

## Menu 64

### Chapter 64: Systems and Limits

One thing Jason could be certain of was that mystical powers were transforming his body subtly and imperceptibly!

When accumulated to a certain extent, a qualitative change was inevitable.

And this process of accumulation should be quite lengthy, but it was not without ways to accelerate it, just as the Dufol Language combination of “Protection Against Evil” and “Mist Concealment” when combined, had a complementary effect, making the mystical power more concentrated. That should be one of the methods to accelerate this change.

What Jason considered was:

Since there was a complementary effect, could there be...

mutual restraint?

The answer was affirmative.

Career systems in the Mystical Side all had their restraints.

How could the secret techniques within a career system not have restraint?

“Thank goodness!”

“‘Protection Against Evil’ and ‘Mist Concealment’ do not restrain each other!”

Jason took a deep breath, feeling relieved.

Jason dared not imagine the outcome if mutually restraining powers were branded on his heart.

It might be mutual cancellation, slowing down the process of change.

But more likely...

the heart would be injured!

Without a doubt, heart injury meant fatal injury!

What was the difference between the clash of mystical powers and a dagger directly plunged into his heart?

Although he could heal fatal injuries with satiety, how could he withstand continuous fatal injuries?

It seemed...

not impossible.

Jason thought seriously.

As long as he had enough satiety, what would continuous fatal injuries amount to?

That is to say...

As long as I eat enough, I can be 'immune' to such injuries!

Even, I might 'adapt' to such injuries!

Thinking this, Jason's spirits lifted, but he did not become blindly optimistic.

"However, the amount of satiety that would be required is a terrifying figure!"

“I would probably need to find a continuously regenerating creature to put in front of me to meet such requirements!”

“And...”

“Each career system should have a complete record of how to accelerate this change, the ways, and methods.”

“It is precisely because of this that these power systems could become career systems and be referred to as ‘heritage’!”

This realization rose from the bottom of Jason’s heart.

His understanding of the entire ‘Mystical Side’ deepened further.

At the same time, his craving for knowledge of the ‘Mystical Side’ grew even stronger.

Jason had never missed ‘his so-called mentor whom he had never met’ as much as he did at this moment.

His mentor certainly had the complete system and heritage of the Night Watcher.

Unfortunately...

His mentor had been lured away by a manipulator behind the scenes.

Even though he had left behind 'proof of the Night Watcher', his mentor definitely would not have expected his progress to be so rapid.

The simplest and most direct method was no longer viable.

Jason's personality meant he was not one to wait.

His gaze once again turned towards the open exchange session of this 'secret gathering'.

However, Jason did not head straight to the underground hall.

He began to tidy up his room.

He bundled up all the spoils of war that belonged to him with ropes. During this process, because of the extra bones from the Kansa Burrowing Dragon, Jason had to reorganize his loot and repackage it.

And while repacking, Jason's thoughts diverged once again.

The packing of loot had its limits.

So...

did the heart have limits?

To be precise, how many Dufol language combinations could a normal heart contain?

With such doubts, Jason pushed open the door and headed towards the underground hall.

Compared to before, there were several more servants and guards along the way.

The guards stood dispersed.

The servants were cleaning up the traces left by the previous fight.

Eric was responsible for this.

Upon seeing Jason, the old earl's servant immediately saluted.

"I am very sorry, Lord Jason."

"Due to my negligence, you have once again suffered an attack."

Eric was about to bow in apology.

Clearly, the old earl's servant had completely freed himself from the influence of The Planner who used 'illusion'.

He not only remembered what had happened but also could no longer ignore the body of the 'illusion' Planner in Jason's room.

Jason stepped aside, avoiding such a salute.

"He came because of me,"

“It has nothing to do with you.”

Jason knew why those guys came, so he wouldn't arbitrarily take his anger out on others

Not to mention, the other party had already given enough compensation.

The Kansa Burrowing Dragon was truly delicious.

After nodding to Eric, Jason entered the underground hall.

Through that door.

The mixed, noisy sounds had already vanished at this time.

Everyone was sitting around in front of the old earl's tent.

However, the old earl was not present. Instead, he let these people freely exchange, just like the name of this phase: public exchange.

“I need complete information on ‘warrior’ level one, including the ritual.”

"I can offer 150 Gold Crooks."

"Or equivalent goods."

A person cloaked and with their face covered announced loudly.

The people around were unmoved.

"200 Gold Crooks!"

The person increased the offer.

This time, someone spoke up.

"At least 220 Gold Crooks,"

said another person dressed similarly, standing among the crowd.

The person seeking 'warrior' level one information hesitated for a moment before ultimately agreeing.

Then, the two entered the tent to make the trade.

Obviously, with the old earl's notarization, both parties felt quite assured.

Next, another person stepped forward.

"I want a sword branded with spell-like enchantments, it must be sufficiently sharp!"

Like the previous person, he stated his request.

Jason slowed down his steps, approaching as quietly as he could.

He didn't want to disturb this public exchange phase.

However, when he was about 5 meters away from the crowd, he was still discovered by a few people with very sensitive perception.

These people turned around and saw Jason with his trophies.

Then, their expressions changed.

Thanks to their sharp senses, they could detect the faint smell of blood on Jason, which couldn't be washed away even after cleansing, and with those trophies, they were not fools—they immediately made some guesses.

And the actions of these people naturally caught the attention of those around them, who also turned around.

Then, one by one, their bodies stiffened.

Some were tense.

Some were frightened.

Some were on guard.

Undoubtedly, these people that move in the Mystical Side had also noticed something.

They all stared at Jason, but Jason, being watched by everyone, seemed oblivious as he scanned the crowd. The crowd, in turn, immediately looked down or gazed around, unwilling to meet such a gaze.

And Jason had found his target.

The clown mask was conspicuous.

Jason spotted it immediately.

He then walked towards Taniel.

Suddenly, the crowd in front of Jason dispersed.

Only then did Taniel, whose attention was fixed on the front of the tent, realize that something was amiss. But, when the young Deer Academy teacher turned around and saw it was Jason approaching, he immediately forgot the anomaly.

After all, this was his friend, though a bit aloof, a bit rough in behavior, a bit intimidating, but what could be wrong?

So, only the exuberantly cheerful Taniel started waving his arms, shouting—

“I’m over here!”