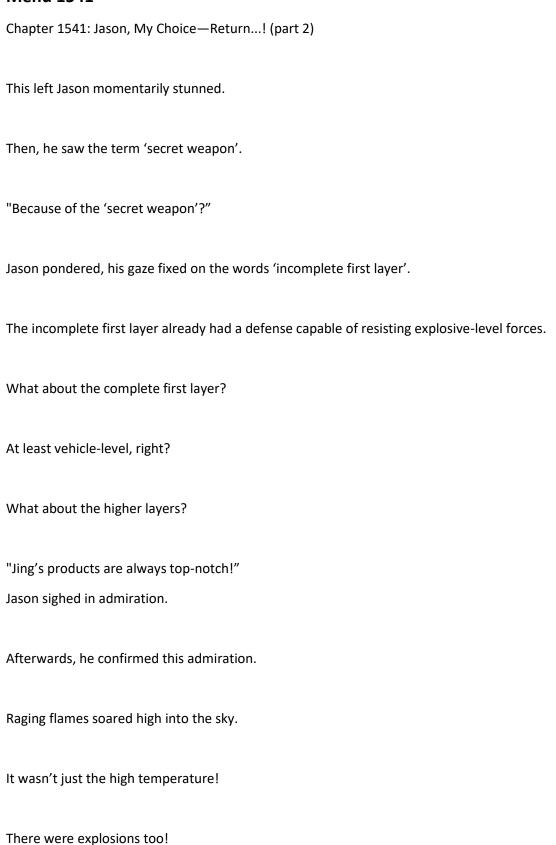
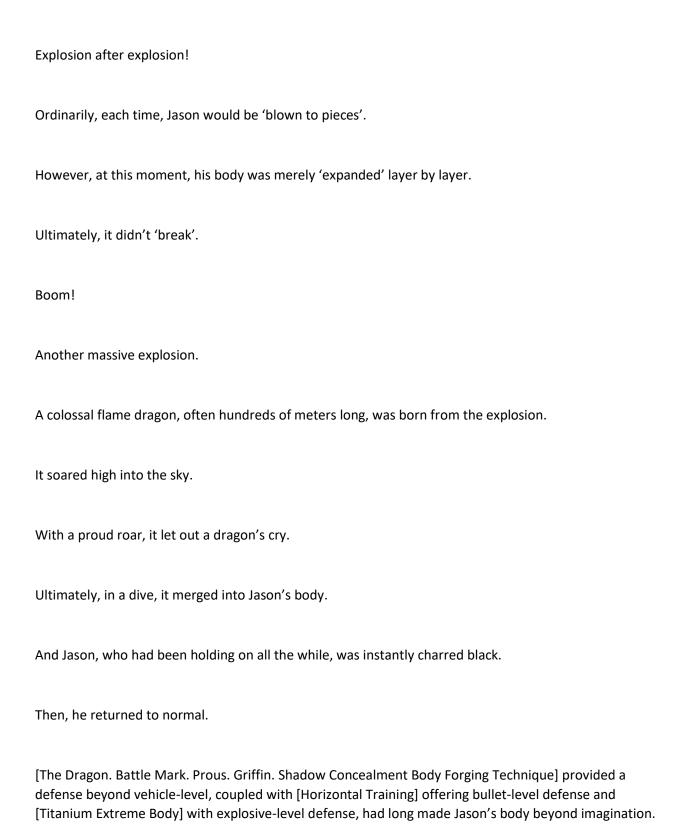
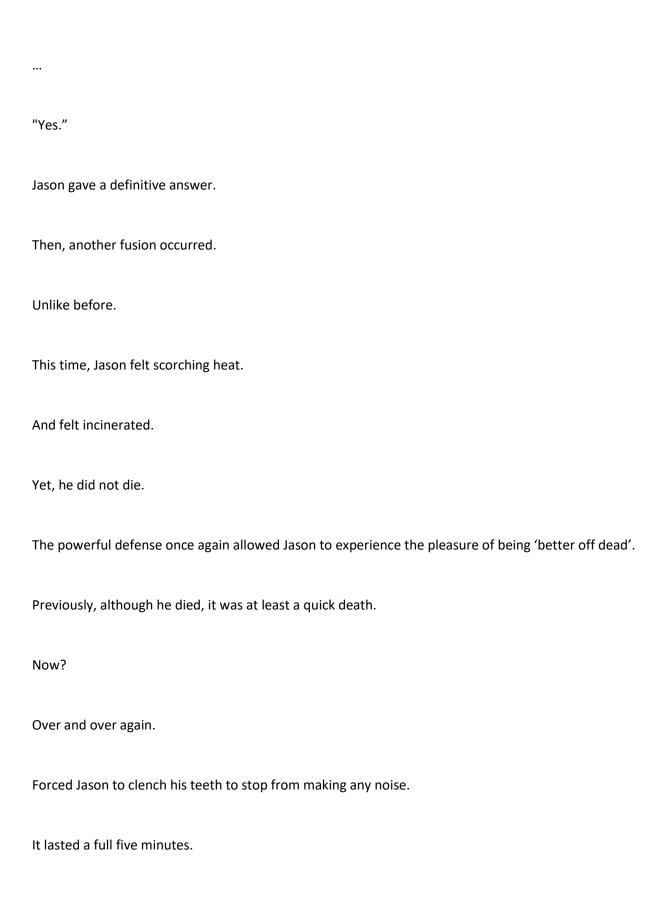
Menu 1541





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?!]



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]

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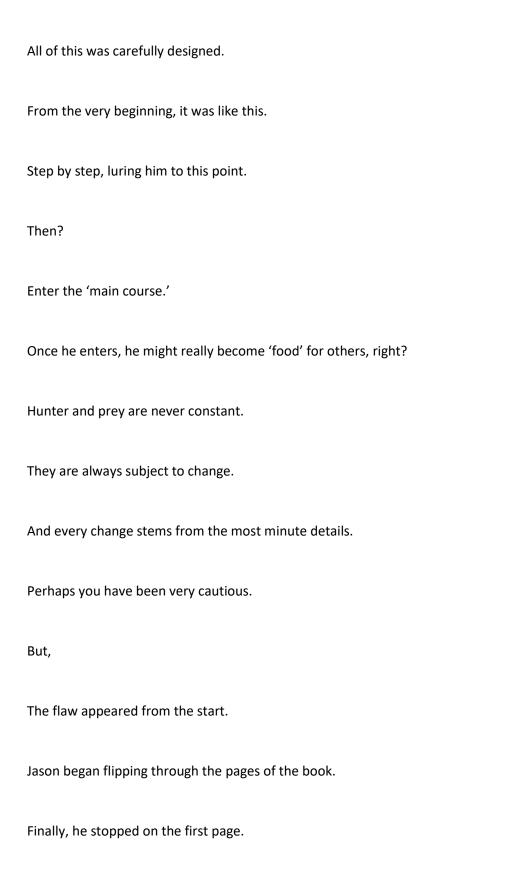
[Charles Burning Technique supplemental upgrade, optimization inherent option 'Flame Transformation' enhancement:]

[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]

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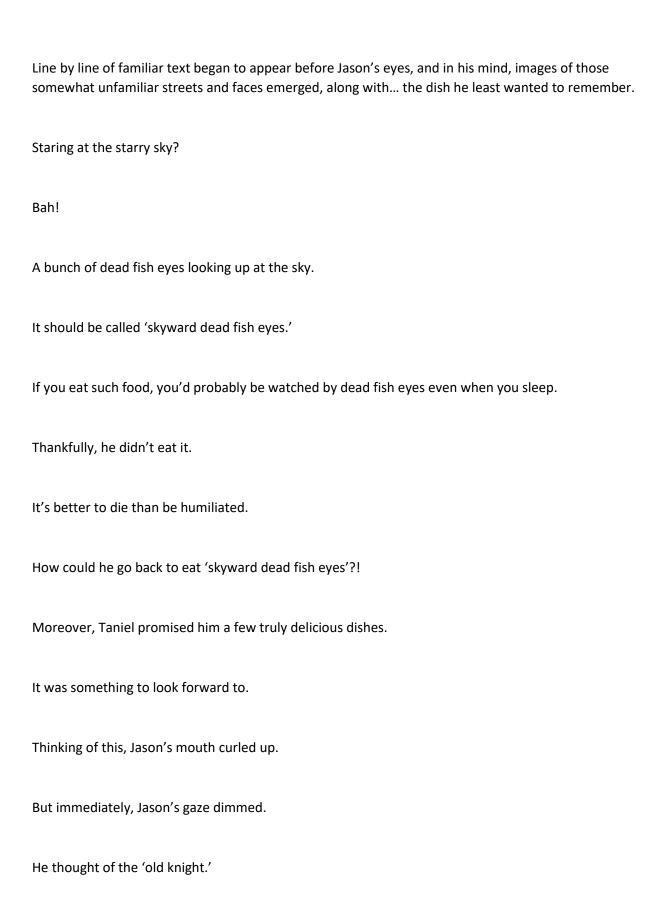
Another significant progress.

