

Menu 891

Chapter 891: in one meal. Soar! _2

However, all of that is not important right now.

What's important is what lies ahead—

"The Leader has agreed!"

"Within half an hour, everything you need will be delivered!"

"These are the locations where we need to construct the buildings."

The other party said, reaching into their bosom for a folded map and a parchment bag.

The map marked 13 locations in Zone F.

Within the parchment bag were the designs of the buildings.

The locations for the buildings were spread quite wide, and the designs were bizarre. Jason couldn't accurately determine what style they were.

"Hmm."

"After I receive the items I need, I will immediately have them start work."

Jason shifted his gaze back and nodded.

"The construction must be completed before the meeting this afternoon!"

The other party emphasized.

"Then you need to bring them even sooner!"

Jason chuckled.

This made the other party's breathing hasten again, and without further delay, they bowed to Jason and turned to leave.

Watching the agent who was not of a challenging nature, Jason's gaze flickered.

Only after confirming the other party had truly left did Jason check the surroundings once more before rapping on the table.

"Come out!"

Jason said.

A hidden door inside the conference room opened, and Losa 11 emerged.

Losa 11 had been inside the room before the agent had even entered.

As soon as Jason sensed footsteps, he immediately notified Losa 11.

"He doesn't seem like a qualified negotiator, nor a competent agent."

After stepping out, Losa 11 assessed the agent.

"The less he seems it, the less likely he is to be exposed."

"He was not supposed to be this way."

"But having disguised himself for too long, he's even forgotten his truly original appearance."

Jason offered a different perspective.

"If a pig pretends to be a pig for long, does it really become one?"

Losa 11 pondered.

Jason nodded, not contesting the thought.

Pretending to be a pig to eat a tiger is always a lovely wish.

But contrary to hopes, most of the time, it's the pretender who gets devoured.

Just like Losa 11 said, pretending too long indeed turns one into a pig.

"When you just proposed acquiring more than three complete Divine's Bodies and at least ten partial Divine's Bodies, I was genuinely startled, worried they would outright snap, but I didn't expect them to actually agree."

Losa 11 said, a look of lingering fear on his face.

"They were bound to agree."

"After all, 'they' wouldn't really lose anything."

They' are merely temporarily storing the items with us, and naturally, they'll take them back afterwards."

Jason hinted.

"Are you saying?"

Losa 11 furrowed his brows.

"You don't actually believe 'they' are here to genuinely discuss cooperation, do you?"

They' are indeed caught in a difficult position and are indeed facing impending disaster."

"But 'they' will not rely on us to turn the situation around."

Jason said, looking towards Losa 11.

The eleventh successor of the Losa Family paused briefly, then had a realization as he looked at Jason.

They' need to use our actions to attract the attention of the Hundred Major Families' elders, so, publicly mend the plank road while secretly crossing the Wei River?"

"Use the rules of 'historic evil spirits' to turn the situation?"

"Or... another method?"

As Losa 11 spoke, he pondered with a frown.

Although he is the eleventh successor to the Losa Family, Losa 11 hadn't genuinely been exposed to the core secrets of the Hundred Major Families before.

But one thing he knows.

When the Hundred Major Families unite, they are invincible.

And 'they' believe they can turn everything around.

What methods would be used?

"It should be 'historic evil spirits' from the current perspective."

Jason objectively stated.

Like Losa 11, Jason was not aware of too many core secrets of the Hundred Major Families, but he was sure about the Hundred Major Families' stance towards 'historic evil spirits'.

Cautious yet resolute!

This in itself speaks volumes.

"The information is still too little; does the master personality know?"

Losa 11 massaged his temples.

Curiosity is in every person.

Especially at times like this, Losa 11 was eager to know if the master personality knew about these.

If knew, what role would be played.

"Believe me, you wouldn't know it now."

Jason smoothly said.

He had no way of knowing if the so-called master personality knew or not.

After all, even the primary personality doesn't exist.

But Losa 11 accepted such a statement.

There's no other way.

Losa 11, deeply engrossed in his role, had long regarded the primary personality as a panacea.

"True."

"The matter of the primary personality is not something I can manage."

Losa 11 sighed, then immediately spoke in a relaxed tone, "Jason, get ready, later you will join me at the so-called 'Hundred Major Families' heirs' conference."

When Losa 11 made this statement, although he tried to be as relaxed and normal as possible, his eyes were full of anxiety and unease.

To the point that the statements he made took on a questionable format.

A smile appeared in Jason's eyes.

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."

Jason said.

"We can change a representative!"

