

Menu 931

Chapter 931: When You Face Excessive Demands..._3

What kind of monster is this?

Unlike ordinary people, he could clearly see this pitch-black and crimson monster.

A sense of oppression emanated from the monster's body, involuntarily instilling fear in him.

No!

I will not fear!

I am already a Deity!

I'm no longer that limp-legged man who picked up cow dung!

I will absolutely not fear!

The huge body told itself, but... the trembling began.

Uncontrollable trembling.

The huge body wanted to tell itself not to tremble, but it backfired, shaking even more violently, just like the first time he tried to steal a seemingly vulnerable old lady's purse and got his legs broken by his master, turning him into a lame man exiled to the livestock shed, he was just as helpless and fearful back then.

But unlike that time, there was a foolish little girl back then for him to deceive.

He exploited that little girl's sympathy with his pitiful appearance.

And then, he survived.

Next...

He really wanted something to happen with that little girl.

After all, the little girl was very pretty, with her big eyes full of innocence, far unlike those old women he found in the back alleys.

Unfortunately, there was an extremely vigilant boy always by her side, thwarting his successes time and again.

So much so that after all these years, he still remembered that boy who spoiled his plans multiple times.

The other party was tall and handsome, well-dressed, polite to everyone, even the servants, and while he showed respect to the bigwigs, he was neither servile nor overbearing.

Right, the other party was called...

Losa?

Yes!

It was Losa!

The name he detested!

Thus, when he accidentally gained this power, the first thing he did was take that little girl's life.

To plunge that Losa into agony.

He was extremely delighted at that time.

So much so that the first time he used that level of secret technique, he made a slight mistake and had to fall into a slumber.

But he had prepared for this.

'They'!

He created 'They'!

Or rather, he created the Leader of 'They'!

He took some memories he obtained when he acquired possession of this body, slightly altered and twisted them, and then implanted them into the mind of his carefully chosen pawn; the altered memories and formidable strength made the other party believe unreservedly and obey him.

The other party did quite well.

Not only did he perfectly complete his tasks, but he also made the whole world believe in the 'Historical Bystanders'.

Do the 'Historical Bystanders' exist?

They do exist!

After all, he had created them.

Back then, he couldn't twist the memories of the 'elders' of the Hundred Major Families, but twisting the memories of ordinary people was just too easy.

And this, inadvertently hit the mark.

Leading the 'elders' of the Hundred Major Families into a delightful misunderstanding.

It almost made him laugh awake in his sleep.

But why did he ultimately fail?

Just because of Jason before him?

Just because of the mere Jason?

Just because of a mortal?

No!

He refuses to accept that!

Previously, he was an undignified servant, unable to control his own fate.

And now?

God!

He is a God!

He is an omnipotent God!

Tiny Jason, even if he appears before him, what could he do?

Could his puny body possibly penetrate his throat?

Could he possibly have a 40-meter-long sword?

With just an ordinary sword in hand, he could at most scratch his skin!

And then?

If the opponent dares to come closer, he will be trapped by his own ambush.

So, it's impossible!

Jason could never kill him!

Thinking this, the panicking huge body stood straight.

He calmly lowered his hands, eyes fully closed.

With an extremely indifferent and disdainful tone, he said—

"Come, I am right here... if you dare, pierce through my throat!"

Chapter 932: I Will Be Back!

With impassioned and fervent words, the massive figure stood tall and proud, as if he were a hero nobly heading to his death.

Yet as the opponent closed his eyes, his face rigid, his drooping hands trembling slightly, and his body occasionally twitching from pain, the image did not at all resemble a generous march to death.

Indeed, there wasn't even a hint of momentum.

It was like a quail, crouched in a broken eggshell, wanting to peek its head out to see the world but too afraid to do so, a picture of timidity.

Jason grew more convinced that this massive figure had its nest taken over by another bird.

He had never seen a real 'Deity'.

But if a real 'Deity' was just like this... it was too disappointing.

Or rather, it was a disservice to the 'deliciousness' that exuded from the body!

After all, 'deliciousness' and strength are directly proportional!

With the 'deliciousness' of the opponent's body, its strength was inevitably tremendous, and with such strength, how bad could its mentality be?

Not to say unyielding.

At the very least, it should be tenacious.

At the very least, it should have courage.

But what about now?

Truly a petty person.

The kind with a sly heart, yet as timid as a mouse, insatiably greedy.

When in power, he would be unreasonable and overbearing, wishing to rid of anyone not to his liking.

In times of trial, he would act pitiful and distressed, as if everyone in the world owes him something.

Ha!

Jason let out a light chuckle.

It was not to mock the person before him.

Rather...

Some power within him had been awakened.

The moment he had been waiting for had arrived!

Dawn had come.

Jason's gaze once again turned to the massive figure's neck.

This time, the massive figure felt his heart crawl as Jason stared at him.

It was as if an invisible blade was moving back and forth over his neck, finally resting sharply against it.

Instantly, goosebumps spread all over his body.

But he did not open his eyes.

He feared that on opening his eyes, he would be dazzled by the brilliance, or enveloped in mist, and then, bear that kind of pain again.

He had to wait patiently!

Wait for Jason to show a weakness!

Yes!

A weakness!

I was far too hasty just now!

With this physique, why was I in such a hurry?

I just need to silently wait for Jason to reveal a weakness!

The opponent wouldn't really inflict a fatal wound on me!

The opponent, firm in his resolution, shut his eyes even tighter, and all his awareness fell upon his own body. He was quite certain that Jason's next actions would likely target him.

After all, he was deeply impressed by the spectacle of Jason feeding just now!

He had been too eager before, allowing Jason to succeed time and again.

But this time?

Not anymore!

He was going to strike Jason with a fatal blow!

No!

It would be better to turn him into a container!

Convinced that he had grasped the initiative and the key to the battle, the massive figure's thoughts began to race, his mind wandering.

