

Menu 320

Chapter 320: Breakfast

Jason, with his eyes opened, silently felt the changes in his body as he breathed.

Stronger! Tougher!

He clenched his fist abruptly.

Instantly, the muscles in his arm bulged, driving his fingers to curl back, and then—

Pop!

In the sound of the air snapping like a crispy blast, the corner of Jason's mouth curled up.

He could clearly feel that with every breath he took, more energy from the Mystical Side flowed from his heart into his body, the pace at which his muscles, bones, fascia, and organs were being strengthened was at least twice as fast as before.

However, the capacity of the heart required for this process exceeded Jason's expectations.

Initially, when the "Griffin Body Refinement Technique" and "Protection Against Evil" were interconnected, the six single Dufol Symbols should have occupied eight positions on the heart, but now, with "Prus Body Refinement Technique," "Griffin Body Refinement Technique," and "Protection Against Evil" connected, it skyrocketed from the eight positions to fifteen.

Especially representing the "Prus Body Refinement Technique"—the Emmmmm EX!

Just two Dufol Symbol positions occupied more than a third of the space.

This left Jason, who had previously possessed fifty Dufol Symbol slots, with only forty-three remaining.

"Could it be that Emmmmm is longer?"

Jason speculated.

Then, his brow furrowed slightly.

At this stage, the capacity of the heart to accommodate Dufol Symbols seemed sufficient, but that was just for now. As he deepened his current knowledge of the Mystical and learned new secrets, it would inevitably become inadequate.

"Is there any way to increase the maximum capacity of the heart?"

Jason stroked his chin, pondering.

But his current understanding of 'Mystical Knowledge' left him completely clueless about such a question.

Therefore, after a moment's thought, Jason turned his attention to his satiation level.

The satiation that had previously reached 98 points was now down to fourteen.

"Hmm?"

"I clearly died 25 times before, which should have cost 75 points, leaving 23 points remaining. Why have I died three extra times?"

Jason was taken aback.

His data not matching his memory, he began to carefully review it.

Then, during the time he was practicing the "Prus Body Refinement Technique," he found the problem.

"Did I die three times before the blood vessels burst?"

"Was it because the muscle change crushed the bones, leading to death?"

"The 'Griffin Body Refinement Technique' makes muscles become more suited to rapid and agile force, while the 'Prus Body Refinement Technique' is all about strength and defense. The two fundamentally incompatible types of muscle had to go through death to become unified."

Unbidden, the image of a dark golden griffin fighting a behemoth cloaked in dawn emerged in Jason's mind.

This battle theme had been there from the beginning.

But absorbed in his training, he hadn't noticed it at all.

Lucky for him, his extraordinary talent made them compatible; otherwise, he probably would have died long ago.

Well...

Even though he was undying!

Wasn't this the manifestation of his extraordinary talent?

"Chen Xi. Prus?"

Jason murmured softly to himself.

He thought of many things.

The first was his profession as a Night Watcher.

A peculiar sense of extension stirred in the depths of his heart.

But it was just an extension.

His core Night Watcher skill "Protection Against Evil" was still at the Proficiency Level.

It still required 30 points of satiation and 5 points of Excitement of Feast.

Even though the option to upgrade the "Prus-Griffon Body Forging Technique" from Proficiency to Expert Level was there, demanding 90 points of satiation and 4 points of Excitement of Feast, there was no prompt.

However, even if there was one, Jason wouldn't choose it.

Because he had already found the correct way to improve his Body Forging Technique.

It allowed him to save a considerable amount of Excitement of Feast.

You or death?

Death, Jason was accustomed to.

Death is like a wind, ever present.

Jason carried such a realization.

All for the sake of becoming stronger!

All for the sake of freedom!

I will hack through the brambles and thorny underbrush, bravely forging ahead.

With this thought, Jason stood up; he had plans to "patrol" the entire city, to hunt the "Ghost Squad" within Newdeth City!

These people repeatedly attacked him.

These people repeatedly squandered "food."

He couldn't sleep or eat in peace until these people were dealt with.

"Jason?"

"Breakfast is almost ready, where are you going?"

Hannibal, who had already walked into the kitchen and heard Jason's footsteps, immediately poked his head out.

Breakfast!

Jason instantly retraced his steps, promptly returning to the dining table.

Hunting the "Ghost Squad" was a must!

But breakfast was also essential!

So when the two couldn't be done at the same time, eat breakfast first, then hunt the "Ghost Squad"!

"Jason, are you going to change clothes and take a bath?"

"You can wear my clothes."

"I have prepared a new towel and soap for the bathroom."

Hannibal made these suggestions while rolling up the sleeves of his light blue shirt, revealing his stout and powerful forearms. He took a pure white apron that was nearby, tied it around himself, and the snug apron emphasized his upper body muscles even more.

This psychologist took out the marinated ham from the refrigerator and began the final preparations.