"There are many suitable candidates in the prison!"

Worried about precisely this, Losa 11 immediately said.

"It's different."

"I have my own mission here."

"This is also an agreement between you and your primary personality."

Jason found an irrefutable reason that left Losa 11 unable to argue.

Losa 11 scratched his head.

Unlike the usual awkwardness, this time, it was purely agitation.

A sense of helplessness once again overwhelmed Losa 11's heart.

He looked at the man in front of him, wearing a mask, tall and strong, and finally took a deep breath.

"Promise me, survive."

Losa 11 said.

"I, Jason, Undying Body."

Jason answered very seriously.

But tears almost fell from Losa 11's eyes.

He always felt that Jason was comforting him at this moment.

"Take Pers, Bildler, Roslor with you to the conference, if possible, bring as many people and support as you can, it might be more dangerous there than you imagine."

"Now, go get ready."

"I need to prepare as well."

Seeing how Losa 11 looked, Jason shifted the topic.

And, he issued an order to leave.

Losa 11 left almost looking back with every step he took.

After Losa 11 left, Jason shook his head with a bit of sigh.

You kind-hearted guy, probably won't last an hour in Nightless City.

Jason thought, his gaze then turned to those 'Ailong Spears.'

He needed to take care of serious matters now.

Eating the remnants of the 'Divine's Body' was quite simple for him.

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

Satiation +18

Satiation +36

Satiation +72

Satiation +144

...

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The prompt of increased satiety flowed like a stream.

Finally, it settled on—

[Devouring Aelons Spear (Subordinate—222-320)]

[Physical Strength, Vigor, Serious Injury High-Level Recovery!]

[Satiety +891]

[Satiety: 1210]

...

The highest satiety value in history.

“1210 points of satiety, 403+ lives!”

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.

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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.

Jason clearly felt the struggle of this 'Divine's Body'.

But it was of no use.

His stomach was like an 'absolute territory'.

Any 'food' that entered it was destined only for digestion.

This 'Divine's Body' was no exception.

About 3 seconds later, the prompt appeared again —

[Consumed Core of Elroad (Complete)]

[Physical Strength, Energy, and Injury Recovery Exceeded!]

[Satiety +220]

[Satiety: 1886]

[Excitement of Feast +1]

[Excitement of Feast: 9]

...

'Excitement of Feast' actually exists?!

Jason was very surprised.

According to his understanding of the 'food' rules, 'Excitement of Feast' should only be present in the 'food' obtained from a real battle.

"Swallowing the 'Divine's Body' in my stomach, was that considered a battle too?"

"Or was it because the 'Divine's Body' contained excessive 'nutrition'?"

Jason speculated, but it didn't stop him from excitedly picking up the second complete 'Divine's Body'.

Just like before.

He swallowed it directly.

Cold!

It felt like he had swallowed a whole block of ice.

But then, it was completely digested.

[Consumed Core of Lucy (Complete)]

[Physical Strength, Energy, and Injury Recovery Exceeded!]

[Satiety +220]

[Satiety: 2106]

[Excitement of Feast +1]

[Excitement of Feast: 10]

...

A different feeling, the same satiety, and the same increase in 'Excitement of Feast' brought Jason even more joy.

He now had 10 points of 'Excitement of Feast'.

To upgrade his core skill [Protection Against Evil] to an unmatched level, he needed 10 points of 'Excitement of Feast'.

Now he had enough!

And with the ample satiety, the upgrade of [Protection Against Evil], his other core skill [War Pattern. Prus. Griffin. Shadows Forge Body Fixing Technique] would inevitably be upgraded.

And when both core skills were upgraded, his strength would surely grow again.

For Jason, who felt immensely insecure, this was truly exciting.

However, he did not forget that there was still one piece of 'food' left.

The disappearance of two complete 'Divine's Bodies' seemed to affect the last complete 'Divine's Body', which still showed slight tremors despite being contained and sealed.

In the suitcase, this last 'Divine's Body' began to struggle.

Jason gave it no chance at all.

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.

Afterward...

Everything returned to normal.

[Consumed Core of Kael's Delray (Complete)]

[Physical Strength, Energy, and Injury Recovery Exceeded!]

[Satiety +330]

[Satiety: 2436]

[Excitement of Feast +2]

[Excitement of Feast: 12]

...

A satiety value that exceeded [Core of Elroad] and [Core of Lucy], but what surprised Jason the most was the 2 points of 'Excitement of Feast'!

For Jason, 'Excitement of Feast' was really hard to come by.

Getting 2 points at one time was indeed a rare gain.

