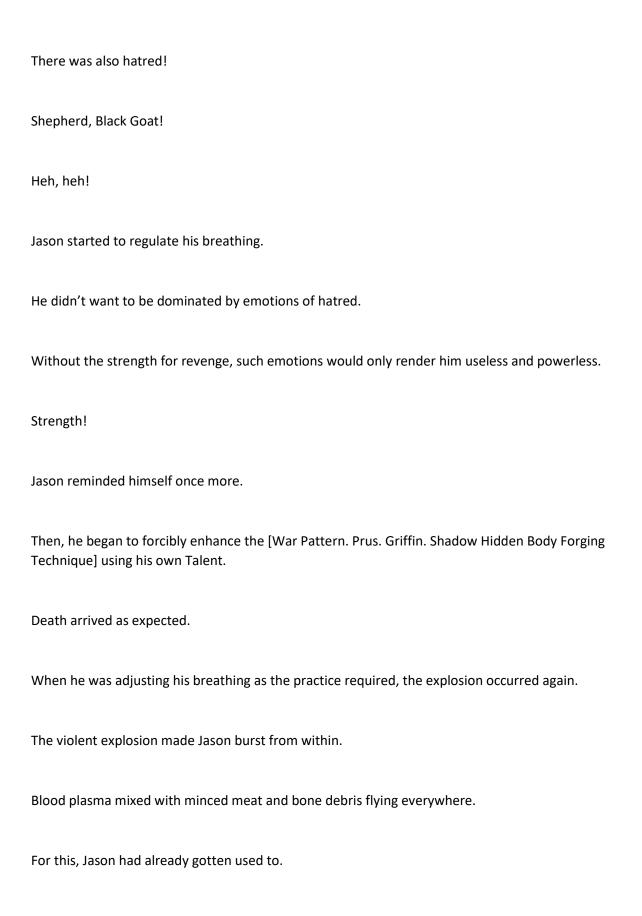
Chapter 895: My Success and Your Failure_2

...

Is the level above a chariot that of a War Machine?
An interesting arrangement.
Jason's gaze swept over the description of the unmatched level Protection Against Evil, then focused on the description of 'city, city outskirts, and some distant suburbs'.
He was very curious about where this city was and what it was called.
However, there was no mystical information.
Only reminders and warnings.
Related to the 'Threat in the Darkness'? Jason guessed, looking downward.
The Master level Glyph Replication not only increases the number of times to three but also extends the storage time to 7 days, and its power won't weaken before it disappears; the activation method remains unchanged.
This was naturally great news for Jason.
At least, until his 'Physique Attribute' reached some sort of limit, he had more ways to deal with situations.
"After the unmatched level is the Transcendent level, requiring 80 fullness and 20 Excitement of Feast?"
"Doubled directly?"
"Transcendent level?"



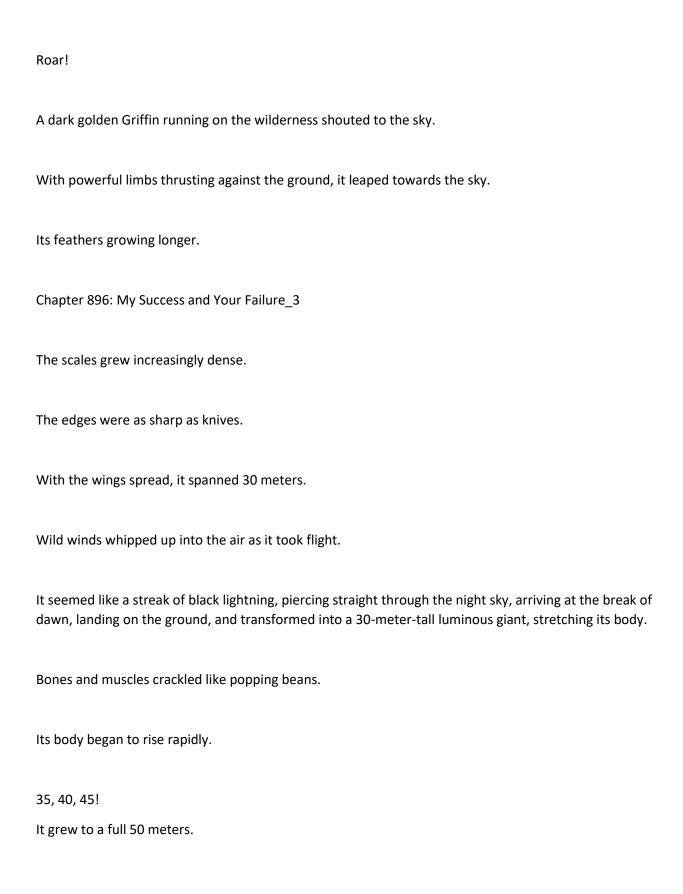




He knew this was a kind of excavation, transformation.
Each secret technique can be considered an excavation, transformation of the human body, enabling each practitioner to become different from ordinary people, possessing powers and abilities ordinary people do not have.
And different methods naturally have different effects.
Time?
Also different.
Gradual changes will consume more time.
Drastic actions take much less time.
Jason?
His way was 'explosive.'
No matter how it was before, just 'explode'!
Until the whole body adapted and withstood the power of this 'explosion', then it was a success.
This way, naturally, he didn't need painstaking efforts.
Fast!