Sniffing the scent of the ham, Jason looked down at his clothes ragged from multiple body explosions, stood up immediately, and headed upstairs.

He didn't want his attire to affect their breakfast.

Dining etiquette...

He still remembered it.

As Hannibal prepared the toast slices, Jason came downstairs in a fresh outfit—black trousers, a white shirt, black vest, and black shoes. In his hand, he carried a gray hunting cap, and his arm was draped with a suit jacket and a long overcoat.

It wasn't Jason's selection.

But it was hung just at the bathroom door.

Several tags were still attached to the clothing.

Clearly, Hannibal had prepared it especially for him.

Indeed, when Hannibal saw Jason coming down, his eyes lit up.

Unintentionally, Hannibal began to clap his hands.

"Better than I imagined."

"Quite like a gentleman."

Hannibal said as much.

"Gentlemen don't wear hockey masks and cleavers with wide blades and short handles."

"Nor do they hide blades and paper clips inside their hunting caps."

"How much?"

As Jason spoke, he hung his hat, suit jacket, and trench coat in the corridor.

"A total of 45 bucks."

Hannibal didn't hide the fact.

He knew some of the habits of his kind before him.

Hiding would only make their relationship worse.

As a psychologist, Hannibal understood that 'I think I am doing this for your own good' is not truly for one's good. Contact between parties must primarily be comfortable, not imposed.

Jason took out 45 bucks from his wallet and placed them on the table.

Hannibal smiled as he picked up the money and put it into his own wallet, then he said:

"We must always be prepared for the unexpected."

"Who knows whether tomorrow or the unexpected will come first?"

"It's always right to be a little extra prepared."

Jason agreed with this.

Although it was highly unlikely that he would need blades or paper clips now.

But who could guarantee about the future?

Hannibal turned and took a bowl of chicken breasts mixed with egg whites and breadcrumbs back into the kitchen; as soon as the pieces hit the hot oil, a sizzling sound that stimulated saliva started to echo in the kitchen.

It wasn't long before Hannibal began to lay out breakfast on the dining table.

"For the dipping sauce, I chose a sweet and sour yuzu."

"Of course, tomato sauce is also a good choice."

"Although I recommend beer ham, you despise alcohol, so I switched it for the smoked kind."

"For the bread slices, I chose cornflour."

"Vegetable salad, with a bit of shrimp added."

He took off his apron, picked up a bottle of heated lemon juice and a jug of milk, and sat opposite Jason.

"Breakfast is on me."

"Tomorrow, you treat me," said the psychologist.

"Okay."

Jason smiled as he spoke.

The pleasant breakfast began.

Hannibal only ate about one-twentieth of it.

The rest were all dealt with by Jason.

After last night's 'epiphany,' Jason was now able to share food with acquaintances, especially when the food was made by the acquaintance himself. He controlled the brutality that arose from the 'hunger' within him quite well.

"Controlled quite well."

Hannibal couldn't help but praise, having clearly felt such a change.

"Still far off."

"More than once just now, the thought of tearing you to shreds came up in my mind."

Jason honestly answered.

"Normal."

"Me too," Hannibal said, nodding his head as he put the last bean into his mouth with a fork.

Jason looked at Hannibal with surprise.

"Don't forget, we are the same kind."

"I'm also controlling."

Hannibal pursed his lips, suppressing a smile, and shrugged his shoulders.

Then, they exchanged a smile.

After breakfast, the tea for a short break was black tea.

Black tea in winter always made one's stomach feel comfortable.

Hannibal placed a condiment plate in front of Jason.

Sugar, honey, milk, and some lime juice.

Jason chose honey and lime juice.

It lightened and animated the rich flavor of the black tea.

Sweetness and sourness, always memorable.

Whether it's food or drinks.

"Hannibal, do you know of the treasure 'Starry Sky Serenade'?" Jason asked, taking a sip from his tea cup.

"Of course."

"The treasure of Chen Xi. Prus Family."

"Rumored to have the secret of 'Transcendence'."

"Some say it's countless riches."

"Others say it's ancient relics; in short, there are all kinds of stories."

Hannibal, after adding a spoonful of sugar to his black tea, shared the information he knew.

"Do you think it really exists?" Jason asked, with images of 'him' swimming through a room filled with coins and jewelry as a giant crocodile surfacing in his mind.

He wasn't sure if that was the 'Starry Sky Serenade,' but he instinctively felt there must be a connection.

"Don't know," Hannibal shook his head.

The psychologist continued to stir his tea with a small spoon as he spoke.

"The time is too far gone."

"Moreover, the 'Silver Federation' seems to have always been muddying the waters. However, I will help you gather information."

"I have some competent historian friends, and I have good relationships with them."

"Thanks."

Jason put down his tea cup.

Then, he stood up.

After breakfast, there was work to be done.

Jason, having donned his jacket, coat, and hat, was escorted to the door by Hannibal.

However, at the moment of opening the door.

Seeing the person outside, Jason paused.