

## **Menu 1011**

Chapter 1011: It's quite sudden

Yan Ben leaned against the shadow of the corner, his eyes fiercely fixed on the Polar Bear Cafe.

It was that woman from this place who not only made his successful mission fail but also made him pay the price.

Thinking about his recent escape from the police car made Yan Ben shudder uncontrollably.

If it hadn't been for the great cost, borrowing 'that' Strength,

He would definitely be in a detention cell by now.

No!

It should be the ICU for serious conditions.

First, I'll kill this woman!

Then, the other girl too!

These two people, I can't let go no matter what!

However, that girl...

Whenever he thought about Sagaraso's punch, the assassin felt a chill.

Such a punch was beyond common sense.

What kind of person could deliver a punch like that?

The answer was clear.

Inside World!

As someone lingering on the outskirts of the Inside World, it was natural he couldn't make his move directly.

So, he chose Hui Lijing.

To him, Hui Lijing seemed like the softest target.

Ding-dong!

The distant sound of a doorbell.

A kindly-faced bald old man stepped out.

This old man, Yan Ben had just seen him earlier.

Seemed like he might be one of the kids' grandfather.

In any case, an unimportant person.

Thus, Yan Ben simply glanced at him and paid no more attention.

What concerned him more was the timing to kill Hui Lijing.

Just as Yan Ben was waiting, the bald grandfather unexpectedly walked over.

Watching this scene, Yan Ben frowned.

In any plan, the most worrying aspect is the unexpected.

Should I kill this old man?

It would cause some trouble.

But as long as I handle it well, there should be no problem.

After all, the old man seemed a bit senile.

With this thought, Yan Ben immediately made sure no one was around, then lunged towards the bald elder in one swift step.

"If you're going to blame anyone, blame your luck!"

"Die!"

Yan Ben muttered under his breath as he lifted his right hand high and then chopped down hard.

He was a professionally trained assassin.

A single chop could easily break five bricks.

Such a hand chop wouldn't just affect an old man.

Even a strong adult, if hit, couldn't withstand it.

The bald elder seemed completely unaware.

Still smiling cheerfully.

Only when the hand chop was about to land on his head did he tilt it slightly.

Crack!

The hand chop struck the shoulder of the bald elder.

After the crisp sound came... intense pain!

Crack, crack!

The sound of bones breaking emanated from the shoulder where Yan Ben made contact; he froze, then sudden pain spread, and tears and snot uncontrollably streamed down his face.

"How, how could this be?"

Yan Ben murmured subconsciously.

His eyes seemed unfocused.

As if unable to accept the reality.

The bald elder, still smiling cheerfully.

Appeared incredibly 'benevolent'.

Under Yan Ben's gaze, the bald elder also raised his right arm.

Then, he struck down.

Boom!

In an extremely dull sound,

Yan Ben disappeared on the spot.

Or more accurately said... shattered!

Turned to dust.

As the evening wind blew, everything scattered with the wind.

Nothing changed.

The only change was Yan Ben.

The bald elder then turned around as if he had done something very ordinary, slowly heading back towards the Polar Bear Cafe.

"Cherry, where's Grandpa's pudding?"

"Ah? It's all gone?"

"Could you buy another one for Grandpa?"

The bald elder, smiling cheerfully, took Cherry by the hand, spoke while walking away, and bid farewell to Hui Lijing.

"Here, please take this."

Hui Lijing hurried out from behind the bar and handed a packed pudding to the elder.

"Thank you for bringing Cherry here often."

"Perhaps to you, it's just a casual gesture, but your presence reminded me of my original dream."



"I can't do much more for you, but please accept this pudding."

Hui Lijing said sincerely.

Because, what Hui Lijing said was the truth.

After becoming a detective, Hui Lijing had nearly forgotten her dream of becoming a barista.

It was not until she took a part-time job at her sister's shop and one afternoon, encountered Cherry and her grandfather that she gradually remembered her initial dream.

'Human true strength is self-change!'

'And to change is to persist!'

'Remember your initial dream!'

'That's the source of your motivation!'

'If you forgot, then stop and reminisce about the time you did 100 push-ups, 100 sit-ups, and 100 squats every day, and the hardship of running 10 kilometers just to achieve your dream!'

'That time, you had the Iron Will to go through summer and winter without turning on the air conditioner!'

'Maybe it started painfully tough, almost wishing to rest for a day, but for my dream, no matter how painful and uncomfortable, I must persist, even if I have to train till I vomit blood, even if my legs are so heavy I can't move, I must persist in doing squats, even if my arms rattle I must continue doing push-ups, a year and a half later I noticed my body had changed, I had gone bald, but I also grew stronger, that is to say: you have to train with the determination to lose your hair, this is the only secret to becoming strong!'

That was what Cherry's grandfather had said.

Hui Lijing overheard unintentionally.

Then, these words reminded her of her initial dream.

Although it might seem ridiculous to Cherry and the other children around.

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But she really did think of her original dream because of such words.

So, she was grateful to Cherry's grandfather.

And this time, too, was to express gratitude.

"Is that so?"

Cherry's grandfather scratched his bald head, smiling as he received the pudding, no different from any ordinary elderly man receiving a thankful gift by the roadside.

All just as happy.

"To think that someone would remember their initial dream because of granddad?"

Cherry looked surprised.

"Of course, Granddad back then..."

"Was very strong!"

"Could knock down a monster with a single punch!"

Cherry didn't wait for her grandfather to finish and continued.

Cherry's grandfather, on the other hand, smiled again.

"Yes, Cherry remembers very clearly."

After proudly praising his granddaughter with a smile, Cherry's grandfather turned around, and in a serious tone, said to Hui Lijing: "Thank you for your pudding, if you ever run into trouble in the future, come and find me — I can still handle some small matters for you."

Facing the old man's words, Hui Lijing smiled and gave a bow.

Of course, she didn't take it seriously.

But she felt the old man's kindness.

Such kindness was enough.

"Thank you."

Hui Lijing thanked him once more.

Watching Cherry and her grandfather leave.

Dingling!

The sound of the wind chime rang out front once again.

Ryosuke and Urashima rushed in with the wind.

Upon seeing Hui Lijing's astonished face, both of them breathed a sigh of relief.

"What's wrong?"

Hui Lijing was taken aback.

"Hui Lijing, it's so good that you're safe!"

"Yan Ben, that bastard, has escaped!"

Urashima spoke rapidly.

"Yan Ben?"

Hui Lijing frowned.

"The one who just poisoned the big eater contest organizer at 'Gourmet Number One', the murderer, in just a moment..."

"Do you have a quiet private room here?"

"Where's Jason?"

Ryosuke interrupted Urashima.

"There is one."

"Jason is upstairs, do you need me to call him?"

Hui Lijing asked.

"Trouble you."

Ryosuke said apologetically.

...

About two minutes later, Jason sat down in a private room of Polar Bear Café.

It was a small room decorated consistently with the main hall, exuding a refined and slightly cozy atmosphere, with a round table and a circular sofa built around it.

A wooden chandelier hung from the ceiling.

An aromatherapy candle was lit on the table.

A light scent of sandalwood and grass wafted through the air with the smoke.

"This is... my sister's custom scent, very popular with young people."

Hui Lijing said so.

"I can feel it."

"This place is really suitable for young people to come to."

"Especially for boys and girls after school."

Ryosuke spoke while reaching into his pocket, then he frowned.

"Urashima, go buy me a pack of cigarettes."

Ryosuke ordered.

"Yes, Chief Ryosuke."