He had not forgotten the wonderful human world.

Why not return if he could?

Especially considering Jason's body, which clearly possessed a special 'undying' Talent, it was all too perfect for his current situation.

The massive figure could distinguish between disposable batteries and rechargeable batteries.

And as he thought of the splendor of the human world, a turmoil arose within him.

Delicious food, fine wines, beautiful women!

These were all his desires.

All that he had once longed for but could not have.

This time?

He wanted to try everything!

To enjoy it tenfold... no, a hundredfold, a thousandfold!

Only by doing so could he make up for his past.

The massive figure was lost in thoughts of the impending bliss when time ticked away, second by second.

One second!

Two seconds!

Three seconds!

...

Jason remained motionless, making the massive figure even more certain and arrogant.

He believed he had taken the initiative.

Therefore, Jason must now be hesitating,

Completely unsure of how to make his move!

Four seconds!

Five seconds!

...

Should I take the initiative to strike now?

Another two seconds passed, and the massive figure could hardly resist the thought, yet he still did not open his eyes. He just diverted a portion of his awareness to monitor Jason's movements, preparing to seize an opportunity.

But...

What did he see?

A sword!

A sword over 40 meters long, radiating tenacity, emitting a gentle glow!

Most importantly, this sword had appeared in Jason's hands.

The massive figure was terrified.

A weapon of this length could now injure him.

Almost reflexively, the massive figure dodged.

But, it was too late!

The Chen Xi Sword, like the first ray of light at dawn, pierced the gloom of the enclosed space.

Along with it, it also slashed the massive figure's throat.

Puh!

A large gash split open across half of his neck, and blood sprayed out in an instant.

"Ah, ah, ah, ah!"

The massive figure, who had just put on a calm front, could no longer pretend, screaming continuously as he clumsily covered his throat, his eyes, tightly shut till now, also sprang open at this moment.

And then—

A blinding light burst forth!

"Ah, ah, ah, ah!"

Tears and snot flowed from the massive figure.

The pain from his neck and eyes made him completely neglect his surroundings. Out of past habit, he started to curl up his body, retreating while covering his throat with both hands, desperately plugging the gushing blood.

He did not want to die.

He could not die.

There was so much more he wanted to do.

And with this powerful body, he knew, as long as the bleeding was stopped, the wound would heal as good as new in just over a dozen seconds.

Chapter 933: I Will Be Back!_2

He could come back to life once more.

As for Jason?

Thinking of this formidable opponent, the colossal body trembled, and he immediately used his perception to search the surroundings.

But... Jason had disappeared!

Or more accurately, his perception could not lock onto Jason!

Instantly, the hairs on the colossal body stood on end.

The strike he had just experienced made it clear that Jason was indeed capable of harming this body; if Jason were to strike at his vital spot while he was unguarded...

Almost subconsciously, his whole body began to tremble.

Then, he began to retreat at an even faster pace.

But, as before...

It was too late.

The sword light flashed beneath the colossal body.

"Ahh!!!!!!!"

A scream, many times more miserable than before, bellowed from the mouth of the colossal body.

The hands that should have been clutching its neck naturally covered below instead.

Flesh blurred.

Severed at the root.

Excruciating pain!

Indescribably severe pain!

Thump!

The colossal body fell to the ground, its entire body convulsing.

Blood spurted out from both the neck and below.

In no time at all, a lake of fresh blood formed beneath him.

And the screams continued without end.

"Ah! Ah! Ah!"

"Jason!"

"I will kill you! Kill you!"

The roars of the colossal body echoed throughout the enclosed space, like thunder.

At this moment, the colossal body felt not only humiliated but utterly trampled.

A trampling that, as a man, could not be endured by any means.

Under such circumstances, the colossal body fought desperately without hesitation.

Hiss!

Hiss, hiss!

The lake of blood on the ground quickly evaporated into a red mist, filling the entire enclosed space, while more fresh blood flowed from the two wounds on the colossal body, contributing to it.

Two breaths!

The faint blood-red within the enclosed space turned a rich red.

The crimson seemed to burn.

It was like boiling water, constantly rolling, boiling.

"Die! Die!"

The colossal body deliriously muttered.

This was not a capability of this body.

It was the Blood Burning Technique, a secret technique learned from the memories of 'their' Leader.

A secret technique that burns one's own blood to gain greater strength.

Under the modifications of 'their' Leader, while retaining the original basis, it also allowed the blood that spilled out to burn and corrode 'living beings', a bizarre technique.

The more potent the blood, the better the effect.

And when such a technique was used with the colossal body's blood...

Death!

Death again and again!

A series of deaths!

As the mist before his eyes turned crimson and began to boil, Jason died instantaneously ten times.

Pain!

Pain all over his body as if being sliced by a thousand knives, causing Jason's eyes to bulge with blood.

However, this did not impede Jason from slowly gathering his strength, step by step moving forward.

According to his previous plan, there was still a third sword strike.

This sword strike would be the fatal one!

The first sword slit the throat.

The second sword scooped the moon.

All for the strike of the third sword!

But he had not anticipated that the colossal body possessed such a secret technique.

In just three seconds of gathering strength.

Jason had died over a hundred times in this boiling blood.

But what did that matter?

It was just a hundred times!

After all, this was Jason with 800 lives!

Just now, although the taste was rather bland, his satiety had been continually increasing from the original 1610 rapidly to 2700 points, and even after dying a hundred times, it was still as high as 2400 points.

Even the Excitement of Feast reached 15 points at that moment.

Unlike the initial time where he took a bite at each Excitement of Feast.

Later, for the sake of combat, Jason simply couldn't eat a complete serving of Ersulk, which seemed like 'tooth carving' for a long time, but it was far less satisfying than a completely fulfilling bite.