Especially now it was 4 points!

This could be considered a huge harvest!

Then, it was time to showcase his talents!

Jason took a deep breath and said inwardly —

"Add points!"

"Upgrade [Protection Against Evil] level!"

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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 sl 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! 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 'threat' what 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]

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...

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?"

Jason frowned.

Transcendent is a fairly broad concept.

By ordinary people's understanding, he would be considered transcendent.

Or rather, those who have touched the Mystical Side are all related to 'transcendent.'

But what really is 'transcendent'?

It is an existence that completely transcends normal human imagination, unthreatened by any ordinary means—at least that is how Jason understands it.

And a skill's 'transcendence' should also be the same.

Directly doubled fullness and Excitement of Feast indicate that the transcendent level Protection Against Evil will undergo a qualitative change.

Undoubtedly it will be much stronger!

But the consumption is also unquestionably terrifying!

20 points of Excitement of Feast!

Even with just received Divine's Body like 'takeout', it still requires a full five times.

But Jason did not back down.

He was only excited.

"What could it be?"

With this thought, Jason's mind began to drift back to the original replication world.

It had almost become his habit.

Every time his strength increased, he would think of that place.

"Lorde!"

Jason whispered this city's name that meant so much to him in his heart.

He was so curious about it.

And he had so many speculations about it.

And... so much obsession with it.

Curiosity stemmed from becoming a Night Watcher, learning Night Watcher skills from a giver, that teacher he had never met.

Speculation stemmed from the hidden realities in the streets and alleys of that city which are beyond ordinary people's sight.

Obsession stemmed from that old Knight, who willingly burned himself for the name, yet read as 'hero.'

Of course...

There was also hatred!

Shepherd, Black Goat!

Heh, heh!

Jason started to regulate his breathing.

He didn't want to be dominated by emotions of hatred.

Without the strength for revenge, such emotions would only render him useless and powerless.

Strength!

Jason reminded himself once more.

Then, he began to forcibly enhance the [War Pattern. Prus. Griffin. Shadow Hidden Body Forging Technique] using his own Talent.

Death arrived as expected.

When he was adjusting his breathing as the practice required, the explosion occurred again.

The violent explosion made Jason burst from within.

Blood plasma mixed with minced meat and bone debris flying everywhere.

For this, Jason had already gotten used to.

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.

Roar!

A dark golden Griffin running on the wilderness shouted to the sky.

With powerful limbs thrusting against the ground, it leaped towards the sky.

Its feathers growing longer.

Chapter 896: My Success and Your Failure_3

The scales grew increasingly dense.

The edges were as sharp as knives.

With the wings spread, it spanned 30 meters.

Wild winds whipped up into the air as it took flight.

It seemed like a streak of black lightning, piercing straight through the night sky, arriving at the break of dawn, landing on the ground, and transformed into a 30-meter-tall luminous giant, stretching its body.

Bones and muscles crackled like popping beans.

Its body began to rise rapidly.

35, 40, 45!

It grew to a full 50 meters.

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?

They were unknown.

He restrained himself, for the sake of observation, out of habit,

Or perhaps because he was simply weary of it all and wanted a fresh start.

Having experienced so many identities, he had acquired extraordinary strength.

With the passage of time, his body had been honed by secret techniques, as strong as steel; firearms were already useless against him, and even so-called modern technology did not catch his interest.

Therefore, he arrogantly chose to maintain old-fashioned habits.

He saw himself as a witness of that era.

He also believed that era should return.

Previously, he was an observer.

Now?

He believed it was his turn to be king.

So, he began to lay out his plans.

Initially, it went smoothly, just like before.

Until Losa 11 appeared!

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!

After all, he was the only one who had caused him to fail in so many years.

Another one?

Impossible!

The immensely arrogant 'Leader' thought so, and began to mutter to himself.

"Losa 11, Losa Family... Losa 11, Losa Family

His wariness towards the 'Losa Family' stemmed from the bottom of his heart.

This wariness started about a hundred years ago, after one 'spectation,' which allowed him to see that 'Losa.'

Bloodline, Talent, he was the most powerful person he had ever seen.

Frighteningly powerful.

Even during 'spectation,' he felt chills rising from the depths of his heart.

Such a person, he would naturally not allow to grow and develop.

Thus, he started to plot again and again.

But it seemed as if fate itself favored the other party, who not only continuously escaped but also became stronger and stronger, forcing him to fake his death to break free and create the current 'they.'

Moreover, to dispel the other party's suspicions, he completely severed ties with the past.

