

Menu 641

Chapter 641: Do You Think What You See is Real?_2

Telbon, however, inexplicably felt a sense of dissonance.

But he couldn't quite put his finger on where the inconsistency lay.

As an outstanding member of the Clock Tower stationed at the Ground Reconnaissance Bureau, of course he wouldn't bully a little girl.

"It's okay, get up."

"Put these back."

Telbon said this while simultaneously pushing the cash and checks back to her.

"The ones Bolun sent out

Bolun wanted to say something else, but before he could start, Emily interrupted him.

Bang!

Emily lifted a foot and kicked Bolun's shin.

The sound was enough to show that Emily had put a lot of force into it.

Bolun cried out in pain.

"Ah!"

"Emily, have you gone mad?"

Bolun yelled.

Emily, on the other hand, was smiling apologetically while reaching for the cash and checks.

At that moment, Jason turned his head, his face cold as he looked at the girl and boy in front of him; the pressure in his gaze brought Bolun's scream to a halt and also stopped Emily in her tracks.

The two young people felt as though a mountain had been placed on them, making it hard for them to breathe.

"Get out."

Jason said indifferently.

Then, he turned his head back towards the kitchen.

Emily instinctively wanted to open her mouth, but Bolun covered her mouth with his hand.

This young man, who had just been so arrogant, now respectfully saluted Jason and Telbon, then dragged Emily out of the place.

The cash and checks on the table were left untouched, not even glanced at.

Ding-a-ling!

The sound of the wind chime tinkled, and the door closed once more.

Watching the closed door, Telbon felt a bit disoriented.

What just happened?

The befuddled member of the Clock Tower stationed at the Ground Reconnaissance Bureau stared at Jason.

"It's all quite obvious."

Jason replied.

Obvious?

Telbon furrowed his brow.

He began to recall the entire process.

From the appearance of the bodyguard to their departure, then Bolun's arrival, followed by Emily.

Wait a second!

The bodyguard!

Bolun's bodyguard was outside the door, and Emily should have seen this bodyguard before entering the restaurant. With the degree of familiarity between the two parties, they should naturally recognize each other's bodyguard at a glance!

But Emily looked surprised...

"Were they just putting on a show?"

Telbon couldn't help but blurt out.

"Mmhm."

Jason nodded.

"Why?"

Telbon still didn't understand.

"The Mystical Side."

Jason answered succinctly.

Telbon was taken aback.

The Mystical Side?

The Mystical Side!

The two of them intended to join the Mystical Side!

What happened last night, the common people were still in the dark.

But given the families of the two, it wouldn't be difficult to learn things unknown to the common man a day or two in advance, just as it would be easy for their families to learn about some of the affairs of "Memory Lane."

So they came here looking for a target and began their performance.

Looking back, it was precisely when he was about to teach Bolun a lesson that Emily appeared.

It was just too coincidental!

And Bolun's words, they were also timed just right.

It seemed rude, but there was no substantial offense.

It annoyed him, yet would not genuinely hurt the other party.

Plus, with Emily's "cooperation," if it were just him, there was a high chance he would agree when Emily opportunistically suggested dining together.

Then, at the table, Emily would surely curiously bring up some questions about the Mystical Side.

Would he answer?

Of course, he would.

Wait a second!

Why were the two of them able to seize the opportunity so perfectly?

Had they investigated him?

This question had just emerged when, the next moment, Telbon couldn't help but smile bitterly.

The answer was, of course, affirmative.

Without investigation, how could they grasp these moments so precisely?

Especially that young man!

Thinking about it now, it was truly frightening!

He hadn't noticed the other's disguise at all!

"Are young people nowadays all this terrifying?"

"Did they feel the crisis because of last night's attack by the Sabie Aliens?"

"But such a quick response... Isn't that too fast?"

Tel sighed, his tone filled with astonishment.

"Hmm."

"The potential of the young is something that no one can imagine. Don't underestimate the young just because they're poor."

