

Menu 631

Chapter 631: Destroying the Ship!

"Hahaha!"

"You think you can withstand me now?"

"Die!"

"I want to smash you to smithereens!"

Facing Jason who had leaped down, Berenke burst into a mad cackle.

His voice was as if it came from someone facing an unbelievable dream coming true.

Berenke knew exactly what he had to do.

What it needed was to destroy Cherry City in the shortest time possible.

Kill Jason?

It longed to do so, but the plan was more important.

It didn't dare to defy the orders of the elders.

But now, Jason had actually come to it on his own!

Well, then it couldn't be blamed!

Whirr! Whirr!

The tentacle-like branches that were under the battleship began to surge, not only enveloping the entire warship but also shrouding the whole sky, like a deep-sea monstrosity surfacing from the depths.

And Jason, plummeting down, looked just like bait to the maw of this deep-sea creature.

A flash of worry crossed Jennifer's eyes.

Instinctively, she raised her hand, wanting to reverse the situation.

But in the end, she chose to lower it.

She respected Jason's choice.

She believed even more that Jason wasn't leaping to his death.

Sitting sideways on her broom, she quietly watched the scene unfold.

Those looking up to the sky let out exclamations of shock.

They included both ordinary people and members of the Mystical Side.

Since the warship appeared and opened fire, it had attracted the attention of everyone; maybe before their identities were different, but now, all of them hoped someone could stop the warship.

When the helicopters appeared earlier, they cheered.

They thought the flying squadron could stop the warship, but the brutal obliteration that followed caused their voices to abruptly cease.

The missiles that had just launched had sparked their hope again.

But without breaking the matrix defense, their hope sank to the bottom once more.

And at this time, Jason appeared.

Beneath the pale blue glow, Jason stood up from the broom, his masked figure capturing the gaze of all.

The ordinary people, unaware of the Mystical Side, watched Jason with hopeful eyes.

Jason, appearing mid-air, gave them an inexplicable confidence.

Members of the Mystical Side paid more attention to Jennifer.

The title of 'Witch' was no joke.

Will she reverse everything?

This was the thought of the Mystical Side members in Cherry City.

However, such thoughts came to an end as Jason made his leap.

Their gazes shifted to amazement as they followed his descent.

Some Mystical Side members who knew Jason couldn't help but cry out in alarm.

"Jason!"

The old instructor looked worriedly at the figure and then sped off towards the outskirts.

By his side, members of 'Bronze Unbending' who were either uninjured or whose injuries didn't impair their movements, followed closely.

They were not going to sit still and wait for death.

As for how to bring down the warship in the air?

They hadn't figured that out yet.

But they firmly believed that once they were on the battlefield, there would be a way.

It wasn't just 'Bronze Unbending'; members of 'Golden Wind' were also rushing towards the unexpected battlefield at top speed.

The Werewolf Leader was at the forefront.

More members of 'Golden Wind,' willing to cooperate, were hot on his heels.

A portion of the Mystical Side initiated a charge.

The others remained indifferent, unmoved.

They hid among the ordinary people, just like those who were lost and clueless, staying in place.

They pretended to pray, just like everyone else.

They didn't want to go to their deaths.

They had witnessed the power of that warship; one shot and they would be obliterated.

As for Jason?

They didn't think Jason would be an exception.

Even though he had reached the top of the warship, they had seen the destructive power of those tentacles.

A squadron of aircraft, wiped out without a chance to fight back.

How could their flesh and blood withstand it?

Hmph, there's always some fool who overestimates his strength!

These hiding Mystical Side members scoffed in their hearts.

Their apathy doomed them to not step forward.

Nor would they hold respect for those who did.

If they had the chance, they wouldn't hesitate to slander such people.

No, it wasn't a matter of hesitation.

They would go all out.

At that time, they would be 'fearless' and 'invincible'.

Because all they needed to do was to talk.

All they needed to do was to twist the truth.

If they couldn't twist the truth?

Then they would seize one or two clear mistakes to attack the person's character, ideally magnifying those errors to overshadow any virtues or achievements.

For them, this was too simple.

Just like eating and drinking.

Or rather, they had turned it into an instinct.

But now?

They would shrink back, hide among ordinary people, and quietly wait for the Ground Reconnaissance Bureau to deal with the tragedy.

Of course, they wouldn't be grateful to the Ground Reconnaissance Bureau.

They would only complain that the Bureau's response wasn't fast or reasonable enough.

However, in the face of the Ground Reconnaissance Bureau, they wouldn't be overt.

They needed more subtlety.

For example: people around them.

These unfortunate ordinary people, after surviving a disaster, would definitely be angry.

A slight nudge from them was all that was needed.

They were professionals at this.

Those strange glances stood out among the worry and prayers.

Yet they went unnoticed.

Most people's attention was captured by the warship that appeared out of nowhere and destroyed a corner of the city.

Chapter 632: Destroying the Ship!_2

Only they saw each other.

And then?

She gave a restrained smile before once again feigning innocence, waiting to be rescued.

Selfish and despicable.

Complex and interwoven.

The changes never ceased.

They eyed nobility, coveting greatness.

They couldn't wait to trample everything beneath their feet.

Why do this?

Because only by doing so would they appear less despicable.

Jason knew nothing of this.

Jason, who had just leapt from above, felt the chains of the "Chen Xi Sword" inside him shatter as dawn approached; his eyes were locked intently on the cracks in the matrix.

After the recent bombing by the armed helicopter, the matrix was repairing itself, but it was then bombarded again by sixteen missiles controlled by John and his two companions.

Instantly, the just-healing matrix shield frayed once more.

Jason now targeted these cracks.

As for those surging tentacles?

He didn't even have the slightest interest to glance at them.

Jason, descending through the air, raised his hands high, and then, with a fierce downward sweep—

Light!

A dazzling light that pierced through the darkness.

A Light Sword about 30 meters long appeared in Jason's hands, and with it, he struck down!

That sword stroke was fleeting.

But, the swarming tentacles were all severed!

The cuts were smooth as glass!

More importantly, the matrix shield.

The cracks that had started to slowly heal now ground to a halt.

Crackle, crackle.

Arcs of electricity appeared on the battleship.

The arcs grew in number, and a straight 'line' appeared down the middle of this ship.

Then—

Creak! Creak!

In a sound that set teeth on edge, the once-intact ship began to slowly split in two.

The body of the ship started to stagger along the line, revealing a neat cross-section.

"Aaaahhh!"

"How is this possible!"

"How is this possible!"

Berenke let out a painful scream.

But more than the pain, it was disbelief.

How could a human slice through a battleship?

Even the smallest of battleships, was still a battleship!

Boom!

Flames bloomed like flowers, tumbling as if blossoming in an instant.

An unstoppable explosion occurred.

It swallowed Berenke's screams.