The young Urashima immediately headed outside.

Jason gave Hui Lijing a nod.



She understood and also left the private room.

"Those bastards did it again!"

"Disregard for the law!"

"They've released a 'criminal' once more!"

With only Jason and himself left, the middle-aged detective couldn't hide his anger anymore.

His eyes were red with rage, and he growled, clenching his fists even tighter.

Jason remained silent.

He understood very well where Ryosuke's anger came from.

Aside from his inherent abhorrence of such behavior, it was also because Ryosuke considered himself an agent of 'Investigation Section Zero,' and he thought that the hidden forces behind the scenes would be more restrained.

But as it turned out, they hadn't acted that way.

In fact, they had moved forward without a moment's hesitation.

This was undoubtedly a slap in Ryosuke's face.

Which made Ryosuke all the more furious.

It wasn't a fury born out of incompetence!

Because this incident also made Ryosuke sober up instantly.

He still had a long way to go!

It was this gap that allowed those behind-the-scenes forces to act with impunity.

"I need you to do me a favor."

Ryosuke finally spoke.

"Tell me."

Having had previous interactions, Jason did not refuse but spoke directly.

"Tonight, I need to search a guy, and I need you to cover for me."

"This guy is one of my prime suspects."

"If the matter with Yan Xia is related to him, he'll definitely slip up tonight."

Ryosuke said.

"Sure."

"Tonight, Master Tongshou Temple has invited me for dinner."

"You can accompany me and then find an opportunity to leave."

Jason nodded his head.

He didn't inquire what the slip-up was.

This slightly relieved Ryosuke.

Because there were some things Ryosuke couldn't put into words.

But Jason was helping him so candidly, wouldn't it be too much not to tell him anything?

At once, Ryosuke found himself caught in that dilemma again.

Just like Jason said, Ryosuke was such a sentimental person.

Not a bad guy.

Just sometimes, really awkward.

After hesitating for a few seconds, Ryosuke gritted his teeth.

"Jason, I hope you can keep what I'm about to tell you confidential."

Having said this, Ryosuke looked at Jason with almost a pleading gaze.

"Okay."

Jason nodded again.

"This guy used to be my partner for a while, then due to some differences in our principles, we parted ways; he was a good person before, but he... needs money."

Ryosuke lowered his voice as he spoke.

"A dirty cop?"

Jason asked calmly.

The world has good people, and it has bad people.

It's not about the profession.

Every profession is a medium.

Ultimately, it comes down to the person themselves.

So, Jason wasn't surprised.

After all, in an environment like 'Nightless City', it's rare to encounter one or two good people.

Let alone the world of the current instance.

"Um."

"I'll have a talk with him."

"He probably knows something."

Ryosuke said as he fumbled in his pocket again.

A pack of cigarettes came out, but it was a pity that there were really no cigarettes left inside.

The middle-aged detective tossed the empty pack onto the table.

"When is Urashima coming back?"

Ryosuke muttered.

Then, footsteps could be heard outside the private room.

Urashima had returned.

"Sergeant Ryosuke, your cigarettes."

"Is it Dragon Palace, right?"

Urashima handed the cigarettes marked 'Dragon Palace' to Ryosuke.

"Thanks."

Ryosuke said as he tore open the packaging and lit one for himself.

Jason's gaze, however, scanned over the word 'Dragon Palace' on the cigarette pack.

Then, connecting it with the surname 'Urashima,' he involuntarily thought of something.

"Urashima, have you ever been a fisherman?"

Jason asked this.

"A fisherman?"

Urashima was taken aback; truly caught off guard by Jason's sudden question, but the young man still reflected seriously for a moment, and eventually, with an uncertain tone, said: "I've never been a fisherman, but I vaguely remember my grandfather telling me when I was a child that his grandfather was a fisherman, and quite an impressive one at that, the specifics, I can't quite remember."

Fisherman!



Urashima!

Dragon Palace!

Jason's mouth, almost unconsciously, began to secrete an abundance of saliva.

He controlled himself, preventing any odd sound from escaping, and with a very calm tone, said: "If possible, please ask your grandfather about the ancestral fisherman who was quite impressive."

"Alright!"

"I'll make the call right now!"

Although Urashima was still confused,

He did not refuse Jason's request; the young man was totally convinced by Jason's ability.

As Jason watched Urashima walk away, his eyes sparkled with excitement.

What was just roadside weeds,

By accidentally nudging the weeds,

Revealed the gold bricks beneath.

This... was indeed sudden.

But Jason was filled with joy.

If Urashima's grandfather indeed turned out to be that fisherman, then a 'feast' seemed to be laid out before him.

"What's the matter?"

Ryosuke noticed Jason's peculiarity and immediately inquired.

"Discovered something quite interesting."

Jason said, his gaze once again turning towards the direction of the door.

Outside the café, the doorbell chimed.

Someone else had arrived.

Chapter 1013: Tongshou Temple: To lessen my sins, please eat a bit more!

A kind and approachable old monk pushed open the door of the Polar Bear Café.

"Master Tongshou Temple, good evening."

Hui Lijing greeted politely.

"The true master should be Jason, I am merely an old monk now."

"Master left a note at the entrance, saying he was in the café downstairs."

"Could you lead the way for me?"

The old monk corrected Hui Lijing's words, then, with hands clasped together, showed great politeness.

"Of course."

"Follow me."

Hui Lijing turned around respectfully to lead the way.

After all, the old monk from Tongshou Temple had truly saved them.

If it weren't for the old monk from Tongshou Temple, she might have been dragged under the water by those spirits of 'Ghost River' long ago.

Thus, Hui Lijing maintained her humility.

Of course, the presence of the old monk behind her also unconsciously made her feel good.

Though dressed simply, every gesture and action of his had an extraordinary demeanor, making one feel respect, much like seeing a statue in a temple.

What is the highest form of disguise?

Not only deceiving others but even oneself.

Since becoming the Master of Tongshou Temple, the old monk from Tongshou Temple might have been initially unaccustomed, but his past life of street scamming enabled him to quickly adapt to and embody this role.

He did not want to let down his friend's great trust.

Right, his friend's trust.

The old monk who kept 'mooching meals and drinks' at his place had long been considered a friend.

Though he wouldn't admit it aloud, what about in his heart?

He had already acknowledged it.

So, he persisted.

Persisted in demanding of himself the standard of a monk.

Since he began as the old monk from Tongshou Temple, that's what he did.

Perhaps the world did not know what a monk should be like, but upon seeing the old monk from Tongshou Temple, one would think that this is what a monk should be.

"Master!"

Opening the door of the private room, Ryosuke immediately stood up.

"Officer Ryosuke, please just call me a monk."

The old monk from Tongshou Temple greeted him with clasped hands.

Then, he looked towards Jason.

The old monk's gaze still carried an apology.

He had dragged Jason into this mire.

A slight misstep could cost a life.

Truly a sin, a grave sin.

Thinking this, the old monk from Tongshou Temple bowed slightly to Jason.

"Master."

The old monk from Tongshou Temple greeted Jason sincerely.

"Uh."

Jason nodded slightly, indicating for him to sit down.

The old monk from Tongshou Temple clasped his hands together again before sitting down this time.

"Master, what would you like to drink?"

Hui Lijing asked.

"Plain water will do."

The old monk from Tongshou Temple answered.

Though Tongshou Temple didn't have many rules or restrictions, did not prohibit eating or drinking, nor marrying, the old monk from Tongshou Temple believed he should restrain himself.

So, even if tempted, he wouldn't sneak off to gamble.

