

## Menu 1541

Chapter 1541: Jason, My Choice—Return...! (part 2)

This left Jason momentarily stunned.

Then, he saw the term ‘secret weapon’.

"Because of the ‘secret weapon’?"

Jason pondered, his gaze fixed on the words ‘incomplete first layer’.

The incomplete first layer already had a defense capable of resisting explosive-level forces.

What about the complete first layer?

At least vehicle-level, right?

What about the higher layers?

"Jing's products are always top-notch!"

Jason sighed in admiration.

Afterwards, he confirmed this admiration.

Raging flames soared high into the sky.

It wasn't just the high temperature!

There were explosions too!

Explosion after explosion!

Ordinarily, each time, Jason would be 'blown to pieces'.

However, at this moment, his body was merely 'expanded' layer by layer.

Ultimately, it didn't 'break'.

Boom!

Another massive explosion.

A colossal flame dragon, often hundreds of meters long, was born from the explosion.

It soared high into the sky.

With a proud roar, it let out a dragon's cry.

Ultimately, in a dive, it merged into Jason's body.

And Jason, who had been holding on all the while, was instantly charred black.

Then, he returned to normal.

[The Dragon. Battle Mark. Prou. Griffin. Shadow Concealment Body Forging Technique] provided a defense beyond vehicle-level, coupled with [Horizontal Training] offering bullet-level defense and [Titanium Extreme Body] with explosive-level defense, had long made Jason's body beyond imagination.

It was a  $1+1+1 > 3$  effect.

Although in the end, Jason would 'meet his demise',

The scene, however, looked much better.

At least it wasn't bloody.

[Dragon Flame Technique: In the past, the wizards in the 'Delmod' tower studied those terrifying dragons. They coveted the dragons' strength and longevity, hoping to uncover their secrets. Alas, this brought them to a catastrophic demise. The 'Crimson Lord', the 'Flame King', the 'Sun above the Sky', the dragon Kerimoto Dila, with a single spread of its wings, erased 'Delmod' from the map. Yet, mysteriously, some of their research survived; Effect: You need to complete a full hand gesture and blow with your mouth to launch a flame attack with a length not exceeding 20 meters, a width not exceeding 45, and power beyond bullet-level.]

(Note: It is incomplete, you cannot upgrade its level!)

...

The inability to upgrade the level was within Jason's expectations; there was nothing to be disappointed about.

Just like how [Dragon Flame Technique] and [Charles Burning Technique] produced a wonderful chemical reaction.

[Determining Dragon Flame Technique...]

[Determination successful!]

[Dragon Flame Technique supplements Charles Burning Technique. Do you spend 200 satiety points to supplement?!]

...

"Yes."

Jason gave a definitive answer.

Then, another fusion occurred.

Unlike before.

This time, Jason felt scorching heat.

And felt incinerated.

Yet, he did not die.

The powerful defense once again allowed Jason to experience the pleasure of being 'better off dead'.

Previously, although he died, it was at least a quick death.

Now?

Over and over again.

Forced Jason to clench his teeth to stop from making any noise.

It lasted a full five minutes.

Sweat had long soaked Jason's clothes.

Once everything calmed down, Jason looked at the text in front of him.

[Charles Burning Technique (Master): This is a secret technique that requires neither gestures nor incantation in Dufol Language to cast, but it requires a significant amount of mysterious knowledge and a resilient will as a foundation; Its origin at the start is untraceable. Even Gerard, who unearthed this secret technique from the ruins, does not know its beginnings. It can only be determined to come from an ancient era and different system, and to make this secret technique adapt to the current system, Gerard made a series of improvements and additions, leading to significant changes from the original. These changes happened multiple times in your hands, making it more powerful. Then, you optimized and supplemented it multiple times; Effect: Consumes some physical strength to produce a conical flame (from the palm length 1-60 long 0.01 meters-30 meters, height 0.01 meters-3.0 meters, flame size and shape can be determined by your will, but cannot exceed limits) at war machine level. Continuous spraying will continuously consume physical strength; You can choose any hand for attack, or simultaneously release two flames with both hands, but the physical energy consumption doubles]

...

[Charles Burning Technique supplemental upgrade, optimization inherent option 'Flame Transformation' enhancement:]

[Flame Transformation: You can choose the initial way to spray flames or change the flame's shape. You can attach it to your fists or shoot it out as a fireball; you can also transform it into armor, encompassing your entire body; when making these changes, the basic power of the flame remains the same. When attached to the fists, physical strength decreases, providing explosive-level protection for both hands; When shooting fireballs, the fireball radius must not exceed 1.0 meters (fireball power size relates to radius), while the throw distance relates to one's strength; when you choose to transform it into armor, you will receive protection beyond explosive-level resistance, though it will continuously consume your physical strength]

...

Another significant progress.

The flame length extended from 20 meters to 30 meters.

The flame height increased from 2 meters to 3 meters.

The flame angle expanded from 50 to 60.

Everything aligned with Jason's expectations.

Including the [Titanium Extreme Body], a total of 503 satiety points were consumed.

Sitting among the tree branches, Jason took a deep breath, quickly adjusting his state.

Then, he took out that black notebook.

He opened it directly to the sixth page.

Main course!

The words written on the cover page had not changed.

Just like before.

Jason looked at these short sentences and grinned.

He shook his head.

The 'main course' before him, he could be sure, was fraught with crises.

Because...

All of this was carefully designed.

From the very beginning, it was like this.

Step by step, luring him to this point.

Then?

Enter the 'main course.'

Once he enters, he might really become 'food' for others, right?

Hunter and prey are never constant.

They are always subject to change.

And every change stems from the most minute details.

Perhaps you have been very cautious.

But,

The flaw appeared from the start.

Jason began flipping through the pages of the book.

Finally, he stopped on the first page.

[Isn't the beauty of predation the constant switching?] .

[This is dining etiquette!]

[It needs to be remembered!]

[And it requires... a lesson!]

...

[Food fills the stomach!]

[Hunger disappears!]

[One should feel happy!]

(Note: Original dining etiquette.)

...

[The first time is rightfully free.]

[The second time?]

[You need to spend satiety points.]

[Yes/No: Spend 5 satiety points to return?]

...



Line by line of familiar text began to appear before Jason's eyes, and in his mind, images of those somewhat unfamiliar streets and faces emerged, along with... the dish he least wanted to remember.

Staring at the starry sky?

Bah!

A bunch of dead fish eyes looking up at the sky.

It should be called 'skyward dead fish eyes.'

If you eat such food, you'd probably be watched by dead fish eyes even when you sleep.

Thankfully, he didn't eat it.

It's better to die than be humiliated.

How could he go back to eat 'skyward dead fish eyes'?!

Moreover, Taniel promised him a few truly delicious dishes.

It was something to look forward to.

Thinking of this, Jason's mouth curled up.

But immediately, Jason's gaze dimmed.

He thought of the 'old knight.'

That upright, passionate old man.

Although they hadn't interacted much, the trust from the other side had truly infected Jason.

Jason never expected to meet someone like the 'old knight.'

Someone who would actually entrust their back to a stranger they had only met once.

Then there was his servant.

Another foolish fellow.

Speaking of following, he truly followed.

Even if death lay ahead, it was all the same.

"Those who are blinded by so-called 'knight's honor', unable to see reality!"

"Such fools!"

Jason whispered to himself from the bottom of his heart.

Then, his fist slowly tightened.

Gradually clenched together.

"Lorde..."

"I'm back."

## Chapter 1542: Memorial

In the misty morning.

A carriage rumbled along the gravel road, and people heading to work began leaving home one after another, with food prepared by their wives, heading to factories, docks—food that included breakfast, lunch, and even dinner.

Lorde encountered an unprecedented attack.

Everything needed rebuilding.

And rebuilding required manpower.

Both the factories and docks were running at full capacity.

But that was far from enough.

Because more people were recruited to the construction site.

The site to rebuild Lorde.

People had no complaints about this.

After all, this was about rebuilding their home.

Moreover, the pay was considerable.

So why would there be any complaint?

The departed were already gone.

The living must continue.

Once enough compensation was distributed, everything became acceptable.