People gazed dumbfounded at the battleship that had begun to fall against the pitch-black sky.

They were all shocked by that recent sword stroke.

Could a human unleash such a strike?

Ordinary folks gaped, their eyes nearly popping out.

Individuals from the 'Mystical Side' were equally incredulous.

Those 'Mystical Side' members intermingled with the ordinary folks couldn't help but slap their own cheeks softly, amidst the smacking sounds, to confirm if they were under an illusion.

Some even pulled out potions, swallowing antidotes to dispel illusions.

But whether it was slapping their faces or using a potion,

Nothing changed the scene before them.

The Sabie Alien battleship had been cleaved in two.

The Sabie Alien battleship was now slowly plummeting.

They looked at each other, astonished and alarmed.

"What powerful swordsmanship talent!"

The old instructor stopped his support action, unable to help but sigh.

"Is this swordsmanship?"

Vince exclaimed in astonishment.

Having experienced his first true life-and-death battle, the young Knight had gained an even more composed demeanor, but this didn't stop the surprise on his face at that moment.

"Yes."

"That is Jason's swordsmanship talent!"

"A talent even stronger than his barehanded combat talent, his knife skills!"

The old instructor nodded seriously and said.

"He is truly Jason indeed."

"Such an amazing talent."

The surrounding warriors exclaimed in admiration.

The warriors from 'Iron Will' naturally believed the instructor's words; if the instructor said it was a swordsmanship talent, then it was undoubtedly a swordsmanship talent, especially since they had witnessed the Light Sword that stretched for 30 meters themselves.

Nosa, the Werewolf leader, scratched his rugged cheek.

"Instructor, do you know what Jason's swordsmanship is called?"

The Werewolf leader asked.

"I don't know."

"But I'm sure this must be unique to Jason!"

The old instructor said confidently.

As one of the instructors of 'Copper's Resilience', the old instructor had seen many techniques, but none were like Jason's swordsmanship, not even similar.

Such technique emerged only after Jason appeared.

And that explained everything.

Such swordsmanship must have been Jason's original creation.

"Created by himself?"

"What a terrifying talent!"

The Werewolf leader murmured softly.

The surrounding warriors fully agreed, nodding their heads again.

Meanwhile, Jennifer, hovering in mid-air, first felt surprise and then confusion upon seeing this sword move.

She was surprised that Jason indeed did not disappoint her.

Her confusion stemmed from 'that sword move', which seemed strangely familiar to her.

As though she had seen it somewhere before.

But where?

Jennifer pondered.

Then, she thought of Emily.

Previously, when she went to seek the 'Magic Mirror' to consult about her memories, Emily had taken her place at the gathering, and before that assembly, Jason seemed to have also used a similar sword technique.

And with it, he had slain that annoying git Cedric.

"So that's how it is!"

Jennifer nodded her head in realization.

She did not think any further.

Nor would she pursue the matter.

People only believe what they want to believe.

Even if it involves a bit of 'fate's mockery'.

Jennifer looked towards Jason again.

At that moment, Jason, who had swung the Chen Xi Sword, landed on the continuously plummeting Sabie alien battleship from mid-air.

The moment his feet touched down, he began running atop the battleship.

While running, he kept sniffing with his nose.

The scent!

The rich scent kept infiltrating his nose.

There was the battleship itself.

But even more potent was what lay within the battleship!

Inside the battleship, or to be precise, towards the latter half of the battleship, there was an even more fragrant aroma!

After activating the secret technique [Charge], Jason reached the cut section made by his sword in a single breath, his pace unrelenting, propelled by the inertia of the charge, he pushed off firmly with his feet, leaping towards the rear half of the Sabie alien battleship.

Bang!

Amid the slightly heavy sound of footsteps, Jason arrived at the rear half of the Sabie alien battleship.

By now, the battleship had already split neatly in two, with both ends plummeting downwards, speeding up as they fell.

Jason, standing on the cut section of the rear half, didn't adjust his posture but instead slid towards the location where the aroma was richest.

During this process, Jason kept raising his hands, tearing off any pieces he could grab and shoving them into his mouth, including but not limited to the battleship's internal decking, electronic components, monitoring equipment, and more.

Between ordinary 'food' and deliciously aromatic 'food', how should one choose?

If possible, naturally one would take both.

But when that's absolutely not achievable, the latter becomes particularly valuable.

Yet the former cannot be simply discarded either.

One must taste as much as possible!

One must eat as much as possible!

And then, proceed towards the latter.

Do not waste.

Jason always followed this principle in life.

Although the battleship post-crash could also be considered food, normal 'food' and destroyed 'food' are two different concepts.

Just like those moldy, spoiled 'food'.

When it comes to it, who knows if it could still be eaten?

Therefore, at this moment, Jason lifted his mask and opened his mouth as wide as possible.

Crunched, crunched!

Amid the unique sounds, Jason drew closer and closer to the fragrant 'food'.

Finally, after swallowing down a door panel, he saw the 'food'.

It was a fist-sized light orb.

It hovered within a special machine with grooves above and below, connected to the ceiling and floor of the battleship.

Electricity coursed through the light orb, a machine that should have completely absorbed such energy was now emitting intermittent strange noises, with more electricity overflowing.

And as Jason rushed in, the light orb reached a peak.

Streams of electricity converged into a red ray.

This ray swept past Jason.

Whoosh!

Jason was bisected at the waist on the spot.

But what did that matter to Jason with food before him?

Without legs, he still had arms!

Supporting himself with his arms, the upper half of Jason's body lunged straight for the light orb, his mouth gaping even wider—

Awooo!

Chapter 633: The Obsession with Eating

Air drilled into Jason's open mouth, naturally emitting that characteristic sound.

In the midst of such a sound, Jason swallowed the fist-sized orb of light in one gulp.

Then, along with his mouth, head, and upper body... vaporized!

Sizzle!

Red beams of light floated on the surface of the orb, like a series of red worms.

But they were far more lethal than any worm.

The next moment, Jason 'resurrected' again.

In the same spot as his 'death' moments before, the resurrected Jason was still in his original position, with the orb 'in' his mouth.

Then, vaporization occurred once more.

However, this time after the 'resurrection,' Jason was whole and intact, with his legs, previously severed by the red beams, back in their place!

So, this time the vaporization included his legs.

Jason had completed a 'sublimation' process.

Of course, it wasn't over.

In just a few seconds, Jason disappeared and reappeared, appeared and disappeared.

After 22 cycles, the red beams on the orb began to decrease.

As the red beams diminished, Jason stopped vaporizing.

Instead, he exploded!

Bang!

With a muffled blast, Jason was blown to smithereens.

Pain began to spread through Jason's brain once again.

Compared to being blown apart now, Jason much preferred the earlier vaporization.

Because both were rapid, both too swift to react to.

Unlike the current situation, where pain threatened to engulf him like a tide.