"Especially children from wealthy families; they receive far better education than the average, possess insights that ordinary children do not, and with the support of their parents and elders, they are destined to have better opportunities for advancement."

Jason nodded, not denying the statement.

This was not just Jason's conjecture.

It was also what he 'heard'.

With a perception far beyond ordinary people's imagination, Jason was clearly aware of everything outside the restaurant.

...

Outside the restaurant, Emily apologized to Bolun with regret in her eyes.

"Sorry, Bolun, this caused you a loss."

"It's my negligence."

"I did not consider that I had already seen your bodyguards, and it was unnecessary to show a look of surprise."

The girl apologized.

"It's okay."

"At least we are safe and sound."

Bolun shook his head, his face calm, his eyes reflective.

"But after wasting this opportunity, it will be difficult for us to easily make contact with 'Mystical Side personnel' again—according to information obtained through special channels, Delbon should be the easiest person to access within the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau'. Besides, he's decent, the harmless type of person, the most suitable for us to approach. Others are just too dangerous."

Emily's face showed worry.

Ever since she learned about the 'Sabie Aliens' and the 'Mystical Side' last night, she could no longer hide the anxiety and sadness in her heart behind her usual innocent smile.

Already extremely sensitive to crises, her heart now was filled with unease.

"Don't worry."

"There will be other opportunities."

Bolun said softly, then pointed down the steps at two hotels.

"Tom and Jerry?"

"They are very dangerous."

"If we're not careful, we could

Emily's face showed hesitation, but Bolun remained calm, saying in a serene tone, "Without taking risks, there are no rewards. Do you expect to gain the most with the least risk? That often just leads to falling into traps."

"We already start at a higher point than the average person."

"But we also face restrictions that the average person does not."

"Now, an opportunity to reshuffle the deck has arisen."

"We have a chance to break free from our bindings."

"Do you want to give it up?"

Bolun asked his only close friend.

Emily's eyes hardened with resolve at Bolun's counter-question.

"I am unwilling to."

"But how should we do it?"

Emily inquired.

Bolun smiled, pulling a checkbook from his chest.

"Money?"

"It's not omnipotent!"

Emily frowned.

Coming from her background, her understanding of 'money' was exceptionally clear, so she was well aware of its limitations.

"It's not omnipotent, just because... there's not enough of it!"

"Those are the words written by my ancestor."

"I think he was right."

Bolun turned and walked down the stairs as he spoke.

Emily immediately followed him.

"Is it that 'incredible' ancestor you've mentioned before?"

Emily asked curiously.

She had heard Bolun mention this ancestor more than once.

Each time, he described him as 'incredible.'

Which was a fresh memory for her.

"Hmm, incredible... I think 'Mystical Side' fits better."

Bolun corrected his friend's adjective.

In the past, the 'incredible' aspects related to his ancestor had become clear to him after the 'Mystical Side' revealed itself thoroughly last night.

His ancestor was from the Mystical Side!

Otherwise, how could he have risen so suddenly during the enigmatic era two hundred years ago, arriving in Cherry City laden with astonishing wealth and living incognito, only to die abruptly because of a minor accident that couldn't have been any smaller?

Though for a man who lived to 150 years old, such a mishap was trivial.

Yet, when compared to that person's life, the accident was truly absurd.

And now, this absurdity had an explanation.

‘Mystical Side’!

Bolun clenched his fist, a gleam of anticipation in his eyes.

It was both yearning and hope.

His admiration for that ancestor made him aspire to his ancestor’s life and even more to have such a life for himself.

For this, he knew he had to risk everything and put up a fierce fight.

However, the young man furrowed his brows almost immediately.

He still had one last puzzle to solve.

Why had his ancestor, in that notebook which only he could open and which burned up after a single reading, left him with such a title?

The title, in his view, did not fit his ancestor’s status.

Not in terms of dignity or otherwise.

It was simply... peculiar.

After all, his ancestor had referred to himself as—

'Broker'.

Chapter 642: Warrior Pot

The sound gradually faded away.