At least on the surface, it appeared so.

"A bowl of pea soup, two meat pies."

In front of 'Anan's Eatery', the bald owner was busy.

His business had been booming lately.

Because the construction site needed more hands, not only men went to work; women also found employment at this time—a relatively rare opportunity as few places aside from textile mills would hire women.

Even if hired, women's wages were half of men's, or even less.

Now, the wage was two-thirds.

And wages on construction sites far exceeded the usual.

Roughly equating to regular male workers' wages.

So, women also entered the construction site.

Naturally, sacrificing some comforts.

As a result, many chose to eat outside.

Black bread and water were the first choices.

Cost-effective eateries were secondary choices.

Restaurants like 'Anan's Eatery', a mobile kitchen, naturally had better business.

Of course, another reason was that people enjoyed listening to the stories told by this owner.

"Sir Beta, Attendant Eric is truly a hero."

A freckled-faced young man murmured softly.

"Isn't he?"

"They saved all of us."

People around remarked.

"Indeed, they saved all of us, and then there was the 'Night Watcher'... By the way, do you know anything more about 'Night Watcher' Jason?"

The freckled young man continued to ask.

“'Night Watcher' Jason?"

"Very young."

"Very humorous."

"And..."

"Great appetite."

The owner of 'Anan's Eatery' recalled Jason, then quickly concluded.

"Young, humorous, great appetite?"

"What does he look like?"

"Is he as tall and strong as rumored?"

The young man took out paper and pen to take notes and continued asking.

"Even taller and stronger than you imagine."

"Are you a reporter for the newspaper?"

"Then you truly are incompetent; other reporters asked me about the ins and outs of the whole matter over a week ago, and they also inquired about Jason and their information."

The owner of 'Anan's Eatery' looked at the person taking notes, showing no anger, but instead smiled.

On the second day after the 'Lorde Disaster Day', those investigative journalists appeared in front of his eatery.

But a reporter who only appeared now?

Naturally an incompetent journalist.

"I am a journalist from 'Flute Newspaper', different from them."

The freckled young man responded.

"Flute Newspaper?"

"The newspaper that serialized 'The Dark Knight' before?"

Clearly, some people around had read this newspaper.

"Yes!"

The freckled young man replied with a trace of pride.

Because he wrote those two articles.

His cherished works.

Two articles about the 'Night Watcher'.

Initially mocked as making up stories.

But now?

Naturally, not anymore.

After 'Disaster Day', 'Night Watcher' Jason's reputation became well-known among the people of Lorde, and his article 'The Dark Knight' instantly turned the 'deception' notion around.

People believed what he wrote was true.

Many people even went to the newspaper office to inquire more about the 'Night Watcher'.

And he told them truthfully.

All the result of his research.

Some previously unpublished 'Night Watcher' stories have recently been added—a weekly edition of Flute Newspaper, publishing daily like this was a first.

It was due to this, the editor-in-chief became overwhelmed with work.

Only today did he find the opportunity to look for more stories about the 'Night Watcher'.

"At first, I thought it was fake and scoffed at it."

"Didn't expect it to be true."

"Thank those 'Night Watchers'."

"Heroes wandering in the night, guardians in the dark."



"Guarding the night, dwelling in darkness, heart full of light—"

"Night Watcher."

Upon hearing the young man introduce himself, the surrounding people immediately chimed in.

The 'Night Watcher' oath.

The young man found it from an ancient book.

Verified, it was real.

This also made the ancient book reliable.

He would occasionally add stories to his 'The Dark Knight' series.

The effect?

Just look at the people around.

The effect was extraordinary.

"I'll definitely buy Flute Newspaper later to read."

The owner of 'Anan's Eatery' hadn't read Flute Newspaper before, but seeing the expressions of those around, his curiosity was piqued.

"Could you tell me more about 'Night Watcher' Jason then?"

The freckled young man asked.

"Of course."

"The first time I met Jason, I thought he was the elder brother buying breakfast for his family..."

The owner of 'Anan's Eatery' began to recount.

Meanwhile, outside the crowd, a tall figure hidden in the corner turned and left.

Returning to Lorde, Jason appeared at the same spot as where he left.

Being naturally close to 'Anan's Eatery'.

Almost instinctively, Jason wanted to buy five breakfasts.

But upon approaching, he heard the bald owner narrating.

Jason knew he absolutely couldn't reveal himself at this moment.

Unless he wanted to be stopped and ogled by a crowd like a monkey.

Diverting through the alley, Jason headed straight for Kensing Street.

"One newspaper please!"

Jason reached for a Copper Corners coin.

When he returned to Lorde, not only had his clothes reverted to his previous attire.

Even his purse was intact.

The 104 Gold Crooks, 27 Silver Crooks, 19 Copper Crooks, and 2 Copper Corners inside were all there.

This spared Jason from quite a few plights.

After all, having money can solve most problems.

"August 28th, huh?"

"I left around the morning of August 20th."

"A little over a week, huh?"

Jason glanced at the date on the newspaper, and then skimmed through the headlines on each page, without stopping his stride.

He quickly reached Kensing Street.

He walked into the florist Finch had mentioned before.

At this moment, the florist had also suffered some damage but had not closed.

"Hello, what do you need?"

As the shop owner was repairing the house, upon seeing Jason walk in, he immediately asked.

"Do you have white flowers?"

Jason inquired. .

The owner immediately showed an understanding expression.

Recently, people coming here would buy white flowers.

Too many people perished on 'Disaster Day'.

"Is it for a parent, spouse, sibling, or child?"

The owner asked in the gentlest voice possible.

"A parent."

Jason replied.

"A parent, huh?"

"What kind of person were they?"

The owner continued to ask.

As a florist and a survivor of 'Disaster Day', he felt it necessary to ask clearly.

Not out of curiosity.

Just wanting to do his best.

To help more people with his familiar knowledge.

"A respectable person."

Jason said.

"I see, then white chrysanthemums..."

"I'll take this bunch of edelweiss."

The florist was about to recommend when Jason interrupted.

Jason's gaze fell on a bunch of edelweiss.

He took out 1 Copper Crook, placing it on the counter.

That was the marked price of the edelweiss.

The store owner was taken aback.

"Do you know their floral language?"

As Jason walked out, he answered—

"Important memories and..."

"Courage!"

## Chapter 1543: Not Alone!

Clack, clack.

The wheels rolled over the gravel path, stopping at the entrance of the street.

"Sir, the carriage can't go into Pea Street."

The driver of the public carriage knocked on the panel behind him.

In the somewhat dull sound, Jason, now wearing a black hooded robe, got off the carriage with a bouquet of edelweiss and looked ahead. The familiar, narrow Pea Street came into view.

During the "Disaster Day," Pea Street was almost the heart of the battlefield.

The "Old Duke" had used his life to make a stand for his beliefs here.

An unfathomable entity casually cast its gaze.

Tercon, thinking he had it all planned, was shot through with a bullet.

The "Shepherd," who planned to profit from others' conflicts, was unexpectedly interrupted.

Scene after scene.

Incident after incident.

Piece after piece.

Memories flowed like a stream, endlessly gathering in a river.

Eventually, the indifference and coldness in Jason's eyes began to rapidly diminish.

He stepped forward.

Pea Street had not fully revived at this moment, at least the street vendors had not appeared, making the entire street seem exceptionally quiet. Standing in front of No.10 Pea Street, Jason looked at the perfectly fitting bars of the gate, raised his hand to grab the old-fashioned doorbell.

One slow ring, two quick ones.

After that particular rhythm.

The gate...

Still did not open.

Just like last time.

Jason paused.

Two seconds later, he vanished from the front of the gate.

When he appeared again, he was already underground at No.10 Pea Street.

"Knight, born from death."

Jason perceived the barrier blocking the gate and directly spoke the secret phrase—that was the phrase agreed upon with Taniel to open the barrier.

The voice paused.

Buzz!

The barrier rippled.

Jason then said—

"Meatballs, roast meat, big stew."

This was the second phrase, added for safety upon Taniel's suggestion.

Of course, there is also a third phrase.

"Gazing at the starry sky... awful."