Because, at that time, what mattered most to Jason was speed, to not be caught by the colossal body.

Thus, it was merely 'tasting'.

But for Jason, it was still a considerable gain.

However...

The most crucial bite had yet to come.

When he came to the wailing colossal body, seeing its mouth opened wide due to wailing,

Jason leapt in without hesitation.

Then—

Buzz!

The glow of the Chen Xi Sword twinkled inside the colossal body's mouth.

Not slashing forward.

Nor downward.

But... upwards!

The sharp Chen Xi Sword pierced straight up, penetrating the upper gums of the colossal body, breaking through layers of cartilage, stabbing towards the colossal body's... brain!

The miserable howl abruptly ceased.

Everything stopped at that moment.

The colossal body's eyes widened tremendously.

Shock! Surprise!

Disbelief!

How could this be possible?

How could Jason still be alive under the Blood Burning Technique?

After dying a hundred times, how could he still be alive?

The colossal body was very perplexed.

Perhaps he was merely a squatter, but as someone who regarded the Blood Burning Technique as his trump card, he was well aware of its power.

Ordinary people, not to mention being surrounded by it, the slightest touch meant dissolution into nothingness.

Among the 'Hundred Major Families', the 'elders' faced with it also met a fate of having no burial place.

And Jason?

Very special.

Possessing a trace of immortal traits, but even so, the colossal body did not believe Jason could survive.

As a 'god', he was very clear about how this so-called 'immortality' came about.

It was primarily a fast recovery.

And such recovery required a tremendous amount of energy!

Even with special means for storage, after dying a dozen times consecutively, he would still fall short.

Chapter 934: I Will Be Back!_3

For example: His massive body came into being just like that.

Because, his body was indeed too strong.

Recovery consumed too much strength.

And Jason was naturally weak.

According to his estimate, the energy consumed by Jason's resurrection was negligible to him, thus being able to resurrect dozens of times was only natural, but it definitely wouldn't exceed a hundred times.

Because Jason's body simply could not contain such power.

Moreover, in his perception, Jason had no items to store such power.

That mask and blade?

Really nice for ordinary people.

But to him, not worth a mention.

It definitely couldn't store the energy accumulated for 'resurrection'.

So, he believed Jason was dead.

Therefore, at this moment, his massive body taking Jason's fatal strike was so unbelievable.

But no matter how incredible, the fact had already occurred.

What's more important is...

Jason!

After the fatal sword strike, the Chen Xi Sword vanished into the air, a huge wound appeared on the 'upper palate' above Jason's head.

Without any hesitation, Jason crawled in.

Then, his mouth opened.

The most crucial bite, here it comes!

Just like a mouse entering a rice store, Jason devoured frenziedly.

The two most vital parts of a humanoid body.

The heart, the brain.

Undoubtedly.

In mysticism as well, it's the same.

The heart, the source of power.

The brain, the garden of reason.

The former symbolizes strength, the latter, the emblem of one's rational self.

If given a choice, Jason would definitely choose the heart, not just because the heart tasted much better than the brain, but also because the satiety and Excitement of Feast it contained would far exceed that of the brain.

But in the current situation, he had no choice.

Time!

Even though he had dealt a fatal blow to the massive body!

But Jason could sense the stillness of death in the massive body was rapidly fading.

The opponent could resurrect at any moment!

Once the opponent resurrected, even if they were a usurper, they would definitely be more cautious with him, not fooled again.

Simply put, he was still too weak.

So weak that he still had no room for choice.

While devouring food that felt like spicy tofu, Jason pondered.

On Jason's retina.

The satiety levels surged crazily like a racing dial.

The Excitement of Feast was also surging with +1+1+1.

Moreover, other notifications appeared.

But before Jason could make them out clearly, his vision blurred.

He reappeared in the enclosed space.

The massive body was in front of him.

The power of spatial constraint bound his whole body.

A layer of blood mist obscured the massive body's eyes; clearly, having suffered losses repeatedly, the massive entity had learned its lesson.

Meanwhile, an extremely thick blood mist condensed on Jason's body.

Together with the spatial constraint, the blood mist was relentlessly draining Jason's life.

In an instant, it was a hundred times!

Undoubtedly, this blood mist was meticulously prepared by the massive body.

"The ultimate victor is still me!"

"And you?"

"Die without a burial ground to lay your body!"

The massive body roared.

The blood dance obscured, making the opponent's bird head look even more ferocious, especially while uttering these words, the bird head, which should have carried a hint of heroism, twisted grotesquely like a vulture.

Death, revival.

A continuous cycle.

Yet, Jason was entirely unbothered.

Even while enduring the pain of a thousand cuts.

He still maintained a smile.

Such a smile stung the massive body's heart.

"Smile? I see you... Huh?"

The massive body didn't finish speaking before Jason interrupted him,

"Wait for my return!"

While saying this, Jason extended his right hand, raised his thumb, and slowly slid it across his neck.

Such an action further infuriated the massive body.

It seemed to feel the pain in the neck once again.

Immediately it let out a roar, wanting the Blood Burning Technique to burn even more intensely.

But at that moment

Jason disappeared from sight.

Chapter 935: A person must always leave themselves a way out!

People, when possible, always leave themselves a way out.

Jason?

Is no exception.

Or rather, life in Nightless City has made him all the more accustomed to leaving himself a way out.

So

"A moment after dawn, declare me the final champion of this 'game'!"

This was what Jason told Losa 11 when they parted ways.

To this, Losa 11 had no objections.

In the depths of Losa 11's heart, his good friend Jason, was truly deserving of being the first.

As for the rest of the 'survivors' and 'Brutalizers' participating in the 'game'?

Those 'discards' from the Hundred Major Families did not need to be mentioned, Losa 11 was very clear about what sort of people they were.

As for those 'Brutalizers'?

Losa 11 simply glanced through these 'Brutalizers' profiles and didn't want to look a second time.