Jason didn't pay much more attention to Bolun's second son and the girl named Emily.

To him, these two youngsters were just an interlude during this "lunch".

The real focus was: lunch!

Soon, Tony pushed out a trolley.

It was the metal trolley used specifically in the kitchen, with two tiers, completely covered by a white tablecloth.

The moment the trolley appeared, Jason's gaze locked tightly onto it.

Squeak, squeak.

With a smile on his face, Tony pushed the trolley toward them.

The sturdy metal trolley made a teeth-grinding, overloaded noise.

Hearing such a sound, Tel from Delbon was also attracted.

That heavy?

What could it be?

A roast whole lamb?

No, no!

The roast lamb wouldn't be that heavy!

Neither would a roast suckling pig!

A roast beef?

But the trolley was too small.

This member of the "Clock Tower" stationed at the "Ground Reconnaissance Bureau" stared at the trolley, guessing over and over in his mind.

Even when Tony had come up to him, Tel couldn't help but sit up straight.

He wanted to see firsthand what was under the tablecloth for lunch.

And Tony didn't waste any time, he reached out and pulled the tablecloth.

Whoosh!

With a crisp sound, Tony skillfully rolled the tablecloth onto his right arm, then the chef bowed slightly, smiled at Jason, and with a gesture of his left hand, said, "Lord Jason, your lunch."

A huge pot that could be called a bathtub appeared on the first tier of the trolley.

Neatly arranged inside were pork belly, chicken meatballs, fried tofu, red shrimp, mushrooms, and potatoes.

The pork belly was the size of a palm, in thin slices.

The chicken meatballs were as big as fists.

The fried tofu was cut diagonally to form triangles.

The red shrimp were whole, de-veined and shells and legs removed.

The mushrooms were cut crosswise, each facing upwards.

The potatoes were chopped, seemingly random but in fact orderly.

More importantly, the clear soup was still roiling in the pot, with rich beef aroma spreading through it.

"This, this is a 'Platinum' warrior pot?"

Tel stared at the food in the big iron pot with some uncertainty.

"Yes, this is a new 'Platinum' warrior pot that I've improved based on the recipes of the 'Bolun's relentless' warriors. While retaining the basics, it has a more reasonable nutritional composition. Not only can it provide for those warriors who train all day with the necessary nutrients their bodies need, but it also makes their appetite better and allows them to consume more food," Tony nodded.

Such an answer made Tel gasp in surprise.

The 'Platinum' warrior pot was well known to Tel, a formal member of the 'Clock Tower'.

It was the food eaten by the 'Bolun's relentless' warriors after a rare victory at a celebration, mainly consisting of meat.

Of course, that wasn't why Tel was surprised.

What truly amazed him was the portion size of the 'Platinum' warrior pot!

The so-called 'Platinum' comes from the homophonous 'hundred jin' (a jin is a unit of weight equaling approximately half a kilogram)!

As you could guess, this 'Platinum' warrior pot was a 'hundred jin' warrior pot.

One pot equaled a hundred jin of food!

Even though Jason could eat a lot, one hundred jin of meaty food would still be too much for one person, even the 'Bolun's relentless' warriors might not be able to finish it on their own.

In fact, as far as Tel knew, the 'hundred jin' warrior pot was originally a dish shared among many people.

Bringing it up now... seemed a bit wasteful, didn't it?

Tel looked at Tony with puzzlement.

"You have to trust my instincts as a qualified chef!"

As he spoke, Tony bent down to move the charcoal stove from the lower tier of the trolley up to the table, followed by the hundred jin heavy iron pot.

Neither the high temperatures of the charcoal stove nor the weight of the big iron pot made Tony's hands tremble at all.

Flame? High temperature?

What kind of chef would be scared of these?

As for weight?

How can one handle real high-end ingredients without strong arms?

These are basic skills for a chef.

Considering himself a qualified chef, Tony naturally had solid basics.

"Lord Jason, please enjoy."