This phrase was provided by Taniel, with a deliberate pause in the middle.

Naturally, for safety reasons as well.

After the three correct phrases, the door protected by the barrier opened, and Jason walked in.

Just as he entered the "graveyard," Jason pulled down his hood, revealing his young, rugged face.

The large underground hall no longer had the bustle of the "secret market."

What remained were just two tombstones.

Simple tombstones bearing the names of the Old Duke and Knight's Attendant Eric.



"Guardian Lorde's hero and his brave knight's attendant."

Jason raised his hand and touched this line of text.

Originally, the text ended with "servant," but it now read knight's attendant.

Clearly, this was Taniel's handiwork.

He believed "Servant Eric" was far inferior to "Brave Knight's Attendant."

The latter embodies the true Eric.

Worthy of his name.

Jason bent down to place the edelweiss in front of the tombstone, squatting there, hands clasped, he said: "Old Duke, Eric, I've come back to see you."

This murmur echoed in the quiet hall.

There was no response.

Not even a breeze.

Only the edelweiss leaning beside the white chrysanthemums.

Two different-looking bouquets, their fragrance wafted through the air.

Opening his eyes, Jason looked down.

Then, the corners of his mouth lifted.

Two more bundles of white chrysanthemums than when he left.

Moreover, they were dewy and fresh.

Clearly, they had undergone special treatment.

Among those he knew, only Taniel, a first-year teacher at Deer Academy, could do this.

He excelled in potions.

Even holding the profession of “Pharmacist.”

Although mostly, it went unnoticed.

Obviously, after he left for a “week,” Taniel had come by once again.

Offering flowers to the Old Duke and Eric.

And surely, stayed for quite a long time.

In fact, Jason could imagine Taniel sitting in front of the tombstones of the Old Duke and Eric. .

Spacing out?

Talking to himself?

Both possible.

Moreover, according to Jason's understanding of Taniel, his presence here was partly to slack off and...

He encountered trouble!

Otherwise, Taniel wouldn't appear here.

The main reason Taniel came here was due to facing an unsolvable issue, unable to confide in anyone, only informing the Old Duke and Eric.

Regarding this, Jason had some speculation.

His sudden departure.

With Bondi and Holle left to rely only on Taniel.

Taniel couldn't refuse their request.

Because he was the only one among them familiar with the "Mystical Side."

But Taniel undoubtedly faced enormous pressure.

After all, Taniel was neither adept at fighting nor concealing his emotions, able to remain here, murmuring, it was probably Taniel's only choice—though reluctant to admit, at times Taniel was quite reliable.

At least when necessary, he wouldn't fall first.

After his departure,

Taniel, after passively becoming the “pillar,”

Worked hard to play this role.

"Nicely done, Taniel."

Jason mumbled to himself again.

...

"Well done, Jason."

Taniel said excitedly.

Though he was currently chained to a wall, he couldn't help but cheer his friend on with his words.

Of course, in a very low voice.

A bit louder?

It would absolutely provoke the irritable feeling.

He definitely didn't want another whip.

His chest still burned intensely with pain now.

"Damn, can't they be a little more gentle?"

"I'm just a feeble Pharmacist."

"Jason, how did you get caught by them?"

"Like me, knocked out?"

"Or fell for a trap?"

Taniel was a bit talkative, or rather, he was incessant.

The recent pressure was overwhelming for him.

Since Jason left, he became the police station's "mystical advisor."

Moreover, after the "Disaster Day."

If not for decent connections, he would have fled long ago.

After all, this was risking life.

Indeed, risking life.

Death could come at any moment.

Things were not over.

Taniel knew this too well, whether it was the bandits eyeing Lorde covetously or the secret detective who succeeded Duke, their intentions weren't good.

Not to mention the ambassador from Capital Terter.

Trouble!

All big troubles!

Otherwise, he wouldn't have contacted his teacher.

But now, it was fine.

He saw his friend.

Although he didn't know why Jason appeared here.

But he knew everything would be fine.

As long as Jason was around!

Taniel looked at Jason, who was escaping with joy and anticipation, waiting for Jason to unchain him, then the two would escape together.

But in Taniel's expectant gaze, the Jason in front of him pulled a smirk, showing a smile full of malice.

"A good start."

The person said.

Then, the fist in Taniel's sight grew larger and larger, until—

Bang!

Taniel fainted once more.

The “Jason” before him looked at Taniel, with a little more satisfaction in his malicious smile.

"Compared to him, you're more suitable!"

Chapter 1544: The Plan

Jason sat directly on the ground.

He held the 'Star Shine' in his hand.

The key that once turned defeat into victory had long lost any 'fragrance', leaving only its existence.

"Could it be a crucial point in the profession of 'Knight'?"

Jason thought silently.

Just like the many conditions when he took on the 'Night Watcher' role.

The 'Knight' must have similar conditions as well.

And the 'Star Shine' in his hand should be a key part of them.

Of course, it might not be the most basic profession.

But a step higher.

This was why the old Duke told him about it. .

However, in that situation at the time, he had no choice.

Now?

Choices are still few.

"Sigh."

Jason sighed softly.

If possible, he didn't want to return to Lorde so soon.

According to his plan, he should reach his limit, reach the point where he could no longer improve, before returning to Lorde.

After all, avenging the 'old Duke' is not such a simple matter.

He is confident about dealing with the 'Shepherd' now.

But the enemy is not just the 'Shepherd' alone?

The other party belongs to an organization.

No one understands the principle of quantity leading to quality change better than Jason does.

Moreover!



There's still that inexplicable existence!

Even now, facing that inexplicable existence, Jason is still powerless.

Because, up to now, he doesn't even know who the other party is.

Only aware of the terrifying nature of that power.

But there is one thing Jason knows.

The other party should be related to the previous events.

It might even originate from the unknown organization where the 'Shepherd' is.

"Plans can't keep up with changes."

"Surprises always come so suddenly."

Jason spoke while placing the 'Star Shine' down.

Then, he took out the notebook and placed it in front of the tombstone.

"A bit difficult."

"I have noted it down."

"I have learned it."

Jason said so.

The notebook was handed down by the old Duke, recording in detail the 'Whirlwind Dance' and 'Glory Strike'.

The former is a secret technique.

The latter is a ritual.

He transformed the former into a more suitable 'Whirlwind Slash' for himself.

The latter?

Hasn't had the right moment to perform.

Or more accurately, he wasn't confident before.

Now, he has some confidence.

No sudden epiphany.

Only because this is Lorde.

This was once the city guarded by the old Duke.

He,

Here,

Once felt the same emotions.

He was moved.

He wishes to preserve that emotion.

Unchangingly.

Humans are complex creatures.

And very contradictory.

Only by holding onto the line in their heart, can they sustain.

Once the line is lost.

That person is no longer human.

Jason does not wish to become inhuman.

So, he remembers the emotions of this moment.

Hoo!

Finally exhaling after a good ten seconds, Jason began relaxing his emotions, making himself calmer, more indifferent, more conducive to thinking.

"The most direct way to quickly enhance strength at this stage is to rely on satiety."

Jason understands clearly how important satiety is to him.

He ate it bit by bit.

Using satiety to improve secret technique (skills) level was also his earliest method, but now it's unsuitable.

He can feel his secret techniques (skills) are far from reaching the ultimate stage.

Enhancing them would give immediate strong power, but more would be lost.

Being in the 'Mystical Side', Jason trusts his feeling very much.

He will not overlook this point.

Therefore, this most direct way to strengthen, unless under compelling circumstances, he would not choose it.

Apart from using satiety to enhance the level of secret techniques (skills).

There is another relatively direct way: enhancing professional rank.

He is a 'Night Watcher'!

And has already advanced to the second rank "Night Shifter"!

As long as he finds the corresponding professional information, he can complete the next stage of the 'Night Shifter' advancement.

In other dungeons and 'Nightless City', finding such information is completely impossible, but returning to Lorde, everything becomes natural.

"Information of the 'Night Watcher' third rank?"

Jason thought for a moment, then made a plan.

Relying on himself alone to search, of course it's inefficient.

But don't forget, in Lorde, he is not alone.

Not to mention the official power represented by Bondi and others.