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

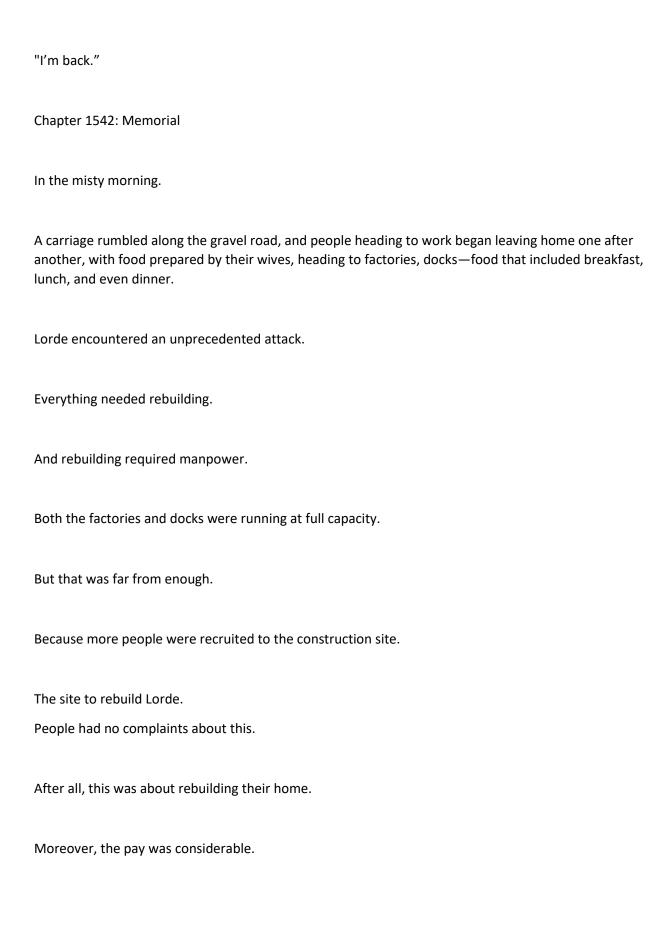


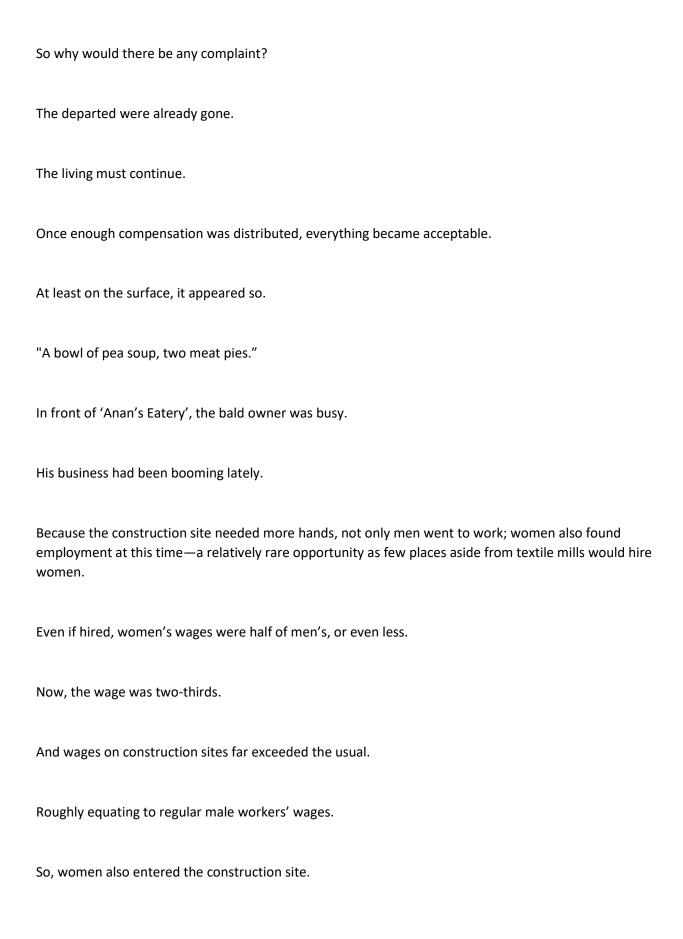
[Isn't the beauty of predation the constant switching?] .
[This is dining etiquette!]
[It needs to be remembered!]
[And it requires a lesson!]
[Food fills the stomach!]
[Hunger disappears!]
[One should feel happy!]
(Note: Original dining etiquette.)
[The first time is rightfully free.]
[The second time?]
[You need to spend satiety points.]
[Yes/No: Spend 5 satiety points to return?]

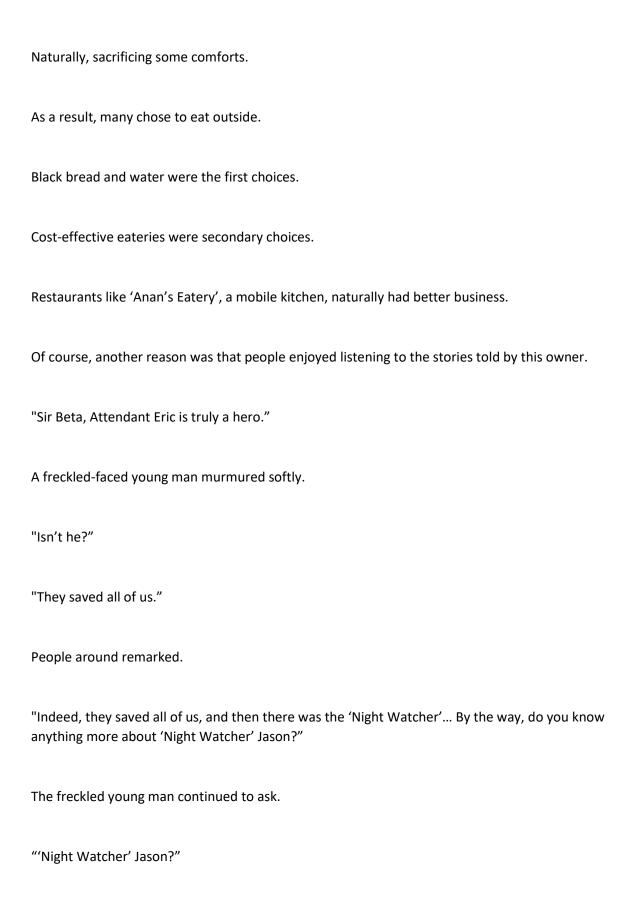
...



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"





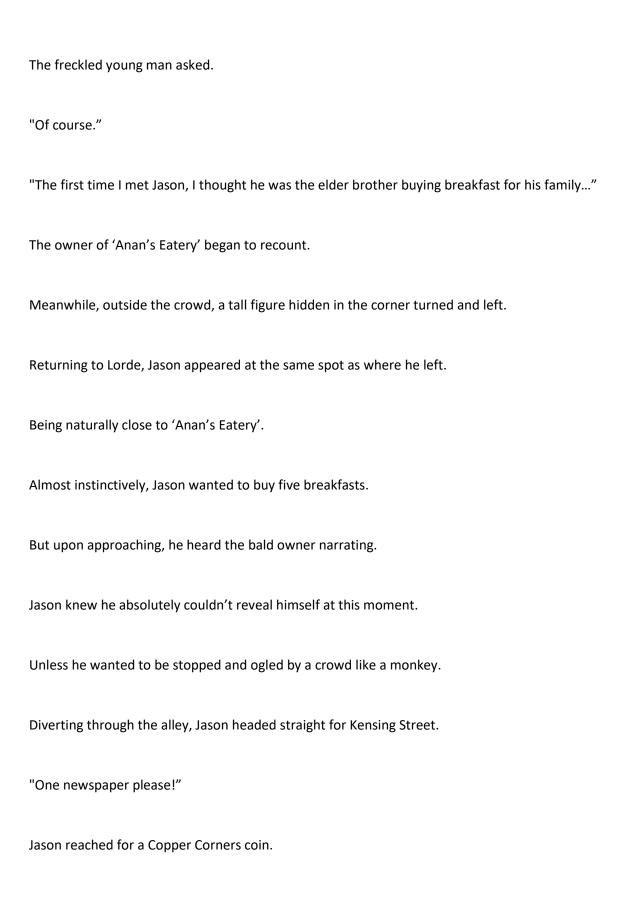


"Very young."
"Very humorous."
"And"
"Great appetite."
The owner of 'Anan's Eatery' recalled Jason, then quickly concluded.
"Young, humorous, great appetite?"
"What does he look like?"
"Is he as tall and strong as rumored?"
The young man took out paper and pen to take notes and continued asking.
"Even 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.

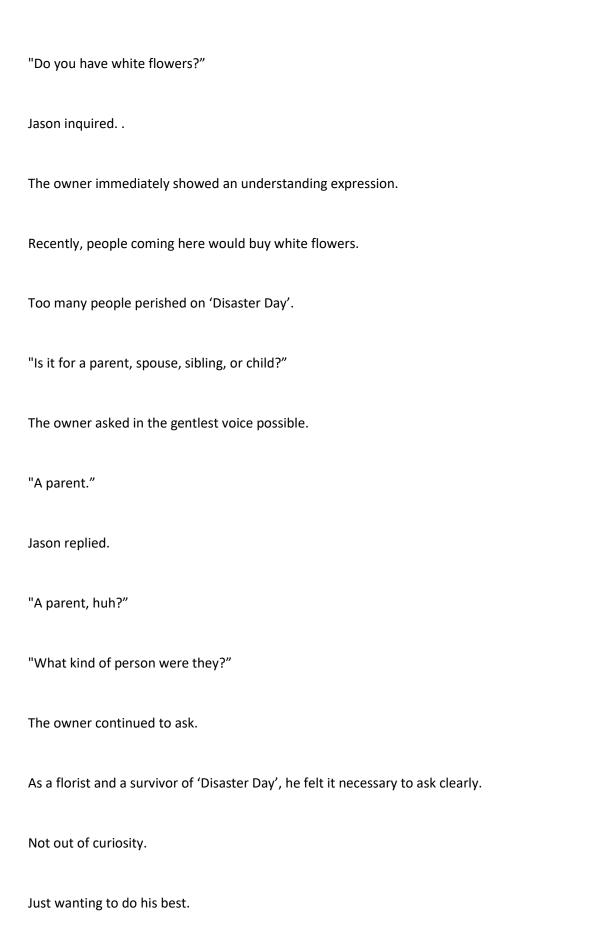
On the second day after the 'Lorde Disaster Day', those investigative journalists appeared in front of his eatery.
But a reporter who only appeared now?
Naturally an incompetent journalist.
"I am a journalist from 'Flute Newspaper', different from them."
The freckled young man responded.
"Flute Newspaper?"
"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.