A ceramic bowl and utensils suitable for eating the 'hundred jin' warrior pot were placed in front of Jason.

Jason, who couldn't wait any longer, picked up the utensils and started immediately.

He began with a spoonful of soup.

The delicious taste layered with the flavors of the ingredients in the pot laid the foundation on Jason's taste buds, first with the taste of mushrooms, followed by pork belly, chicken, and shrimp flavors coming in succession, while the tastes of fried tofu and potatoes were not last.

The last taste was that of beef.

It was the purest taste mingling in the broth.

The thick aroma of beef was the first thing he smelled.

The last thing he tasted was the flavor he had first smelled.

"A beginning and an end, huh?"

Jason murmured to himself.

Hearing these words, Tony's smile immediately deepened.

A good diner always delights a chef.

Because he understands you.

Putting down the soup spoon, Jason picked up a large slice of pork belly.

The slice of meat was large but not thick, even being extremely thin; on one side of the slice, it was almost translucent.

The transparency made it look quite crystal clear.

Jason's chopsticks twirled twice, and the large slice of pork belly instantly wrapped around them, also soaked in the soup.

With a bite, the entire slice of meat disappeared from the chopsticks.

The fatty and lean layers of the pork belly offered a clear and distinct texture.

Chapter 643: Warrior Pot (2)

Especially the skin, which carried a hint of crispiness.

"Boil first, then fry!"

Jason was quite certain.

"Exactly, boiling removes the gamey taste and firms up the texture of the meat, while frying makes the fat more palatable."

Tonio nodded in agreement.

Jason picked up another piece of pork belly, savored it in his mouth for a while, and then reached for the chicken meatballs.

The fist-sized chicken meatballs, more plump from simmering in the hot beef broth, would usually be cut in half with chopsticks by most people, who would then taste them slowly.

But the towering 'Copper Unbowed' warriors generally popped one in their mouth at a time.

Jason?

He could finish a pot in one gulp.

Only, to thoroughly enjoy the taste, he restrained himself, slightly opening his mouth to place the meatball inside.

Crunch, crunch.

After a bit of chewing, a crisp sound emerged.

"Is this... cartilage?"

"There's cartilage in the meatball!"

Jason's eyes lit up.

"Ordinary meatballs, aside from being freshly fried, tend to get soggy after soaking in broth for a while, and even beef meatballs that have been beaten repeatedly can lose some of their texture, so, based on that, I've added some crunchy cartilage."

Tonio explained.

The chef looked at Jason with a sense of satisfaction in his eyes.

And Jason's gaze towards Tonio was filled with even more admiration.

Such a look, Jason had only ever shown towards Hannibal.

Not for any other reason.

Simply out of admiration for culinary art.

Feeling this admiration, the chef immediately made a gesture of invitation.

Jason did not stand on ceremony, picking up the diagonally sliced fried tofu, the cross-cut mushrooms, and potato chunks, placing them together in his bowl, then, all at once, he put them in his mouth.

The crispy fried tofu now had a bit of chewiness.

The mushrooms were smooth and tender with a hint of their unique fragrance.

The potato chunks were soft and crumbly.

If the 'Warrior's Pot' was likened to an army, the large slices of pork belly were the vanguard, the chicken meatballs represented the main force, while the fried tofu, mushrooms, and potato chunks were the logistical support of the army.

They might not have the prowess to charge on the battlefield, but they were the most crucial, key to the victory of a battle.

Without a doubt, Tonio did a great job.

Then, Jason picked up a shrimp.

Being the only seafood in the Warrior's Pot.

Its existence was for enhancing the flavor!

Different from the vanguard role played by the pork belly, the main force of the chicken meatballs, and the logistics of the fried tofu, mushrooms, and potato chunks.

The shrimp were the Scout Cavalry!

A small team, undertaking the most important mission.

In the mouth, first came the freshness, followed by a slight sweetness, then the salty flavor burst forth completely.

"Delicious!"

Jason exclaimed with admiration.