There's also Taniel from the 'Mystical Side'.

With help from these two forces, Jason is confident it will become very simple.

Not only because many hands make light work, but also because he won't directly look for 'Night Watcher' third rank information but rather ask them to find his never-met teacher 'Dan'.

Or, other Night Watchers.

Of course, not only 'Night Watchers'.

Also, Tomb Guardians and Secret Keepers.

Because, he is also a Tomb Guardian, and also a Secret Keeper.

"Tomb Guardian..."

Jason almost instinctively thought of Tercon.

The person who built Lorde with one hand, and was about to destroy it.

The other party was a high rank in the 'Tomb Guardian' profession.

As for reaching what level?

Jason cannot judge.

More information is needed.

However, since the other party had rooted in Lorde for twenty years, there must be a hidden, inaccessible 'secret base', where naturally everything related will be.

Experiment materials.

'Tomb Guardian' professional information, etc.

Of course, this 'secret base' is certainly extremely secretive.

Ordinary people cannot find it at all.

Even 'Mystical Side' people find it hard to find.

However, to him, it seems not difficult.

If there's 'food' inside.

It's almost like an open door to him.

Jason silently included Tercon's secret base in his plan.

And apart from the two points above, Jason has a third idea about strength.

Sitting solemnly in front of the tombstones of the old Duke and Eric, Jason's mind gradually conjured up images of the "Wave Palm", "Son of Heaven's Dragon Fist", "Rebirth Fist", "Carefree Roaming", "Blood Devil Divine Skill", "Thousand Faces Immortal-Wandering Scripture", and "Five Poisons Godly Annihilation Palm".

These were among his gains in the last dungeon world.

Apart from the "Five Poisons Godly Annihilation Palm", the others are just memory.

And now it's time for him to practice these six 'True Skills'.

Before in the 'Nightless City', there was simply no time.

Now is just right.

As for 'acupuncture points' conflicts between True Skills?

Jason is very familiar with such conflicts.

Why is there conflict? Because the body isn't used to it yet.

Once adapted, then it's fine.

Jason believes his 'Talent' is enough to master everything.

Then he looked again at the 29,811 satiety points, gaining more confidence.

However, Jason did not choose to start immediately.

With the experience of the last dungeon world, he knows that even if he is 'Innately Gifted', True Skills are very time-consuming.

Once closed for training, it lasts a long time.

And for just returning to Lorde, shutting himself up like that is really inappropriate.

After all, he still has several friends to meet.

For example: Bondi, Finch, Holle.

For example: Taniel.

Of course, taking a look at Tercon's 'legacy' is also one of the purposes.

It's just incidental.

Visiting Bondi, Taniel, Finch, and Holle is most important.

Jason believed so firmly.

Chapter 1545: Surveillance!

"Taniel has been kidnapped?!"



Bondi was taken aback. The sudden news made the sheriff, who had just relaxed, immediately sit up straight, almost dropping the pipe he had just lit from his mouth.

The sheriff looked at his deputy with a face full of surprise, seemingly needing to confirm the accuracy of the information.

"It's news from those 'kids'."

Holle nodded, his bristly beard following the motion and curling against his chest-clad shirt. The detective circled the desk and whispered, "One of the 'kids' happened to go to the post office to get a newspaper. He saw Taniel finish sending a telegram, and as soon as he walked out of the post office, he was knocked out and carried onto a carriage. He notified me right away."

"I had instructed them not to follow recklessly, just to gather information."

"Hmm."

Bondi wholly agreed with his deputy's actions.

After coming into contact with the 'Mystical Side,' Bondi knew how dangerous Lorde actually was beneath its seemingly safe facade.

Especially after 'Disaster Day,' this danger seemed to rise almost in a linear fashion.

A group of half-grown kids gathering information was sufficient.

More?

There were people like them to handle that.

However, the 'kids' being able to achieve results so quickly really seemed like what his friend had said.

‘When uniformed officers approach or pass by others, everyone becomes alert.’

‘But, they wouldn’t for some half-grown kids.’

‘Moreover, those kids acting as paperboys or errand runners are far smarter and more observant than we imagine.’

‘There was once a great detective who employed a bunch of kids to gather information.’

Even though Bondi didn’t know who that detective was, he knew that his friend was right once again.

Relying solely on a group of officers to gather information was far inferior to letting a group of half-grown kids do it.

"Any idea where Jason is now?"

Bondi couldn’t help but wonder.

The sheriff really missed this friend of his.

If the other was around, he wouldn’t be in such a mess.

Of course, this was not to say Taniel wasn’t good.

Taniel was already doing his best.

He could tell.

However, compared to Jason, Taniel fell short in many ways.

Both in terms of capability and response to emergencies.

He sighed slightly in his heart.

Bondi quickly diverted his attention back.

No matter Taniel's ability, the man was a trustworthy young man.

And, a friend of his.

Now, with Taniel in trouble, he wouldn't stand idly by, whether for public or personal reasons.

"Where did the carriage last head?"

Bondi inquired.

He believed that since Holle could report this calmly before him, it meant the carriage's whereabouts were already known.

Aside from those 'kids,' Holle was much more familiar with certain things on the street.

Holle had many other means as well.

And Holle didn't disappoint Bondi's trust.

"It went to the Southern Suburb."

Holle replied.

"Suburb?"

Bondi frowned.

"Yes, suburban area."

Holle also sighed.

During 'Disaster Day,' the military camp outside Lorde was blown sky-high, leaving the army with heavy casualties, almost being wiped out.

After losing the military's deterrence, certain bandits lurking outside began eyeing Lorde covetously.

Although Lorde suffered through 'Disaster Day,' in these bandits' eyes, it was still a piece of fat meat.

The wealth of the citizens.

The city's storeroom.

And numerous merchants' goods.

All things they couldn't obtain on ordinary days.

Now, with an opportunity?

Naturally, they wouldn't let it slip.

In recent days, Bondi and Holle had led officers to repel the bandits more than once, but both could feel the bandits were only testing them. The bandits were probing the final defensive strength of Lorde City.

The real attack had yet to start.

But it was close.

Right after 'Disaster Day', Bondi had already sent a telegram to the Capital Terter through the mayor's office.

An ambassador from the capital had arrived three days ago, bringing good news that Terter would send a two-thousand-strong battalion, temporarily stationed in Lorde, to help restore peace.

It was expected to arrive in about a week.

Counting the three days since the ambassador's arrival, only four days remained.

Simply put, to avoid a direct confrontation with the army, those bandits would certainly launch a legitimate attack within these four days.

And coincidentally, Taniel was kidnapped during this time.

"Could it be related to those bastards?"

Bondi asked softly.

"Uncertain."

"However, the possibility is very high."

"Boss, what do we do?"

Holle asked quietly.

At that moment, the two were inside Lorde City's police department office, just outside was bustling with officers. Due to 'Disaster Day,' the police department had recruited a group of local lads from Lorde.

All familiar and dependable guys.

Perhaps lacking training, some had never even used a revolver before.

But at this moment, neither Bondi nor Holle could worry about that.

After sending a telegram to the chief who was on vacation by the sea, they got special approval.

These lads were trying hard.

And could charge under the guidance of veterans when fighting bandits.

But Bondi and Holle knew this was due to having the leading figure.

Once the leader was gone?

These young fellows, who just a week ago were ordinary citizens, were only a bit younger.

So, at this time, certain news could not be leaked.

For example: The bandits would launch an unprecedented attack.

As for Taniel being kidnapped?

That could be spoken about.

Taniel had concealed his identity as a 'Mystical Side' individual from these lads, appearing as a consultant like Jason. These young lads didn't know Taniel's true identity.

And those who knew were naturally tight-lipped.

"How many people do we have now?"

"Total about one hundred thirty people."

"Among them, the newly recruited ones are nearly one hundred people. They've been intensively trained these days, at least reloading and aiming are fine, and they aren't scared to close their eyes when shooting, but accuracy is still lacking."

Holle truthfully reported.

"Leaving aside the normal sentries, I'll first take ten veterans, you handle the support."

As Bondi spoke, he stood up and reached for the gun belt by his side.