Thoroughly.

The losses were not insubstantial.

But he gained something too.

Accidentally, while faking his death, he 'peeped' into a secret.

It was because of this 'secret' that he made the decision to create 'they' and truly sever all ties with his past.

But who would have thought, after getting rid of 'Losa,'

He would encounter Losa 11!

Is this also fate?

If it really is so...

He has never escaped from the start!

"Indeed, getting in touch with 'those' prematurely is not entirely a good thing!"

The 'Leader' took a deep breath.

Once again, he began to think of countermeasures.

But soon, his brows furrowed.

Losa 11, a bastard with a hidden personality.

What was revealed was only the secondary personality, a wastrel who loafed aimlessly, while the true personality was hidden in the shadows, utterly unfathomable, with his information solely from these two encounters.

No!

Three encounters!

And each was a failure.

"Did this personality discover something?"

"That's why he did this?"

The 'Leader' harbored doubts in his heart.

But just a second later, the 'Leader's gaze became inscrutable.

"But do you really think you'll be the final victor?"

"I've been plotting for a century, and it's not just what you see!"

"The final victory will undoubtedly be mine!"

Upon saying this, the 'Leader' turned and walked away.

The original plan had been disrupted.

Naturally, backup plans must be initiated.

Fortunately, he was never short of backup plans.

...

Losa 11 paced around the room.

Anxious, restless.

The intangible pressure made him, the eleventh in line to inherit the Losa Family, feel like a fish out of water, gasping for breath.

"What to do?"

"What to do?"

"What to do?"

He queried himself.

In his mind, ideas sprang forth one after another.

But in the next instant, they were all negated.

No other reason.

The disparity in strength was too great.

Not to mention those 'parental' meetings, which he could not approach.

Even the 'younger generation' meeting he was about to attend, he could not handle.

Of course, the primary personality could.

But why should the primary personality do so?

The current situation perfectly aligned with the primary personality's plans!

The unchanging reason for the opponent!

But...

What about Jason?

What about Jason who's left here?

And...

Those innocent people!

What about them?

Losa 11 clutched his hair, utterly at a loss.

The goodness within his heart and his own rationality were at odds.

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!"

"If I possessed the primary personality's strength, would it still be like this?"

Losa 11 wondered.

The answer was all too clear.

He sighed deeply.

Then, the eleventh in line to inherit the Losa Family suddenly thought of something.

His face turned pale.

"Boss, I'm not disloyal!"

Chapter 898: The Final Match is About to Begin!_2

"I just naturally started to think!"

"Please don't erase me!"

Losa 11 said, his voice trembling from the bottom of his heart.

However, there was no response.

But this lack of response relieved Losa 11.

No response was the best response.

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.

The same unchanging silence.

Losa 11 first cautiously opened one eye, looked around, and saw no changes.

The dominant personality agreed?!

After confirming this, Losa 11 clenched his fist, knowing that Jason would not die.

Then came the dizziness.

Losa 11 fell to the ground, head spinning and feet light.

He knew it was because he had been too tense just now, causing his brain to lack oxygen.

Facing death, who wouldn't be afraid?

He was not ashamed.

Losa 11 kept telling himself this.

Then!

Unconsciously, a thought which should have vanished started rising persistently in his heart.

"That

"Boss, can I help other people?"

"More, innocent people?"

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.

"Bildler, 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→3.4

Agility:1.7→2.7

Constitution:2.0→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?"

"What kind of power would that be?"

Jason thought, his eyes filled with anticipation.

He knew very well that he would soon be able to directly witness such strength.

Soon!

The ultimate 'game' is about to begin!

Chapter 899: The Differences Between Men and Women When Saying Goodbye!

Sunset, nightfall.

The people of Zone F were more or less discussing with excitement.

The final competition of the 'Game' is set to begin tonight.

Although the notice was rather sudden, it didn't diminish the enthusiasm of the people who had been waiting for a long time.

Moreover, there's a new twist to this final competition.

The Hundred Major Families' actually let their own bloodlines become 'survivors', what were they thinking?"

"Who knows what those big families are thinking? I'm more interested in the new 'audience prize money'!"

"A grand prize of ten million, ten prizes of one million, a hundred prizes of one hundred thousand, a thousand prizes of ten thousand, and ten thousand consolation prizes of a thousand each, I don't need much, I'm not greedy for the grand prize, just one of the million would do."

"You must be dreaming!"

"Weren't you opposed to this kind of 'Game' before?"

"I was young and ignorant then, unaware of the charm of the 'Game'."