He would just throw a dice or two in his mind to satisfy the craving.

Afterward?

He would silently chant the Heart Sutra ten times, confessing his sins.

"Alright, please wait a moment."

Hui Lijing turned around and walked out.

Ryosuke also tactfully stood and went outside.

Suddenly, only Jason and the old monk from Tongshou Temple remained in the private room.



"Master, I've already booked a table at the cuisine pavilion."

"Are you ready?"

The old monk asked.

"Hui Lijing, can Ryosuke come along?"

Jason asked.

"Of course, there's no problem."

"Miss Hui Lijing has a kind heart, a rare partner."

"Officer Ryosuke is full of justice, and will also be a great aid to you in the future, Master."

The old monk replied with a smile.

Since Jason was going to take over the position of 'Master of Tongshou Temple', he would naturally face numerous difficulties.

Compared to Jason, the difficulties he faced in the past seemed insignificant.

Indeed, back then he didn't have to deal with the issue of the 'Banner of Fear.'

Thinking of the 'Banner of Fear,' the old monk felt increasingly guilty.

He wished Jason could eat more.

The more he ate, the lighter his guilt felt.

However, even if Jason could eat a lot, it would probably only amount to the meals of three to five people.

Sigh!

Truly, my sins are deep.

The old monk felt compelled to recite the Heart Sutra again in his heart.

Jason, observing the old monk's demeanor, roughly guessed what he was thinking.

"I will eat as much as possible."

"But, I have a big appetite..."

Jason said so.

"That's really great then."

"Please eat to your heart's content."

Before Jason could finish, the old monk said joyfully.

He hoped Jason would eat more.

The more he ate, the less his sins weighed.

Saying this, the old monk eagerly stood up, ready to redeem himself.

However, Jason shook his head and did not immediately move.

Instead, he asked.

"Do you know Hui Lixiang?"

"Hui Lixiang, the lay buddhist?"

"Yes!"

"She can definitely be counted as the old monk's friend. She visits Tongshou Temple to offer incense every month and sometimes chats with the old monk. She is a lay buddhist who appears tough on the outside but is gentle on the inside."

The old monk from Tongshou Temple described what he knew about Hui Lixiang.

Though what Jason knew was slightly different, it didn't stop him from taking out a business card he had learned about earlier.

"Is this yours?"

Jason asked.

"Yes."

"It was after Miss Hui Lixiang donated 100,000 to Tongshou Temple's merit box that I gave it to her—if she encountered troubles that ordinary people couldn't resolve, she could call me."

"About two weeks ago when Miss Hui Lixiang was offering incense at Tongshou Temple, she mentioned in passing that she was planning a long trip... Why, did something happen to her?"

Chapter 1014: Tongshou Temple: To lessen my sins, please eat a bit more! (2)

The old Monk accepted the business card, took a brief glance, and then affirmed with certainty.

Then, looking at Jason's expression, the old Monk suddenly realized something was amiss.

"Two weeks ago, Hui Lixiang disappeared—Hui Lijing informed me of this."

"The reason I'm living here is that I promised Hui Lijing to help her find her sister."

Jason said.

"Disappeared?"

"Impossible."

The old Monk shook his head repeatedly.

Then, facing Jason's gaze, the old Monk slightly organized his wording before saying: "Although I cannot confirm what Ms. Hui Lixiang does, this benefactor is anything but simple, not only surrounded by numerous bodyguards, she herself is also a formidable fighter, nearly on par with a real martial artist."

"Oh?"

Jason became interested.

"At the previous 'King of Fighters' tournament, Ms. Hui Lixiang participated as an alternate in the 'Women Fighters' team."

"Even though she didn't get to fight, being an alternate alone proves her skill."

"And there's more..."

The old Monk paused suddenly.

"More what?"

Jason raised an eyebrow.

No one likes people who talk in half-truths and leave others hanging.

Jason was no exception.

"Sorry, I cannot ascertain the truth of this rumor."

"Because it is simply too astonishing."

The old Monk first apologized, then, urged by Jason's persistent gaze, he continued: "Rumor has it, this benefactor once challenged the 'Extreme Flow' dojo with a 'hundred-man kumite'."

"'Extreme Flow' is the legendary ground of 'Dragons and Tigers Dance'."

"Even though those two legendary fighters have vanished into the annals of history, their legacy remains unfathomable."

"That's why this rumor is denied by everyone in the Inside World."

"I once curiously asked Ms. Hui Lixiang, and she said nothing, but shook her head."

"Clearly, she is also denying it."

Denying?

Jason narrowed his eyes.

Shaking her head does not necessarily mean denial.

It could also mean she didn't want to talk.

Or perhaps she had made a promise.

In any case, Hui Lixiang is someone more complex than she appears.



"What else do you know about Hui Lixiang?"

"I asked Tsuchimikado Motoharu before, and he knew nothing about her."

Jason inquired about his own doubts.

Since the old Monk of Tongshou Temple knew Hui Lixiang, it's impossible that Tsuchimikado Motoharu would know nothing about her.

"Of course, Tsuchimikado Motoharu wouldn't know."

"Because Ms. Hui Lixiang used a false name—"

"King!"

The old Monk of Tongshou Temple uttered a name.

"King?"

Jason murmured to himself.

Although still unclear about the reasons for Hui Lixiang's disappearance, now that he had a real 'name', Jason believed that finding Hui Lixiang would be much easier.

For this, Jason breathed a sigh of relief.

He is someone who doesn't make promises lightly.

But once he does, his word is his bond.

He promised Hui Lijing to help her find her sister, and he was determined to do so.

But finding someone in the whole world is like looking for a needle in a haystack.

However, when that person becomes special, things naturally become different.

"Thank you."

Jason expressed his sincere gratitude to the old Monk of Tongshou Temple.

"No, no."

"I haven't been of any help to you at all."

"I've just informed you of some details."

"Even if I hadn't told you, I believe you would have found out soon anyway."

The old Monk waved his hands repeatedly.

"I will remember this kindness."

Jason responded in this manner.

At the same time, he adjusted his goal inwardly: from 'eating until 70% full' to 'eating until 50% full'.

"What?"

"News about my sister."

"She is... King?"

When Hui Lijing brought in water, Jason relayed to her the news he had just received.

Instantly, Hui Lijing was shocked.

She, a female detective, had heard about King.

The rumored female fighter.

But her sister, that person, wasn't she a high-level tea ceremony master?

Why would she become a female fighter?

And hadn't she said that she hated fighting the most?

How could she possibly become a fighter?

Hui Lijing stood there, dumbfounded.

But she didn't question Jason.

She believed that Jason wouldn't deceive her about such a matter.

"I'll go collect some information about that person."

Hui Lijing said this and rushed out in a hurry.

And at this time, Urashima, who had been on the phone for a long while, finally came back.

"Sorry, I'm really embarrassed."

"The elderly love to nag."

"And my father and mother, they keep asking about my marriage."

The young Urashima said, quite embarrassed.

"Urashima, are you going to get married?"

The old monk asked with great interest.

The older he got, the more he enjoyed joining in the fun.

"I don't even have a sweetheart, how could I possibly get married? It's just that my family has arranged a blind date... I have to deal with it." Urashima said, seeming to feel a bit bad about saying this, and quickly added: "I don't intend to play with the date's feelings, I'm just going to have a simple meal and express my current disinterest in dating..."

Slap!

Before he could finish speaking, Urashima was interrupted by a slap on his back.

"You, if you meet someone you like, you must go for it."

"Don't stick to conventions! And don't worry about saving face!"