Unusually fast!
But also painful!
Unimaginably painful!
Yet Jason was used to it.
The pain now was far less than the pain when he was helpless.
He keeps pursuing strength not to prove anything; he just wants to be able to make choices according to his own thoughts when facing issues.
Naive?
Very naive.
Even inherently childish.
But that's what Jason did.
Seizing the opportunity, pressing forward.
Die once!
Die ten times!
Die a hundred times!

When the body no longer explodes, Jason continues like a monster who knows no pain.
The hockey mask fell aside as his body burst, exposing Jason's face to the air, clearly showing his now distorted face.
Distorted from the pain.
But still, Jason continued.
He danced clumsily on a needle's point with the Reaper.
Every time, the Reaper's scythe skimmed past his body.
Every time, the Reaper's taunting laughter passed by his ears.
Every time, the Reaper's vacant, hollow eyes pierced his soul.
But every time, he stood up again.
Time after time.
After accumulating hundreds of times.
He finally could face the sweeping Sharpness wind, gathering courage to release a scream belonging to his soul.
Roar!
The scream echoed, and in an instant, there was a change.

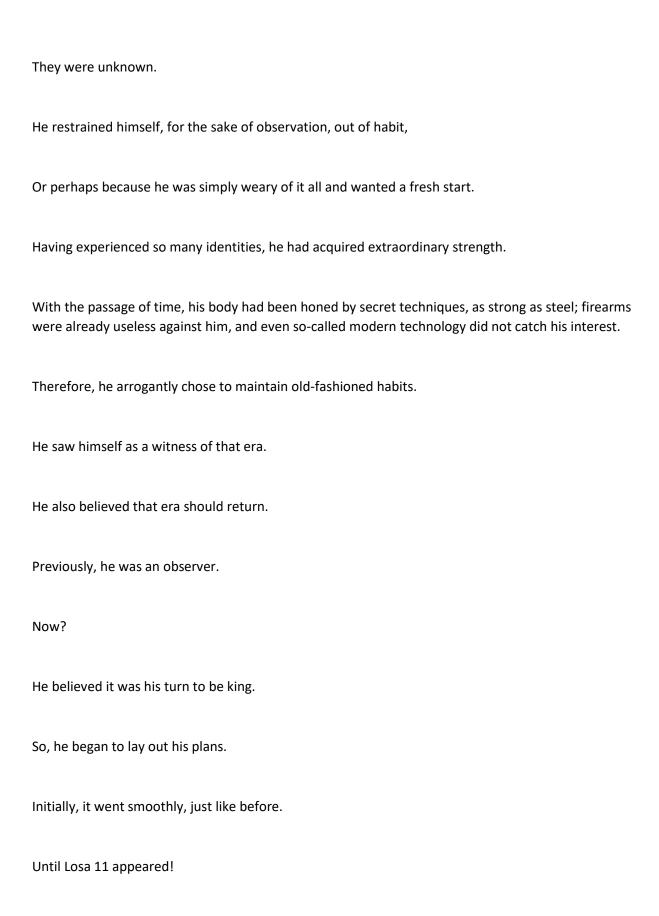


Only then did its growth cease.
It started to run under the sunlight.
Following its instincts, it sought to rush towards the night, but it could not find the 'pathway'.
In the end, it chose the initial method, passing through the day, arriving at dawn, and entering the darkness!
The giant once again transformed into a Griffin.
The Griffin danced wildly in the sky.
And then returned to its form as the running giant.
Thus it cycled, back and forth.
Light began to emanate from Jason's heart!
Si WI Vc!
Emmmmm EX!
Ola Ola Ola!
Go AY!

The Dufol Language representing the Griffin Body Refinement Technique, Prus Body Refinement Technique, War Pattern Body Forging Technique, and the Hidden Body Forging Technique lit up one by one, then, resonating with each other, merged into a whole.

[War Patterns. Prus. Griffin. Hidden Body Forging Technique upgrade determination in progress]
[Determination passed]
[Ascension to peerless level!]

