

Menu 317

Chapter 317: 'Legacy'!

Jason stared at the "rotten food" in front of him, his face twisted with conflict.

He wanted to eat.

But he was afraid it might upset his stomach.

Having diarrhea was the least of it, what if... his "satiation level" dropped?

Although he had just experienced death, he still had 58 points left, enough to revive himself 19.3 times, but for Jason, that number wasn't sufficient. A life where one couldn't be revived 30 times in a row was incomplete, flawed, and required further striving.

So!

He couldn't eat!

Jason took a deep breath, swallowed, and his eyes hardened with resolve.

Subsequently, he raised his hand and unleashed a conical flame.

Woosh!

The Proficiency Level "Charles Burning Technique" produced flames more powerful than bullets, and instantly, the "rotten food" in front of him was ignited.

But then, Jason regretted it!

The fats sizzled in the high heat, and an even more intense aroma wafted into the air.

Conversely, the smell of decay was quickly vanishing.

Gulp.

Jason swallowed his saliva, his hand reaching toward the 'food' still in the flames.

High temperature can sterilize!

Even if there were some mold spores, they should have been killed in the high heat!

So, it should be fine if I eat a little, right?

As these thoughts whirled in his mind, Jason's hand moved closer and closer to the roasted 'rotten food'.

And just at that moment—

Woosh!

A gust of night wind suddenly blew past.

Jason, sweating due to his internal struggle, felt his forehead cool instantly under the caress of the breeze.

Freed from the grasp of 'hunger' momentarily, his reaching hand hesitated.

Patter, patter.

In the distance, within the library, the hanging oil paintings rattled against the walls as the wind blew.

Jason instinctively looked in that direction.

Once again, he saw that 'figure' from behind.

Unlike before, while combating 'hunger,' Jason suddenly perceived a carefree determination in that 'silhouette' that he had never noticed before.

It was the ease of someone departing.

It was the resolve of someone returning.

"I go, I shall return, wait for me," thoughts unbidden rose in Jason's mind.

He did not know where the 'figure' was going, but it was certainly to a place of danger, yet the figure did not hesitate, remaining composed and carefree, unchanged from beginning to end.

Because, the figure was to return.

To honor a promise.

That figure held fast to such a promise, never forgetting.

"Stay true to the original aspiration... stay true to the original aspiration..."

Jason murmured softly to himself.

His original aspiration.

He wanted to survive.

To truly live.

Not to be 'driven.'

Controlled like a puppet.

Does that still count as living?

Perhaps it counts.

But that's not what he wants!

"I, want to live."

"To truly live."

"Not as a puppet, nor as a marionette!"

"If I can't even control the 'hunger' before me, how can I truly live?"

Jason spoke word by word, the struggle still evident on his face, but he turned around and raised his hand again, the continuous conical flame instantly engulfing the 'rotten food'.

The 'rotten food' was instantly charred, carbonized.

Jason stepped towards the library.

Then he shut the door behind him heavily.

As the door closed, Jason collapsed to the floor, gasping for air, sweat emerging relentlessly, as if he had been battling a formidable enemy for three days and nights.

No!

It was even more exaggerated than that!

Because that enemy was... himself!

"Did I win?"

"A draw!"

Jason thought decidedly.

He knew, had it not been for that night wind, had it not been for the sound of the picture frames, he would surely be there now, gnawing on those 'rotten foods' just like a dog. Experience more tales on

"Our battle has just begun!"

"Round one: a draw."

Jason touched his chest and declared, word by word, as if making a vow.

Thump, thump thump.

His heart pounded strongly, as if answering Jason.

Then, Jason stood up straight, looking very seriously at the 'figure' within the painting.

"Thank you."

Saying this, Jason offered a slight bow.

He was very grateful to that 'figure.'

Perhaps it was an artistic rendition.

But without it, he would be just like a dog now.

Just for that reason alone, it was worth bowing to it.

After bowing, he straightened his posture.

The 'figure' in the painting continued onward, unyielding and firm as ever, without any response.

Jason looked at the 'figure,' and finally shook his head with a smile.

It was just a vivid 'figure,' after all; how could it possibly respond?

With this thought, Jason bowed once more and turned to leave the library.

At that moment, two figures stood in opposition.

One already knew its pursuit, carefree and firm.

One had just begun to understand the perseverance within its heart, no longer wavering.

Similar, yet not the same.

But they all charged forward inexorably.

As if connected by a common lineage.

Jason strode out, the night wind blew once more, and the figure in the painting seemed to slightly move, as if waving a hand, as if waving a hand, or perhaps saying: "You're welcome."

But no one saw.

No one heard.