In his mind, these people deserved to be on the gallows.

Not appearing in the so-called 'game'.

Even that 'Death Attorney' who seemed to have a shred of 'sense of justice,' after Losa 11 read about how the other party had, in order to win a case, buried family members alive to force several witnesses to change their testimonies, his favorable impression turned into a negative one.

But what could be done about it?

These were the games set by the 'parents'.

He, a young man, could not change anything.

At least, not now.

Of course, he believed that the primary personality certainly would be able to change all of this.

And he?

Just needed to go along.

"Has your mother replied?"

Losa 11 looked towards Hera 10, who had a solemn expression.

Since the message had arrived, Hera 10 had maintained such an expression.

However, just as Losa 11 spoke, the solemnity on Hera 10's face suddenly vanished, the tension in her eyes also disappearing, leaving only a sense of relief.

Such a change did not escape Losa 11.

"Solved?"

Losa 11 asked.

"Yes!"

"Just now, my 'inspiration' gave me a feeling of imminent crisis, but now it's safe — at least, there's no danger for any of us here."

Hera 10 nodded and said, adding a sentence at the end of her words.

"That's good."

His own life was not in jeopardy, which was a relief to Losa 11.

Then, the eleventh heir to the Losa Family asked quite naturally.

"Can you get in touch with your mother?"

"I would like to know more about Mandelin Town."

Losa 11 did not hide his intent.

Hera 10 was Jason's friend, and naturally, his friend.

For friends, such direct inquiries were best.

"I'll ask."

Hera 10 stood up and said.

Losa 11 was Jason's friend, and she didn't mind helping.

"Okay."

Losa 11 nodded, watching Hera 10 leave before his gaze swept across the younger generation of the Hundred Major Families present.

As Losa 11's gaze passed over them, a flash of fear could be seen in the depths of these young people's eyes.

Not only because Losa 11 had suddenly used the 'Finger Gun' to kill one of their members.

Although this was one of the most important reasons.

But another reason was the news Losa 11 had just told them.

Disclosing the Mystical Side!

How could this be!

After all, the reason the Hundred Major Families could control the world was because the Mystical Side was entirely in the hands of the Hundred Major Families. If made public, what would happen?

Those commoners would become equals to them.

Even though it wouldn't be possible in the short term.

But eventually, it would come to such a state.

And also...

The Divine's Body!

Once these commoners learned of such an existence.

Then, what would the whole world turn into?

But to object now?

The image of a body collapsing to the ground with a 'bang' just moments ago flashed across the minds of all the young generation.

Use their own lives to maintain the interests of everyone?

These youngsters from the Hundred Major Families could not do it.

They would only use their eyes to encourage others to try.

As for themselves?

Just sit back and reap the rewards.

Wasn't it always like this in the past?

Losa 11 saw such a situation, and there was not a bit of surprise in his heart.

He had guessed the reaction of these people as he spoke those words.

Just like me!

All so selfish!

Losa 11 mocked himself inwardly.

Why did he understand these younger generations so well?

Because, they were the same kind of people.

Only...

He was a fabricated secondary personality, occasionally influenced by the 'bold and brilliant primary personality,' and felt moved when seeing those innocent people about to face calamity without knowing.

Thus, some thoughts arose in his mind.

Such thoughts led him to make small changes.

Just small changes!

He was unable to truly save those innocent people.

He could only provide a bit of a way for them to save themselves.

The Mystical Side!

Secret techniques!

Some parts about the Divine's Body, and even most of the secret techniques, naturally could not be made public, as it would touch upon the foundations of the Hundred Major Families, and no matter how clever his maneuvers, once these were touched upon, he too would be reduced to scraps.

Therefore, he could only try to disclose some basic ones.

And then, mix in some advanced.

If possible, even hide some high-level secret technique knowledge in there.

And this...

Was his limit.

"Sorry!"

"I tried my best!"

Chapter 936: People Always Need to Leave Themselves a Way Out!_2

"I don't want to die yet, so I can only do so much. I hope... Hey, what's with the sentimentality? What right does a secondary personality like me have to say this? This is all arranged by the main personality."

Losa11 laughed at himself again.

However, in his heart, he silently added another line.

"May you all... never cease to grow stronger!"

Following that, Losa11 once again felt embarrassed by his own sentimentality.

He lifted his hand and touched the tip of his nose.

Then he leaned back in the chair.

He was waiting for Hera10 to return.

Although he could ask the 'main personality' at this time, doing so for such matters would surely irritate the 'main personality' with his temperament, and he didn't want to be erased over such 'trivial matters.'

So, it was better to quietly wait.

Fortunately, the wait was brief.

Tap, tap, tap!

With firm steps, Hera10 returned.

The expression on her face was even more solemn than before.

She whispered in Losa11's ear the news she had just learned.

Surprise flickered in Losa11's eyes.

He sat straight up.

Then, realization dawned on his face.

So this is it!

Is this the outcome you wanted, 'main personality'?

Is this why you supported me, 'main personality'?

Because the 'Hundred Major Families' would exist in name only, there was naturally no need to care about their attitudes anymore.

Then, can my plan... also be slightly altered?

To give them more opportunities?

With this thought, Losa11 asked the 'main personality,' and upon receiving tacit approval, Losa11 straightened up.

He looked around and began to speak with a smile on his face.

"Ladies and gentlemen."

...

At the end of the river that ferries the Undead, there is a gorge corridor.

Past the gorge corridor is a mountain peak.

The peak soars straight into the sky.

At the top is a palace.

Below the mountain is a deep valley.

From the bottomless depths of the valley, from time to time came the sounds of interrogation and questioning, followed by the wails and pleas of lost souls.

Losa, and Losa1, first glanced at the palace at the top of the mountain.

Then, their gazes turned to the deep valley.