The sands in the hourglass continued to fall.
Even though he already possessed clocks, a more accurate timekeeping tool, he still habitually used this ancient method.
It wasn't nostalgia.
Nor was it for any ceremonial sense.
It was simply out of habit.
As 'their' Leader, he did not just possess this one identity.
Both overtly and covertly, he had at least a hundred identities.
Among them, several were very well-known.
The remaining ones, a dozen or so, were also familiar to people.
The rest?



Just thinking about that person made him itch with hatred.
Not only had they ruined his two biggest arrangements, once in Zone F, and once the hidden 'history'.
Twice!
Once was enough for him to wish to tear the person into pieces!
Twice?
That person deserved to die a hundred times over.
Not to mention, in order to compensate, he had to win over that Jason, a brute with muscles for brains.
A fool who believed he had glimpsed the secrets of the Divine's Body!
The Divine's Body is not something that can be mastered in a short time.
Gradual, accumulated exposure is the correct approach.
Want to control it in a short time?
Utterly courting death!
However, it was a good thing for him, let his collections sit with that fool for now.
He would slowly retrieve them later.

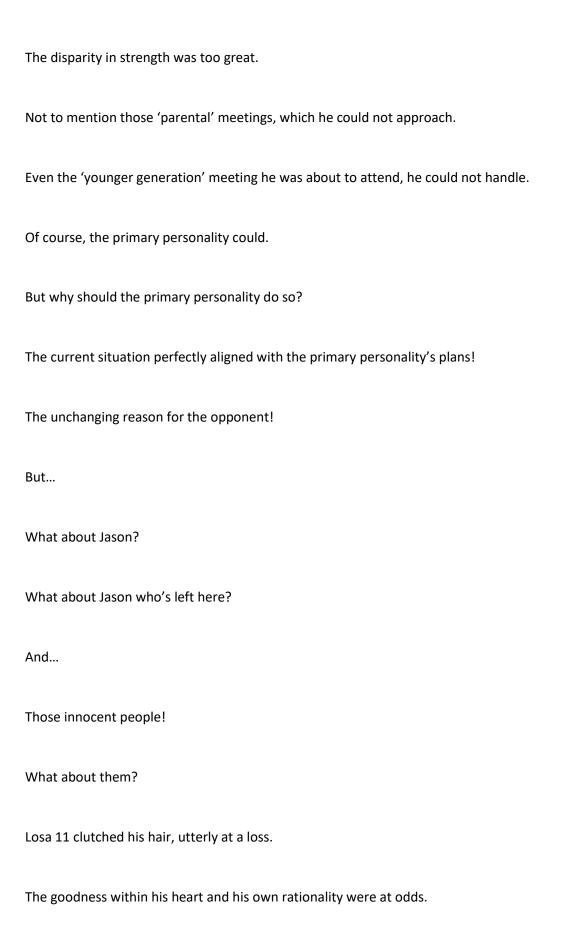
Right now, the most important thing is
Huh?!
While 'their' Leader was pondering, he suddenly sensed that the presence he had hidden among those Divine's Bodies had disappeared.
Not just the incomplete Divine's Bodies.
Even the three complete ones!
"What's going on?!"
He stood up.
Then he began to use his power to connect with those three complete Divine's Bodies.
Those three complete Divine's Bodies were not only his most important treasures but also an essential part of his later plans.
Absolutely intolerable loss!
But,
Nothing!
No trace to be found!
He completely lost his sense of the three Divine's Bodies.

"How is this possible?!"
He cried out.
For the first time, he encountered something that surpassed his calculations.
Failure!
Again, a failure!
The third failure!
Voices echoed in his mind, causing his entire form to tremble.
Then—
Pfft!
A mouthful of fresh blood spurted out, and the Leader collapsed into his chair.
Chapter 897: The Final Match is About to Begin!
After a good four or five seconds, this 'Leader' finally wiped the bloodstain at the corner of his mouth and stood up again.
His eyes were bloodshot, and he was gasping heavily, his body still wobbling a bit.

It was not only because of the vomiting blood from extreme agitation but also because of the inherent risks within his body.
Of course, more importantly, up to now, he still did not understand what had happened.
But there was one thing that was beyond doubt: the three complete 'Divine's Bodies' that were vital to his subsequent plans were gone.
What on earth happened?
Why couldn't the three complete 'Divine's Bodies' be detected?
If they were those incomplete 'Divine's Bodies,' there would have been many ways to conceal them.
But complete 'Divine's Bodies' simply could not be concealed in such a short period, so
Someone is targeting me!
Losa 11!
You again!
After calming his emotions, this 'Leader' almost instinctively came to this conclusion.
In Zone F, it was because of Losa 11 that he failed twice in a row.
The third time?
It must be related to Losa 11 as well!