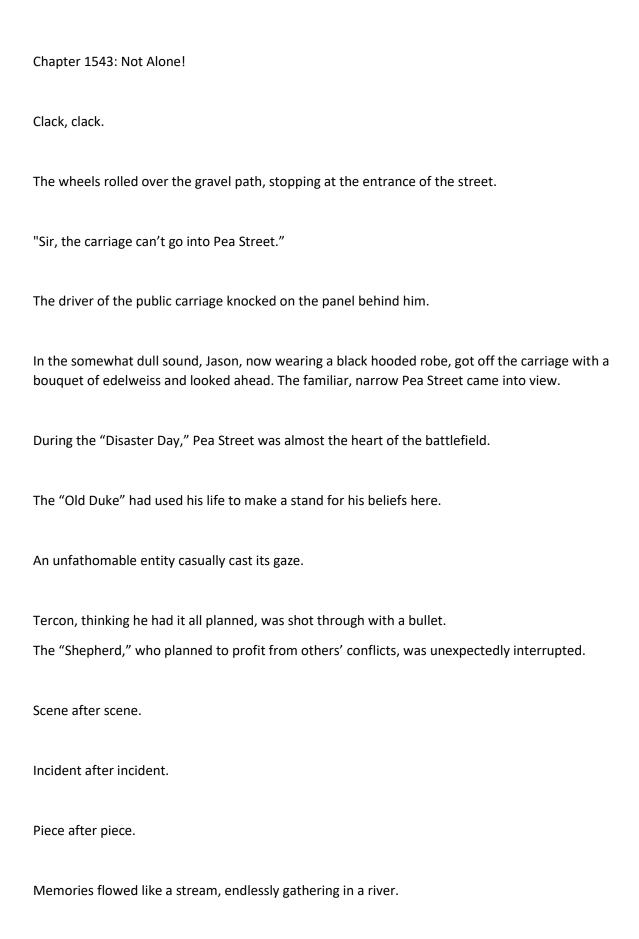








To help more people with his familiar knowledge.
"A respectable person."
Jason said.
"I see, then white chrysanthemums"
"I'll take this bunch of edelweiss."
The florist was about to recommend when Jason interrupted.
Jason's gaze fell on a bunch of edelweiss.
He took out 1 Copper Crook, placing it on 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!"

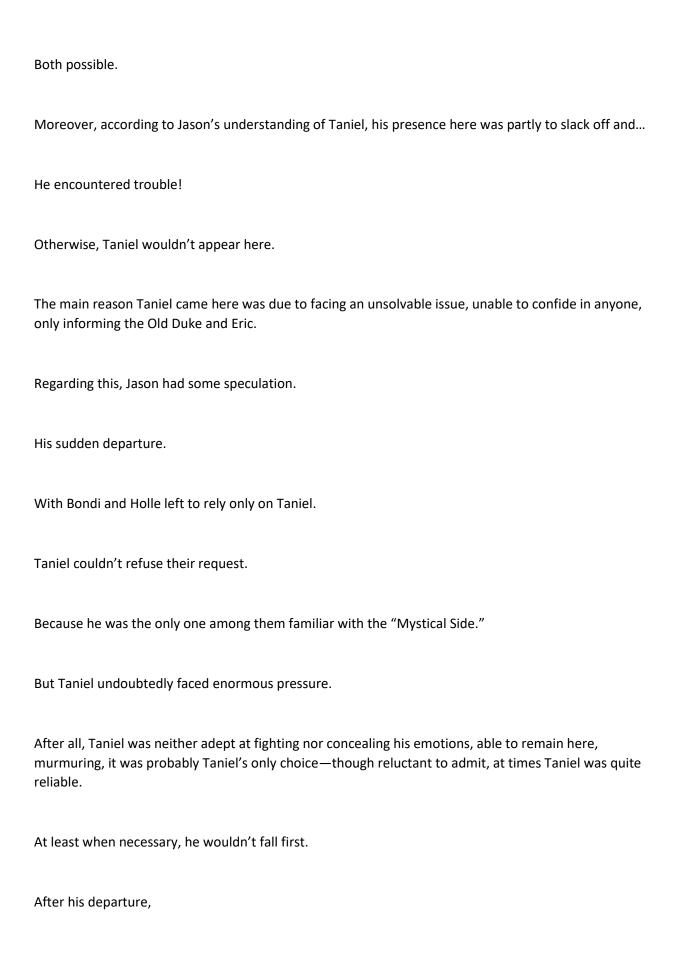


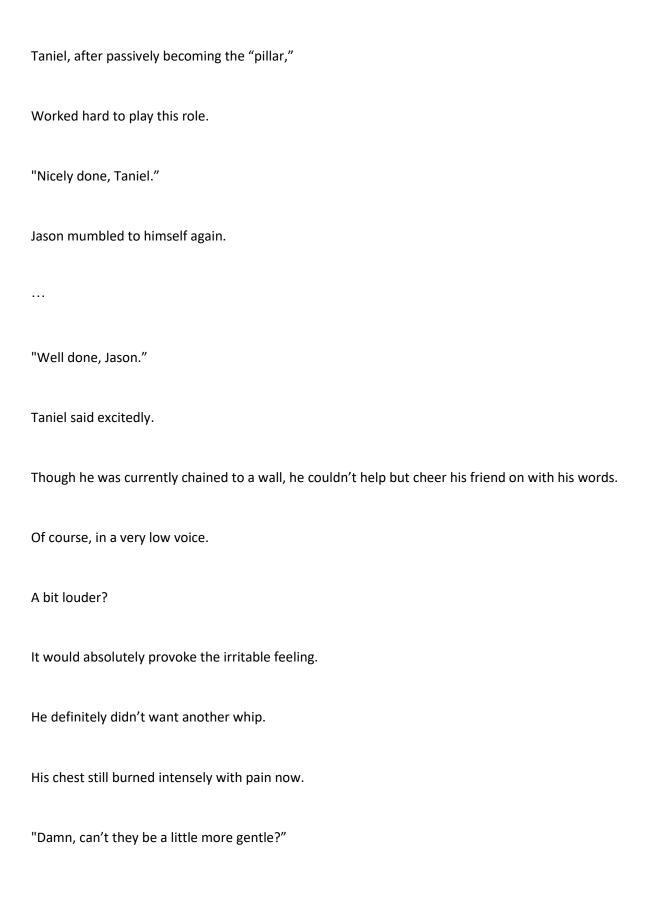
Eventually, the indifference and coldness in Jason's eyes began to rapidly diminish.
He stepped forward.
Pea Street had not fully revived at this moment, at least the street vendors had not appeared, making the entire street seem exceptionally quiet. Standing in front of No.10 Pea Street, Jason looked 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.