Could my wife (mother) be there?

Thinking that his wife (mother) might be suffering torture in the valley, the expressions of Losa and Losa1, father and son, changed.

Always as calm as a lake, entirely without emotional fluctuations, a sharp killing intent now appeared on Losa.

Sharp as a blade.

Killing intent as cold as a frosty wind.

With its appearance, the clouds in the sky began to roll endlessly, and the ground started to tremble slightly.

Woooo!

A gust of wind howled past.

Mixed with lethal ice and snow.

Losa1 had a look of madness, the corners of his mouth involuntarily curling upwards, and as his gaze fixed on the valley, suddenly, all interrogation and questioning, wailing, and pleas stopped.

Only hysterical screaming remained.

"I'm getting more and more impatient!"

"Can't wait to twist all your heads off!"

"Ha ha ha ha ha ha!"

With a manic laugh, Losa1 shot towards the palace at the mountain's summit like an arrow.

Losa?

He was even quicker.

When Losa1 reached the palace at the summit, the palace, which was once dark as ink and emanated endless dominion, had already turned into white. It... was frozen.

Nestled there as if it was just a chunk of ice.

Losa looked at the palace with confusion.

Losa1, seeing his puzzled father, felt a reduction in his madness and scrutinized the palace before him closely.

The next moment, Losa1 expressed his surprise with a puzzled exclamation.

"Huh?"

It had been a very long time since anything had surprised Losa1.

But the situation before him was definitely one such thing.

He had been prepared for a battle with the owner of the palace, the legendary 'Lord of the Underworld,' 'Destiny of the Dead,' 'protector of the shadows,' 'shepherd of the night.'

But...

The opponent was dead.

No!

It wasn't right to say dead.

The opponent's body was there, but it was lifelessly performing its duties, like a puppet being manipulated.

No longer any agility, no consciousness.

Even when under attack, the response was by the book.

Even the counterattack was a beat too slow.

Black deathly aura surged towards Losa and Losa1 from all around.

Losa raised his hand.

Such black deathly aura froze instantly.

The figure inside stood still, bewildered.

It seemed not to have anticipated this at all.

It seemed not to know what to do next.

"What's going on?"

Losa1 looked puzzled.

Losa shook his head, indicating he didn't know.

And at that moment

Tap, tap, tap!

Suddenly, with the fog rolling and the crisp sound of horse hooves, a dark carriage fell from midair.

The murky-eyed horses glanced at Losa and Losa1, then the carriage door opened directly, and the spirits inside stepped out one by one.

"Pondor? Dorco?"

Seeing many familiar faces appear, Losa1 raised an eyebrow.

But these once glorious 'fathers' of the 'Hundred Major Families' walked straight toward the frozen palace, completely oblivious to Losa, Losa1.

With every step they took, the story of their lives appeared above their heads.

One of them caught the attention of Losa and Losa1.

It was their Leader.

When the father and son saw the presence hidden behind 'their' Leader, a tangible rage surged in their hearts.

"So it was him!"

Losa, grinding his teeth, made a grating sound.

Chapter 937: People Always Need to Leave Themselves a Way Out!_3

"Heh."

"Was it such a bastard who killed my mother?"

Losa chuckled lightly, yet there was no hint of amusement in his eyes.

Only a fierce desire to kill.

The next moment, Losa pushed open the 'door'.

Both father and son disappeared.

...

Jason disappeared.

Just vanished right before his eyes.

This left the massive figure somewhat at a loss.

However, he soon breathed a sigh of relief.

He was not skilled in combat.

Now that Jason was gone, it was better, but the words Jason had left with made the massive figure frown.

But quickly, only a cold sneer remained.

"Coming back?"

"Although I don't know how you left here."

"But by the time you return, I will have completely mastered this body and familiarized myself with battle skills!"

"When that time comes... hmph!"

A cold snort, and the massive figure brimmed with brutal murderous intent.

He certainly hadn't forgotten what Jason had done to him.

Devoured his flesh.

Cut his throat.

And...

Made him the God of the Unilateral!

Even though the Divine's Body would regenerate, it was unforgivable!

"Next time, I'll definitely crush you

The massive figure swore with a curse.

But before he could finish, a door silently appeared behind him.

Two figures walked out of the door without any hesitation, their legs kicking straight at the back of the massive figure's head.

Compared to the massive figure, the two figures were utterly inconsequential, such a kick should not have been effective, but contrary to expectations, after those two kicks, the massive figure not only fell heavily to the ground but also was engulfed in dizziness, unable to get up at all.

Losa gloomily approached the massive figure.

Making the other's eyes see him.

And the moment the massive figure saw Losa, he exclaimed.

"Losa!"

Full of panic.

Full of fear.

"Very good."

That was Losa's response.

Then, he raised his hand and threw a punch.

Bang!

The small fist landed on the massive figure's forehead.

Pop!

The massive figure's head burst like a watermelon that had been run over by a truck.

Then, under the effect of Divine's Body, the head began to regenerate.

But then it was smashed again by Losa.

After ten times, Losa did not move again, he sensed the remaining life force of his opponent, quietly contemplating.

Complete death?

That would be letting him off too easy!

He wanted to make his enemy wish for death!

At this moment, Losa noticed something and began to smile.

Losa followed Losa's gaze and immediately saw the scarring on the massive body's neck and groin.

Then, he looked at the hockey mask and knife blade that Losa had picked up.

"Is it the friend of Losa, a young man called Jason?"

"Such a good kid!"

"Well done."

Losa didn't skimp on his praise.

"Yeah, much stronger than his previous bad friends, Losa has found a good friend this time."

Losa was also happy for his brother.

Then, the father and son exchanged glances, Losa with a Bizarre smile, spoke towards the massive figure.

"We can't let Jason's precious items be lost because of some guy, we should send them back to Jason, and luckily these two items are full of longing for their owner, here we also have a perfect sacrifice."