In the end?
He banged his head forcefully against the wall.
Bang, bang bang!
Ordinarily, he preferred to drink.
But now was not the time.
Finally, blood flowed.
The pain calmed Losa 11 down.
Without the need to look in a mirror, Losa 11 knew how disheveled he must appear.
He lifted his hand.
A glint of light flickered on his finger.
The pain vanished.
The wounds began to heal rapidly.
This was him borrowing the 'primary personality's' power, using a technique granted by the primary personality—one of the little tricks he just learned.
"Power!"



By now, he had gradually figured out the 'dominant personality's' style, which was to never care about the trivial matters, only focusing on the bigger picture.
As long as it did not affect the bigger picture, the other would let him do as he pleased.
Now, naturally, it was the same.
After about 5 seconds of silence, Losa 11 couldn't help it anymore.
He certainly knew when to quit while he's ahead.
But
Jason was his friend!
When a friend was in trouble, how could he not help?
After several deep breaths, Losa 11's muscles tensed up, and he began to speak, his voice dry and stiff.
"Boss, can I help Jason?"
After asking this, Losa 11 shut his eyes.
He was afraid of pain.
Although being erased as a personality shouldn't hurt, being silent and without a trace, he had never been erased before, naturally, he needed to be fully prepared, at least to die without too much agony, with some dignity.
Then, there was silence.



Losa 11 asked carefully.
Unlike Jason, these people were innocent but uninvolved, and Losa 11 didn't know what his dominant personality's stance was.
Moreover, almost as soon as he asked, Losa 11 regretted it.
Why did he talk too much?
He was already able to help Jason!
Why worry about those people?
What if the dominant personality became directly annoyed, not only unable to help Jason, but also getting himself erased.
Faced with another potential crisis of being erased, Losa 11 did not get up but lay flat on the ground, quietly waiting for the result to come.
And then, he still existed.
He hadn't died!
The dominant personality was still silent.
The dominant personality agreed!
Losa 11 was overjoyed, his eyes brimming with happiness.

To live, who would choose to die!
Survivor Losa 11 was grateful to his own master's grace.
At the same time, he immediately vowed.
"I will not affect your plans; I'll be cautious and careful."
Having given such a promise, Losa 11 immediately sprang into action.
"Billder, Roslor, Galen, Pers, as well as Simpson 2, Amiel 3, and Boldy 7, come to my room right away."
After informing these trustworthy individuals through the communicator, Losa 11 took a deep breath and began to compose his words.
···
Jason stood in the room, silently feeling his body at this moment.
That obvious power was truly intoxicating.
And it wasn't an illusion.
It was genuine.
Jason looked at the text before him—
[War Pattern. Prus. Griffin. Shadow Concealment Body Forging Technique (Peerless): Night connects to dawn, the sunrise follows! Under your command, they can be reserved and silent, or blazingly radiant.

As a Master who has integrated multiple Body Forging Techniques, you have already stepped beyond

the realm of ordinary people, beginning to touch the steps of the Transcendent, but such a touch is only a fingertip's contact; you have not truly stepped onto the stairway! Effects: Strength +3.4, Agility +2.7, Constitution +3.3, Spirit +2.2, Perception +2.2 (Basic, Entry, Proficient, Expert, Master +0.1, Master all attributes +0.3, Peerless all attributes +0.4; as well as Strength, Constitution 'Prus' extra +0.7 (Master extra +0.2, Peerless extra +0.3), War Pattern all attributes +1.2 (Master extra +0.3, Peerless extra +0.4), Shadow Concealment Strength, Agility +0.5, Spirit, Perception +0.4 (Master respectively extra +0.1, Peerless respectively extra +0.2)), Physical Strength recovery speed +70%, Energy recovery speed +70%, Injury recovery speed +70%, whole body possesses War Machine level defense (excluding vulnerable areas such as the eyes, also cannot negate fatal weak points), when in unarmed (with a knife) combat, Strength, Agility, Constitution +0.7; when performing a jump, Strength, Agility assessments +1.2; in water, additional breath time increased by 120 minutes, Stealth, Concealment level +6 (even under the light, similar modification effects will be gained)]

(Note: The special cultivation method makes it destined to be extraordinary and increasingly special, the level of [War Pattern. Prus. Griffin. Shadow Concealment Body Forging Technique] cannot exceed [Protection Against Evil])

[Having reached the Peerless level, innate Talent upgrades!]

[Daytime Hunt. Basic Form: War Pattern breathing technique's unique talent has merged into your soul, and when you have reached the Peerless level, during the daytime, under the sun, and other such environments, you will gain an all attribute boost of +0.6, and Physical Strength, Energy, Injury recovery speed +50%]

[Daytime Hunt. First Form: You can deliver a fierce and bold attack towards the enemy; Effect: consume 10%-100% of Physical Strength to perform a high-speed attack with Agility assessment +0.2-2.0; when you complete a 2 second charge-up in a stationary position, your first attack will have additional Strength, Agility +0.4]

[Daytime Hunt. Second Form: When you initiate the maximum consumption Daytime Hunt, and utilize the skill 'Thrust', your Agility enhancement will stack, and in the subsequent five attacks, will each gain an additional +0.15 in Agility!]