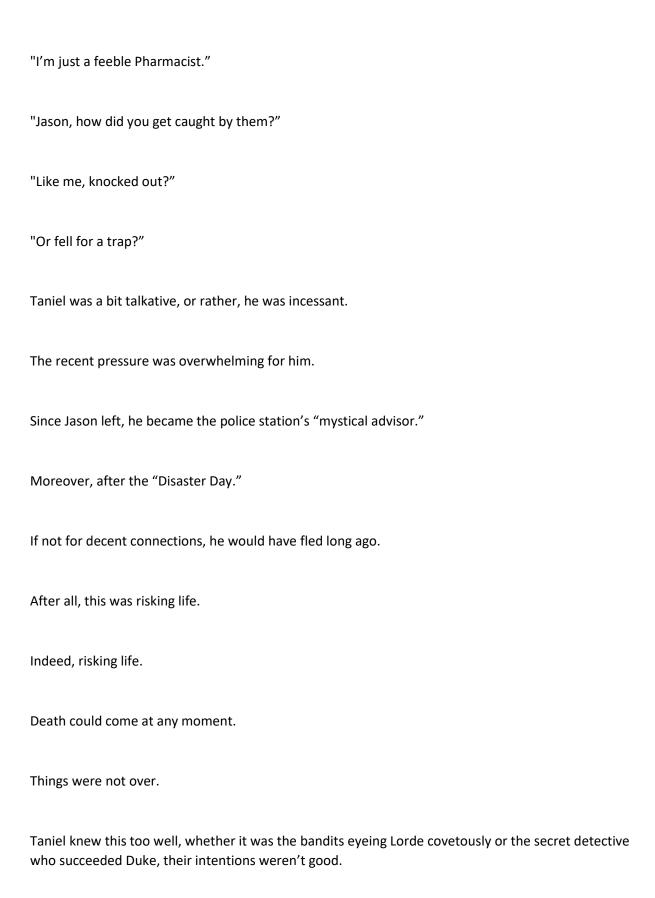


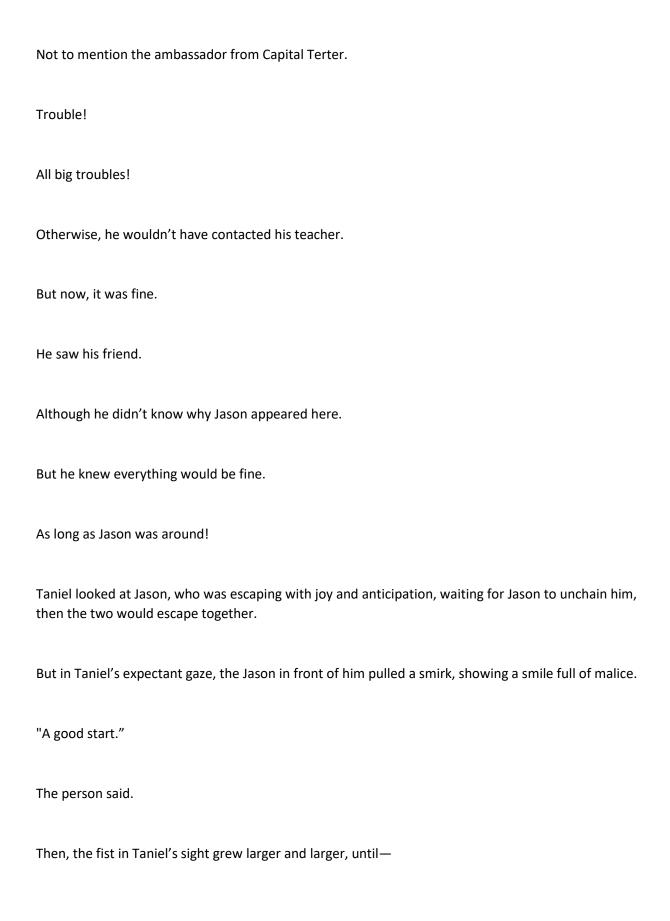


Then, the corners of his mouth lifted.
Two more bundles of white chrysanthemums than when he left.
Moreover, they were dewy and fresh.
Clearly, they had undergone special treatment.
Among those he knew, only Taniel, a first-year teacher at Deer Academy, could do this.
He excelled in potions.
Even holding 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?



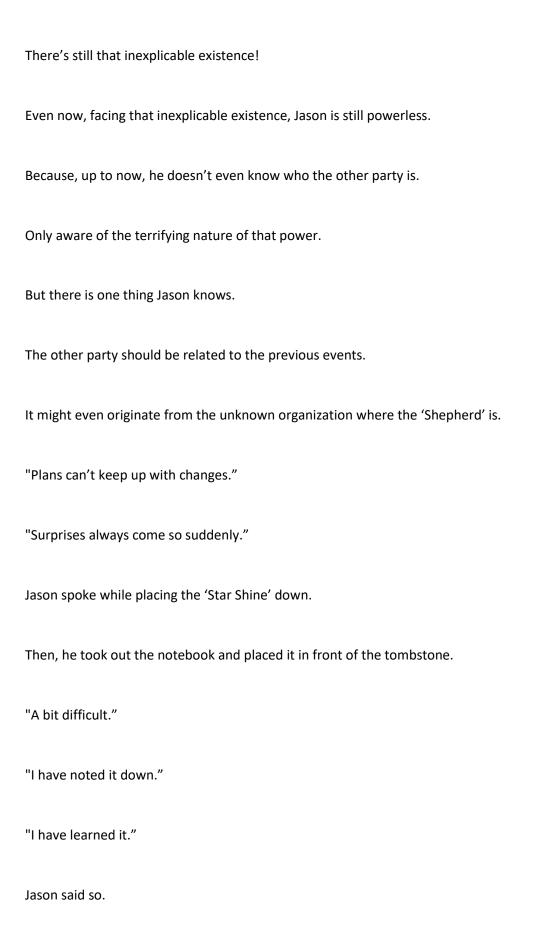




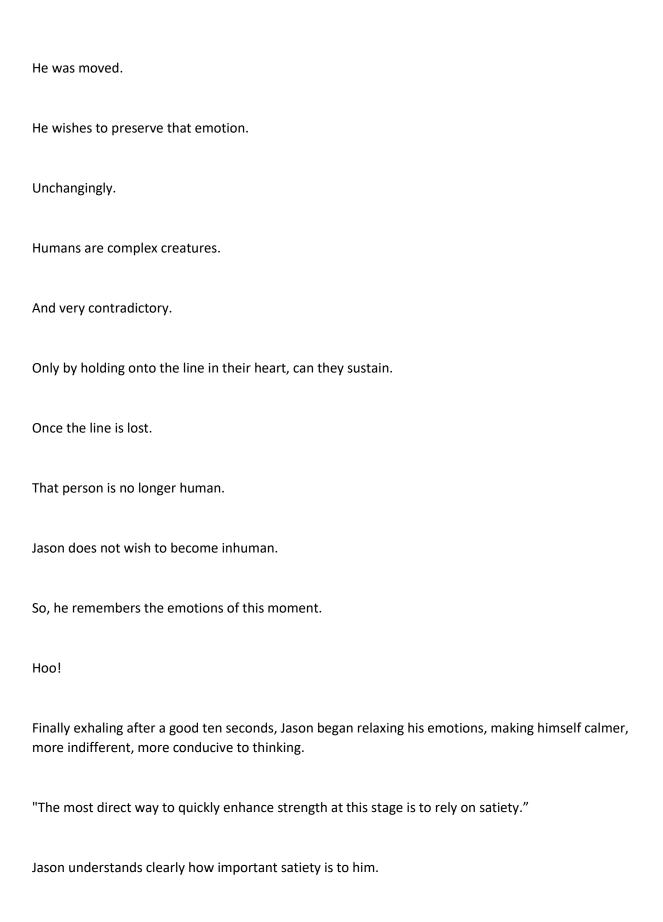




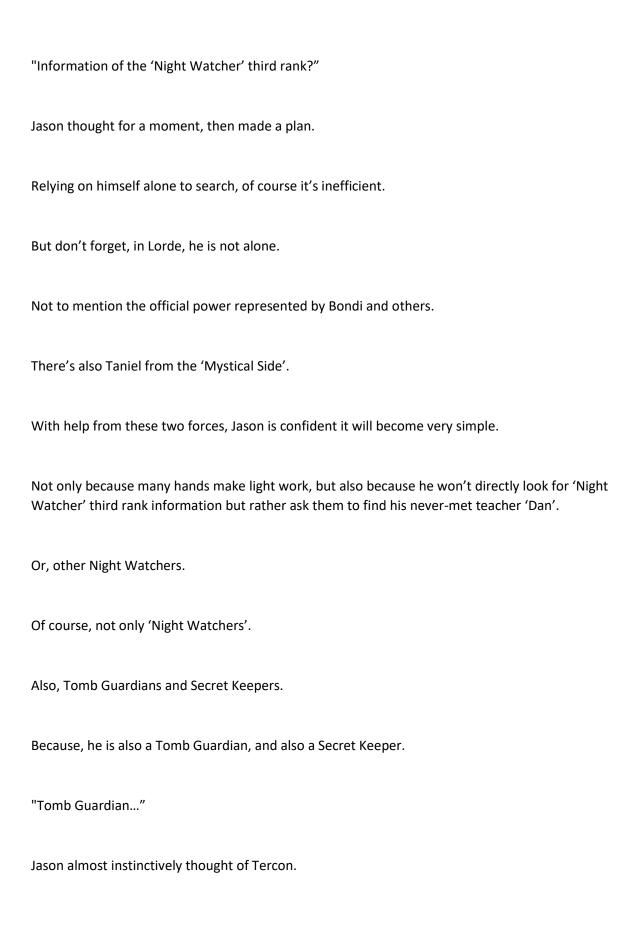
This was why the old Duke told him about it
However, in that situation at the time, he had no choice.
Now?
Choices are still few.
"Sigh."
Jason sighed softly.
If possible, he didn't want to return to Lorde so soon.
According to his plan, he should reach his limit, reach the point where he could no longer 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!

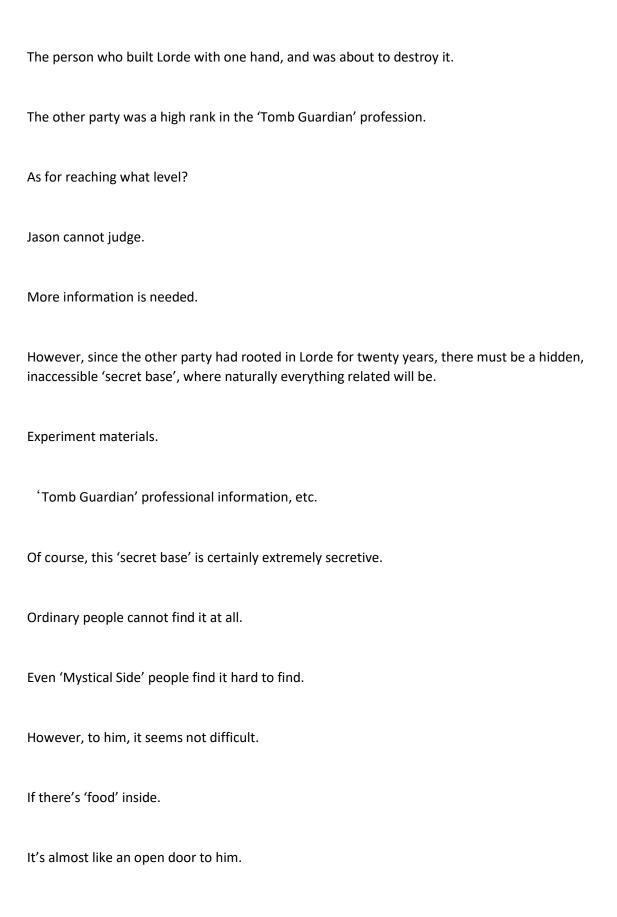


The notebook was handed down by the old Duke, recording in detail the 'Whirlwind Dance' and 'Glory Strike'.
The former is a secret technique.
The latter is a ritual.
He transformed the former into a more suitable 'Whirlwind Slash' for himself.
The latter?
Hasn't had the right moment to perform.
Or more 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 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.





