

## **Menu 314**

### Chapter 314: Irrelevant People

The female student council president was dumbfounded.

She couldn't comprehend how her beauty was related to being asked out for a meal.

Subconsciously, the female student council president voiced the doubt in her heart.

"What does being asked out to eat have to do with whether I'm beautiful or not?"

Amidst her words, the female student council president was completely kneeling in the passenger seat, staring at Jason.

"If you don't treat me to a meal, how can I say you're beautiful?"

Jason answered very straightforwardly.

The female student council president was taken aback.

It took her a full three or four seconds to react.

"Are you saying I'm ugly?!"

Her voice involuntarily rose in pitch, becoming sharp and piercing.

Any woman, when faced with questions about her looks, would involuntarily lose her cool.

"No."

"As long as you treat me to a meal."

"No matter how ugly you are, I will say you're beautiful."

Jason shook his head, answering earnestly.

Huff! Huff!

The female student council president began to breathe heavily.

She swore, it was truly because she couldn't beat Jason, otherwise she would definitely smash Jason's "dog" head.

It was truly infuriating.

The steaming mad student council president sat back down in the passenger seat.

For the rest of the trip, she didn't exchange a single word with Jason.

It wasn't until the car had left Newdeth City's urban area and arrived outside a manor that the female student council president coldly said, "Get out."

Under the cover of night, the manor appeared exceptionally tranquil to the average person.

But in Jason's eyes, it was teeming with vigilant security, not just sentries both visible and hidden, but also patrols that were all around, and even hunting hounds lurking in the shadows.

These hounds were undoubtedly specially trained, and they didn't need to be led to automatically distinguish friend from foe.

"By scent?"

Jason silently speculated.

It wasn't difficult to achieve this; one only needed to apply a familiar scent on their own people for the hounds to recognize.

Indeed, just as Jason had guessed.

After Jason got out of the car, the female student council president took out a bottle of perfume, ready to spray it on Jason.

"No need."

Jason shook his head.

He was not accustomed to wearing perfume.

Especially perfume with a special scent.

Although it served as protection now, who knew about the next moment?

Even though old Tedi had shown considerable kindness, it was just a first meeting.

The attitude at a first meeting could not determine future behavior.

Everything required time.

"This perfume is a special blend from the Prus Family, it won't have any strange odors, and of course, there won't be any ill intentions."

Seemingly discerning Jason's thoughts, the female student council president explained.

However, her tone became even colder.

And Jason?

He still shook his head.

This made the female student council president's brows furrow deeply.

"Don't expect me to stop these hounds for you; the training they have received from a young age ensures that they won't listen to anyone other than a Beast Tamer."

After one more reminder, the female student council president didn't linger any longer and walked straight towards the manor.

However, before leaving, she placed the bottle of perfume on the car hood.

Clearly, even if she was angry or enraged by the previous conversation, the female student council president knew where to draw the line.

But Jason? He didn't even give it a glance.

He was all too aware of his own 'intimidation' towards ordinary animals.

Indeed, as Jason approached the manor, the patrolling hounds all tucked their tails between their legs, bowed their heads, and whimpered softly, not even daring to look at Jason.

Especially two hounds that were closer to Jason, who, as Jason passed by, even lost control of their bowels.

The student council president, who had closely observed everything as Jason entered the manor and had been ready to rescue him, now couldn't help but widen her eyes.

"Is it because of his experience on the battlefield?"

"No, that's not right!"

"Many in the Family Guard are veterans who have been through battle."

"Could it be a similar secret technique?"

The female student council president couldn't help but think.

However, since it concerned the secret technique of the other party, she couldn't inquire directly and had to suppress it in her heart.

They entered a small building deep in the estate, one after another.

The small building was three stories high.

There were guards in front of the door.

In the shadows stood two hidden sentries.

But what captivated Jason the most was the "Dufol Language" on the door.

With his Proficiency Level in "Dufol Language," Jason quickly read and understood the meaning inscribed on the door.

Translated into the common tongue, it meant "caution" and "lock."

However, the method of activation, or if there were any special ceremonies involved, was beyond Jason's knowledge.

He watched the female student body president walk forward and raise her hand to touch the door.

Creak!

The moment the female president's fingers touched the door, it swung open.

"Bloodline activation?"

Jason couldn't be sure.



Though the world before him, the "Mystical Side," had long since decayed to the point of being unable to form a system, the essence of the "Mystical Side" hadn't changed at all.

It remained as bizarre and unfathomable as ever.

Powerful creatures had vanished.

Yet the weak ones still existed.

And you?

One false step could cost you your life.

Therefore, Jason followed the student body president very carefully, making sure not to take a wrong step or touch anything carelessly.

The president noticed Jason's cautious behavior.

She opened her mouth as if to say something, but in the end, said nothing.

Instead, she quickened her pace and pushed open the door to the small building.

"This is the Prus Family's library."

"You may wait outside or in the first-floor hall."

"You must not set foot on the second or third floors. I will bring the secret technique."

Leaving these words behind, the student body president stepped inside.

Jason followed her in.

The hall of the small building wasn't filled with books as Jason had imagined.

On the contrary, there were very few books, just a scant basic selection.

There were more paintings than books—popular oil paintings of this world, as well as some rare ink paintings.

Cautious Jason didn't approach them.

He simply stood by the door and took a quick glance at these paintings.

Then his attention was caught by one that depicted a wedding.

Not just because the painting was positioned in the center, but also because the protagonist of this seemingly wedding-themed painting wasn't the bride or groom, but a figure seen from the back.

A figure in a cloak, carrying an exaggeratedly large sword and a hefty backpack.

A porter, perhaps?

Jason thought subconsciously.

Then he dismissed the idea from his mind.

A porter wouldn't carry a sword that exaggerated.

After silently estimating the weight of the sword against his own strength, Jason shook his head slightly.

He was sure he couldn't wield such a massive sword.

"If it's not an exaggeration, this must be a very strong person!"

"However, taking artistic embellishment into account... "

"The strength may be present, but it shouldn't be so overstated."

Jason thought, his gaze shifting to the staircase beside him.

At this moment, the student body president who had left returned.

In her hands, she held a box.

"You can only look here."

"You must not copy."

"Nor damage the books."

"Once you leave, our transaction will be concluded."

The president said.

"Hmm."

Your next journey awaits at

Jason nodded. After the president handed over the box and was about to leave, Jason asked, seemingly on impulse,

"Who is that figure in the painting?"

The president stopped in her tracks, her brow furrowed, then she provided an answer.

"Him?"

"An insignificant character."