"You have to be bold in pursuit!"

"Otherwise, you'll end up an old bachelor like me!"

Ryosuke gave his junior some truly heartfelt advice.

"Mm."

"When love comes, don't run away."

"Maybe... it only happens once in a lifetime."

The old monk chimed in too.

"As long as she's normal, ordinary, even if not very pretty, it's worth giving it a try. Maybe after you try, you'll find that's what you want?"

Jason also spoke up.

Back in his hometown, he had imagined more than once, dreaming of living a simple life with an ordinary girl.

Just an ordinary girl is fine.

Nothing too special.

Average looks.

Average background.

Average personality.

Preferably just like someone you'd pass on the street.

But...

Reality is too cruel.

Women with distinctive characteristics always flock around him.



No!

They can't be called women.

They should be called distinctive 'cats and dogs'.

After all, should I not have set the dream of opening a pet hospital back in high school?

Jason pondered.

Faced with the advice from the three, Urashima was completely at a loss. He scratched his head and ultimately decided to change the subject.

"Mr. Jason, my grandfather confirmed that his own grandfather was indeed a fisherman."

Urashima said.

"Did he encounter any strange happenings?"

Jason immediately asked.

This is related to the big deal of 'Dragon Palace Seafood Hotpot'.

Jason naturally cared a lot about it.

"Probably not?"

"I'll be going home next weekend."

"Mr. Jason, you can come back with me."

Urashima invited.

"Great!"

Jason immediately accepted the invitation.

At this time, the old monk stood up.

"I've made a reservation at a restaurant to treat Master Jason to a meal; you two can come along."

The old monk from Tongshou Temple said.

Suddenly, Urashima's expression changed.

While touching the wallet in his pocket, he started to back away.

"No need, Master."

"I have something else tonight."

"So I'll head back first."

Saying this, he also signaled to his supervisor Ryosuke with his eyes.

When he saw Ryosuke sitting there, unperturbed, Urashima understood in a blink of an eye.

Ryosuke was broke.

Naturally, there was no need to worry.

But it was different for him!

Clutching his thin wallet, Urashima ran off like the wind.

The old monk blinked, a little puzzled.

But before the old monk could come back to his senses, Jason had already walked outside.

Ryosuke followed closely behind.

Hui Lijing, who had been making several phone calls, was in charge of driving.

Perhaps it was the news of her sister, but Hui Lijing seemed very excited.

"Let's go!"

The female detective shouted like a child, but before the car could start, several burly men dressed in black suits ran from a distance and surrounded the car firmly.

The one leading them went straight to knock on the car window, saying—

"Get out."

Chapter 1015: Jason: I just simply wanted to have dinner!

Thud, thud thud!

The car window shuddered with each knock.

If it weren't for the sturdy glass, Hui Lijing would have doubted whether these knocks would shatter it.

Clearly, the person knocking had no intention of holding back.

Especially with that severe to malicious expression, undoubtedly, they were up to no good.

Moreover, Hui Lijing keenly noticed that each person's waist was bulging.

Hui Lijing instinctively gripped the handle of the gun.

Ryosuke also gripped his gun.

The middle-aged detective was much more decisive than Hui Lijing; before the group of beefy men in black suits could surround them, he had already drawn his gun, tucked it into his pocket, the muzzle covered by clothing, aiming at the door.

Tongshou Temple's Monk put his hands together with a face of calm.

Over the years, he had encountered similar situations no less than ten times.

Initially, there might have been panic.

Now?

He was used to it.

Only Jason was different.

His eyebrows twitched, and his expression turned ominous.

Jason hated being disturbed while eating.

Naturally, he also despised anyone blocking his way to a meal.

Therefore, without hesitation, Jason pushed the car door open.

As Jason pushed the door and stepped out,

The two beefy men on this side immediately surrounded him.

"Hey!"

"Someone dares to step up?"

"Kid, you're really asking for trouble!"

One of the beefy men said while sneering sinisterly, then raised his fist and struck at Jason.

It wasn't a random punch.

It was one that had technique to it.

As he threw the left punch, his body adopted a side-guard stance to minimize exposure, his same-side foot tapped on the ground lightly while his back leg bent slightly, his right hand fully protecting his chin.

Clearly, if this probing punch missed, the opponent could quickly retreat or throw a follow-up punch with his right hand.

It was a very good offensive and defensive stance.

For an ordinary person, even if they dodged the first punch, they wouldn't be able to evade the second.

And, with a normal person's physical fitness, if they took one punch, they'd instantly lose the ability to move, then would simply be pummeled relentlessly.

More importantly, the other beefy man.

As his companion threw a punch, he kicked simultaneously.

Targeting Jason's knee pit, he kicked out sharply.



It wasn't a sweep!

It was more of a stomping kick!

The kick was fast and ruthless!

An unprotected knee pit, struck by such a kick, would certainly be crippled,

Clearly, this kick was intended to 'break' Jason's leg.

The foot arrived.

The fist too.

The sinister smiles on the beefy men's faces grew even more gruesome.

They couldn't wait to hear Jason scream in agony.

Though Jason appeared tall and strong, judging by the way he exited the car and his stance, he looked just like any ordinary person.

But them?

They were professionals!

One of them could take on ten like Jason.

So, they thought they had the upper hand.

Then—

Snap!

Crack!

The first crisp sound was Jason catching the beefy man's fist.

The second sound was Jason dodging the other's kick and forcefully stomping down, shattering the man's foot.

"Ah, ah, ah!"

The beefy man whose foot Jason crushed screamed in a series.

Following that, the beefy man whose fist was caught by Jason also began to scream.

Creak, creak.

Crack!

"Ah, ah, ah!"

"My hand!"

"My hand broke!"

The man cried out in pain, and suddenly felt as if he was riding the clouds (Cloud Riding).

Jason grabbed him single-handedly and threw him across to the other side of the car.

One of the beefy men on the other side, unable to dodge in time, got hit squarely.

Instantly, the two men rolled on the ground like tumbling gourds.

While the leader managed to agilely dodge.

However, it was just that one dodge.

Jason supported himself with his hand and 'slid' over the hood.

His raised foot, just right, struck the leader who had just managed to dodge for the first time.

Bang!

The heavy force sent the leading beefy man flying three meters off the ground before landing.

The leading beefy man grimaced in pain trying to rise, but he simply couldn't.

That kick made him feel like his internal organs were shifting.

His mouth was filled with a bloody taste.

Looking at Jason standing there, the beefy man roared resentfully.

"Don't think this is over!"

"We from 'Extreme Flow' won't let this go!"

"The invitation stolen by that woman, we will definitely take it back!"

That woman?

Invitation?

Jason squinted.

"You're looking for King?"

Jason asked.

"Of course!"

"That damn woman!"

"We must wash away our shame!"

The beefy man roared.

"Wash away your shame?"

"Can't find the sister, so you want to kidnap the younger sister?"

"This is how you wash your shame?"

Ryosuke stepped out of the car, his face scornful.

"We just came to ask!"

"We want to find out where that woman is!"

"We have no ill will towards her sister!"

The beefy man replied.

However, neither Hui Lijing herself, nor Ryosuke, would believe such words.

Everyone isn't a child.

And even children would hardly believe such words.

So, Hui Lijing unceremoniously kicked the man, and amid his screams of pain, she asked, "You say my sister stole your invitation, what invitation is it?"

The beefy man immediately shut his mouth.

It seemed he wanted to show his determination through his actions.

Chapter 1016: Jason: I just wanted to have dinner, that's all! (2)

But in the next moment, the man screamed even more pitifully.