With his friend Jason as an example, Bondi also took a liking to the gun belt—carrying two pistols simultaneously, hiding another one in the coat pocket, then filling every loop with bullets felt really solid.

In fact, it wasn't just Bondi who did this.

Holle and a bunch of officers did the same.

Then, with Finch, who had gone to the 'Winchester Brothers' Gunsmith Workshop' for training, as logistics, such a gun belt spread quickly.

"Take explosives."

"And kerosene."

Holle advised.

From their friend Jason, they learned more than just a gun belt, but also how to handle certain 'Mystical Side' presences.

Bullets can't solve it?

Then explosives!

If one doesn't suffice, then two. .

If that doesn't work, there's kerosene.

Overall, under the blaze of explosions, it was the only reliance for ordinary people to combat the 'Mystical Side.'

"Of course."

Bondi nodded and walked out.

Quickly, an eleven-person team left the police station.



Then, followed by a twenty-person support team led by Holle.

Both teams were fully armed.

Both teams were quite discreet.

Yet, from within the shadows, they were still spotted by someone keeping an eye on the police station.

The man had a grin on his lips.

Then, stepping out from his hidden corner, he was about to report.

But a sturdy, broad hand reached out from the hidden corner and covered the man's mouth, dragging him into the shadows.

The man instinctively tried to struggle, but the strength in that palm was too great, leaving him unable to resist, resulting in only—

"Mmm mmm mmm!"

Chapter 1546: The Farmer and the Snake

Jason raised a hand, and the 'Silence Technique' silently enveloped the surroundings.

Then, he threw the lookout against the wall.

Bang!

The lookout's back collided heavily with the sturdy wall without any fancy, and under the impact, the lookout lay in front of Jason, eyes rolling to the back of his head.

Hiss, hiss.

The lookout gasped in pain.

However, the next moment, the gasp ceased abruptly.

Because the lookout saw Jason's face.

"Ja-Jason?"

"This is impossible!"

The opponent exclaimed in shock.

Jason raised an eyebrow and lifted the opponent again.

Originally, he just wanted to interrogate some matters regarding Taniel's kidnapping from the opponent.

But now, it seemed he inadvertently caught a big fish.

Clearly, the opponent's tone was more than just recognition.

There must have been previous contact.

And him?

No impression at all.

This made Jason speculate more.

The opponent truly met him.

But it was a fake.

Obviously someone impersonated him, which is why the lookout reacted this way.

So, what faction does the impostor belong to?

And why?

Jason's mind turned rapidly, but his expression remained unchanged, and his tone kept calm.

"You recognize me?"

"I do."

"Seen before."

The lookout answered like this.

His expression and tone were normal, and if not for the previous sudden surprise and Jason's certainty that he hadn't seen the opponent, such demeanor would deceive many people."

Jason lowered his head, staring intently at the lookout before him.

Under such an oppressive gaze, the lookout appeared slightly evasive.

He considered his performance perfect.

Portrayed an unexpected encounter with a familiar face from an opposing camp vividly.

Even inside, the lookout had already crafted a storyline.

Even Jason must be fooled...

Crack!

"Ah!"

A crisp sound as a finger was broken caused the lookout to scream out in pain.

Then, without waiting for him to recover, the second finger was also broken.

Crack!

"Aaah!"

After the crisp sound came an increasingly painful cry.

The lookout deliberately raised his voice.

He hoped someone would notice this place.

After all, this was the police station, and those patrolmen he usually loathed were the ones he now desperately wished to be seen by.

Unfortunately, despite his screams being enough to wake someone from deep sleep, none of the patrolmen came to check.

The sound was cloaked by an unknown technique!

The lookout quickly thought.

At this moment, Jason's fingers had already moved to his third finger.

"Wait!"

The lookout hurriedly shouted.

His voice carried an almost imperceptible sob.

He was truly close to tears.

Born a brigand, he considered himself to have seen many ruthless characters.

Yet even the most ruthless ones wouldn't break fingers expressionlessly like Jason did; those characters at least showed intimidation, excitement, or other expressions.

Whereas with Jason before him?

From start to finish, he remained expressionless.

That gaze, as if looking at roadside weeds, chilled the heart of the brigand-born lookout.

Then—

Crack!

The lookout's third finger was broken.

Jason grasped the fourth finger.

"What do you want to ask?"

"Just say it!"

The lookout shouted.

But it didn't change the impending fact.

Crack!

The fourth finger was broken.

Crack!

Then came the fifth.

After all this, Jason paused.

The lookout, clutching his right hand, sweating from pain, felt a slight relief in his heart.

Finally over.

The lookout thought to himself.

Then, his brain raced.

He hoped to think of ways to handle the situation ahead.

Jason then spoke again.

"This is punishment for lying."

"You recognize me?"

Facing Jason's identical question again, this time the lookout didn't answer immediately but pondered.

However, as Jason raised his hand, the opponent's thinking ended.

"Don't, I'll speak."

"I've seen you."

"In the boss's dungeon."

The opponent spoke rapidly.

"Dungeon?"

Jason pressed on.

"Yes, in the dungeon, right at the Southern Suburb's farm. I don't know how exactly you were captured and put in the dungeon; I just heard someone mention that 'Night Watcher' Jason was captured by the boss."

The lookout confessed truthfully.

Now that he began, there was no need to hide anymore.

The lookout lay there, slightly puzzled, looking at Jason.

He was certain the guard wouldn't have lied to him.

Because it was said in front of the boss.

Likewise, the Jason before him was real.

More real than the Jason yet unseen.

What's really going on?

The lookout was filled with confusion.

"What else do you know about the dungeon?"

Jason continued to ask.

"I know very little; I'm just a scout, a lookout. The dungeon guard only answers to the boss. Please believe me, I really didn't do anything wrong; I was forced to..."

The lookout pleaded, with a mournful face, begging for Jason's compassion and mercy.



Crack!

Another crisp sound.

But this time the sound was notably louder.

Because the lookout's neck was broken.

Mercy for the enemy is cruelty to oneself.

Jason knew this point too well.

Moreover, under his [Death Perception], the opponent was shrouded in thick deathly aura, as several spectral farmer-looking spirits in tattered clothing glared fiercely at him.

The brigands took over the farm.

And the farmers of the farm?

It's obvious.

As for the opponent's self-defense of being forced?

It's also obvious.

Believing a brigand is worse than warming a frozen snake.

The dead lookout's body fell to the ground, and quickly, a translucent form appeared atop it.

It was the lookout's spirit.

The opponent looked at Jason with extremely venomous eyes.

Jason laughed.

He raised a hand pointing around.

Only then did the lookout spot the farmer spirits; he panicked and hurried to escape, but it was too late.

The farmer spirits swarmed, ripping the lookout's spirit apart.

Just like how they were murdered by the swarming brigands when alive.

Seconds later, the lookout vanished without a trace.

The farmer spirits bowed towards Jason in thanks.

Then, a gentle glow appeared on them.

The farmers dissipated into the air in the glow.

As for where they went?

Jason didn't know.

But the lingering radiance formed a map.

It was a map of the Southern Suburb farm.

Very detailed.

Including the underground pathways.

The map lingered for a full ten seconds, only dispersing once Jason memorized it all.

Jason didn't linger.

He headed straight for the Southern Suburb farm.

Impostor?

He smirked.

Chapter 1547: About Summer!

‘Jason’ bent down and started drawing a complex ritual pattern on the ground.

The entire ritual pattern was an irregular shape, impossible to distinguish between top and bottom or left and right, only visible through the positions occupied by four circles and one triangle, and broadly viewed, the lines connecting them numbered in the thousands.

By the time he finished drawing them, ‘Jason’ was sweating from his forehead.

However, ‘Jason’ did not stop. He reached out into the void.

Bottles and jars appeared.

The first to appear was a fist-sized glass bottle containing an eyeball.

Not human.

But entirely black with a blood-red pupil.

Next was a heart.

Then came the liver, spleen, stomach, kidneys, etc.

Each was preserved carefully.

Each was placed carefully in one of the circles.

With the eyeball and heart as the center, the liver, spleen, stomach, and kidneys surrounded them.