[Daytime Hunt. Third Form: A bold attack should have a battle roar, when you launch an attack at the opponent, and loudly roar, you have a considerable chance to Dispel negative states such as fear, confusion, despondency, etc., and gain a 2% overall combat strength increase]

...

[Embrace of the Night: Basic Form: It is the Night Watcher and Griffin Body Refinement Technique's most initial mutation after their combination; its uniqueness is beyond question, and your Talent is slowly pushing it towards some zenith, it is about to become transcendently extraordinary, and so are you; when you are in the night, darkness, shadows, you will gain a Stealth, Concealment level +4 enhancement, and Physical Strength, Energy, Injury recovery speed +20%]

[Embrace of the Night. First Form: When facing shadows, negative energy erosion, you will gain an additional +4 rank defense, when you complete a 2-second charging up in a stationary position, an additional +2 rank against shadows, negative energy]

[Embrace of the Night. Second Form: When the shadow, negative energy damage you've sustained accumulates to blade-like levels, you can return such attacks to the attacker, with the highest endurance being the entire body's defense level, you can also reach your own limit and then return, but upon exceed your own limit, it will lose its effect]

...

[Chen Xi Sword: A treasure from the shadows of history, you not only dug it out again but also gained an opportunity for an unexpected experience. After memorizing that experience, it became stronger, and as you continue to empower yourself, it once again gained enhancement; during the dawn, you can charge up for 3 seconds, creating a 30-meter-long Chen Xi Sword for a 'Powerful' slash, which will consume a great deal of your Physical Strength; when you complete a 2-second charge-up in a stationary position, the Chen Xi Sword length +10 meters]

•••

Strength: $2.1 \rightarrow 3.4$

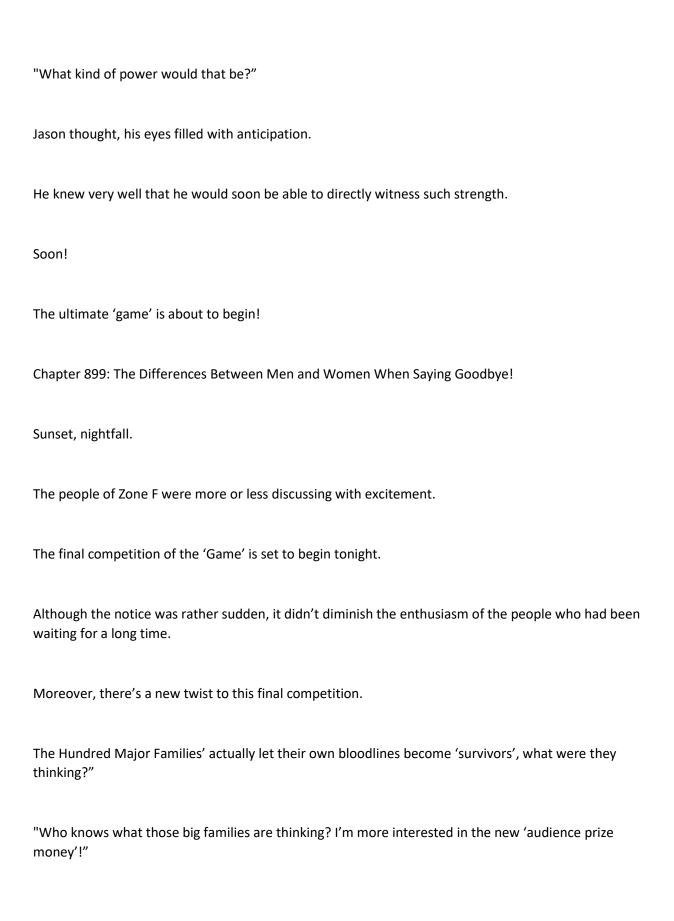
Agility: $1.7 \rightarrow 2.7$

Constitution: $2.0 \rightarrow 3.3$

Spirit:1.2→2.2
Perception:1.2→2.2
These are the direct attribute increases from the [War Pattern. Prus. Griffin. Shadow Concealment Body Forging Technique] reaching the Peerless level.
With such increases, Jason's attributes became [Strength: 6.4, Agility: 5.6, Constitution: 6.7, Spirit: 4.4, Perception: 8.0]
This is the most straightforward data.
But it's far from everything Jason perceives.
The enhancement of the entire body's defense, the increase in Stealth level.
The upgrading of the two innate Talents [Daytime Hunt] and [Embrace of the Night] practically multiplied Jason's strength.
Especially the [Chen Xi Sword]!
This skill, which he considered his ace in the hole, not only increased in length after the [War Pattern. Prus. Griffin. Shadow Concealment Body Forging Technique] upgrade but also reached a new level of power.
Powerful!
This was a completely new tier, beyond blades, bullets, bombs, armored vehicles, and War Machine

levels that Jason understood.