Fortunately, Jason, having experienced such events countless times before, quickly adapted to it.

He became accustomed to 'death'.

He embraced 'death'.

He kissed 'death'.

Once his brain had grown accustomed to the pain, his first thought was: Would the explosion caused by the battleship's crash affect the taste of this orb? Would it affect the satisfaction of the feast?

Wasn't the very reason he risked danger to rush in here to savor the 'food' in its entirety?

And now he couldn't even touch the food!

This made Jason anxious.

But at that moment, Jason could clearly sense the halved battleship suddenly jolt.

The speed of the battleship's descent began to slow!

What happened?

Jason couldn't tell, but he knew to seize this rare opportunity to devour the 'food' before him!

Another 11 consecutive explosions.

After vaporizing 22 times and being blown to pieces 12 times, Jason finally tasted the 'food' before him!

It wasn't heated as it seemed.

Instead, there was a coolness.

But when he bit through its skin, a thick, cream-like juice sprayed out.

It tasted exactly like cream.

But this juice began corroding his mouth, esophagus, stomach, and intestines.

Almost instantly, Jason could sense himself dissolving.

Death came upon him once again.

But, compared to the delightful taste of the food, what was such dissolving?

Amidst life and death, the deliciousness of the food became even more pronounced.

The resurrected Jason just stood there silently, savoring the taste of the 'food'.

No sooner had his stomach reappeared than it began to digest with effort.

Then, it dissolved.

And then it digested again.

Over and over!

Jason, high on the deliciousness of the 'food,' heard what seemed to be roars in his ears.

Accompanying the roars... were chants!

A monstrous creature, massive like a tiger and bristling with porcupine quills, barked out its challenge.

It lunged forward, its mouth opening to swallow dozens of people clad in animal skins.

With a flap of its wings, it spawned a violent windstorm.

Countless people were blown away.

Yet, this had no effect on the people's roaring and charging.

Thump, thump, thump!

The large drum, veiled in unknown hide, sounded.

More people surged forward.

They had no thoughts of retreat.

Even in death, they would take a bite out of the monster.

The teeming masses, like ants.

Or rather, in the monster's heart, they were mere ants.

It was disdainful.

It raged on.

From dawn to dusk, from sunrise to moonrise.

After three hundred days, it grew weary.

From its initial overwhelming vigor, it came to gasp for breath.

It stumbled, its belly sagging.

Pain came from the outside gnawing, and also... from gnawing within.

Finally—

Plop!

It collapsed to the ground.

This fall, it would never stand up again.

People covered its body, beginning to tear at it with their teeth and carving chunks of meat with bone knives.

Those that had been swallowed, and were still alive, tore open the monster's stomach to crawl out.

Covered in filth, they roared to the heavens.

Proclaiming their tenacity and bravery to all living beings.

Crackle!

Amidst the burning of the wood, chunks of meat were roasted till juicy and fragrant.

All gathered around the bonfire to eat and dance together.

When the sky lit up again, those who had grown stronger from consuming enough meat made weapons from the monster's bones, sharpened bone knives and swords, and set off towards farther lands.

There, a creature resembling a tiger, but with a bull's tail, lay coiled.

It roared at these people, intimidating them.

And them?

Charge! Charge! Charge!

Eat! Eat! Eat!

The battle kicked off once more.

Jason's vision returned to normal.

In front of him, text began to appear.

[Consumed Small Battleship Power Core (Special)!]

[Physical Strength, Vitality, Wounds Overly Restored!]

[Feast Level +120]

[Feast Level: 458]

[Excitement of Feast +3]

[Excitement of Feast: 6]

...

The lingering taste of the 'food' still meandered in his mouth, meanwhile the text before Jason's eyes made him feel that the deaths before were nothing in comparison.

Chapter 634: Obsession with Eating_2

It was only after 'dying' 46 times that Jason could taste such delicacy, and the additional gain of 3 points of Excitement of Feast made it all the more worthwhile for him with his satiety at the moment being quite sufficient.

Gratitude welled up within him.

Yet more prevalent was a kind of craving.

"What taste would the 'monster' I 'saw' be...?"

Jason couldn't help thinking to himself.

Such a massive body, firm muscles, biting into it must be delicious, right?

Gulp.

Jason's saliva started to secrete, and he swallowed uncontrollably.

Then, he couldn't help but envy and admire those predecessors.

He envied the predecessors for being able to eat such food.

He admired the predecessors for truly being able to 'abandon life and death' for food!

If he wasn't 'undying.'

Could he do the same, disregard life and death for 'food'?

Jason questioned himself.

The answer was something that made him feel ashamed.

"I, am still not pure enough!"

With such a sigh, Jason turned and leaped.

A few jumps took him to the cross-section of the Sabie aliens' warship he had sliced open.

At this moment, this half of the warship was still slowly descending in midair.

The other half, on the other hand, had already crashed to the ground, billowing thick smoke.

And the person who caused these two different outcomes was Jennifer.

This 'Witch' was standing about ten meters below the halved warship, perched on her broom, raising her hands high, as a layer of invisible waves emerged from them, stabilizing the halved warship for a gentle descent.

"Jason~"

Seeing Jason's figure, the 'Witch' looking upwards couldn't help but smile.

In the morning light, the 'Witch', sweat-beaded and with sticky hair, appeared in disarray, but there was a faint glow of another kind.

"Thank you."

Jason immediately expressed his thanks.

For someone who could protect his food, Jason felt genuine gratitude from the bottom of his heart.

Hearing such heartfelt thanks, the 'Witch's smile grew even brighter.

She didn't lower her raised hands but glanced at Jason meaningfully with her eyes.

Immediately, the broom flew towards Jason.

And her?

She lowered her arms.

Bang!

As the warship plummeted, it struck the 'Witch,' and blood mist spread as it continued to fall straight down.

Boom!

Amidst the sound of the explosion, a voice echoed.

"I've repaid you once again."

Jason sat on the broom, dumbfounded as he watched this unfold.

Behind his mask, his brows involuntarily furrowed.

This, this...

He wanted to say something.

But in the end, a thousand words turned into one sentence—

Are you crazy?!

In Jason's eyes, the 'Witch' at this moment had become synonymous with 'trouble not to be messed with.'

It wasn't just her unpredictability, it was also that he had no clue what she was thinking.

Although he had already warned himself not to try to guess what a mad person was thinking.

But the 'Witch's normal appearances most of the time always made him overlook all that.

And then, when he least expected it, she would give him an unexpected 'reminder.'

Sigh!

Jason took a deep breath.

And once again warned himself.

The 'Witch's broom, having safely delivered him to the ground, completely lost its magic, as if it were an ordinary broom, crashing to the ground upon McCaul's touch.

Clap!

Looking at the fallen broom, McCaul scrambled to pick it up.