The left circle contained flesh.

Red muscle and white fat.

The right circle contained bones.

Scattered bones were neatly arranged, with the skull on top.

The circle at the back held skin.

A complete human skin.

After finishing all this, 'Jason' took a deep breath.

He reached into the void again.

This time, he was more careful than ever before.

His hands gently cradled a jar so black its contents were invisible.

Buzz!

Inside the jar, there was a faint sound.

As if it contained something living.

Putting the black jar in the triangle, 'Jason' turned and walked towards Taniel in the corner.

Taniel, seemingly unconscious, halted his breath.

Despite Taniel being very cautious, he still exposed a flaw.

'Jason' froze for a moment.

Then he laughed.

"You're awake?"

"I originally planned to let you die a little less painfully."

"Now that you're awake, prepare to die painfully."

'Jason' sneered.

Taniel smiled bitterly and opened his eyes.

"Can you knock me out again?"

Taniel asked.

From the first time he was knocked out, he knew the person in front of him was not his friend Jason.

But Taniel couldn't understand how someone could look so similar.

When he woke up and saw the ritual on the ground, Taniel suspected.

Even if he couldn't fully recognize the ritual, some words, he could.

Change!

This word was particularly clear!

The other person must have used a similar ritual to transform into his friend's likeness!

Why the other person did this, Taniel did not know.

But he knew the other person had ill intentions.

Hence, he had to find a way to inform others of all this.

Therefore, he needed to stall for time.

And, of course, survive.

"What do you think?"

Facing Taniel's words, 'Jason' coldly laughed.

"I don't think so."

Taniel continued to smile bitterly, then the Deer Academy teacher, Lorde Police Department's second advisor, quickly said: "No matter how well someone disguises themselves, it's fake and will ultimately reveal a flaw."

"Like you disguising yourself as my friend Jason, you look exactly alike."

"But both your demeanor and behavior patterns are far too divergent."

"Others can tell at a glance."

Taniel began finding ways to buy time.

Unfortunately, the 'Jason' in front of him wasn't interested.

The other person snorted coldly.

"Demeanor? Behavior?"

"What kind of demeanor does a glutton need?"

"Gluttonous behavior?"

"As long as it's for eating."

The 'Jason' in front said.

Taniel found some truth in what was said.

He understood his friend's obsession with food.

That kind of frenzy was rooted in his bones.

But would never admit it.

"Ha, if you're just like that, then I don't have to worry."

"You can't possibly impersonate my friend."

"You've only seen the surface."

Taniel raised his head to confront the other person, appearing more convincing.

But the 'Jason' in front of him just smiled mockingly.

"I know him better than you imagine."

"Every move he makes, I've observed."

"And..."



At this point, 'Jason' paused.

Lowering his head, he looked at Taniel's curious expression, the mockery on his face grew stronger.

"You think I'd tell you this?"

"I just want to see you desperate to know but unable to find out!"

"I hope you suffer even more later!"

"Only then..."

"I'll feel more comfortable!"

'Jason's' face was filled with malice.

Taniel felt a chill inside but kept talking nonstop.

"You say you know Jason but do you know what Jason most desires?"

"For example, what would Jason do in summer?"

'Jason' paused.

"Most desire is definitely food."

"As for summer?"

'Jason' hesitated.

Because he really didn't know.

"What would he do?"

'Jason' asked.

"Would, would..."

Taniel stammered.

He was just stalling.

Even he didn't know what Jason would do.

However, at this point, Taniel pressed on.

"Would eat."

"Jason said, summer pairs best with barbecue."

"It must be like this."

Taniel muttered to himself, unwittingly completing his story.

But 'Jason's' face darkened.

"You're bluffing me?!"

‘Jason’ hid nothing from Taniel.

He really did know Jason better than Taniel imagined.

Although the methods differed.

It was genuine understanding.

So he knew, Jason would never say, ‘Summer pairs best with barbecue.’

If he had to say something, it would definitely be—

‘Summer pairs best with skewers!’

So Taniel was bluffing him!

With this realization, ‘Jason’ didn’t hesitate.

He raised his hand and grabbed Taniel intending to throw him into the ritual.

"Wait, let’s talk more!"

"I have the recipe for a panacea, do you want it?"

"There’s an enhanced version too!"

"No side effects, one dose is better than three!"

Taniel called out repeatedly.

But 'Jason' ignored him.

Held aloft, Taniel's feet flailed, his voice growing louder.

But it was of no use.

No matter how loudly Taniel shouted.

The guards in the cells were as if deaf, ignoring him completely.

Just like the spy earlier when facing Jason.

Taniel despaired.

Just as he closed his eyes waiting for death, a calm voice reached his ears—

"Summer? Then it must be relaxed, with wind, with a night sky, with the smell of fireworks, you can stroll in flip-flops and shorts, buy a chilled watermelon, scoop out the middle and eat it, don't bite it but press it against the 'ceiling' in your mouth, when the watermelon juice flows, suck it in mightily, sending both juice and flesh into your stomach!"

Chapter 1548: Taniel: I Have Special Ways of Fighting and Storing!

The familiar argument, the familiar tone, suddenly made Taniel, who was waiting despairingly for death with closed eyes, open them wide.

He saw the familiar figure standing behind him.

This figure stepped out of the shadows and grabbed him.

Then, a kick landed on 'Jason's' knee pit.

Bang!

'Jason' immediately knelt on one knee.

Next, a whip kick struck 'Jason' across the face.

Bang!

Another dull thud, and 'Jason' crashed into the wall of the cell, flipping over.

Jason pulled back his lifted foot.

Casually setting Taniel down.

"Jason?!"

Only when his feet touched the ground did Taniel call out in a daze.

Even though this teacher from Deer Academy and the second advisor to Lorde Police Department knew that the 'Jason' who had just lifted him was fake, the Jason who appeared now was real.

However, seeing Jason kick 'Jason' away.

There was still some indescribable sense of discord.

A bit like hitting yourself.

And a bit like a double shadow puppet play.

Yet, no matter how you put it.

Taniel knew he had survived.

Without needing much instruction from Jason, Taniel instinctively ran to a corner of the cell, staying silent, quietly watching the development of events—just like before.

Jason looked at the 'Jason' in front of him, frowning slightly.

But the fallen 'Jason' began to laugh.

"Hehehehehe."

It was that kind of continuous, deep laughter.

In the midst of such laughter, 'Jason' looked up at Jason.

His eyes filled with undisguised hatred and venom.

Such an expression left Jason puzzled.

In this replica world, there was no one with whom he held a deep grudge.

Those who had deep grudge with him were all dead, all dealt with by him.

Thus, Jason found it strange.

However, he buried this strangeness deep within his heart, without showing any signs on the surface.

"A clumsy disguise."

He deliberately mocked the other.

He hoped to provoke the other's anger.

And then, do something irrational.

This was beneficial to him.

"Oh?"

"Clumsy?"

"I thought I had disguised myself well enough."

‘Jason’ seemed to murmur to himself, then slowly stood up and asked in a calm tone befitting Jason, “Since I am clumsy, what do you think is good?”

"Of course it's..."

Bi!

Jason was about to reply when a strong light flashed.

Flash Technique!

The light illuminated the entire cell in bright light, and Taniel's view was replaced with white.

"Ah, my eyes!"

Taniel exclaimed.

Fortunately, Taniel knew to restrain himself, covering his mouth as soon as he called out.

But sharp sounds of air being sliced reached his ears.

It was the sound of blades tearing through air.

Not coming towards him.

It was right in front.

Gradually, Taniel's vision began to normalize.

He saw the fight before him clearly.

Jason VS 'Jason'.

Two short-handled broad blade cleavers constantly sliced through the air.

There was not a single collision between the two; each time 'Jason's' cleaver swung, Jason's cleaver followed the sound, prompting the former to immediately retreat, not giving Jason a chance to clash.

Once, twice, thrice.

Every time, 'Jason' aimed at Jason's vital spots, but then retreated like a scared rat, only to attack again.



Swinging ceaselessly.

Retreating endlessly.

As if performing a strange dance.

Yet, Jason had his eyes closed.

The 'Jason' wore a smug smile of triumph.

