

## Menu 372

### Chapter 372: Never Forget Why You Started

Under the bright lights of the boxing gym, Jason opened the book in his hands, made of a special material.

He had already confirmed that the book's cover was bronze.

The pages were sheepskin parchment, with dense, haphazardly written text covering them.

After a brief read, Jason found that these dense, jumbled texts were a mix of common language and Dufol Language, interspersed with some slang that was beyond Jason's understanding.

To ordinary people, these texts would only bring confusion and then profound shock. Explore more at [empire](#)

But to Jason... it was just pretentious nonsense!

That's right, pretentious nonsense!

Leaving aside those slang and common language records, just the incorrect use of Dufol Language alone, as well as the detailed records of so-called 'secret techniques,' told Jason that the author of this book was a half-baked amateur.

And when combined with the slang and common language, this amateur came across as somewhat tragic.

Slang is not easy to understand, but it's much simpler than Dufol Language; Jason, with his experience in learning Dufol Language, managed to figure out the meaning of these slang terms after some study.

When combined, a complete story emerged.

A husband, unable to bear the grief of his wife's death, desperately wished to resurrect her, thereby creating a tiny chance for a 'miracle' by fusing Alchemy, Voodoo, and Eastern mysticism.

Unfortunately, the 'miracle' did not bring hope.

On the contrary, the unknown fusion brought the most despairing outcome: death.

The 'mystical' is unpredictable precisely because it often leads to death.

Anyone who touches it carelessly will pay the price, in the name of death.

Jason suddenly thought of two famous quotes he had heard before.

The former came from 'Lorde,' recorded in the notes given to him by his 'teacher.'

The latter was from 'Hans Port,' reminded by his cousin Gerard during a casual chat.

Both were equally powerful, yet both held respect for the 'Mystical Side.'

Yet some who knew only a little about the 'Mystical Side' lacked such respect.

"Is this what they call 'fools rush in where angels fear to tread'?"

Jason mused to himself.

Then, he lowered his head, looking at the book in his hands.

At the page he had opened, a cluster of flowers was depicted.

It was the same decaying flower Jason had seen before.

Name: Gardenia.

Words: To nurture hope, resurrection, and rebirth.

"It's a pity everything has gone in a terrible direction,"

Jason closed the bronze book and threw it into a corner of the boxing gym.

He wouldn't touch the book for a while, but as someone accustomed to being introspective, a question rose in his mind involuntarily: if he were that husband, what would he have done?

However, he didn't dwell on this point deeply.

He didn't have a girl he liked.

He had never thought of getting married.

So, Jason substituted another scenario.

What if Gerard had died?

Or, the already deceased... old knight?

Jason's features unconsciously turned graver.

He didn't know the answer.

Maybe he would have pulled back at the very last moment.

But he might have made one mistake after another.

Maybe he would have been even more tragic than that husband,

As Jason pondered, he turned to look at Aras, who had deliberately lowered her voice because of his reading.

"Jason, are you done?"

"Did you find anything?"

Aras asked immediately, noticing Jason's gaze.

"A foolish, dutiful husband completely destroyed his family in an attempt to save it,"

Jason described it as such.

Aras was taken aback.

She was a bit stunned.

"Dutiful should be a good thing, right?"

Aras said, interpreting it in her own understanding.

"Yes, but he brought disaster."

"Not only did he harm himself, but he also dragged his two children into it."

"In some ways, he destroyed everything."

Jason didn't object but objectively described it.

"He must not have exercised his muscles!"

Aras replied earnestly.

This time it was Jason's turn to be puzzled.

What did this have to do with muscles?

Aras, however, promptly flexed her arm to show off her robust biceps.

"Muscle is strength!"

"My mom said, strong muscles make one's punches powerful, make one fearless."

"Nothing can't be solved with one punch."

"If so? Then two punches."

Aras answered Jason in her own way.

"What if punches can't solve it?"

"Like... the death of a loved one?"

Jason continued to inquire.

"If a punch can't solve it, it just means the punch you threw wasn't strong enough, or your muscles weren't strong enough, you need stronger muscles to have a fist that can break everything—my mom said that."

"As for the death of a loved one?"

"If it was caused by someone, I would spot it ahead of time, I would directly go smash them."

"If it was their own weak body, I would take them to exercise."

"If it was an accident... I would make sure accidents don't happen around them."



"As for time?"

"My mom said, time can also be broken with fists!"

Aras said and gave Jason a thumbs up, her white teeth gleaming in the light.

Looking at Aras like this, Jason had no more questions.

Aras had answered everything for him.

Although in Aras's own way, she still told Jason what he needed to do.

Be strong!

Keep getting stronger!

Be so powerful that even death steps back, and everything naturally becomes easy to handle.