Only the observant could notice that the figure had become ordinary.

As though it were painted by an everyday painter.

No longer real.

No longer spirited.

There was only the eternal night sky, only the bright moon, only the dazzling stars.

Accompanied by the moonlight and starlight, Jason stood outside the library's courtyard, waiting for the old Tedi.

The latter returned here with the Family Guard.

Many guards from the estate also arrived at the same time.

Clearly, the previous attack by the Ghost Squad hadn't been a perfect infiltration, only a partial penetration.

Even so, it was enough to make old Tedi look rather distressed.

"Go investigate where the 'perfume' came from."

"Also, notify the Family Guard to counterattack."

"Secure the previously suspected Ghost Squad's foothold, and then..."

The head of the Prus Family didn't continue, but simply clenched his fist and waved it forcefully.

Immediately, the surrounding guards sprang into action.

Jason could clearly feel the solid man's rage.

In fact, anyone whose lair had nearly been taken would feel such anger.

But as the head of a great family, old Tedi quickly adjusted his emotions.

By the time he approached Jason, he had already calmed down, and when he stood before Jason, he had already resumed smiling.

"Mr. Jason, I thank you for everything you've done for the Chen Xi Prus Family."

"Of course."

"The reward you receive will surely satisfy you."

"A formal member of the Ghost Squad is stronger than an entire team of apprentices, so not only can you redeem that eye, but you can also exchange any other item. And to express our gratitude, I offer you two additional items on behalf of the Chen Xi Prus Family, for you to choose and match at will."

Old Tedi sincerely said.

"Material 3 eyes, material 1 monster's tendon."

"Two secret techniques."

Jason stated the answer he had long thought of.

Teeth were inedible, so he gave them up right away.

The rest fit just right, so naturally he wanted them all.

"No problem."

"I'll prepare it right away."

"However, the secret technique for Material 3 eyes is not possessed by the Prus Family, please forgive me. I will find a way to search for it for you, and Secret Technique 1 and 2 are in some sense extensions of Secret Technique 3. Yet practicing them in conjunction will increase the difficulty, so please be careful during practice," old Tedi advised Jason.

Jason nodded to show he understood.

He didn't elaborate further.

After all, his Talent was exceptional; he would know once he tried it.

Within moments, a briefcase appeared before Jason.

"The materials and secret techniques are all inside."

"Please burn the secret techniques after you've reviewed them," old Tedi instructed as he handed the briefcase to Jason.

Without further insistence on staying in the library, it showed trust but also because the Prus Family wasn't in a position to entertain outsiders at this time.

Watching the car pull up beside him, Jason promptly waved goodbye to old Tedi.

"Mr. Jason, where are you headed?"

"Back to Pea Corner Street 'Watchdog Pastry Shop'?" the driver asked.

Where Jason lived was no mystery to a family like the Prus.

For a driver assigned to transport guests, it wasn't strange to know.

It would have been more puzzling had he not known.

"To 'Hannibal Clinic'," Jason replied.

After all, one portion of his food was still with Hannibal.

And now he had acquired two more portions.

Naturally, a good chef was needed.

As the prospect of delectable food entered his mind, Jason's saliva began to flow again. But unlike before, he consciously restrained himself, and though it was difficult, he started to take control.

Ten minutes after Jason left, the female student council president emerged.

She entered wearing a new dress, carefully chose her accessories, and applied light makeup, looking for Jason's figure near the library.

She picked a strong perfume on purpose.

She wouldn't let Jason slip away from her again.

But she couldn't find Jason inside the courtyard, nor outside.

Immediately, the female student council president sought her father.

"Has he left?"

Upon receiving the answer, the female student council president's eyes widened.

How could he just leave like that?

I dressed up so carefully.

To leave without even glancing at me.

With this thought, the increasingly indignant female student council president turned to leave.

"Wait," old Tedi spoke up.

Seeing his daughter's anxious face, a smile couldn't help but form on his lips.

"I won't stop you from pursuing Mr. Jason, but I want you to understand that we're now targeted by the Ghost Squad. The most worrisome 'Phantom Thorn' may be dead, but precisely because of this, the Ghost Squad will retaliate even more madly—it's their style."

"You will definitely become one of their targets."

"If you were to leave, I'd have to assign more people to protect you, compromising the manor's defenses."

"So, I hope you can wait."

"Wait until we've completely dealt with the Ghost Squad; then, you can freely chase after what you desire," old Tedi said.

The female student council president stood there, frowning slightly.

But in the end, she was persuaded.

The education she received since childhood made it impossible for her to ignore the safety of the family.

And besides...

It was just waiting a little longer; surely nothing would happen, right?