Because Hui Lijing had smeared his face with chili water.

Eyes, nostrils, such fragile places, when in contact with chili water, that sensation is enough to make a normal person break down.

The man before her, though appearing strong, did not transcend the category of a normal person.

Therefore, when he hazily saw Hui Lijing pulling out lime, preparing to smear it on his face, the man gave up resisting.

"It's 'King of Fighters' tournament!"

"Hosted by some mysterious tycoons!"

"They have invited famous fighters from all over the world!"



"Our 'Extreme Style' was also invited, but King stole our invitation — taking advantage of our master's seclusion, she stole the invitation, and naturally, we had to find her!"

The sturdy man explained.

Hui Lijing frowned upon hearing this.

It wasn't that she suspected the man was lying.

According to what she knew about that person's character, it was highly probable that this was true.

As for why?

Naturally, she couldn't bear being a 'reserve'.

In the eyes of that person, being a reserve fighter and a real female fighter, although seemingly not much different, such a title is clearly unacceptable.

Especially when a defeated follower has an invitation, and she does not.

Naturally, she would do something about it.

But...

Did that person really not receive an invitation?

Hui Lijing thought as she returned to her car.

Ryosuke also turned around and went back to the car.

Jason had already settled back into the back seat early on.

Although Hui Lixiang is important, dinner is more so.

His mind was already involuntarily filled with the scent of beef.

Old Monk of Tongshou Temple, however, furrowed his brows.

"A fighting tournament sponsored by mysterious tycoons?"

The old monk murmured.

"What's wrong, Master?"

Hui Lijing turned her head.

"It's nothing."

"I seem to have heard something similar before."

"But I'm not sure."

The old monk waved his hand, then reassured Hui Lijing again: "Don't worry, with Miss Hui Lixiang's abilities, even if she participates in the fighting tournament, there shouldn't be any problem."

"Mhm."

Hui Lijing nodded, restarted the car.

Avoiding those still groaning in pain, Hui Lijing drove onto the main road.

"Master, has there ever been a fighting tournament hosted by tycoons before?"

Seating in the passenger seat, Ryosuke asked, unable to contain his curiosity.

"Of course."

"And not just once."

"The Inside World, while mysterious, is also interdependent with the outside world—it cannot detach from the outside world, so whenever there are unsolvable disputes in the outside world, they are resolved within the Inside World."

"And what better way to resolve such disputes than a 'fighting competition'?"

"It not only prevents the outbreak of wars in the outside world but also effectively allows the Inside World to demonstrate its strength, dispelling unnecessary thoughts."

"It's a win-win."

The old monk of Tongshou Temple explained.

"Do you and those Onmyoji also participate?"

Ryosuke continued to ask.

"I'm an old man now, how could I participate?"

"Those proud Onmyoji mostly do not participate either."

"The real participants are martial artists, fighters from various historical schools, or those with exemplary talents."

"Because, in a closed era, they were the 'bridge' between the outside and Inside Worlds."

"It was they who made some of the madmen in the Inside World become sensible."

When the old monk mentioned 'madmen,' his brow involuntarily furrowed again.

Madmen?

Those Inside World powerhouses who regard people as mere ants?!

Hui Lijing, who had once heard this described by Jason, thought to herself.

Ryosuke, who had just transferred to the 'Zero' department today, had not yet officially been in contact.

However, obviously, Ryosuke had some guesses.

"Madmen?"

"Them?"

Ryosuke tentatively inquired.

"There are always some who upon acquiring power far surpassing others, become self-important."

"No!"

"Rather, everyone is like that."

"It's just that some can restrain themselves."

"Some cannot."

"With their belief that they are naturally superior, confrontations are bound to erupt under such a premise."

"And the reason we can still peacefully go have dinner, we should be grateful to those ancestors who fought for our living space."

The old monk of Tongshou Temple said, bringing his hands together again.

Ryosuke, meanwhile, pondered.

He didn't pursue further questions.

The attitude of the old monk from Tongshou Temple had already made it clear that the battle that erupted was far beyond imagination.

Bleeding and sacrifice were naturally inevitable.

Even, this number far exceeded imagination.

Inexplicably, he thought of those colleagues who had sacrificed.

Unable to help himself, Ryosuke's nose tingled with acidity.

Then, the middle-aged detective changed the subject.

"Do these martial artists also participate in expelling 'demons'?"

Ryosuke asked.

"Of course."

"Initially, when expelling 'demons', these martial artists were the main force."

"By the way, in that era, people mostly referred to them as— "

"Swordsmen!"



The old monk nodded affirmatively.

"Swordsmen?"

"The kind of swordsmen who can slice cherry blossoms with a single slash?"

Driving, Hui Lijing suddenly asked excitedly.

You know, before she dreamt of becoming a barista, she wanted to be a swordsman!

Even now, whenever she thinks about carrying a long sword and a wine gourd, humming boldly and charging forward, she can't help but feel joy spontaneously.

Unfortunately...

She was too poor!

She couldn't even afford a wooden sword back then.

She had no choice but to become a barista!

Certainly not because when feeding those naughty kids cow dung, she suddenly thought of civet coffee, and changed her mind.

"Hahaha."

"Yes, something like that."

"But even more powerful than that."

"It is rumored that there was one who could slash flying swallows in the sky with Sword Qi."

"And some, whose long swords could unleash lightning, and their hair would turn from black to golden."

The old monk from Tongshou Temple was smiling while sharing interesting tales about swordsmen with Hui Lijing.

"Are they really that amazing?"

Hui Lijing's eyes were full of longing.

"Yes, very amazing."

"But that was in the past."

"Now, there are few such swordsmen left, and if there are, they are likely not in the Inside World but probably in 'Heian-ky."

The old monk said, his eyes also filled with longing.

Who doesn't dream of roaming the world with a sword?

If it weren't for him being too overweight in the past, he would have done the same.

Unfortunately...

Time is ruthless.

Now?

He just wants to retire back to the countryside.

To bask in the sun, stroke cats, stroke dogs.

Just to leisurely spend the rest of his days like that.

As for the rest?

No thoughts.

No thoughts.

The old monk sighed softly in his heart, hands joined in prayer.

"Master, is it the 'Glowing Culinary Inn' ahead?"

Hui Lijing asked, looking at the restaurant ahead with two exquisite lanterns hanging in front.

"That's the place."

The old monk of Tongshou Temple nodded.

In fact, the waiters at the entrance of the inn, seeing the car coming, had already come out to greet them.

"Good evening, Master Tongshou Temple."

"Good evening, distinguished guests."

The waiter quickly opened the car door and greeted them with a bow.

The old monk from Tongshou Temple returned the gesture.

Then personally led the way for Jason.

Jason twitched his nostrils.

The corners of his mouth involuntarily curled up.

The smell of delicious beef!

The scent of meat released by the collision of charcoal and beef fat was truly tempting!

Jason held back his excitement and followed behind the old monk from Tongshou Temple,

Clearly, this was not the old monk's first visit.

He expertly lifted the curtain, pushed the door open, and gestured for Jason to enter.

Just as Jason was about to step forward, behind them, a convoy of five cars slowly approached.

It seemed they had also chosen 'Glowing Culinary Inn'.

However, just as this convoy was about to draw near, an unexpected incident occurred—dozens of rockets with blinding trails shot from afar—

Boom!

Boom boom!

Boom boom boom!

Chapter 1017: Gulp!

More than a dozen rocket projectiles enveloped the convoy completely.