"You were opposed just yesterday!"

"A day apart feels like an eternity; I have grown!"

"Greedy!"

"That's the best compliment I've ever heard!"

Such playful conversations among friends were heard now and then on the streets or before dining tables.

Most people were shocked by the participation of the 'Hundred Major Families' bloodlines.

And by the 'prize money'!

The presence of both had nicely covered up the abruptness of the 'Game's' final competition commencement.

The method was not particularly clever.

But very practical.

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 Bilders '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.

"I hope you'll be safe."

"We'll be waiting for you."

With these words as his farewell, Pers left the room.

Outside the room, Losa 11, Bildler, Roslor, Galen, and Simpson 2, Amiel 3, Boldy 7 were waiting.

"Don't worry, we will all meet again unharmed."

Losa 11 said so.

Everyone believed in such words.

Especially Simpson 2, Amiel 3, and Boldy 7.

They now knew what this man before them wanted to do.

Crazy!

Just as crazy as before!

But it was incredibly attractive to them.

Because they wanted to know how this man would end things after doing something so crazy.

Or rather, how to deal with it all!

The unknown always comes with mystery.

Mystery harbors infinite charm, and Losa 11, trying his best to imitate 'Losa 1', unconsciously conquered the members from the 'Hundred Major Families' around him.

Their eyes were bright, their expressions determined.

You could even say they were prepared to follow him to the death.

Simpson 2, Amiel 3, and Boldy 7 all had an indescribable feeling at this moment.

It seemed that following this man, they could start a new era.

Start a new era!

What a splendid endeavor that would be!

What an exhilarating endeavor that would be!

A man's romance isn't just about guns and roses, but also the undying adolescence in their minds.

The saying that men are boys till death is not in vain.

They looked at each other and saluted Losa 11 together.

"Everything will go as you wish."

Their voices were loud, drawing attention.

Billder, Roslor, Galen, and the just returned Pers all saluted together.

"Hmph!"

An inappropriate cold snort sounded.

The crowd frowned and looked over, it was Hera 10.

The lady was carrying two boxes walking through a corridor, with no attempt to disguise, nor to hide the distaste on her face.

Losa 11 was very aware of such distaste.

Evidently, Hera 10 knew as well.

Perhaps it was a hint from the family.

Maybe she guessed it from his arrangements.

Perhaps it was her own unique ability.

But regardless of which one, she was complaining about his 'unchanging ways'.

"Hera 10, I

"Move aside, I have some words for Jason."

Hera 10 rudely interrupted Losa 11, and just walked through the door like that.

Bang!

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.

"A warrior does not tolerate betrayal!"

"Betrayal must be met with heavenly punishment!"

"I will make sure they have no place to be buried!"

"It was I who asked to stay behind."

Jason said.

"I know."

"But their betrayal is also a fact."

"They left you behind, left you here!"

Hera 10's voice involuntarily rose.

At this moment, Jason realized once again just how not so bright Hera 10 was.

Fortunately, he had quite a few ways to handle such silliness.

"Let's have a fight."

Jason said very directly.

"Huh?"

"I don't have the 'Ailong Spear' anymore."

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 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.

At this time, only the doctor-born Roslor was suitable to console Hera 10.

"Miss Hera 10, please don't worry about Lord Jason, he

"I'm not worried about Jason."

"He has made a promise to me."

"He will duel with me next time."

Hera 10 interrupted Roslor's words.

"Then you?"

Roslor's eyes showed confusion.

"Just pondering some questions."

Hera 10 said so and walked toward Losa 11.

Watching the striding Hera 10 coming over, Losa 11 barely suppressed the urge to stand up and run, pretending to look calm and sat at the captain's position. Simpson 2 frowned and, together with Amiel 3 and Boldy 7, stood in front of Hera 10.

"Hera 10, don't go too far."

"Lord Losa 11's patience is not endless."

Simpson 2 said coldly.

"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.

Losa 11 had heard such rumors before.

Now he was truly experiencing it.

"Let her come over."

Losa 11 spoke.

The standoff could not continue.

If it did go on, who knew what would happen?

Hera 10 walked towards Losa 11 with large strides, without any detours, and asked in the most straightforward tone, "What do you plan to do?"

She needed to know Losa 11's answer.

Upon leaving, she reacted to Jason's promise.

It was as if she had accepted Jason's lingering thoughts.

But that didn't mean she would just do nothing and wait quietly.

She needed to see what Losa 11, whom Jason trusted, would do.

If she approved, she would help Losa 11.

If not, she would find a way to save Jason.

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.