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.

There were people like them to handle that.

More?

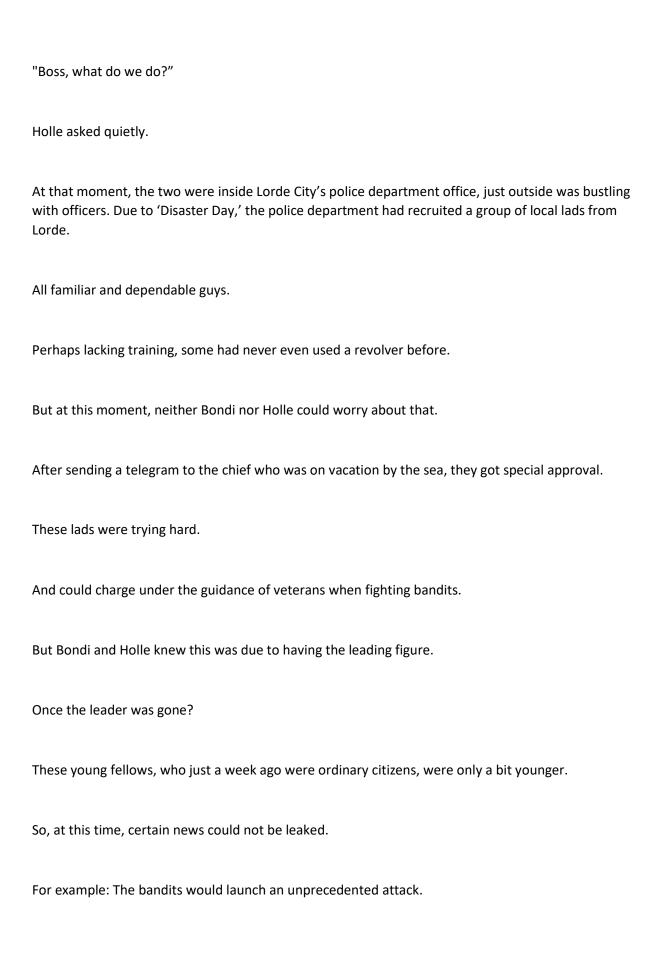
However, the 'kids' being able to achieve results so quickly really seemed like what his friend had said.







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."



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 'Mystica' 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.



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.

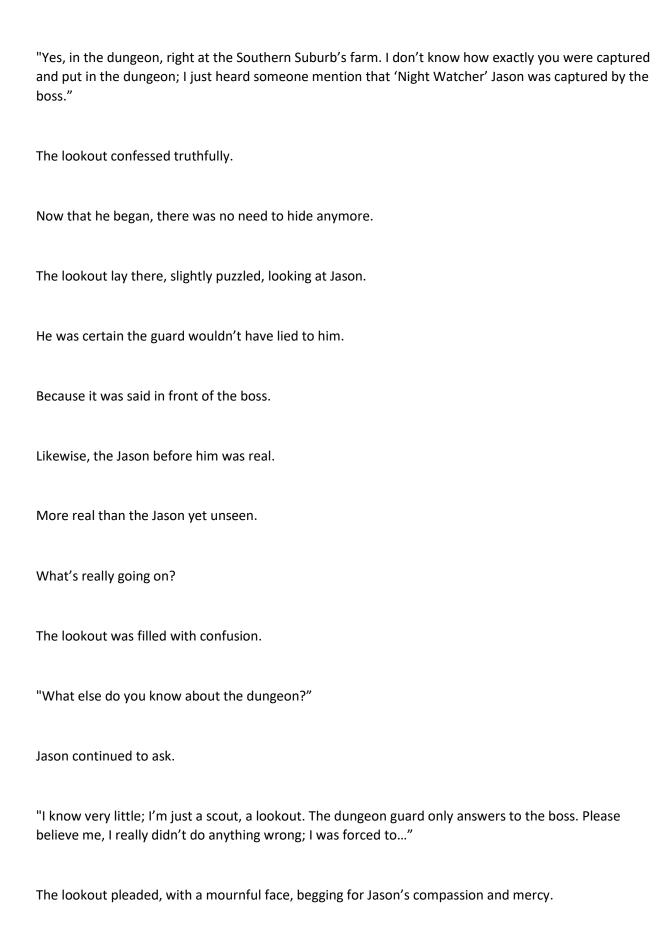
This made Jason speculate more.
The opponent truly met him.
But it was a fake.
Obviously someone impersonated him, which is why the lookout reacted this way.
So, what faction does the impostor belong to?
And why?
Jason's mind turned rapidly, but his expression remained unchanged, and his tone kept calm.
"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.

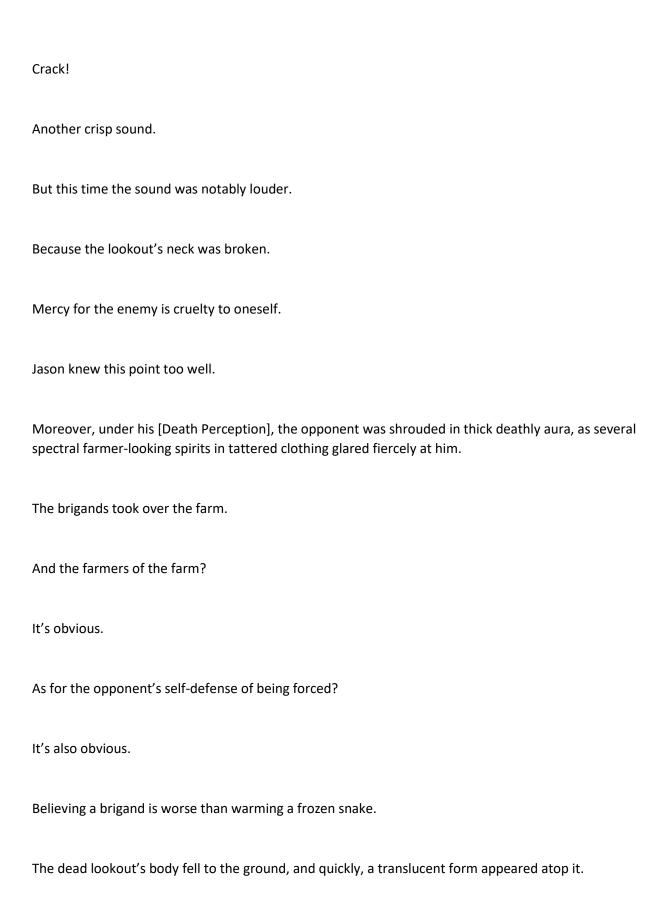
He considered his performance perfect.
Portrayed an unexpected encounter with a familiar face from an opposing camp vividly.
Even inside, the lookout had already crafted a storyline.
Even Jason must be fooled
Crack!
"Ah!"
A crisp sound as a finger was broken caused the lookout to scream out in pain.
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.

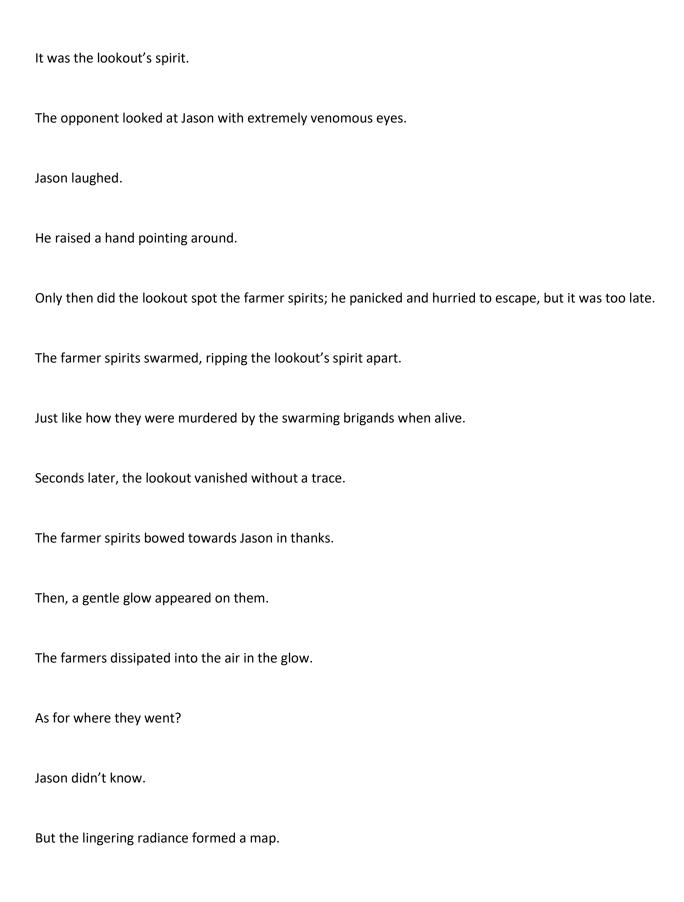
Unfortunately, despite his screams being enough to wake someone from deep sleep, none of the patrolmen came to check.
The sound was cloaked by an unknown technique!
The lookout quickly thought.
At this moment, Jason's fingers had already moved to his third finger.
"Wait!"
The lookout hurriedly shouted.
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.

