

## Menu 197

### Chapter 197: Stick to Your Strengths

After Jason's affirmative answer, the feeling of satiation turned into a warm flow that spread from his stomach to his heart.

Then, it spread throughout his whole body.

The next moment, the text appeared—

[Charles Burning Technique (Proficiency): This is a secret technique that doesn't require gestures nor the chanting of Dufol Language to cast, but it does require considerable mystical knowledge and tenacious willpower as a foundation; where it originally came from can no longer be traced, not even Gerard, who excavated this secret technique from the ruins, knew, but he could determine that it came from a very ancient era before different systems, and in order to adapt this secret technique to the system of this era, Gerard made a series of improvements and supplements, resulting in significant changes from the original; Effects: Consumes a bit of physical strength, creates a cone-shaped (35° length 6 meters, height 0.5 meters) flame above the level of a blade's edge from the palm, continuous spraying will continuously consume physical strength; you can choose either hand for the attack, or use both hands to release two flames at the same time, but the physical strength consumption is doubled.]

...

[Charles Burning Technique upgraded to Proficiency Level, obtained inherent proficiency option: Flame Transformation]

[Flame Transformation: You can choose the initial method of jetting flames or change the shape of the flame to adhere to your fist or be shot out as a fireball; the base power of the flame remains unchanged, when adhering to the fist, physical strength decreases, bringing blade-level protection to both hands; when shooting out fireballs, the radius of the ball is 0.3 meters, the firing speed and distance are related to one's own strength]

...

After harmonizing his knowledge, skills, and body, Jason raised his right hand.

Whoosh!

A layer of flame wrapped around his fist appeared directly.

The flame danced.

Extending beyond the edge of the fist by several inches.

The scorching breath hit him in the face, but Jason's fist, which was enveloped in flames, didn't feel any heat at all, instead, there was a warm and reassuring sensation.

Just like wearing thick, warm gloves in winter.

Releasing his fist, the flames dissipated.

Joy was evident on Jason's face.

The proficiency option [Flame Transformation] of the [Charles Burning Technique], not only made his attacks more varied, but also stronger.

A mere punch to an enemy's face, versus one with a layer of flame added to it.

Those are two different concepts.

The former is a vital point attack.

The latter?

Absolutely a lethal blow.

Of course, if the strength is great enough, the way one strikes doesn't matter.

Jason looked at his own attributes.

[Strength 2.1, Agility 2.1, Constitution 1.9, Spirit 2.2, Perception 3.7]

...

Far surpassing that of an ordinary person.

Especially Perception, which, with the boost from the specialty [Blind Fighting], is at least four times that of an ordinary person.

But Strength, Agility, Constitution, and Spirit are still not enough.

Unconsciously, Jason's gaze shifted to the [Griffin School] and [Barehanded Combat].

The former was limited because it lacked the [Griffin Body Refinement Technique].

And the latter, because the level had reached Expert Level, and upgrading to Master Level required 15 points of satiation and 2 points of Excitement of Feast, which was too costly.

"The [Griffin Body Refinement Technique] will surely bring tremendous changes."

“But it takes too long.”

Remembering Gerard’s explanations and the records in the book, Jason was very clear that the [Griffin Body Refinement Technique] was not something that could be mastered overnight.

[Griffin Swordsmanship]?

It was also a bit difficult.

Unlike having Expert Level [Barehanded Combat] as a foundation.

With no foundation, when he faced the [Griffin Swordsmanship], his subconscious always thought of his own broad-bladed short-handle cleaver.

Then...

A stab with the longsword would transform into an instinctive chop.

More importantly, Jason didn’t think there was anything wrong with that.

“Maybe before, my thoughts and habits were fixed.”

“Now I can try again!”

With that thought, he did it.

Jason drew his broad-bladed short-handle cleaver and stabbed viciously, following the techniques of the Griffin style, at this time there should have been an upward flick of the sword tip, which could be done with just a flick of the wrist.

But, as soon as Jason moved his wrist, he lifted the blade over his head and then chopped down with a body memory-like cleave.

Woo!

A powerful, heavy chop.

Fast and fierce.

But...

It wasn't [Griffin Swordsmanship] at all.

Jason was stunned.

He realized this only after the blade had come chopping down.

"I must not have been prepared!"

Jason was very certain of that thought.

Then, he silently chanted in his heart, "Violent thrust, slight lift of the wrist, an upward flick."

To deepen the memory, he chanted it three times.

Next—

Whoosh!

The blade thrust out, lifted over his head, and then, with momentum, he chopped down.

It was even more vicious than before.

Moreover, an inexplicable sense of satisfaction rose from the bottom of his heart with such a slash.

Jason stopped in place.

Moments later, he slowly sheathed the wide-bladed, short-handled chopping knife.

“I’m not suited for swordsmanship,” he concluded.

Then, Jason, following his instincts, temporarily set aside Griffin Swordsmanship and turned his attention to the ‘food’ within reach—he decided to do something more suitable for himself.

This ‘food’ was the accompanying potion for Blair Exorcism Technique.

The accompanying potion for Charles Burning Technique provided 10 points of satiety, and Jason believed that the Blair Exorcism Technique would not be far off.

However, the best time to take the Blair Exorcism Technique enhancement potion was at midnight.



It was only morning now, and he needed to wait patiently.

“Waiting will make the ‘food’ taste better.”

Jason reminded himself.

His gaze, however, involuntarily shifted to the door outside of his room.

He had not forgotten the local delicacies that Reed had mentioned before.

Amid Jason’s anticipation, Reed entered with a large tray in each hand.

After placing two trays on the table and uncovering them, Reed spoke:

“These are all local delicacies of Fort Swallow; you may want to give them a try.”

“This is ‘Fort Swallow Meat Soup,’ made from rice, lean meat, and eggs. It has to be cooked until a spoon can stand in it without falling over to be considered good.”

“‘Buckwheat Root,’ Fort Swallow’s characteristic thin pancake, made from mixing wheat and millet and then pan-frying. Its uniqueness comes from its syrup dipping sauce.”

“This is ‘Bore Crunch,’ made with pre-marinated white radish and freshly sliced carrots.”

The personal servant elaborated in detail.

Jason, however, automatically translated these dishes in his mind to the ones he was familiar with—

Preserved egg and lean meat porridge.

Brown sugar pancake.

Pickled radish.

Although the names were different, the tastes were similar.

And the portions were generous.

Two pots of preserved egg and lean meat porridge.

Twenty brown sugar pancakes.

A bowl of pickled radish.

Jason moved his arms left and right, with constant motions that created blurs of movement.

Watching this, Reed couldn't help but think to himself:

"Indeed!"

"Lord Jason always hides his true strength during normal times."

"It's only in these private moments that he reveals it."

After watching Jason quickly finish off the food, Reed immediately asked:

"Would you like some more, my lord?"

Jason considered for a moment, it was already morning, and he shouldn't eat too much to save room for lunch.

So, he modestly requested a certain amount.

"Mm, just three more portions like this would be good."

"Right away, sir. I'll be back shortly."

After clearing the utensils in front of him, the personal servant quickly stepped out and closed the door behind him.

Not even two minutes after Reed had left, the sound of Lady An Lu's footsteps approached.

Standing before the door, the lady knocked.

Thump, thump-thump!

"Master Gerard, are you there?"

After the knocks, the lady asked.

Jason furrowed his brow and answered very straightforwardly—

“No, I’m not.”