He tried to stand it up, but no matter what, he couldn't.

"It has lost its magic, now it's just an ordinary broom,"

"You can use it to sweep the floor, but don't expect it to fly again,"

Tel said, his gaze shifting towards Jason.

Unlike his previous sycophancy, this time his eyes were filled with awe.

A reverence for the strong!

Tel had never imagined that a 'ship-slaying' level powerhouse was right beside him.

After the ground battle with the Sabie aliens, a reevaluation of strength levels, or rather, a modern supplement, was made within the Mystical Side.

Among them, "Warship Destroyer" is the highest level of combat power added.

Equivalent to "Dragon-Slayer".

Dragon-Slaying was an epic feat that most people on the 'Mystical Side' of the ground forces found difficult to achieve.

Even, it could be said to be a rarity that appeared once in a hundred years.

But once it appeared, it was an absolute force to be reckoned with.

Capable of dominating an era, becoming an existence that crushed many others.

However, with the disappearance of Dragon Island, the “dragons” had already become a thing of the past, and if not for the few remaining “Dragon Slaying Weapons,” “dragons” might even be regarded as myth, something fabricated.

Therefore, in this era, “Dragon-Slaying” was fundamentally impossible to accomplish.

And that’s why “Warship Destroyer” and “Dragon-Slayer” are mentioned in the same breath.

Naturally, it’s because all “Mystical Side individuals” believe that “Warship Destroying” is impossible to achieve.

But, that “Liu” accomplished the feat of “Warship Destroying” in the very first battle!

And not just one ship!

The fallen meteorite destroyed the Sabie Aliens’ warship fleet on its own.

Although this left that “Liu” severely weakened, the title of “Warship Destroyer” was undeniable.

However, people considered it an exception.

Many were absolutely sure that there would never be another “Warship Destroyer”.

But what just happened?

He had witnessed the feat of “Warship Destroying” with his own eyes!

He still vividly remembers the brilliance of that sword strike, and Tel could be sure that even decades or centuries later, he would still remember it clearly.

It pierced the darkness.

It cut through the warship.

This memory would stay forever in the depths of his heart.

Because this is the glory of the strong!

Because he was bathed in this glory!

This would sometimes serve as his “amulet”!

The thoughts in his heart made Tel even more respectful towards Jason.

"Mr. Jason, please don't worry, the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau' will quickly arrive to clean up the battlefield,"

"Your achievements won't have any mistakes."

"They will also be yours."

"Of course, you can also exchange them for legitimately earned honors,"

Tel pointed to the remnants of two warships as he spoke.

"Hmm."

Jason nodded.

He had no reason to doubt Tel's words, given the previous performance of that veteran general, it was certain that the results would exceed expectations.

What he was considering now was what the overall situation of the ground war was like.

And if they were at a disadvantage, to what extent it was.

With such questions in mind, Jason stood there quietly waiting.

John and his two friends didn't disturb their good friend.

They started to clean up their own "yard".

This house was registered in John's name, somewhat like a holiday villa, apart from the main building there was a sizable garden, and a separate parking lot.

In the previous battle, the garden had been affected.

Petals were scattered everywhere, several fig trees had been broken, their green fruit strewn across the ground.

These all needed to be cleaned up.

Naturally, this also included those weapons.

As a “homebody,” one simply could not leave weapons exposed, especially when “guests” were about to visit, they needed to ensure that these “guests” didn’t look at their family members with judgmental eyes.

And as for themselves?

The butcher doesn’t talk of the slaughterhouse.

What’s done is done.

For their family.

Everything was worth it.

"I'll help!"

Tel immediately offered.

Determined to bask in the glory of Jason, this member of the ‘Clock Tower’ stationed at the ‘Ground Reconnaissance Bureau’ wouldn’t miss the chance to please Jason’s friends.

Moreover, he wanted to learn the ways of a “homebody” from John and the others.

Especially after he saw that secret weapon, he was even more resolved.

If he had simply thought that the three men could unleash a minor skirmish before, after seeing that secret weapon, he firmly believed that the trio could influence the outcome of a battle.

After all, that was... a nuclear strike!

The four of them cleaned the yard.

Jason, meanwhile, quietly waited.

This waiting wasn't long; as John and the others moved the broken fig trees aside, Cortana and Major General Rael Fono arrived by helicopter.

The old general's hair was already grey, but his figure was exceptionally fit.

He jumped out of the helicopter and walked straight towards Jason.

Standing in front of Jason, the old general saluted crisply—

"Hello, Master Chief."

Chapter 635: It's just inviting Jason to dinner, no rush!

Cherry City, outskirts.

In the courtyard of the safe house, John and his two companions hadn't stopped their work because of the old general's arrival. Under the watchful eyes of the guards, the three continued cleaning up the messy courtyard as before.

Delbon, who had previously offered to help, naturally continued with the cleanup.

However, this member of the 'Clock Tower' stationed at the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau' keenly sensed something different about the trio.

John went about his work with a dedicated focus, but the air about him grew colder, like a chill wind blowing from the depths of a secluded forest on a winter night, making one shiver.

Brian, who seemed to be diligent, was actually somewhat distracted. While moving the fig trees, his eyes would unconsciously sweep over the guards at the door of the safe house, and when the guards' gazes swept over, the middle-aged father would switch to a harmless and warm smile.

But as soon as the guards looked away, a hint of menace would flicker in his eyes.

And McCaul?

His eyes were filled with vigilance.

Not only was he vigilant towards the safe house, but he was also wary of the parked helicopter, and the hand gripping the broom handle had veins bulging from it.

Tel had no doubt that John, Brian, and McCaul were resolved to fight back if the guards made any excessive moves.

He certainly didn't want to get involved.

"Hey, guys."

"It's okay."

"That old general is a good man."

Tel started trying to lighten the oppressive atmosphere.

"Yeah, it seems so,"

Brian nodded.

"A good man?"

"Good men are the scariest."

"Because they believe what they're doing is for your own good, and those around them think it's a good thing because he is a good man. As for you, the one who is most directly involved?"

"No one will ask for your opinion."

"Or rather, no one cares about your opinion."

"After all, you're not them."

McCaul let out a cold laugh, his hands resting on the shovel, his eyes gleaming with a trace of remembrance.

Without a doubt, that remembrance was anything but pleasant.

"That's why I hate people, prefer dogs,"

John rarely spoke up.

He straightened his back, his gaze carrying a sense of age and hesitation, glanced at the outsiders, and then gestured to Brian and McCaul.

A simple gesture. He pointed at himself, Brian, and McCaul, then made a fist and raised it halfway into the air.

Immediately, Brian and McCaul nodded.

And they split up into action.

With Brian and McCaul gone, John stayed in place, and Tel, watching the departing two and then glancing at John as he continued to clean up the courtyard, couldn't help but ask.

"What does that mean?"