"Of course!"

Losa nodded in agreement.

"No!"

"You can't do this!"

"I am a god

Bang!

Hearing the father and son's conversation, the massive figure frantically yelled.

He knew what the two were intending to do.

And because he knew, he was terrified.

He did not wish to become mere fuel for the insignificant props to find their owner... no, saying 'fuel' was more apt.

However, Losa and his son completely ignored the massive figure's wails, Losa simply punched him, silencing him completely.

Next, a complex ritual appeared in the sealed space.

The massive figure was below, the hockey mask and the knife blade above.

Then, it was burning!

Burning the godly power, soul, and body of the massive figure, bestowing it upon the hockey mask and knife blade, letting them return to their owner's embrace.

This kind of burning was undoubtedly painful.

Undoubtedly worse than death.

And this satisfied Losa and his son.

When the last wail vanished, the massive figure turned to ash, and the hockey mask and knife blade disappeared.

The father and son looked at each other.

No smiles.

Nor relief.

Only discontent.

"Father, can time be reversed?"

After a moment of silence, Losa suddenly asked.

"Time reversal? Impossible!"

Losa answered with certainty.

A look of disappointment appeared in Losa's eyes.

"But

"We can return to the past!"

Losa paused and then said.

Immediately, Losa's eyes lit up.

After exchanging another glance, the father and son disappeared on the spot.

The sealed space they were in disappeared as well.

Or rather...

Collapsed!

An unanticipated Route Collapse.

Just as suddenly as it had appeared.

Its disappearance was also sudden.

It seemed, everything was as if it never existed.

But just before the space completely collapsed, a large, strong figure appeared here.

As soon as he appeared, his overbearing and extremely powerful aura impacted against the collapsing space, causing the collapse to stall.

Waves of fluctuations emanated from this figure.

Chapter 938: People Always Need to Leave Themselves a Way Out!_4

Ripples formed, striking in all directions.

"Jason's scent!"

"Jason has been here!"

Dressed in Martial Arts attire, Aras looked around, sniffing.

But the collapsing space obstructed her.

"Damn it!"

"Too late!"

"Jason, wait for me!"

With that cry, Aras soared into the sky, turning into a phantom, completely shattering the collapsing sealed space.

Leaving behind only a large, blazing 'heaven' character.

The flaming characters rapidly burned out.

The space also completely collapsed.

Nothing left but utter darkness.

But within the darkness, a deeper darkness linked piece by piece.

Suddenly, the burning Soul Fire lit up.

Illuminating the entire darkness.

Tens of thousands of Bone Dragons silently appeared, their bone wings stretched thousands of meters, Black Armored Knights on their backs patrolling the area, and behind them, an endless Undead Army.

Boundless.

Innumerable.

At the center of the Undead Army, inside a palace made entirely of shadows, Dennise sat irritably on a soft sofa.

Still not found!

Jason was clearly located using the Sage's Stone!

Why haven't we found Jason yet!

"Your Majesty, the Queen."

"Please calm your anger!"

"Prince Jason's scent is indeed here, Prince Jason has been here, he just left, we just have to continue searching, and we will certainly find him."

From the shadows, Lederma came out, persuading his queen.

As the Prime Minister, this was his duty.

When the Queen was happy, he was happy.

When the Queen was angry, he was angry.

When the Queen was sad, he was sad.

What about governing the realm of the Undead?

Although they had the power to establish a nation... no, a dynasty long ago, they follow the will of the Queen, never staying in one place.

"Alright."

"Continue searching for Jason."

Dennise nodded.

At her command, countless Undead set out again.

In the darkness deeper than black, clusters of Soul Fire illuminated everything.

Any beings sensing the presence of this army hurriedly avoided them.

They, they, they observed this army in horror and uttered with trembling voices—

"Undead disaster!"

"Yes, yes

"The Disaster Queen!"

...

At a time when all beings hastily avoided, in a place between dream and reality.

A fleet was ready to set sail.

Giselle stood there timidly, looking at this haphazardly assembled fleet.

"Can they really fly?"

"Of course!"

"And, they're not just able to fly!"

"They can also travel through dreams!"

"That's the key to finding Jason!"

Evelyn replied.

"Should we tell others?"

The kind Giselle asked.

But immediately, she cried out in pain, clutching her head and squatting down.

It was Evelyn inside her body who had hit her.

"Whom do you want to tell?"

"Jason is ours, no one can intervene, even if you only tell 'Cloak,' 'Bedding No.1,' and 'Bedding No.2,' but they will surely tell others, those guys have never forgotten to search for Jason, so, only we can know, you don't want those little fairies pestering Jason, do you?"

Evelyn spoke irritably.

"Um."

Giselle weakly nodded.

"Then let's set off!"

"Find Jason!"

"Bring him back to 'Watchdog Pastry House' and live a happy life together!"

With that declaration, Evelyn, controlling the body of the female pastry chef, stepped into the warship.

Then, amid roaring sounds.

The fleet took off.

The next moment, they vanished into the void.

No!

Into the dream!

They advanced in a unique way, searching.

And at this moment, Jason, who had returned to Nightless City, suddenly felt an itch in his nose.

He sneezed uncontrollably.

Achoo!

Achoo!

Achoo!

Three times, loud and clear.

Chapter 939: Transformation!

Sitting in that dimly lit restaurant, his own sneeze still echoed in his ears, Jason was stunned.

The feeling of being confined to the high-backed chair still lingered.

Just like before.

"Do I have a cold?"

Jason thought subconsciously.

But then he denied it.

With his current constitution, it was impossible for him to catch a cold.

It must be...

Is someone missing me?

Could it really be that someone is cursing me?

If it's that strong...

It's possible!

Who could it be?

Jason pondered the candidates, and then, after just two or three seconds, he gave up.