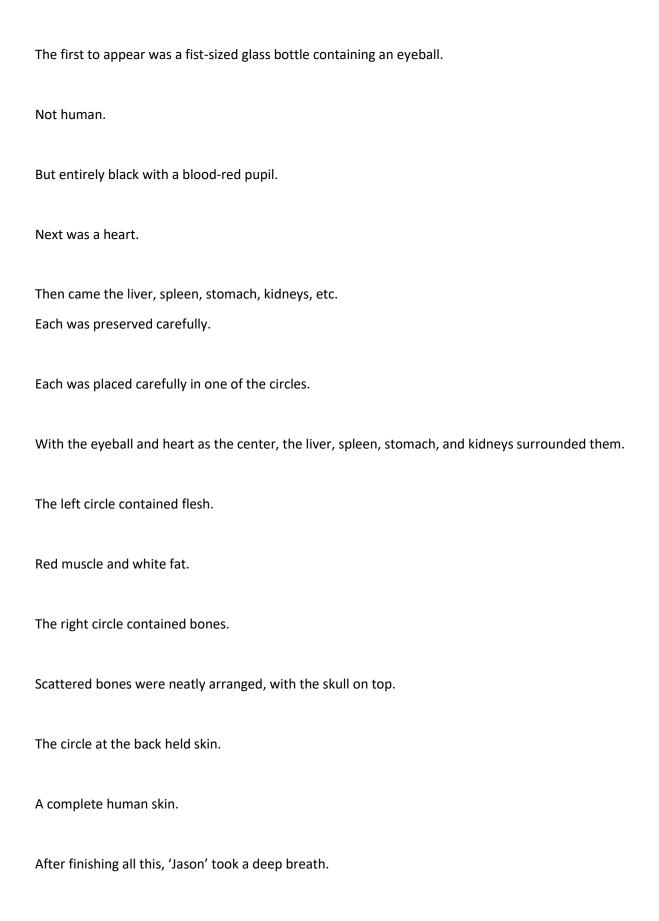
The lookout thought to himself.
Then, his brain raced.
He hoped to think of ways to handle the situation ahead.
Jason then spoke again.
"This is punishment for lying."
"You recognize me?"
Facing Jason's identical question again, this time the lookout didn't answer immediately but pondered.
However, as 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.



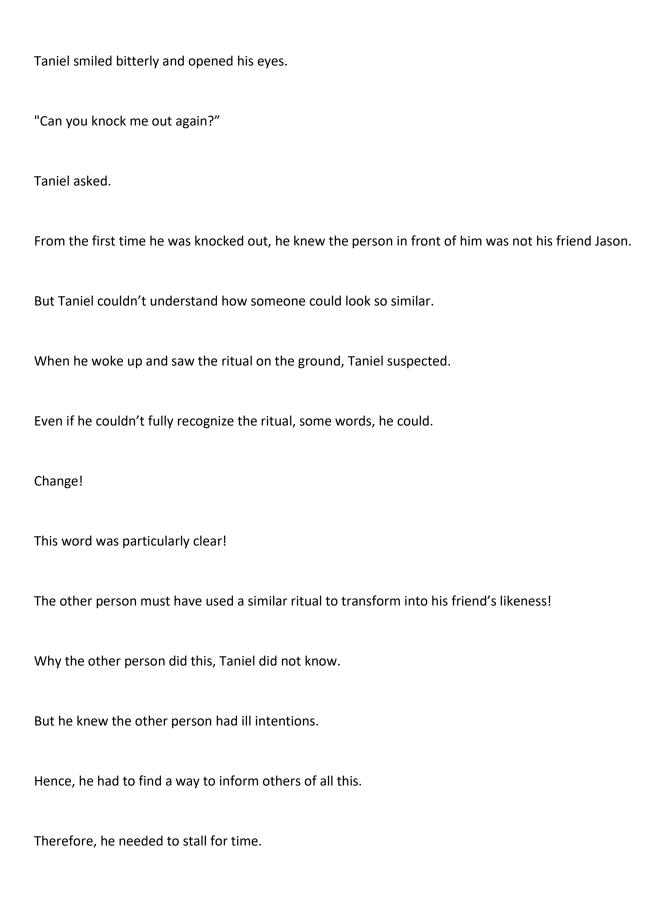




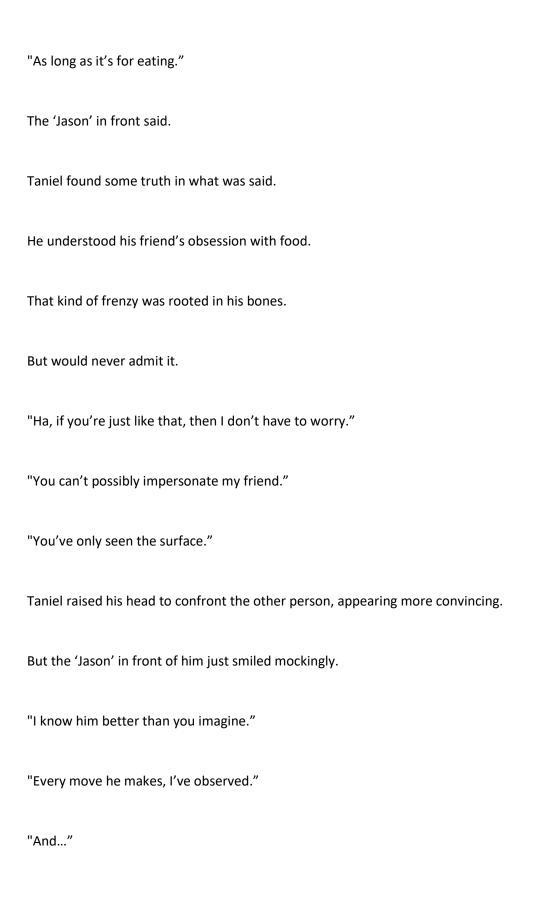
It was a map of the Southern Suburb farm.
Very detailed.
Including the underground pathways.
The map lingered for a full ten seconds, only dispersing once Jason memorized it all.
Jason didn't linger.
He headed straight for the Southern Suburb farm.
Impostor?
He smirked.
Chapter 1547: About Summer!
'Jason' 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.









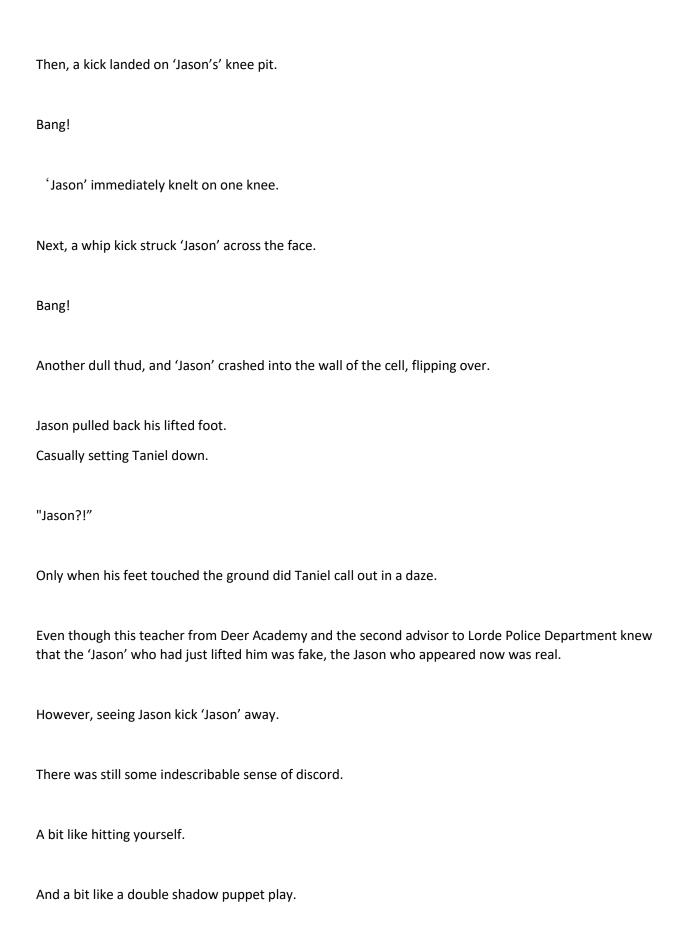


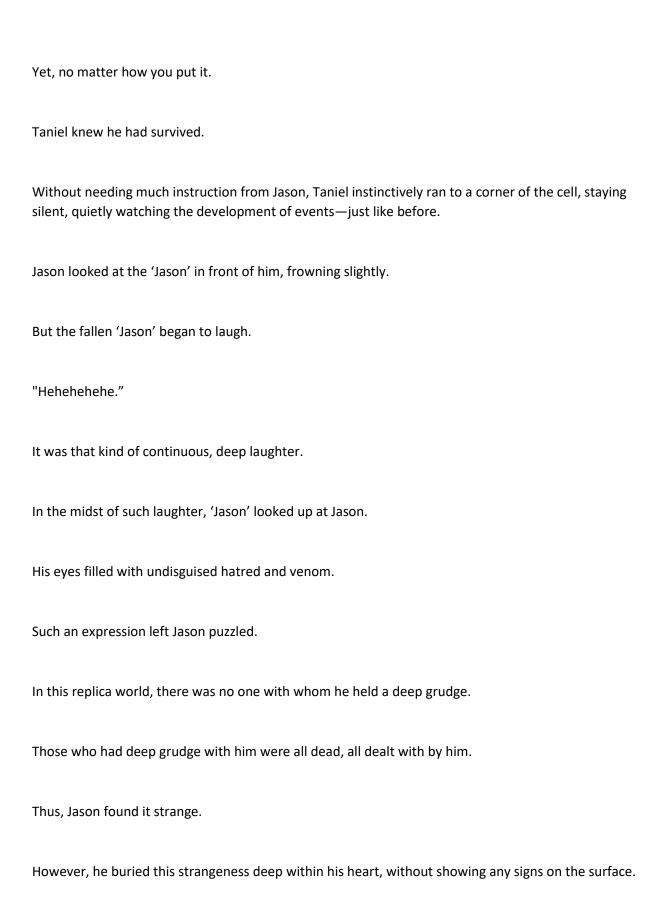


Because he really didn't know.
"What would he do?"
'Jason' asked.
"Would, would"
Taniel stammered.
He was just stalling.
Even he didn't know what Jason would do.
However, at this point, Taniel pressed on.
"Would eat."
"Jason said, summer pairs best with barbecue."
"It must be like this."
Taniel muttered to himself, unwittingly completing his story.
But 'Jason's' face darkened.
"You're bluffing me?!"