"We're all in this together, right?"

"Could you tell me?"

"Otherwise, I'll look like a fool."

Tel asked repeatedly.

Nobody wants to be the fool, especially since Tel, after discovering the secret of these three men, was as curious as if a hundred claws were scratching at his heart.

"Clean up,"

John said indifferently.

"?"

Tel answered with a 'you're kidding me' expression, completely unaware of what had happened, but sure that it wasn't just about cleaning.

Subconsciously, Tel wanted to ask again, but seeing John's cold face, this member of the 'Clock Tower' stationed at the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau' swallowed his words back down.

Of course, it wasn't fear!

He just thought that cleaning was also a good thing.

Look, so many petals scattered around, isn't it a pity?

All these petals would make the best choice for flower dew or essential oils.

He was going to use his actions to turn waste into treasure.

Immediately, Tel got into action.

And Tel hadn't noticed that John had swept a glance over him with the corner of his eye.

Is this a 'Mystical Side' person?

John thought quietly to himself.

Then, comparing him with Jason and recalling the enemy Edward, he couldn't help shaking his head.

This must be fake, right?

It must be.

A Siberian Husky often blends into the wolf pack, doesn't it?

With this definition in mind, John no longer paid much attention to the other party, and began to finish the work at hand.

As for everything else?

He trusted that Brian and McCaul would do better.

Just as he trusted that Jason would handle the conversation well.

Inside the safe house, Jason sat in the middle of the sofa.

Opposite him was the old general, and to his left was the old instructor — the conversation only began after the old instructor entered the safe house.

Only three people were in the drawing-room.

The rest had left at the old general's signal.

"Nice house, simple, practical,"

The old instructor praised with a smile.

It wasn't flattery; he genuinely liked the style here. With no unnecessary decorations and the simplest of appearances, achieving the original purpose, just like in battle, when a matter could be resolved with one punch, there was no need to beat around the bush with a bunch of nonsense. In the end, if verbal persuasion couldn't convince the other party, one would still have to rely on fists.

As for convincing the other party?

The old instructor firmly believed that fists were the best education, far superior to verbal warnings.

"John is a remarkable fellow,"

"So are Brian and McCaul."

"Do you know how I felt when I saw all three of their files?"

"I wanted to grab my aide-de-camp and ask him why he had placed such three extraordinary guys outside of the military. And then I couldn't help wanting to recruit them into this 'private recruitment'."

Chapter 636: It's just inviting Jason to dinner, no rush!_2

The old general spread his hands in a half-joking manner.

"Civil conscription?"

Jason inquired about the topic with interest.

And about John and the other two?

They were friends, but he had no right to make decisions for John and the others.

Everything would depend on their own choice.

Similarly, Jason believed that if John and the others encountered a similar situation, they would do the same.

Mutual respect was the foundation of friendship.

"Yes, civil conscription!"

The old general nodded, straightening his already upright posture even more, his smile fading as he said solemnly, "The current situation is very unfavorable to us."

"On the frontal battlefield against the Sabie aliens, we've achieved a local victory, but overall, we are at a disadvantage."

"Even, an absolute disadvantage."

At this point, the old general furrowed his brow.

He was very reluctant to admit this, but his straightforward military honesty wouldn't allow him to conceal it.

"The Moon is just an outpost bastion of theirs."

"Their homeworld is their base."

"And until now, we don't even know where their homeworld is."

"But on the contrary, they know where we are

"On the ground!"

"They have already begun to infiltrate us, and we have a hard time defending against such infiltration."

After finishing his statement, the old general took a deep breath and fell silent.

Jason knew all too well that 'hard to defend against' didn't only refer to the 'infiltrators', but also the 'warship' that had appeared in the sky before.

How the warship had appeared was unclear to Jason.

But he did know what the appearance of that 'warship' meant.

It meant that the Sabie aliens could easily destroy any city on the ground, that they could arbitrarily strike and annihilate any landmark on the ground, meaning countless ordinary people would become mere numbers that could be easily erased.

"There were no signs of its coming?"

Jason asked.

The term 'we' prompted a smile from the old instructor.

The bear-like stout older man patted Jason's shoulder forcefully and then spoke.

"None."

"Neither from Rael nor from me, we didn't notice a thing."

"It's as if it appeared out of nowhere."

"And that's simply impossible."

The instructor said, looking toward the old general.

He believed his old friend's subordinates, after the initial scouting, should have some significant findings by now.

Indeed, that was the case.

The old general raised his right hand, and a report began to appear on the miniature computer.

The report was complex, filled with numbers and symbols Jason had seen before, but more were symbols he had never seen.

What are these?

Why do I feel like I've seen them, yet can't remember?

After probing his memory for three seconds, Jason decisively looked down to the concluding remarks at the bottom of the report.

It was a 'living' warship.

It had both mechanical and biological responses.

It was not of any existence known to our cognition.

"A living warship?"

Jason suddenly understood.

No wonder it tasted so good.

No, that's not right!

No wonder it resisted when I consumed its power core.

"Warships can be alive?"

The instructor queried, eyes wide with surprise.

"I don't know; it's my first encounter with such a thing."

The old general shook his head.

"So, that's how it could evade our surveillance?"

"Like this?"

The instructor frowned, took a deep breath, and curled up slightly.

His already bear-like frame appeared to shrink a little.

Just a little, yet he still looked much like a bear.

Before, he resembled a lethargic, well-fed bear.

Now, he was like a bear that had inhaled deeply, ready to climb a tree and steal honey.

But Jason understood the meaning.

If the warship was living, could such a warship transform its shape?

What would the living warship look like under normal conditions?

Or rather, what could it disguise itself as?

And more!

What would it taste like when camouflaged?

Saliva began to involuntarily secrete in Jason's mouth.

I must not be dominated by 'hunger'!

Jason quickly gathered his wits and began reminding himself.

"General Fono, how about the other cities?"

Jason diverted his attention.

"They are under control; only this one peculiar warship has appeared."

The old general responded.

"Is that so?"

Jason frowned.

He definitely wasn't lamenting that he could only feast on one warship; rather, he was pondering whether this meant that such warships were also rare for the Sabie aliens, allowing only one to be dispatched.

Or possibly, that only by dispatching one could they evade detection.

When Jason voiced this thought, the old general immediately nodded.

"The staff have already put forward such a hypothesis; we will redeploy the radars."

"And

"Jason, would you like to become a full-time soldier?"

The old general looked at Jason with an invitation.

"Being a sergeant major is good enough."

Jason replied as such.

"Understood."

The old general nodded again, then stood up, ready to leave.

For Major General Rael Fono, time was precious.

Being able to take the time out for Jason was already due to Jason's proven formidable strength that could not be ignored and his key role in this battle.

Especially the latter, otherwise, no matter how strong, the old general would not have shown up at all.