The opponent raised his hand, evidently preparing for a fiercer assault.

Taniel wanted to loudly alert him, but before he could shout—

Bi!

The same strong light appeared again, stronger than before, overwhelming enough that even if Taniel closed his eyes immediately, tears flowed freely.

When his sight returned, he saw two Jasons fighting each other with closed eyes.

But this time, unlike before when blades did not meet, there was a constant clash of blades.

Ding ding ding!

A flurry of sparks began to appear.

Like a blacksmith's forge.

Clearly, 'Jason' was at a disadvantage.

Whether in terms of strength or speed, 'Jason' couldn't match Jason.

Especially in terms of physical strength, after the knives clashed over twenty times, 'Jason' was already panting heavily.

"An impostor is just an impostor!"

"When left alone, it might appear somewhat right."

"But when placed alongside the real Jason?"

"Ha."

Even as tears continued to stream down, Taniel did not miss a chance to ridicule and disrupt the opponent.

Especially with that last derisive snort, where Taniel heightened his tone, adding three parts mockery, three parts disdain, and four parts nonchalance.

The effect was significant.

At least, from Taniel's perspective, the impostor's breathing grew increasingly rapid.

This encouraged Taniel even more.

Fighting, he was no good.

Supporting, he excelled.

Whoosh!

Taniel took a deep breath.

He began to fire off insults.

"Do you know what arrogance and ignorance look like? Yes, it's you, don't look at others, talking about you!"

"You're so insignificant among the crowd, but in a pigsty you're so grand, however grand you may be, you're still a pig!"

"How did you fix that face of yours? Don't tell me it's stuck with skins? Can you spare me one? Summer's here, too much sticking can cause prickly heat!"

"Even with so many faces pasted, you didn't capture any of Jason's aura, let's not even talk about being as beautiful as a flower. Even cows fear to crap when they see you."

"You've set up so much, yet as a typical failure, you're incredibly successful."

"Some people just love lifting stones to crush their own feet."

"If there were no wind, clouds wouldn't move; without water, fish wouldn't swim; without the sun, the moon wouldn't shine; without you... fools wouldn't exist."

"It's truly a loss for the world, thus you persist."

...

Endless flow.

Not a bit of stumbling.

Even Jason was seeing for the first time how eloquent Taniel was.

Not surprising for someone who comes from a background in teaching, perhaps?

Panting, panting.

The impostor's breathing grew more intense.

Although his eyes were closed at this moment, Jason was confident the opponent's eyes were already red.

And in this moment, Taniel took another deep breath.

Suddenly, a thousand words gathered, ascended.

Ultimately, transformed into one shout—

"Hey, grandson of a thief!"

"Ahhhh, I'll kill you!"

The impostor roared furiously, even abandoning the fight with Jason, turning to charge at Taniel.

Taniel, who was well-prepared, shrank his body, using his hands and feet, scrambling and crawling towards the other side.

‘Jason’, enraged to the extreme, snorted coldly.

Mist.

Thick to the extreme, toxic mist began to spread inside the cell.

"Poison?"

"Not surprising for a fake."

"Using such despicable methods too."

Taniel, a ‘Pharmacist’, immediately noticed something was amiss, and promptly wiped back with his hand, ‘poof’ as he fetched a pill from his shorts, and popped it into his mouth.

"Unfortunately, it doesn’t work... Ugh, really doesn’t work... Ugh."

Through the vomiting sound, Taniel still continued his mocking.

And the impostor raised his hand to target Taniel.

In the next moment—

Boom!

Flames surged.

Conical flame spewed directly out.

#### Chapter 1549: The First Flaw

The conical flame stood at 2 meters high and stretched 20 meters long.

Within a 50 angle, the entire prison was covered.

Jason, shielding Taniel, froze for a moment.

It wasn't due to the flame's immense power, as Jason was currently reinforced with bullet-level defense from [Horizontal Training], explosive-level defense from [Titanium Ultimate Body], and above war machine-level defense from [Dragon Battle Pattern Prusu Griffin Mist Concealment Body Forging Technique], making his defense capable of ignoring the high temperature that could melt steel in front of him.

He was startled because the flame was too familiar.

[Charles Burning Technique]!

The [Charles Burning Technique] from before merging with [Dragon Flame Technique]!

However, the [Charles Burning Technique] did not exist in the replica world here!

In an instant!

Many thoughts crossed Jason's mind.

He gazed at the counterfeit 'Jason,' eyes narrowing slightly.

A gaze that emanated an unprecedented chill.

That was pure killing intent.

"I've finally waited for you!"

Jason spoke word by word, a shadow as dark as ink began to manifest behind him, a massive apparition looming over the entire prison, and the pressure of a predator at the top of the endless food chain surged outwards like a flood breaching a dam.

Taniel's eyes rolled back, and he fainted straight away.

And it wasn't just Taniel.

Centered at this farm, the nearby bandits drawn by the commotion fell down like fields of wheat.

The livestock in the farm collapsed onto the ground, losing control of their bowels.

In the distant forests, birds took flight and beasts howled in anguish.

But it was only for a moment, and then silence reigned.

As if they had calmly accepted fate.

The fate of becoming food.

This was the instinct of the animals.

The instinct after their survival instincts were suppressed.

However, the counterfeit was different.

He smirked as he stepped forward.

A shadow identical to the massive black shadow behind Jason appeared just like that.

"Waited for me?"

"You knew?"

"You knew all about this?"

The counterfeit 'Jason' asked, his gaze vicious. .

As if thinking Jason was bluffing.

"Of course!"

Jason replied with a calm tone.

"Then can you enlighten me?"

"When did you find out?"

"And exactly why?"

The other party continued to ask.

"I was at..."



Jason smiled and continued speaking, but halfway through his words, he vanished without a trace, and at the same time—

Bang!

Clang!

A muffled sound like metal clashing came from the counterfeit 'Jason's' abdomen.

The fake 'Jason' crashed towards the wall behind him like a soccer ball.

Boom!

An imprint of a human figure immediately appeared on the solid wall.

"Ambush? Isn't this just despicable, shameless, and underhanded?"

The counterfeit 'Jason's' voice came from the deep pit; he wore a grim face, raised a hand to grip the edge of the wall, and forcefully 'pulled' himself out, covered in dust, looking utterly disheveled.

Nonetheless, the counterfeit had a smile at the corner of his mouth.

"That's why I said we're exactly the same!"

"Appearance, personality, and..."

"Ability!"

As he spoke, the counterfeit 'Jason' raised a hand.

Whoosh!

A fierce flame ignited.

Then, the flame dissipated without a trace.

Transforming into a Silver Strike, it brushed past Jason's body and embedded itself in the wall behind.

Seeing the motionless Jason, the counterfeit raised an eyebrow.

"Don't you want to say something?"

"Ah yes."

"According to your logic, not divulging answers to the enemy is the best choice."

"Such a nasty personality."

"But..."

"I like it!"

"After all, we're the same!"

The counterfeit 'Jason' grinned broadly.

Jason merely sighed softly.

"The same, huh?"

"Do you know when I found out?"

Jason asked.

Instantly, the counterfeit 'Jason's' smile froze.

"When?"

Asked the counterfeit 'Jason' with all seriousness.

His words carried a hint of bitterness.

His eyes showed slight evasiveness.

As if the question had humiliated him.

Jason looked at the counterfeit 'Jason' and couldn't help but laugh.

"Even now, you're still pretending."

"Didn't you say our looks, personalities, and abilities are the same?"

"Didn't you claim you know me better than myself?"

"Then you should naturally know this answer."

"But why are you avoiding it?"

"Because you're running away."

"Because it's the only difference between us."

Jason said, shaking his head at the counterfeit 'Jason,' as if watching a poor, unqualified performance.

His heart full of disappointment.

This expression provoked the counterfeit.

"You just got lucky!"

"Just lucky!"

"If I had your luck, I'd do much better than you!"

The counterfeit 'Jason' roared.

But Jason didn't want to listen anymore.

Hearing more would just be the howls of a defeated dog.

Hearing more would just be useless excuses.

Hearing more took less than a punch to shut down.

Bang!