Blinding fire burst forth, flames rolling violently.

Five cars were simply blasted into the sky.

The massive shockwave shattered the glass of the surrounding buildings; even "Glowing Culinary Pavilion" suffered the impact.

Waiters and chefs turned pale, their faces a picture of shock and panic.

Clearly, they had never experienced anything like this.

At this moment, a man who appeared to be a manager calmly stepped forward.

"Soothe the guests."

"Call the police."

This man, in his forties, was neatly dressed with a band-like accessory on his head.

No, not a bandage for treatment.

It was the sort of headband chefs wear to prevent hair from falling out.

After the popularity of chef hats, such headbands had disappeared.

Especially in the Silver District area, where chef hats were rapidly adopted.

This ancient Eastern head attire had long been considered outdated by most chefs.

The entire headband was earthy yellow, impeccably clean despite showing signs of heavy use and numerous repairs, yet it didn't give off any discomfort.

On the contrary, all who saw this headband might feel that it was just as it should be.



Was it because the person wearing it was so composed?

Or was it because of everyone's accustomed regard?

Jason didn't know.

However, when the middle-aged chef approached, Jason couldn't help but smile a little.

The man carried a multitude of food scents on him.

Beef, lamb, pork, seafood, and more.

Each scent was so delicious.

A true culinary master!

Perhaps Jason didn't cook, but his nose could certainly distinguish good from bad.

He had come to the right place!

Jason thought to himself.

"Ladies and gentlemen, please wait inside the culinary pavilion for a moment."

"I have called the police."

"The police will arrive soon."

The middle-aged chef spoke in such a manner.

Ryosuke, however, shook his head and looked towards Jason, Hui Lijing, and the elder monk from Tongshou Temple.

"I'll go check it out."

With that, Ryosuke sprinted towards the explosion site.

"Hey..."

"Let him go."

"It's his duty."

Just as Hui Lijing was about to say something, she was stopped by the monk from Tongshou Temple.

The female detective blinked and said nothing more.

Ryosuke was a police officer.

And a good one at that.

Naturally, he couldn't just ignore something like this.

But when she saw the elder monk follow him as well, she was taken aback.

"Master?"

Hui Lijing asked, puzzled.

"Officer Ryosuke is my guest tonight."

"Of course, I must ensure the safety of my guest."

The elder monk put his hands together in a prayer position, stood up, and hastened his pace, walking shoulder to shoulder with Ryosuke.

Jason frowned.

In the end, he followed.

His senses picked up many hostile presences within the radius of the explosion.

The elder monk might not be able to handle it.

And the elder monk had promised to treat him to a meal.

He didn't want anything to happen to the elder monk.

Watching the three of them moving ahead together, Hui Lijing's rationality told her that this was not advisable, and the detective code clearly instructed her to stay out of it.

However, emotionally, she couldn't control herself.

Since four of them had come together.

Then naturally, they should act as a team.

Thinking this, Hui Lijing followed as well.

The middle-aged chef stared dumbfounded at this scene.

Subconsciously, he turned his head to a waiter nearby.

"Who are those four guests?"

He inquired curiously.

"The reservation was made by Master Tongshou Temple."

"He has dined at our restaurant several times."

"A very kind-hearted master."

The waiter immediately replied.

"Um."

The middle-aged chef nodded, pondered for a moment then said, "From now on, when that master and the three people who just left come to the restaurant, give them a 20% discount."

After speaking, the middle-aged chef returned to the restaurant.

Some things were simply beyond his reach.

He was just a chef.

So, he could only fulfill his duties as a chef.

Prepare every meal to the best of his ability.

And more?

That was to strive for perfection.

In the name of his ancestors!

The middle-aged chef quickened his pace as he recalled, then asked.

"What meal did they order?"

"A full beef dinner!"

Without having to check, the waiter confidently replied.

Every night, he remembered what the customers ordered.

That's why he was the manager of "Glowing Culinary Pavilion."

"A full beef dinner?"

"Prepare an additional serving of dumplings for them."

"It's on the house."

The middle-aged chef spoke, then walked towards the seafood counter, directly picking out several large prawns.

The waiter was momentarily taken aback by the chef's actions.

"Chef, are you planning on making shrimp dumplings? We have ready-made ones in the kitchen."

He asked, puzzled.

"Just now, I witnessed a scene that warmed my heart, and I felt I should personally prepare a meal for them."

The middle-aged chef answered.



"Do you need me to arrange someone to assist you?"

"No need, it's different, it must be done by me personally."

The middle-aged chef said, and with the prawns in hand, headed towards the kitchen.

"Personally done?"

"Could it be..."

"Ascending Dragon Dumplings?!"

The waiter, doubling as the hall manager, suddenly had a realization.

His gaze towards the chef brightened, filled with anticipation.

...

Ryosuke was moved by the three who had followed, but don't expect an emotional middle-aged man to say thank you or anything of that sort.

That was impossible.

If you pressed him to say it, it was like asking to kill him.

He just couldn't say it out loud.

He would only remember it in his heart.

With gun in hand, Ryosuke approached the explosion site with standard tactical movement.

Chapter 1018: Goo! (2)

You don't have to worry about the fuel tank exploding.

Under the most recent bombing.

The fuel tank has already exploded.

At the same time, there are no survivors within the convoy.

Although he had already guessed this outcome, when it actually happened, Ryosuke's face still turned ugly.

He was still hoping that some would survive.

After all, it was an extreme measure to use rocket-propelled grenades in an urban area.

Those targeted must certainly be significant figures.

It would be quite normal for one or two 'Mystical Side' individuals to be present around such important personalities.

Ordinary people might not survive.

But the 'Mystical Side' individuals have a considerably higher chance of making it through.

However...

"Even 'Mystical Side' individuals can't withstand rocket-propelled grenades?"

Ryosuke muttered to himself.

"Technology advances, and times evolve."

"When firearms and cannons appeared, certain things had already quietly changed."

"Justice only exists beneath the muzzle of a gun."

"Truth lies within range."

"It may seem laughable, but it is a reality—in the Silver District, the division of the 'Mystical Side' into the Inner World and the Present World, and even other names, is precisely because of the advent of gunpowder."

"Its emergence gave ordinary people the legitimacy to be taken seriously for the first time."

The old Monk from Tongshou Temple muttered softly.

Complex emotions flickered in his eyes.

As someone who became a monk mid-life, he truly welcomed the advent of gunpowder, just as he mentioned, it changed the entire era.

But as a former successor of the Tongshou Temple, possessing enviable 'Mystical Side' powers, he also longed for that era when mysticism reigned supreme.

Indeed, I am just a person filled with indecision!

The old Monk from Tongshou Temple chastised himself in his heart.

Then, he once again began reciting the Heart Sutra.

Hui Lijing, meanwhile, stood carefully by Jason's side, surveying their surroundings.

Her instincts as a female warrior told her that danger had not yet passed.

Jason's gaze had already locked onto several locations before Hui Lijing did.

Standing in front of the wreckage of five vehicles, Jason's hand involuntarily touched the handle of the Broad Blade Cleaver tucked in his backpack.

Wait?

That wasn't Jason's style.

He preferred to take the initiative.

However, just as Jason prepared to take action, the people at those locations quickly departed.

Hmm?

Jason's perception caused him to look towards the other side of the road.

There, several vehicles were speeding towards him.

As those vehicles halted, a young man dashed out of a car.

Upon seeing this young man, the old Monk from Tongshou Temple immediately grabbed Ryosuke, pulling him to retreat to Jason's side.

"What's wrong?"