"Powerful?"

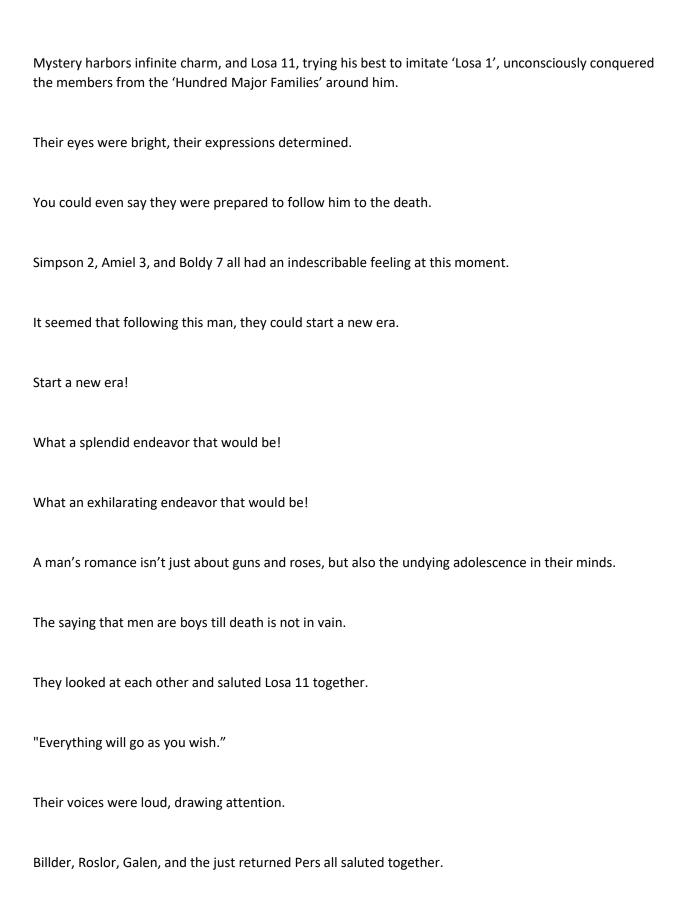


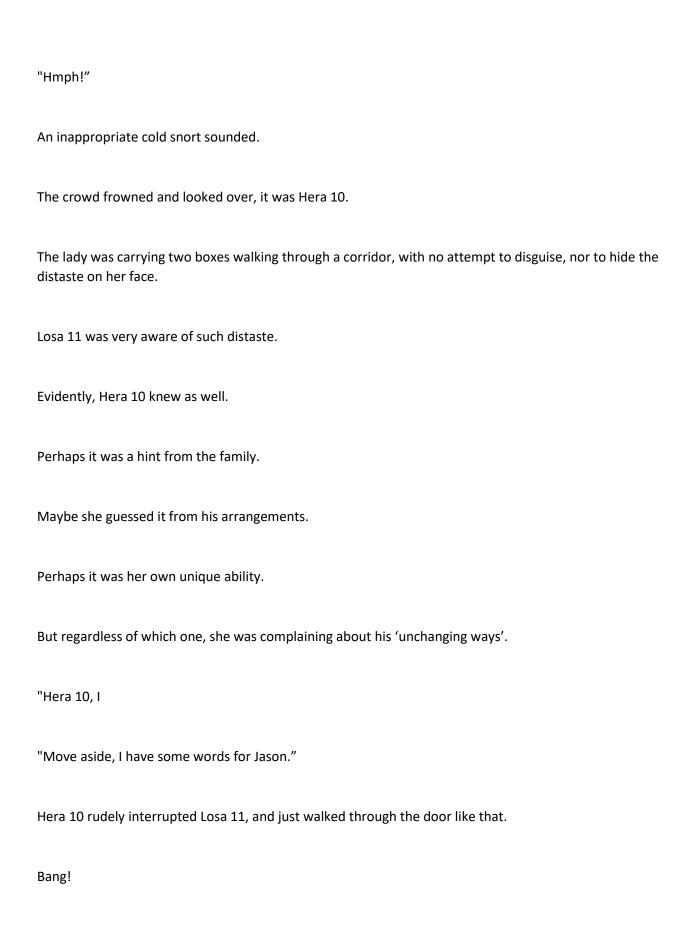


This was not arranged by the younger generation, but was decided in the 'forefathers" meeting in the afternoon.
And the meeting for the young folks hadn't started yet.
"Sorry, Lord Jason."
Inside the room where the 'Game' was about to begin, Pers looked at Jason with an apologetic face.
This left Jason somewhat puzzled.
"As your 'contact person', I should stand with you, but I know I'm too weak, staying here would only drag you down."
Pers said so and bowed deeply.
He remembered his duty.
And was even more grateful for Jason's lifesaving grace.
So, he wanted to stay.
'You can take a bullet for Lord Jason.'
'No, bullets will likely pierce through your body and hit Lord Jason.'
'Maybe Lord Jason will get shot a few times trying to catch your body.'

Confronted with Billder's 'persuasion', Pers wisely chose to give up.
But he couldn't just do nothing.
So, he came here.
He wanted to apologize to Jason in person.
Tears couldn't stop flowing.
Pers seemed to be too emotional, hugging Jason's arm and sobbing uncontrollably, then, he pushed something into Jason's hands.
It was cold and hard.
Without looking, Jason could confirm from the feel that it was a grenade.
Jason looked at Pers surprised.
He didn't know where this 'contact person' got the grenade from, but he understood the goodwill.
"I'm really useless."
Pers didn't look up, crying louder.
Then, he quickly pulled out grenade after grenade and stuffed them over.
A total of five.







The door closed heavily.
Losa 11 couldn't help but touch his nose awkwardly.
"Sir?"
Simpson 2 looked at Losa 11.
"It's alright, we'll wait for her."
Chapter 900: The Differences Between Men and Women at Farewell!_2
Losa 11 said with a smile.
"Yes."
Simpson 2, Amiel 3, and Boldy 7 responded in unison.
Although they were very dissatisfied with the actions of the Hera 10, they would follow through since Losa 11 said so.
However, deep down, the three couldn't help but look down on Hera 10.