He had many enemies, but he had taken care of most of them.

The rest?

They were still beyond his reach.

For such enemies who wanted to curse him, he had no way of dealing with them other than quietly increasing his strength, and then, taking them down.

Thinking of this, Jason took a deep breath and looked at the black notebook that opened on its own.

[The richness of the soup always leaves a lingering taste!]

[Its instant bloom on the taste buds.]

[It is surely a joy in your life.]

(Note: Please savor this rare joy!)

"Joy, huh?"

Jason murmured to himself, his eyes focusing on the text in front.

[Consuming Ersulk (very important part)]

[Physical Strength, Energy, Over-extended injury recovery!]

[Fullness +600]

[Fullness: 1024]

[Excitement of Feast +5]

[Excitement of Feast: 20]

...

[Eating 'precious ingredient', Predator's Talent promotion determination...]

[Determination passed!]

[Predator → Predator II]

[Predator II: Some 'food' will never appear on the menu for ordinary people, but you are different, your otherworldly soul makes you so unique, there's no 'food' you can't eat—Invasive species? Sorry, in my

terms, they are just endangered species waiting to be eaten! And as you venture further on the path of hunting, you will make better use of the talents you possess; Effect: When you consume 'extraordinary food', you not only gain corresponding fullness, you can complete some incredible feats with fullness, and your gained fullness will slightly increase.]

...

This is what appeared after Jason fiercely devoured the brain matter of an enormous body.

A large amount of Fullness and Excitement of Feast, this was expected.

But the 'precious ingredient' promoting his foundational [Predator] to advance was unexpected to Jason.

"Slightly increased fullness?"

Jason looked at the introduction for [Predator II Talent], with no confusion.

It can simply be understood that the same food, which provided 10 points of fullness in [Predator], now provides 11 points of fullness in [Predator II].

Naturally, this is cause for surprise!

But the real surprise is what comes after this message.

The first promotion of [Predator] is related to fullness, what about next?

Could it be related to the Excitement of Feast?

It's incredibly difficult to obtain the Excitement of Feast.

So difficult that every time, Jason felt critically short.

And now, he finally found a way to slightly increase the amount of Excitement of Feast obtained.

Of course, this method is also very difficult.

Divine's Body... Gods...

Next time, there won't be such a good opportunity.

Jason reflected on the previous scene, sighing slightly in his heart.

Not every time, one encounters such situations.

Even this time, it was full of perils.

At the last moment, the person who hijacked his position almost killed him with a secret technique, causing him to die over 650 times in that short period.

He died so many times that he couldn't even keep track of the exact count.

Even when he forcibly returned here, sitting in this confining chair, he gradually came back to his senses.

The strength difference was just too great!

"Deity

Jason thought of this term in his heart.

He once again recognized the gap between himself and such beings.

Let alone the deities he knew of.

Even those pseudo-gods, demigods, he was far from being their opponent.

I still need, to keep getting stronger!

Phew!

Jason took a deep breath, his eyes becoming even more resolute.

Setbacks?

Naturally, they existed.

Defeat?

There was a bit of that too.

But he already had a goal.

And Jason had a very good habit, once he set a goal, he would pursue it.

Stubborn?

Defiant?

Others wouldn't turn back until they hit the wall!

And Jason?

Even if he hit the wall, he wouldn't turn back!

He would break through the wall and forge his own path.

In front of him, the text on the notebook emerged one by one—

[Main Mission: Excellent!]

[Hunting Performance: Perfect!]

[Cooking Performance: Mediocre!]

[Combat Performance: Excellent!]

[Search Performance: Mediocre!]

[Overall Assessment: Nearly Excellent!]

(Note: Your soup spoon is ready.)

...

Similar to the performance with 'Beef Soup (Clear Soup)', only the main mission and hunting performances have been swapped.

"To dominate and win the championship is not considered perfect, just excellent?"

"How do I achieve perfect?"

"Surely I can't just flip the table at the start and take down all the Hundred Major Families, right?"

Jason pondered, his gaze fixed on the continuously flickering notebook.

A card mingling black iron and bronze color appeared again.

It had a pattern of [Stomach] on the front.

Jason had seen this pattern before; it was the pattern for [Stomach Strengthening].

And when the card flipped over, it confirmed Jason's memory.

[Stomach Strengthening!]

[Detection: Talent Stomach Strengthening already owned, determination for second strengthening in progress...]

Chapter 940: Change!_2

[Judgment passed!]

[Gastrointestinal Enhancement II: Your digestive organs have been enhanced twice, allowing you to break down and absorb food faster and more efficiently. You can eat more and faster than before!]

...

Gurgle! Gurgle!

Watching the second enhancement appear, Jason's thoughts were interrupted by a bout of growling from his stomach.

Hungry!

Jason felt he could eat ten cows right now, one with each bite.

Especially when an extreme buttery flavor emerged, Jason was almost red-eyed with hunger.

On the dining table in front of him, a metal plate with flared edges and a shallow bottom appeared, its flared edges being two sizes larger than a 10-jin watermelon, yet the shallow bottom was only two fingers deep.

A rich white was blooming in the plate, and a long-handled metal soup spoon was overturned, resting on the edge of the plate.

As the sense of constraint vanished after an hour, Jason picked up the spoon.

He scooped up a spoonful and put it in his mouth.

When the salty and creamy flavor began to burst on his taste buds, Jason's eyes lit up.

When the bits of mushroom that were soft and chewy with a hint of crispiness appeared, Jason's eyes brightened even further.

"Mushrooms chopped and deep-fried... no, there's no taste of oil, not sautéing either, it's... roasted!"

"The whole mushrooms dried out, and after roasting, chopped up!"

"Cream... hmm, can't make it out."

Jason thought as he continued to eat.

The shallow plate was quickly emptied.

After Jason licked the plate clean, his attention finally turned to the spoon in his hand.