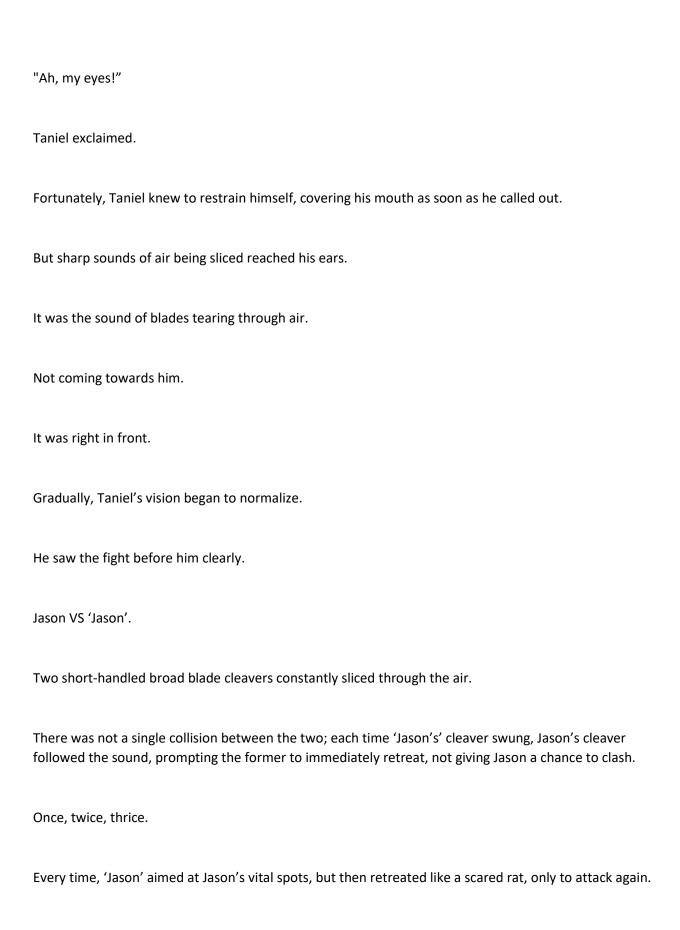


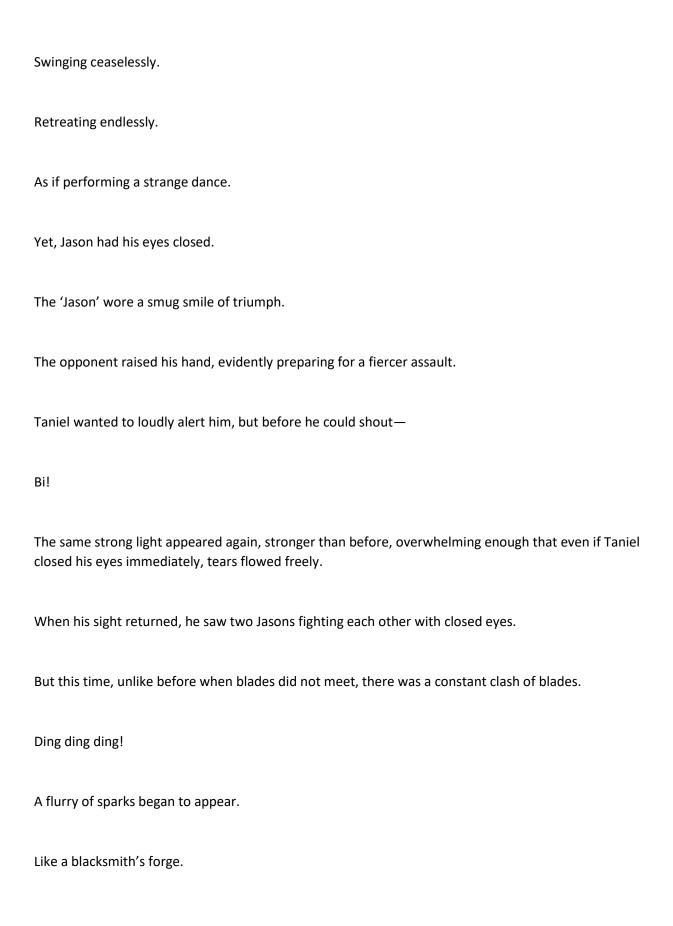












Clearly, 'Jason' was at a disadvantage.
Whether in terms of strength or speed, 'Jason' couldn't match Jason.
Especially in terms of physical strength, after the knives clashed over twenty times, 'Jason' was already panting heavily.
"An impostor is just an impostor!"
"When left alone, it might appear 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.

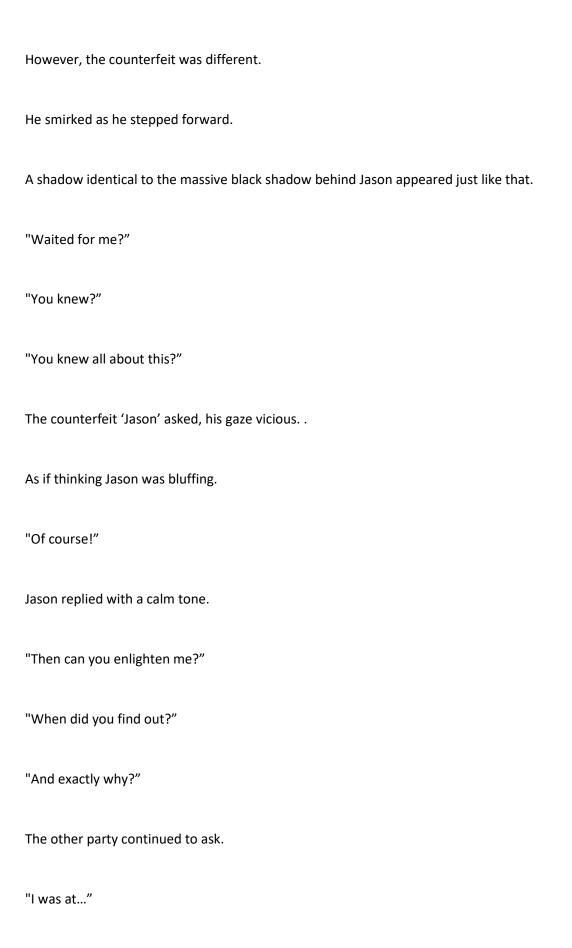
Supporting, he excelled.
Whoosh!
Taniel took a deep breath.
He began to fire off insults.
"Do you know what arrogance and ignorance look like? Yes, it's you, don't look at others, talking about you!"
"You're so insignificant among the crowd, but in a pigsty you're so grand, however grand you may be, 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."



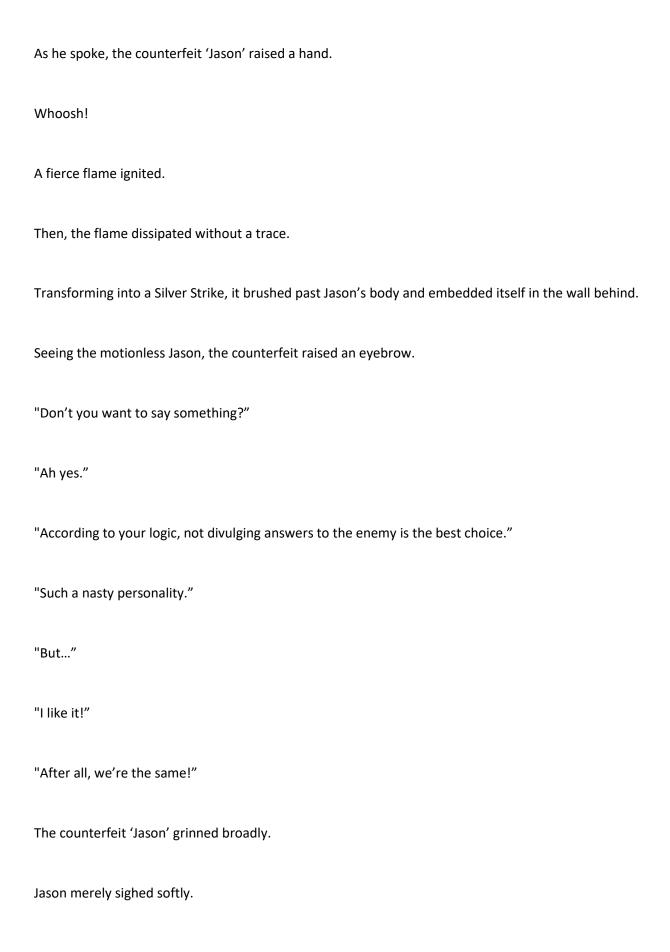
Taniel, who was well-prepared, shrank his body, using his hands and feet, scrambling and crawling towards the other side.
'Jason', enraged to the extreme, snorted coldly.
Mist.
Thick to the extreme, toxic mist began to spread inside the cell.
"Poison?"
"Not surprising for a fake."
"Using such despicable 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.
U