They originally thought that the special heir of the 'Hera Family' rumored in the tales would be something extraordinary, but upon contact, she seemed no different from an ordinary woman, utterly ignorant of the bigger picture.

Yet Hera 10, who appeared no different from an ordinary woman to the three, grabbed the camera on the ceiling as soon as she shut the room's door, twisted it around, and pointed it towards one side of the wall.
After doing this, Hera 10 turned to look at Jason.
Jason was looking at the two cases that Hera 10 had brought with her.
They were suitcase-like, but a bit larger.
Yet Jason, whose perception had already reached eight times that of an ordinary person, sensed a thick air of crisis from them.
That was the scent of death.
Watching Jason scrutinizing the two suitcases, Hera 10, who had remained poker-faced, started to smile.
She had indeed not misjudged him.
"Jason, you knew I would do this from the start, so you waited here for me, right?"
Hera 10 said as she sat cross-legged in front of Jason, putting the two suitcases beside them.
"They are 'family specials'."
"This is a 'Thermobaric Bomb'."
"This is a 'Triphaic Bomb'."
"Let those who betrayed you and us turn to ashes together!"

Hera 10 was saying this while she pulled out two remote controls and was about to press them.
However, Jason was faster and snatched away the two remotes.
Hera 10 looked at Jason, puzzled.
"Don't worry, I've calculated it; once these explode, everyone here will join us in death, no one will escape!"
Hera 10 seemed to have misunderstood something and began explaining.
Jason held the two remotes, looking at Hera 10 as if he was seeing her for the first time.
In the somewhat dim lighting, her golden ponytail swayed with the light, her face stoic with resolve.
In Jason's memory, Hera 10 was a bit silly.
Yeah, silly.
Not the sharpest, but she valued promises and was a good friend.
But just now, he began to doubt his judgment severely.
What kind of silly person comes out with a 'Thermobaric Bomb' and 'Triphaic Bomb' to die together?
Iron silly?
And the iron silly in Jason's eyes was assertively saying.