Ryosuke didn't resist.

The fact that the old Monk was willing to come with him, Ryosuke accepted this friend.

And with friends, Ryosuke—a pretentious middle-aged man—believes unconditionally.

"People from the Hanakaiin Family."

The old Monk from Tongshou Temple murmured quietly.

"Hanakaiin?"

"Hiss!"

"The four major Onmyoji clans?"

Ryosuke was taken aback and inhaled sharply.

Although it was his first day at his new job in 'Zero Section,' and he hadn't gotten around to learning any serious information, he did know about the 'four major Onmyoji families.'

Because... Tsuchimikado Motoharu.

Therefore, Ryosuke was well aware of what being one of the 'four major Onmyoji families,' the Hanakaiin Family, signified.

Immediately, Ryosuke kept silent.

His eyes, however, carried a look of worry.

With the presence of the Hanakaiin Family, the deceased here were naturally people from the Hanakaiin Family or individuals with a very close relationship. Otherwise, the Hanakaiin Family's people wouldn't have arrived at the scene so quickly.

Trouble!

Although the Hanakaiin Family is not as overbearing as the Tsuchimikado Family.

But they are not easy to deal with either.



Or rather, in the information Ryosuke had access to, none of the 'four major Onmyoji families' were agreeable.

And now, they were at the scene of death of someone closely related to the other party.

Naturally, the other party could harbor resentment towards them.

Even with his 'Zero Section' status, that wouldn't be of much help.

If it were just him involved, Ryosuke wouldn't mind.

After all, he was a lone figure.

With no one to care about.

But he didn't want to see the involvement of Jason, the Tongshou Temple, or Hui Lijing.

What to do?

Ryosuke frowningly began to think.

"Don't worry."

"It's alright."

Master Tongshou Temple comforted Ryosuke softly.

It was just instinct, a habit.

Ever since he became the Master of Tongshou Temple, the old monk had grown used to comforting others in this way.

And each time, things would always turn out fine without any real danger.

Those who were comforted by the old monk would immediately look at him with eyes full of reverence.

By the time the old monk realized this, it was already too late.

He was treated as a true Master.

Just like now.

As the words left his mouth, the old monk felt a bit of regret.

But there is no medicine for regret in this world.

He could only tough it out.

Even when faced with the sharp gaze of the young man from the Hanakaiin Family, he just had to tough it out.

Of course, the old monk's way of toughing it out was different from ordinary people.

He pressed his hands together in prayer and chanted softly.

He used habitual actions to cover up his panic.

At the time he became the Master of Tongshou Temple, the old monk truly was afraid he would give himself away.

So, his past experience of mingling in the streets came in handy.

He had devised a habitual action to mask his nervousness.

And for a monk, what could be more monastic than pressing hands together in prayer?

The answer was nothing.

Thus, Master Tongshou Temple began his continuous practice.

Standing in the hall of Buddha, smelling the sandalwood incense, and chanting the sutras.

In his heart, he visualized being held at gunpoint, being held at knifepoint, and so on.

At first, his chanting was trembling.

It was from fear.

But later, it became more and more stable.

Now, the old monk could even handle real-life situations with ease.

After accumulating over a decade of daily practice, this habitual action had truly become ingrained in his marrow.

Or rather, it had been branded into his soul.

Even, it resulted in some special changes.

Now, as the old monk pressed his hands together and chanted softly, anyone who saw him would feel at peace, as if the sound of the morning bell and the evening drum were ringing in their ears, or as if Zen music had appeared.

Ryosuke instantly calmed down.

The young man from the Hanakaiin Family was also taken aback.

Then, he scrutinized the old monk carefully.

After about a second or two, surprise appeared in his eyes.

"Excuse me, are you the Master of Tongshou Temple?"

The young man asked.

"I'm just a monk of Tongshou Temple."

"The Master has passed onto someone else."

The old monk replied with his hands pressed together.

Someone else?

Tongshou Temple has found a new successor?

The young man from the Hanakaiin Family thought rapidly, his gaze involuntarily shifted toward Jason, Hui Lijing, and Ryosuke.

Since Tongshou Temple had a successor, the person who stayed by the side of the former Master Tongshou Temple was very likely the successor.

First, Hui Lijing was excluded.

Although Tongshou Temple did not have strict rules, it was improbable for a woman to become the successor.

Next, Ryosuke was excluded.

Ryosuke was a man, but he didn't seem the part.

His attire and current posture seemed more like a police officer's, not someone from the Mystical Side.

The successor to Tongshou Temple must be somebody from the Mystical Side.

There was no doubt about it.

Lastly, the young man from the Hanakaiin Family turned his gaze towards Jason.

Tall and strong.

His aura was restrained.

His eyes calm.

His face indifferent.

This must be the new successor of Tongshou Temple!

The young man was certain.

Then, his eyes moved up to the top of Jason's head.

No bald head?

Has he not taken the tonsure yet?

Thinking this, the young man hurriedly paid his respects to the old monk of Tongshou Temple.



"I have seen the Master."

The young man bowed to the old monk, then greeted Jason with a bow.

"I have seen the new successor of Tongshou Temple."

The old monk replied with his hands pressed together as a reciprocated gesture.

Jason, however, was staring intently at the young man, with saliva rapidly secreting and his stomach making a long rumble—

Gurgle!

Chapter 1019: Jason: Today is a good day!

The fragrance!

The scent of 'food' wafted from the young man before him.

Moreover, there was not just one scent.

To be exact, it came from his chest, wrist, and neck!

He carried multiple items that could be called 'food'.

Is this the heritage of a great family?

Items that commoners seldom see, do they carry several of them on their person?

The four major Onmyoji families, even richer in heritage than imagined!

Jason thought to himself, nodding.

"Hmm."

He didn't say more.

Towards a stranger, Jason's attitude was essentially cautious, caution hidden beneath indifference.

Don't talk to strangers.

In the Nightless City, this was common knowledge.

And to Jason, facing a stranger carrying 'food', he needed to be even more cautious.

After all, while 'food' is delicious.

It's equally deadly.

However, the young man from the Hanakaiin Family seemed blind to Jason's indifference and caution. After Jason nodded in response, the young man immediately asked, "Have you discovered anything?"

He didn't consult Ryosuke, who appeared more professional.

He didn't ask the elderly Monk from Tongshou Temple as he should have.

He didn't even glance at Hui Lijing.

He just asked Jason...

Ryosuke looked indifferent.

Hui Lijing was so angry she gritted her teeth.

The elderly Monk from Tongshou Temple, however, slightly shook his head.

Clearly, this was another common issue with young people from great families.

Comparison!

At this moment, the young Hanakaiin was comparing himself to Jason.

Or rather, he wanted to see why Jason could become the successor of Tongshou Temple.

And Jason?

"Yes."

His answer was concise.

"May I ask what it is?"

The young man asked with interest.

"Why should I tell you?"

Jason retorted.

The young man was taken aback.

He looked at Jason somewhat blankly, feeling that something was amiss. Shouldn't it be that Jason speaks openly, then he exposes the flaws in his words, ridicules him, and then Jason leaves in shame?

Why does it feel like it's ending before it even started?

This made the young man very unwilling.

After slightly frowning, the young man spoke.

"What do you want in order to tell me?"

As he spoke, the young man put on a sincere expression, looking at Jason.

It's not shameful to bow down at the moment.

Soon, he will take back what he wants with interest.

"Do you know about Alchemy?"

Jason asked a seemingly abrupt question.

"Alchemy?"

"I know."

The young man nodded.