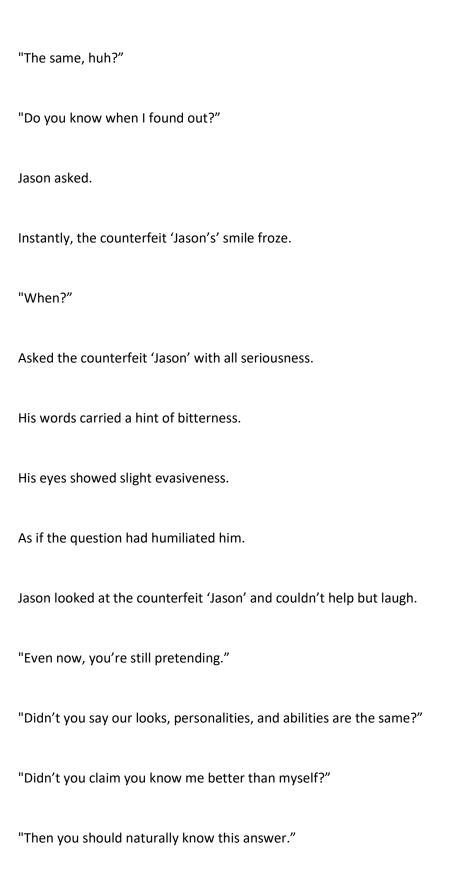


That was pure killing intent.
"I've finally waited for you!"
Jason spoke word by word, a shadow as dark as ink began to manifest behind him, a massive apparition looming over the entire prison, and the pressure of a predator at the top of the endless food chain surged outwards like a flood breaching 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.



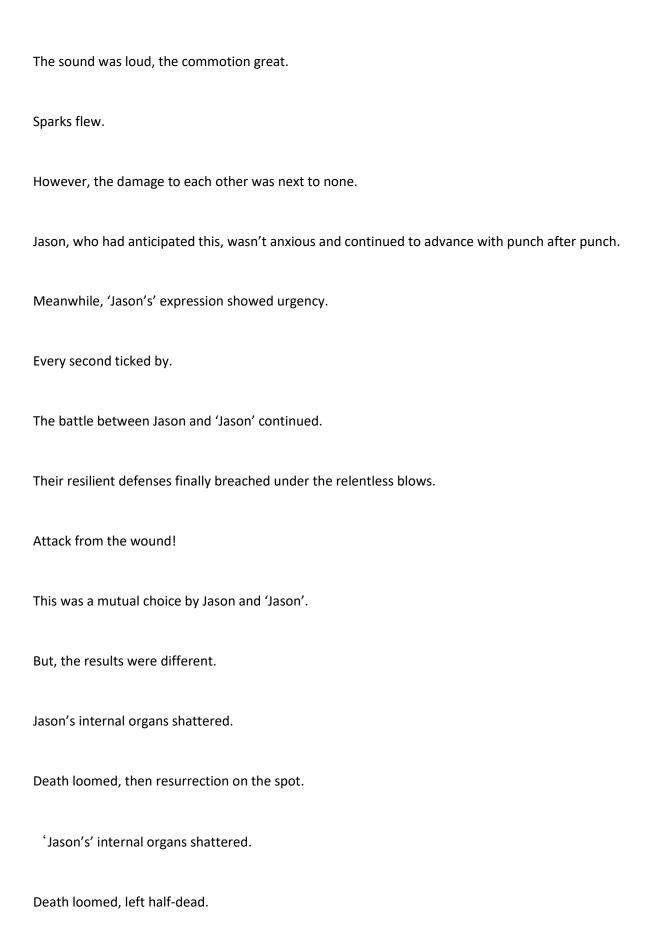
Jason smiled and continued speaking, but halfway through his words, he vanished without a trace, and at the same time—
Bang!
Clang!
A muffled sound like metal clashing came from the counterfeit 'Jason's' abdomen.
The fake 'Jason' crashed towards the wall behind him like a soccer ball.
Boom!
An imprint 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!"







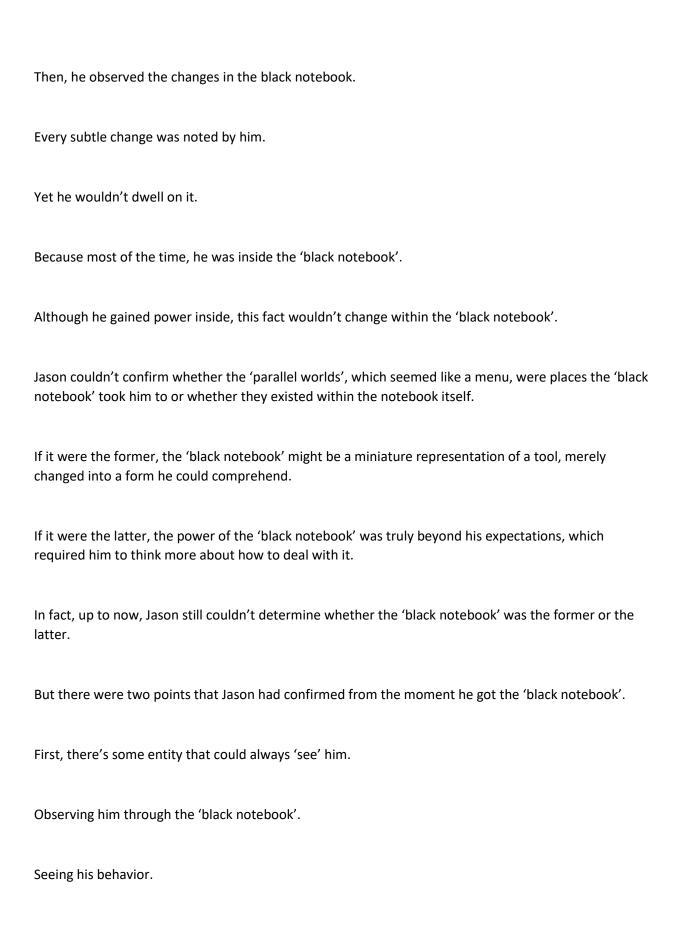
Fists collided.
Rumble!
An unusual explosion sounds echoed within Jason and 'Jason's' bodies.
Cold frost.
Poisonous breath.
Fiery energy.
Amid swirling whirlwinds, they manifested both inside and outside.
The hardened bodies, strengthened by [Horizontal Training] and [Titanium Ultimate Body], became 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.



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.

The upper half may seem intact, but 'Jason,' whose insides were completely blasted apart, was hanging

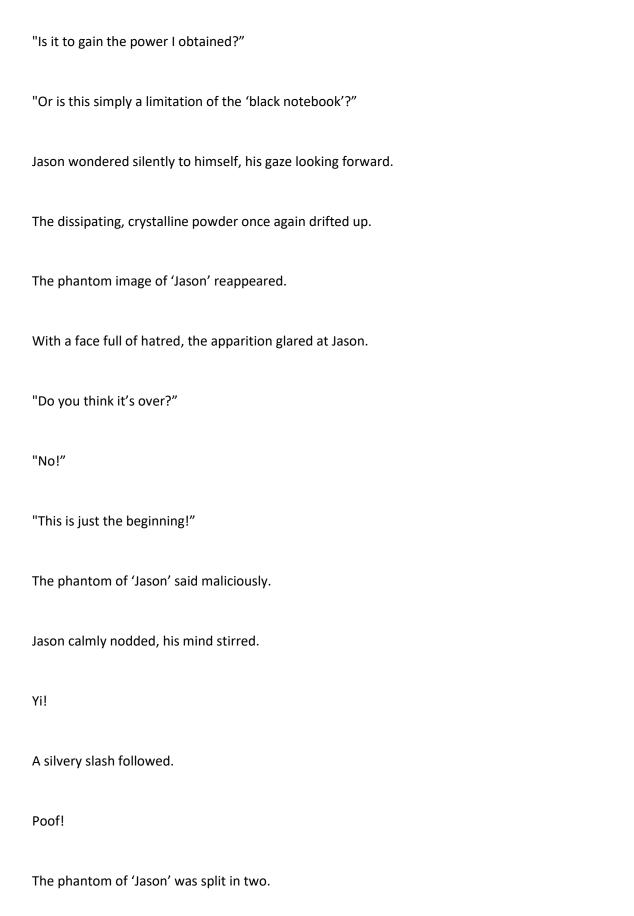
When facing anomalous beings, the hunger becomes more prominent, allowing him to smell the 'aroma' that only truly exquisite food possesses.
This conclusion was reached after countless experiments and trials.
And that black notebook?
Does his ability to traverse different parallel worlds through it count 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.



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, thenchose the world of 'Table Manners', chose 'Lorde'.
As for why?
Because here, there is not only a complete power system but alsosafety.
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?"



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!]

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!

[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