Chapter 637: It's just inviting Jason to dinner, no rush!_3

After all, he was not lacking in powerful 'Mystical Side personnel' by his side.

"Your meritorious service has been recorded, if you need anything, speak directly to Cortana, she will be fully responsible,"

The old general said before pushing the door open to leave.

"Alright."

Jason replied.

Standing in front of the door, in the courtyard, Jason and the old instructor watched as the old general boarded the helicopter to leave.

Before boarding the aircraft, Cortana, acting as the liaison officer, turned back to Jason and waved her hand.

Jason nodded slightly in response.

"The military is actually a pretty good place."

"There are some secret techniques that are lost to the outside world, and those potions."

"If you join, Jason, Rael will certainly not be stingy,"

The old instructor remarked with a hint of regret.

To this, Jason appeared indifferent.

In a world with a 'Mystical Side,' the power of the official forces was certainly not to be underestimated.

Some secret techniques thought to be lost to the outside were not so unimaginable in the secret libraries of the officials.

Even to some degree, they could far exceed the imaginations of ordinary Mystical Side folk.

Legacy always appeared within any organization.

Especially for the victorious side.

With sufficient skill, one could easily obtain everything from the defeated.

Otherwise, how did 'Spartan Potion' come about?

Jason absolutely did not believe that because of the Sabie Aliens' invasion, the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau' cooperated with the 'Mystical Side' to develop such special potions in less than a year.

They must have been researching it for a long time already.

The 'Mystical Side's participation may have acted as a catalyst.

Or it might just be a cover.

But no matter what, Jason would not choose to join formally.

Not only did he dislike being constrained, but he also had far too many secrets.

Once discovered, it would be a whole lot of trouble.

Too much trouble could turn into a disaster.

Jason didn't want to become a disaster.

Nor did he want to be treated as one.

Looking at Jason's calm demeanor, the burly old man who was like a bear couldn't help but pat Jason's shoulder again with force.

This time, even harder than before.

"Young people should be full of vigor, don't emulate those pretentious charlatans, putting on airs,"

"Come to 'The Copper's Resolve' often. Those kids are really looking forward to seeing you, especially after the recent event... 'Battleship'? That's a terrifying Talent."

With those words, the old instructor also took his leave.

After waving goodbye to the old instructor, Jason was already standing in front of Delbon.

"Mr. Jason?"

Delbon looked at the approaching Jason, slightly startled.

"Do you still remember the promise you made before?"

Jason asked earnestly.

Seeing Jason's serious expression, Delbon immediately began recalling meticulously what promise he had made to Jason.

But after thinking for a while, he couldn't remember.

"Could you give me a little hint?"

"You know, so much has happened in the past few days, my brain isn't working properly."

Delbon raised his right hand, with his thumb touching his index finger, showing a small joint from the index finger, and smiled awkwardly.

"You mentioned before that you know a good restaurant

"To take you out for a meal!"

"Yes!"

"I promised to take you out for a meal!"

"Should we head out now?"

"To get back to the city center from here, it will take some time, and we can just make it for mealtime."

Before Jason could finish, Delbon remembered his promise and rapidly said so.

At the same time, Delbon sighed in relief.

He had been scared to death just moments before.

He thought he might have forgotten some significant promise.

Turns out it was just a meal.

It's just a meal, isn't it?

It's not like it's going to bankrupt him.

Chapter 638: Memory Lane!

Which restaurant is the most famous in Cherry City?

Without a doubt, it's Cherry Hall.

And which restaurant do people most want to visit in Cherry City?

Everyone would choose 'Food & Drink Pavilion.'

Not just because the latter's food is more delicious, but also because 'Food & Drink Pavilion' occasionally hosts special evaluations for industry insiders, which is particularly attractive.

However, the restaurant that Lorde brought Jason to was 'Tony's Restaurant.'

Cherry Hall is too expensive.

The prices far exceed what the term 'value for money' could describe.

And 'Food & Drink Pavilion'?

Simply no vacancies.

He started booking a month ago, but up to now, it still hasn't been his turn.

Lorde felt regret about this.

Of course, choosing 'Tony's Restaurant' had another important reason: it suited Jason!

At least, that's what Lorde thought.

"Don't worry, Lord Jason."

"I'll try my best to book."

"The moment there's a spot, I'll take you to 'Food & Drink Pavilion.'"

Lorde assured Jason.

"Alright."

Jason nodded.

He never refused an invitation to a meal.

Moreover, he was quite curious about the 'Food & Drink Pavilion' that Lorde mentioned.

A special evaluation for industry insiders?

Is it a culinary exhibition?

It must gather quite a number of chefs, right?

I really want to taste their cooking!

Jason thought to himself, but followed Lorde closely, stepping onto a gravel path.

Compared to the asphalt road they got off at, this path was a bit more uneven, yet not from being broken or old, but as a special kind of decorative style.

Next to the gravel road were shops unlike modern ones, with wooden signs, windows redolent of a past era, and streetlights that had changed from electric to gas lamps.

The shopgirls here wore either white or coffee-colored loose long dresses that reached past their ankles, covering their shoes.

As they walked, their steps were light but firm, revealing youthful vitality on their unadorned faces, and their hair bands would bounce, adding to their playful charm.

The black leather shoes peeking out from under the dresses didn't feel out of place; instead, they added just the right touch of color.

The male staff wore either shirts with suspenders or tailcoats.

The former acted as doormen or security.

The latter were higher-level managers or supervisors.

Jason's gaze swept over everything before him, revealing a hint of reminiscence in his eyes.

It's so much like Lorde!

He sighed to himself inwardly.

This unknown street before him, aside from a few details, was exactly like the 'Lorde' from his memory.

Lorde noticed the nostalgia in Jason's gaze.

He must be one of the ancient breed!

Coming here was the right decision!

With these thoughts, Lorde clenched his fist in secret.

As one of the outstanding members of the 'Clock Tower,' he had encountered many 'Mystical Side' individuals, both young and old, especially the latter.

Their age was truly astonishing, even to him as a 'Wizard.'

And without exception, they all liked it here.

They would come back from time to time for a walk.

Sometimes to eat.

Sometimes just to wander around.

Or, they'd simply choose a warm afternoon to sit and soak up the sun.

Of course, there were also those who basked in the moonlight.

So, when Jason asked him to fulfill the promise of a meal, he deliberately chose this place.

After all, it's suitable for older people.

To once again bask in Jason's glory in the future, Lorde obviously had thought this through thoroughly.

However, he did not dare to directly say the word 'ancient breed.'

He remembered clearly that Jason seemed not to like such a title.

"We really love coming here, it preserves our most glorious era, and it's also our place of ultimate memory—that's what my teacher said. He's very old, at least 190 or maybe 200 years old. The era he's from must look like what we see now, right?"