Fists collided.

Rumble!

An unusual explosion sounds echoed within Jason and 'Jason's' bodies.

Cold frost.

Poisonous breath.

Fiery energy.

Amid swirling whirlwinds, they manifested both inside and outside.

The hardened bodies, strengthened by [Horizontal Training] and [Titanium Ultimate Body], became even tougher, sparks began to appear on the surface of Jason and 'Jason's' bodies.

A short-handled, broad blade cleaver hidden within the punches and kicks.

Occasionally, a slash would come out, as lethal and sinister as a venomous snake.

Yet, it still failed to break through the defense.

Even with skills like [Charles Burning Technique] and [Mist Concealment] used consecutively, it remained the same.

As if two iron blocks were endlessly colliding.

The sound was loud, the commotion great.

Sparks flew.

However, the damage to each other was next to none.

Jason, who had anticipated this, wasn't anxious and continued to advance with punch after punch.

Meanwhile, 'Jason's' expression showed urgency.

Every second ticked by.

The battle between Jason and 'Jason' continued.

Their resilient defenses finally breached under the relentless blows.

Attack from the wound!

This was a mutual choice by Jason and 'Jason'.

But, the results were different.

Jason's internal organs shattered.

Death loomed, then resurrection on the spot.

'Jason's' internal organs shattered.

Death loomed, left half-dead.

The upper half may seem intact, but 'Jason,' whose insides were completely blasted apart, was hanging onto life purely through sheer willpower, glaring at Jason and shouting: "You guy relying on talent, you just got lucky, if I had your..."

Bang!

Jason stomped and crushed the opponent's scarred head.

Death came as promised.

The opponent dissolved into glittering powder, then vanished.

"Luck?"

"That's also an important component of strength."

Jason said.

Then, added in his heart—

"And my talent was what made me cautious when I picked up that black notebook yet didn't smell any 'food' scent."

Chapter 1550: Opportunity Favors the Prepared

What is his talent?

Jason knew it clearly.

When facing anomalous beings, the hunger becomes more prominent, allowing him to smell the 'aroma' that only truly exquisite food possesses.

This conclusion was reached after countless experiments and trials.

And that black notebook?

Does his ability to traverse different parallel worlds through it count as an anomaly?

Yes!

Of course, it does!

Moreover, it's a very magical, powerful, and special entity.

In other words, it must taste delicious.

However,

Jason had never smelled even a hint of fragrance from it.

This was not normal.

Faced with such a situation, Jason always remained vigilant.

Compared to the 'black notebook' he 'picked up', Jason trusted more in his awakened talent.

Thus, he always kept this 'idea' hidden in his heart.

Just like his true name.



Then, he observed the changes in the black notebook.

Every subtle change was noted by him.

Yet he wouldn't dwell on it.

Because most of the time, he was inside the 'black notebook'.

Although he gained power inside, this fact wouldn't change within the 'black notebook'.

Jason couldn't confirm whether the 'parallel worlds', which seemed like a menu, were places the 'black notebook' took him to or whether they existed within the notebook itself.

If it were the former, the 'black notebook' might be a miniature representation of a tool, merely changed into a form he could comprehend.

If it were the latter, the power of the 'black notebook' was truly beyond his expectations, which required him to think more about how to deal with it.

In fact, up to now, Jason still couldn't determine whether the 'black notebook' was the former or the latter.

But there were two points that Jason had confirmed from the moment he got the 'black notebook'.

First, there's some entity that could always 'see' him.

Observing him through the 'black notebook'.

Seeing his behavior.

Seeing his personality.

Even, seeing his thoughts.

Therefore, Jason was always cautious in the 'parallel worlds'.

Second, Jason was confident that this entity couldn't completely control the 'black notebook'; it could only have more functions of the 'black notebook' than him, knowing some secrets.

Otherwise, he would have no chance of turning the tables at all.

He would have been eliminated by the entity either in the 'parallel worlds' or in the restaurant space of the 'black notebook'.

Given the degree of control over the 'black notebook', this would not be difficult to achieve.

However, such a thing never happened.

So, Jason began to disguise himself at that moment.

He also wanted to explore the unknowns in those 'parallel worlds' and gain more benefits, but thinking about the entity lurking in the dark, Jason restrained his curiosity well and displayed appropriate caution and the willingness to fight desperately when needed—just like the Lower City District residents of the 'Nightless City' who 'go with the flow'.

Then, he used these behaviors to cover up his mode of operation in front of 'Old Man' and others.

Even though Jason was uncertain whether the 'black notebook' could obtain more information about him, he did this out of caution.

Among which, he was very grateful for the perpetual 'hunger' in his body.

At Hans Port, he half-pretended to be controlled by 'hunger'.

Then, he began to show that he was gradually adapting to 'hunger'.

All to numb this mysterious entity.

And up to now, this approach seemed to have been successful.

With his restraint from exploring, the entity behind the scenes observing the 'parallel worlds' through his eyes saw everything he wanted them to see, then...chose the world of 'Table Manners', chose 'Lorde'.

As for why?

Because here, there is not only a complete power system but also...safety.

That's right, safety.

Compared to the unpredictable dangers due to his involvement in the subsequent parallel worlds, the level of danger in 'Lorde' is extremely low.

Except for that fleeting presence.

Here, as long as you remain 'low-key', you can achieve anything you want.

Similarly, the level of power here is extremely high.

That fleeting mysterious existence is the best proof.

The entity choosing here did not surprise Jason.

In fact, this was exactly what Jason wanted.

Hide in the dark, stay in the light.

Want to turn passive into active, let the enemy fall into my rhythm.

Jason knew this principle very early on.

And he indeed acted this way.

But there was one thing Jason hadn't expected.

The entity's control over the 'black notebook' was even weaker than he imagined.

In Jason's assumption, even without gaining a 'chosen one' or 'divine son' treatment in the 'black notebook', they should at least be able to obtain a decent identity at will.

However, the entity only appeared in his guise.

Because of this, Jason did not react immediately upon the first occurrence.

He initially thought it was a native power within the 'parallel world' rather than linking it to the mysterious presence behind the 'black notebook'.

"Why appear in my guise?"

"Is it to gain the power I obtained?"

"Or is this simply a limitation of the 'black notebook'?"

Jason wondered silently to himself, his gaze looking forward.

The dissipating, crystalline powder once again drifted up.

The phantom image of 'Jason' reappeared.

With a face full of hatred, the apparition glared at Jason.

"Do you think it's over?"

"No!"

"This is just the beginning!"

The phantom of 'Jason' said maliciously.

Jason calmly nodded, his mind stirred.

Yi!

A silvery slash followed.

Poof!

The phantom of 'Jason' was split in two.

This time, it was a complete dissipation.

Jason certainly knew this was not the end.

He could even guess what would happen next.

Once he returns to the dining space of the 'black notebook', he would undoubtedly face the other entity's most vicious and cruel attack.

Using the special powers there.

He would become the 'dish'.

Just like the first time he entered there.

The only difference is that this time, the entity won't be careless as before.

It will definitely be well-prepared.

The best proof is the text continually emerging before his eyes—

[Special force interference, determining...]

[Determination passed!]

[Main quest: 'Avenger' changed!]

[Background: Returning to Lorde, your original goal was merely to eliminate the 'Shepherd' and avenge Old Sir, but an unexpected battle with User (1) has put you in a precarious position. User (1) left Lorde through sacrifice, but this also re-attracted the previously attentive mysterious presence. His gaze will soon be cast upon you again...]

[Main Quest 1: Revenge, eliminate the 'Shepherd'!]

[Main Quest 2: Escape the attention of the mysterious presence!]

(Note 1: User (1) voluntarily sacrificed and will lose partial usage rights to the 'Secret Tome of Eating'. He will no longer see your world through your eyes.)

(Note 2: You automatically acquire User (2)'s identity. When you return to the 'restaurant', you will no longer be bound.)

(Note 3: When User (1) dies, you will become User (1).)

...

Jason quietly finished reading the text before him.

When he saw the last three notes, the corners of his mouth turned upward.

The opportunity he had been waiting for had finally arrived!

Finally, he...

Could go all out!