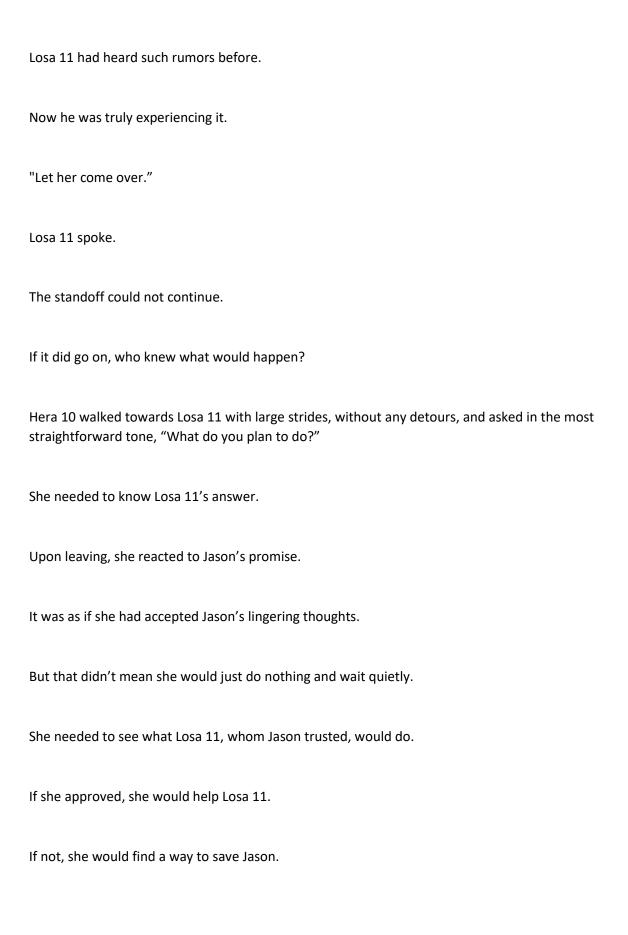
Hera 10 was startled and said subconsciously.
"We'll use the decision power over those as stakes."
Jason pointed to the two suitcases on the floor.
Although he currently held the remotes in his hand, Jason was well aware that to really make the stubborn Hera 10 listen, he had to 'convince her with reason'.
Otherwise, believe it or not, she would be able to find something similar soon and start 'sanitizing' Zone F.
And in the end, she would certainly choose to face death with composure.
Because she believed she was right.
She regretted nothing to the death.
Oddly enough, Jason felt as though he was dealing with that 'crazy woman' again.
But there was one difference.
The Hera 10 in front of him was slightly weaker.
Thus, the outcome was predetermined.
Bang!

Just like before, a punch landed on the stomach.
Feeling the pain in her abdomen, Hera 10's face turned pale, she staggered and fell to the ground, yet the corners of her mouth curled up.
"Jason, your fist is still so fast, and so hard."
Hera 10 praised sincerely.
This was the 99th no, the 100th time she sparred with Jason, and yet she still couldn't dodge such a punch.
"I won't lose next time."
Hera 10 said stubbornly.
"Okay."
"I await your next challenge."
"So
"You need to step aside for now!"
Jason nodded, giving a promise belonging to a 'warrior'.
At least, that's how Hera 10 saw it.
"Good!"

Hera 10 responded solemnly.
Then, the tenth heir to the 'Hera Family', was about to step forward and embrace Jason.
It was a warrior's, as well as a woman's farewell.
But before she could touch Jason,
Meow!
Woof woof!
The screech of a cat, the bark of a dog once again echoed in her mind, causing Hera 10 to falter to the ground.
What happened?
Why did it happen again?
What is my intuition telling me?
Hera 10 was puzzled.
This puzzlement continued until she boarded the spaceship, beginning to depart from Zone F.
Sitting at the corner of the command center, Hera 10 and the entire spaceship seemed somewhat out of place. Losa 11 quietly signaled to Roslor.



"If it weren't for Jason stopping you, do you think you'd still have the chance to stand here?"
"You would have been torn apart by the 'Thermobaric Bomb', the 'Three-phase Bomb' I prepared."
Hera 10 snorted.
Thermobaric Bomb? Three-phase Bomb?
The three were shocked.
Then, cold sweat appeared on their backs.
Briefcases!
The two briefcases just now!
"Or do you still want to try now?"
Hera 10 said, her gaze passing over the three and looking towards Losa 11.
Crazy woman!
Everyone present gave such an evaluation to Hera 10, especially Losa 11 who felt a throbbing in the temples.
Do not provoke the women of the 'Hera Family', because you never know when these creatures, with muscles for brains, will do the most terrifying thing.



After all, the meeting was about to start soon.
Since Losa 11 could bind over forty members of the 'Hundred Major Families' for a transaction, why couldn't she bind all members of the 'Hundred Major Families' attending the meeting?
To exchange the lives of a hundred 'Hundred Major Families' members for Jason's life, though it was an insult to her Jason, she couldn't care less at that moment.
Watching Hera 10's expression, Losa 11 roughly guessed what this woman intended to do, and he sighed immediately.
"It can be done once, but not twice."
"After the previous incident, they will be cautious."
"So, we must catch them by surprise."
Losa 11 spoke in a lower voice.
"A surprise?"
"For example?"
Hera 10 frowned.
"For example, gaining the support of the greatest ally!"
Losa 11 answered.
Hera 10 was even more puzzled.

Losa 11 gave a mysterious smile, raising his hand toward the already started live broadcast.
His fingertip pointed at that—
The rolling barrage on the screen.