As he recited these words he prepared earlier on the road, this 'Clock Tower' member who was stationed at the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau' stealthily observed Jason's reaction.

In his mind, at this moment, Jason should be showing a touched expression.

Then, he would take the opportunity to mention some interesting stories from that era, leading to deeper topics.

But what he didn't expect was that Jason looked normal, without any hint of emotion, his gaze deeply curious as he examined the surrounding shops, as if he was here for the first time.

Huh?

Could it be that I guessed wrong?

Lord Jason isn't one of the ancient breed?

Impossible!

With Lord Jason's performance, he must be undoubtedly one of the ancient breed.

And his current behavior...

Oh, I see!

Lord Jason detests being called one of the ancient breed, but being one is a fact; thus, the only option is to forget!

Though such 'forgetfulness' is self-deceptive, it's not a bad choice for Lord Jason,

So, not only has Lord Jason 'forgotten' his identity, but also the memories of that era, right?

Lorde suddenly realized.

He couldn't judge whether this was good or bad.

But it must be useful!

Didn't you see the joy on Lord Jason's face when he looked at the restaurants?

Compared to the teachers' faces full of memories and emotions, Lorde preferred this kind of joy.

"Lord Jason, please follow me."

"Tony's Restaurant is just ahead."

Lorde immediately said.

Following the gravel path forward, they arrived at a set of steps at the end.

Chapter 639: Memory Lane!_2

The stone steps, a total of 22, are flanked by gas lamps at the 1st, 11th, and 22nd steps.

Naturally, the ground next to the gas lamps isn't empty, void of any lawns or flowers, two three-story wooden houses are built along this slope, their dark brown wooden walls appear very sturdy.

"This side is 'Tom's Inn', that side is 'Jerry's Inn'."

"Rumor has it that they were opened by two brothers, but, their relationship is quite poor."

"Since birth, they've always been in constant competition."

"Yet they've never truly hurt each other, and moreover, when an external enemy arises, the two will join forces, making it impossible for their adversary to escape unscathed—within the 'Mystical Side', the names 'Tom, Jerry' are known to all."

Although there were some discrepancies from the plan, Tel from Delbon still played the role of tour guide satisfactorily.

"Tom and Jerry?"

"Their relationship must be really good."

Jason commented as such.

To Jason, Tom and Jerry being 'people of the Mystical Side' was not at all surprising.

In fact, after he entered this street, the number of 'people of the Mystical Side' began to increase.

His perception, surpassing that of the average person, could easily distinguish this.

Coupled with previous words from Tel,

Jason defined the street before him as a memorial for the elderly of the 'Mystical Side', and a gathering place for the young.

Looking at the surrounding architectural style, the way people dressed,

If it were not for the 'people of the Mystical Side' participating or acquiescing, Jason would never believe it.

Perhaps initially it was just a few elderly people reminiscing about their youth, but later on, this place had already changed.

Remain true to the original intention?

It's like asking him to persist in cremating the fish that died, rather than entertaining other thoughts.

Difficult.

Otherwise, it wouldn't be precious.

Thinking of the taste of grilled fish, Jason silently swallowed his saliva.

"Of course."

"After all, they're brothers."

"In the early years, I heard Jerry wanted to venture into larger cities, even left a farewell letter for Tom who was asleep, but before Tom could wake up, Jerry returned here, tore up the goodbye letter, and even gave Tom a rare kiss," Tel recalled amusingly.

Jason nodded and quickened his pace.

He had already smelled the scent of food.

When he finally climbed the steps, 'Tonio's Restaurant' appeared before him.

An oval wooden sign, with edges decorated with basil leaves, had 'Tonio' prominently written on one side of the middle, while the other side depicted something that resembled a 'tomato'.

Ding-a-ling!

Tel entered the restaurant as if he was familiar with it.

Amidst the sound of the doorbell, a handsome, tall, and impeccably neat chef came out.

"Tel, welcome."

The chef greeted him with a warm smile.

The white chef's outfit, with a red neckerchief indicating the status of head chef.

However, what Jason paid most attention to was the environment around him.

Clean!

Exceptionally clean!

The floor was polished to a shine that could reflect images, and the tables and chairs were spotless.

Such a dining environment was undoubtedly comforting and pleasant.

Jason was no exception.

"Chef Tonio, good morning, this is my good friend, Mr. Jason," introduced Tel, then gestured for Jason to follow him.

Under Jason's gaze, Tel went to a sink by the entrance to wash his hands.

Wash hands before eating?

As one who always remembers to disinfect with strong liquor before eating, Jason certainly would not object.

"Chef Tonio is a bit of an odd character, he's very keen on cleanliness, and if anyone enters his restaurant without washing their hands, they are liable to be thrown a flying knife."

"And this place is entirely managed by Chef Tonio alone, there are no waiters or other chefs, he undertakes all the roles himself."

"There is also no menu available; he designs a special menu for every person that enters the restaurant."

Sitting at one of the few tables in the restaurant, Tel began to describe the specialties of 'Tonio's Restaurant.'

This piqued Jason's interest even more.

Hearing the words 'special menu', Jason's saliva was once again secreted more quickly.

"Tel, I suggest you don't stay up late recently and avoid reading books that consume too much energy. As a 'Wizard', you shouldn't be doing that."

Tonio, who was wearing a matching white apron, approached the table and directly said to Tel.

"And what should I, as a 'Wizard', be doing? Strenuously meditating, gritting my teeth to become a Grand Magician?"

Tel spread his hands and asked rhetorically.

"That would be a fine choice, at least your teacher would be proud of you," Tonio replied with a smile.

Tel from Delbon promptly rolled his eyes.

"I certainly don't want to be all alone at 200 years old; I'm a good man who has vowed to have a family and is currently working hard to learn the 'Way of the Homebound Man'."

Tel from Delbon sat up straight and spoke seriously.

"But reading those books won't make you popular."

"Nor will any lady like you just because you appear to read such books."

"However, there are no absolutes in life."

"Maybe the person you're waiting for is just like that, and she might show up sooner than you think."

Antonio said, with a teasing tone.

Clearly, the two had a very good relationship.

Only close friends would tease each other like this.

As Jason wondered, Antonio's gaze turned to him.

The look was obviously appraising, but also somewhat different.

In Jason's perception, when Antonio sized him up, he could keenly sense the air around him begin to exude a familiar aura—the aura of the Mystical Side.

Some kind of secret technique?

Jason sat there, motionless, pondering silently.

But Antonio had gone from relaxed to solemn.

He had never seen such a guest before.

Antonio was quite confident in his secret technique.

He could use his secret technique to figure out what the guests were missing and then use food to fill these gaps.

This was also his pride as a chef.

Not just to satisfy hunger, but to satisfy it well!

Only... Jason in front of him was just too strange!

Under his secret technique's observation, Jason seemed to lack nothing, sitting there as if he were a solid Bastion, without a single deficiency.