He clearly remembered asking about the soup spoon before.

But there was no response then.

Now, there was.

Jason's gaze shifted to the note on his notebook in the evaluation section—

Your spoon is ready.

...

Was it because of my previous shout that a change was made?

Or is it the difference in tasks this time that has brought about the change?

Jason pondered silently.

He controlled his gaze from wandering aimlessly, and his expression remained as usual.

This was not difficult for Jason living in the Nightless City.

Acting?

Every person in the 'Nightless City' could be called an Oscar winner; you never know when the people around you are telling the truth or lies. Therefore, there's one rule in the 'Nightless City': never trust anyone.

Every resident of the 'Nightless City' does just that.

Jason is no exception.

Would he trust this black notebook?

Impossible!

He has not forgotten what he went through when he first came here.

In fact, Jason suspects that if he had not awakened the [Predator] Talent, he wouldn't have any connection with this notebook at all.

Thus reasoned.

Jason always felt that the appearance of this notebook seemed a bit too coincidental.

Coincidentally, Jason is not someone who believes in coincidences.

However, one thing, Jason remembered.

Before you are strong, what you need is to accumulate, not to show off.

Now he is doing just that.

Facing Lorde's unknown existence, wanting to avenge the old knight, he needs to build up strength.

Facing the unknown existence of the Nightless City, wanting to break free from manipulation, he still needs to build up strength.

Facing the unknown existence after the 'notebook', wanting to find out if it's a coincidence, he continues to need to build up strength.

All in all, he's still too weak.

But, everything is going to get better!

[Tasted an 'Almost Excellent' level 'Creamy Mushroom Soup'!]

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

[Attribute points +0.1]

...

With familiarity increased, Jason's attributes have now changed to—

Strength: 6.5, Agility: 5.7, Constitution: 6.8, Spirit: 4.5, Perception: 8.1

...

This is a substantial increase from when he first entered the instance.

"Continue! Continue!"

"Keep growing stronger!"

Jason told himself silently in his heart.

His gaze, however, was firmly locked on the black notebook.

The words on it began to change.

[Surprises are always hidden in every dish.]

[But surprise also means change.]

[Not just the dish itself, but also... the Taster!]

[Unable to return to the 'Thick Soup' world!]

(Note: 'Crab Meat Salad', 'Fried Meat Crisp Rolls', 'Sparkling Water', 'Beef Soup' worlds cannot be returned to!)

...

The words on the notebook made Jason frown deeply.

"Cannot return?"

He was taken aback.

This was the first time he had encountered such a situation.

Even in the worlds of 'Bubbly Water' and 'Beef Soup' that had been drastically changed before, he could still return, albeit at a higher cost.

But now, return was impossible!

And it was a chain reaction of impossibilities!

Had something happened that even the 'notebook' couldn't stop?

Or...

Had he lost control?

Thinking this, Jason narrowed his eyes.

However, he immediately realized that this action was somewhat obvious.

He flipped through the black notebook again right away.

He was using this behavior to mask himself.

Yet, when he saw that the world of 'Dining Etiquette' belonging to 'Lorde' was still accessible, Jason truly sighed in relief.

At that moment, Jason's expression of relief was genuine.

He had to go back to Lorde.

No matter what!

Whir, whirr!

The pages continued to turn, more text appeared—

[This is a change!]

[The side dish here is not an appetizer.]

[They differ from the conventional meanings.]

[They are unique to this place.]

[Because the choice of them will actually determine your main course.]

[You have three options:]

[1: Seafood Pastry]

[2: Cheese Ham]

[3: Tomato Cheese Chicken Cutlet]

[Choice 1, you need to spend 10 points of satiety.]

[Choice 2, you need to spend 11 points of satiety.]

[Choice 3, you need to spend 12 points of satiety.]

(Note: Out of the three special side dishes, you can only pick two.)

...

Change?

Jason frowned subconsciously.

Ever since he had returned from the world of 'Creamy Mushroom Soup,' the notebook in front of him seemed to be ever changing.

What exactly had happened there?

Jason wondered.

Then, instead of deciding which world to enter right away, he went back to 19 Ter Street first.

He needed to test himself again.

And the instant he returned, Jason noticed his hockey mask and the short-handled broad blade cleaver.

In the final battle before, he could not account for these two beloved items.

So, another reason Jason frowned when he discovered he couldn't return was because of these two items.

But now!

The two items reappeared!

Right on him.

The mask was worn on his face.

The short-handled broad blade cleaver was in his hand.

Sure enough!

Something I didn't know happened, but it made the 'notebook' unable to accept it.

Is that a good thing?

Jason didn't know for the time being.

All he knew was that at this moment, he not only felt everything inside 19 Ter Street clearly, but also sensed the 'spiderwebs' sprawling out from around 19 Ter Street, albeit obscurely.

He headed toward the mouth of Ter Street.

But he didn't leave.

The other party was also on Ter Street!

The other party was watching closely from nearby!

Truly like a spider!

They put out so many threads and then silently watched the prey struggle in the 'spiderweb,' while hiding in the dark corners, gradually depleting the prey's physical strength.

What's next?

A lethal strike!

Jason closed his eyes.

The temporary +0.3 perception given by [Blind Fighting] allowed him to grasp the ends of the 'spiderwebs' even more accurately.

But that was as far as it went.

What was inside?

Who was inside?

How many people were inside?

Jason knew none of that.

Jason stood up from the wooden crate, he pretended to move around, circling inside 19 Ter Street, while at the same time, observing the outside—this was a quality every resident of 'Nightless City' should have, not at all abrupt.

Even if Jason's patrol was a bit too frequent, it was the same.

After all this, Jason returned to the wooden crate, pulled over a blanket, and pretended to sleep. With the cover of the blanket, he covertly flipped open the black notebook, just as before.

He chose...