Although from an Onmyoji family, he was also familiar with foreign Alchemy, especially certain alchemies rumored to break 'the taboo of life', which were particularly intriguing.

"Then do you know the most famous words in Alchemy?"

Jason continued.

The young man frowned.

There were many famous sayings in Alchemy.

Such as—

One is all, all is one.

Beyond the gate lies not Shambhala.

There is nothing that is perfect; the world is imperfect, that's what makes it beautiful.

And so on, these were considered famous quotes in Alchemy.

However, the young man from the Hanakaiin family quickly came to his senses.

"The principle of equivalent exchange?"

"You mean I need to give something of the same value to know your findings?"

The young man was not foolish, connecting the dots with what was happening before him, he quickly had his answer.

Jason did not deny.

That was the answer he wanted.

"To obtain something, an equal price must be paid!"

"This is the principle of equivalent exchange! At that time, we believed it to be the truth of the world — but the real world is not perfect! There is no principle that can explain everything, and so is the principle of equivalent exchange!"

"But sometimes we still like to think so."

"Because most of the time, we have no choice."



Jason said.

"Good."

"So what do I need to give to learn of your discovery?"

The young man from the Hanakaiin Family asked, slightly nodding.

He very much approved of Jason's words.

Most of the time, they had no choice.

His interest in Jason's findings grew even more.

"One of the items on you."

Jason said.

Even though there were several items on the young man, Jason wanted them all.

But he was also very clear that this was impossible.

Not to mention wanting them all.

Even for just one of them, Jason was prepared to negotiate.

Unexpectedly, the young man in front of him nodded without hesitation.

"Alright."

"With one of the items I carry as a chip, tell me what you've discovered."

The young man agreed readily.

Jason was even more forthright.

"They were murdered."

"The murder occurred before the rocket landed."

"Moreover, the murderer inside the car did not escape."

Hearing Jason's first sentence, the young man from the Hanakaiin almost laughed out loud.

After all that talk, he thought there would be something significant.

But it was just a murder.

The thing is, anyone can tell it was murder just by looking at the scene.

However, following Jason's words, the young man from the Hanakaiin reigned in his smile, his expression turning solemn.

He turned his head to look at the charred car and corpses, his eyes narrowing slightly.

A cold glare flickered through those narrow slits.

Information that others were unaware of connected in his mind.

Meanwhile, Ryosuke turned his head to look at the blackened scene.

Chapter 1020: Jason: Today is a good day! (2)

The rocket that seemed like an attack, was it actually to murder and eliminate a person and destroy their body and traces?

How did Jason discover it?

Ryosuke meticulously examined the charred scene in front of him.

Just like before.

He found nothing.

Ryosuke didn't discover anything, and neither did Hui Lijing.

Considering herself an excellent detective, Hui Lijing endured the smell of scorched flesh mixed with the smell of burning rubber as she scouted the scene several times, but in the end, she chose to give up.

Naturally, there was a bit of frustration in her heart.

But very soon, hope resurfaced.

Was this the power of "Mystical Side"?

Can I learn this?

Hui Lijing thought to herself.

"Are you sure?"

A young person from the Hanakaiin Family asked.

"You can investigate thoroughly."

"It was he who killed him."

"Then, the rocket fell."

Jason said directly, pointing at the two charred bodies inside one of the cars.

Then, without waiting for the other person to ask again, he said, "I'll be dining at 'Glowing Cuisine Pavilion'. I believe by the time I finish eating, you'll have definitely found something."

Having said that, Jason turned around and headed towards the 'Glowing Cuisine Pavilion'.

Jason was not worried about the other party not keeping their promise.

In front of so many people.

Unless the other party lost face, otherwise the words spoken out loud would be kept.

For someone from a big clan, losing face is far worse than being killed.

Of course, guys like Losa 11 are exceptions.

Can you expect a useless person to care about face?

As long as they can survive, stripping down and running away is not a difficult thing for people like Losa 11.

"Be careful."

"It's best not to get involved in the affairs of the Hanakaiin Family."

The old Monk from Tongshou Temple walked side by side with Jason, reminding him in a low voice.

"Mm."

Jason nodded.

He wouldn't reject friendly reminders.

Just like when facing danger, Jason usually chooses to evade.

But that's under normal circumstances.

If the danger comes with 'food'.

Jason is very willing to take a risk.

The old Monk from Tongshou Temple couldn't help but sigh inwardly as he watched Jason's expression.

Is that so because he's a young man?

Someone like him is really old!

But when old, just be old.

He was ready to retire to the countryside.

Thinking of the comfortable life back in the countryside, the old Monk couldn't help but smile.

"Master, everyone, please come this way."

The server immediately greeted the returned guests.

Passing through the gate is a gravel path.



Four-square grey stone slabs, spaced ten centimeters apart, are embedded in the ground, with gravel the size of thumb heads filling the gaps around them.

The gravel path isn't straight but winds along, with tufts of emerald-green bamboo blocking the way, and the sound of trickling water echoing to the ears.

Following the gravel path forward, after rounding two turns, everything suddenly opens up.

A small stone bridge appeared in front of Jason.

Below the bridge is the sound of running water.

On both sides of the bridge are springs.

The spring water flows continuously, gathering under the bridge before flowing to an unknown destination.

Dozens of colorful koi swim under the bridge.

When Jason entered, these koi, which had occasionally jumped out of the water, frantically scattered.

Seeing this Jason curled his lip.

He wasn't here to eat fish today, so why be afraid.

"Your seats are here."

The server brought Jason and the other three to a corner of the dining hall in the pavilion, and after lowering the bamboo curtains on both sides, the entire space immediately became private.

"Your full beef set will be arriving shortly."

"And there will also be an unexpected surprise."

Leaving such words, the server got up and left.

Old Monk from Tongshou Temple and Ryosuke sat with legs crossed.

Jason, not accustomed to this sitting posture, simply stretched his legs under the table—there was a table above and a recess underneath where his legs could be comfortably hung down.

Underneath was a soft pad, and it felt comfortable to step on.

There was also heating, not cold at all.

Hui Lijing was sitting in the same way.

Leaning on Jason's side, with the table providing cover, Hui Lijing stretched her feet with pleasure, her toes moving non-stop, the refreshing feeling making her hum a happy tune unintentionally.

"A proper lady should sit kneeling."

Ryosuke seemed a bit old-fashioned at this time.

Hui Lijing gave him a cold look and said unapologetically.

"Only short people promote kneeling."

Ryosuke was about to retort immediately.

But, opening his mouth, he said nothing.

Because Hui Lijing was indeed taller than him.

He can't believe he's shorter than a woman... Although it was deliberate nitpicking, Ryosuke still felt inexplicably heartbroken.

"I'm going to the restroom."

As if to escape the awkwardness, Ryosuke stood up and walked outside.

When he parted the bamboo curtain, Ryosuke covertly exchanged a glance with Jason.

With an almost imperceptible nod from Jason, Ryosuke quickly disappeared behind the curtain.

Jason certainly hadn't forgotten what Ryosuke really wanted to do.

The other party was not here to eat.

Nice!

The old Monk from Tongshou Temple probably saw something, put his hands together in a prayer gesture, and said no more.

Hui Lijing?

The female detective still in a huff from being targeted again paid no attention to Ryosuke's departure.

It wasn't until three servers came up carrying plates with beef on them that Hui Lijing snapped back to reality.

"Beef sashimi!"

The female detective's eyes lit up at the sight of the beef in front of her, which looked like snowflakes.

Without being polite, she picked up the chopsticks.