But with a closer look, he seemed like a young beast that had lost its shelter.

Not just constantly emitting cries of hunger but also appearing malnourished, as if lacking everything.

What was going on?

Antonio frowned slightly.

He trusted that he had not misjudged.

His secret technique could not be wrong, either.

It was just this sense of contradiction...

The next moment, Antonio pushed his secret technique to the limit.

This time, without needing extraordinary perception, Tel could see the glow in his good friend Antonio's eyes.

"What's this?"

Tel was stunned, then came to a realization.

It was only right for things related to Jason to become strange, wasn't it?

With this thought in mind, Tel spoke up.

"Chef Antonio, isn't this Mr. Jason the 'Ship Slayer'? Didn't you see his sword strike earlier?"

Tel reminded Antonio.

As for addressing Antonio as the chef?

It was Antonio's request.

Tel naturally respected his friend's wishes.

"Ship Slayer?!"

Antonio was startled, then bowed deeply.

"Welcome, Ship Slayer sir," Antonio said with respectful words, and when the chef straightened up, a smile was already on his face, "I have thought up your menu!"

The Ship Slayer, naturally, was not someone he could fathom.

That his secret technique failed to probe was only to be expected.

So, he just had to bring out his best skills.

Antonio turned and headed for the kitchen, leaving Jason and Tel alone in the dining room.

Tel, of course, wouldn't let the atmosphere turn awkward and immediately resumed sharing some interesting stories.

Jason didn't mind learning more about the 'surface' and the 'Mystical Side' through Tel.

As Tel narrated, time passed.

Gradually, appetizing aromas began to waft from the kitchen.

Jason's gaze was naturally drawn, but just then, the restaurant's door was pushed open.

Chime!

The person pushing the door was forceful, the wind chime swung wildly, and the door struck the inner wall with a piercing clang.

A figure strode in confidently.

Upon seeing Jason and Tel, they walked straight over.

Thump!

The person pulled out a stack of crisp new bills from their chest and tossed them right in front of Jason and Tel.

"Sorry, this place has been booked for a private event; please leave."

Chapter 640: Do you think what you see is real?

Tel looked at the crisp banknotes on the table, propped his chin with one hand, and tilted his head to size up the uninvited guest in front of him.

A black suit, white shirt, sunglasses.

The body wasn't too tall but was muscular, with distinct calluses on the palms and at the base of the thumbs.

A bodyguard?

Tel guessed.

At the same time, he glanced over at Jason.

At this moment, Jason was completely captivated by the aroma wafting from the kitchen and was paying no attention to the person in front of him.

Tel was not surprised at this.

After all, he was there.

Weren't these things supposed to be handled by him?

Thinking this, Tel revealed a courteous smile and pushed the banknotes back across the table.

"Although I'd love to take the cash and leave, my stomach simply won't allow it."

Tel uttered these words.

While he was tempted to snatch the banknotes and slap them on the other person's face, he knew that such an action would not endear him more to Jason.

Mr. Jason had a fondness for eating!

He ought to use etiquette befitting food to reject the other party.

The bodyguard standing there, even behind sunglasses, seemed to furrow his brow.

Then, he threw out another stack of banknotes.

"Please leave!"

The other party emphasized.

"Continue."

Tel quirked an eyebrow, his tone flippant as he spoke, maintaining the polite smile on his face.

Instantly, the bodyguard clenched his fist.

But immediately, he threw yet another stack of banknotes.

"Is there more?"

Tel asked with a grin.

This time, the bodyguard could not hold back.

He raised his hand, intending to grab Tel.

Snap!

A crisp finger snap sounded.

The bodyguard, as if in a trance, froze in place.

Then, he just stood there, turning around and walking out of the restaurant.

Dingling!

The chime of the wind bell sounded again as the door closed.

And the moment the door shut, the bodyguard immediately came to his senses.

He looked back in shock at the restaurant, then, bewildered, at his employer standing in front of him.

"Useless."

The young employer said such words, striding in through the door.

Dingling!

Amid the jingle of the wind chime, the young employer walked in.

He wore a red plaid suit, a black shirt, and matching shoes, with his blond hair tending to yellow above a pair of eyes filled with intense arrogance. His gaze swept over Jason and Tel with a hint of disdain.

Finally, his eyes rested on Tel.

At this time, Jason, who was lured by the food, was far less noticeable than Tel, who dressed in hip attire and had one gold and one silver earring.

Especially the naturally emanating 'Mystical Side' aura from Tel's presence, it made the young employer pause in his tracks.

"I am very sorry for my bodyguard's rudeness."

The young employer said very respectfully.

However, the scorn in his eyes did not diminish in the slightest.

Moreover, his face was full of arrogance.

Thus, such an apology seemed insincere and more akin to an act of patronage.

When the young man straightened his back, he said quite bluntly, "I am the second son of the Bolun Family, and I would prefer not to have strangers around while I dine."

While speaking, he pulled out a checkbook, tore off one of the checks, placed it on the table, and gently slid it toward Tel.

"Name your price?"

The young man said carelessly.

His eyes seemed to playfully watch Tel, as if he was anticipating some amusing figure Tel might write.

And Tel was thinking about what the other had just said.

‘The second son of the Bolun Family’?

He was familiar with the Bolun Family.

An emerging family that rose to prominence after the decline of the Edward Family, but compared to the heyday of the Edward Family, the Bolun Family held not even a third of their power.

Constrained by the council and by various magnates.

A delicate balance had formed in Cherry City.

However, he had heard more about the ‘Bolun Family’s’ eldest daughter.

And this young man, the second son?

He knew of him.

But it was the first time he had seen him.

"Just fill in any number, and I'll meet it."

The ‘second son of the Bolun Family’ said brazenly, while Tel was thinking, almost as if imposing.

That kind of imposition tinged with a malicious joke.

Tel felt the malice behind it, and a flash of displeasure crossed his eyes.

Just as Tel was preparing to teach this young man a minor lesson, the door was pushed open again.

Dingling!

A girl in a white dress walked in.

The moment she entered, she saw the 'second son of the Bolun Family.'

"Bolun?!"

"You're bullying people again!"

After the girl's voice rose in surprise, she spoke even louder, then walked over to Bolun and grabbed his ear.

"Ow, ow, that hurts."

"Emily, let go!"

"You crazy girl, let go!"

Bolun shouted and protested, but the girl stood there with an apologetic face, apologizing to Jason and Tel.

"I'm sorry, my friend has been poorly disciplined since childhood, I apologize on his behalf."

"Please don't mind it."

"I'm truly sorry."

After saying that, the girl bowed.

Her hair fell with her bow, and the white dress added to the young girl's sense of purity, now even more beautiful in its unique simplicity.

Especially when such an innocent young girl stood next to a vile fellow, the contrast was stark.

Only...