Then, no longer able to hold back, he opened his mouth little, lifted the pot, and poured it down his throat.

Such a gesture would undoubtedly frighten an ordinary person.

But for Tonio of Delbon who was from the Mystical Side, it was nothing unusual.

So what if his mouth was a bit wide?

No big deal.

Gulp!

Watching Jason eat, Tel, who was already somewhat hungry, couldn't help but swallow his saliva.

"What about mine?"

He looked towards Tonio.

"Here it is!"

Tonio bent over, took a plate from the second tier of the serving cart, and placed it in front of Tel.

He then took out a lemon from a bag hanging on the right side of the trolley.

Next, he grabbed an oyster from the bag on the left side of the cart.

Pop!

A knife pried open the oyster with ease.

Then the knife slid across the lemon.

As the scent of citrus filled the air, lemon juice was drizzled over the oyster meat.

"Please enjoy."

Tonio, observing the dining etiquette, bowed again.

And Tel blinked?

"Is this it?"

The Ground Reconnaissance Bureau agent from Clock Tower couldn't help but point to the 'Warrior's Pot' nearby, then pointed to the single oyster on his plate.

Although the oyster was not small, it seemed rather meager, didn't it?

"It's for your own good!"

"You need vitamin supplements for staying up late, and oysters to fortify yourself against those extremely draining books."

"You have to remember, you're not seventeen or eighteen anymore," Tonio solemnly said to Tel.

Faced with his friend's advice, Tel opened his mouth to protest, but in the end, his words became a defiant retort—

"Books are the ladder of human progress."

"I love reading, reading makes me happy."

"And also

Before he could finish speaking, Delbon, feeling hungry, fiercely stabbed at the oysters and began to chew with big bites.

Delicious!

The acidic taste, accompanied by a hint of saltiness.

The tender meat of the oysters made Delbon chew a few more times without being able to help himself.

Perhaps this meal was a bit simple, but it was enough to satisfy Delbon.

He swallowed the oyster meat, and when he felt the sense of fullness rising in his stomach, he continued.

"A man is forever a youngster at heart!"

"Hmm, true that."

Antonio did not disagree with this statement, for as a man, he too agreed with these words.

However, he had some thoughts of his own.

"A single youngster is just a boy, not a man."

Antonio said, smiling.

Suddenly, Delbon, who was about to wipe his mouth with a napkin, froze, his hand hanging in mid-air.

He looked at Antonio's smiling face and really wanted to throw the napkin in his face.

However, he refrained from doing so in the end.

Instead, he took a deep breath and replied as calmly as possible.

"Growth is a long process."

Although Delbon tried to calm himself, the quiver in his voice was enough to prove what he was truly feeling inside at that moment.

What's wrong with being single?

Being single is nobility!

That's what Delbon told himself.

Just as Antonio opened his mouth to say something else, Jason's voice interrupted—

"Two more pots."

What?!

Both Antonio and Delbon's gazes were instantly captivated.

They stared at the empty iron pots, dumbfounded.

Even Antonio, who claimed to have a 'chef's intuition' and knew Jason could eat a lot, was no exception.

And Delbon was completely stunned.

There was just a huge pot just now, wasn't there?

A whole hundred pounds!

How could it be gone?

In Delbon's stunned silence, Antonio quickly regained his composure.

"Okay, coming right up."

As a 'real chef,' Antonio naturally would not allow himself to be unable to satisfy the stomach of his customers and promptly turned to walk towards the kitchen.

Thud, thud!

The clear, firm, and determined footsteps brought Delbon back to his senses.

He first looked again at the empty pots and then at Jason, whose stomach appeared completely normal, without the slightest bulge.

Where did the food go?

Did it enter a different dimension?

The member of the 'Clock Tower' stationed at the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau' couldn't help but think.

He wanted to ask, but he didn't dare.

He instinctively felt that this might involve Jason's secret.

Asking about someone's secret is a way to live a short life.

Delbon, aspiring to outlive his teacher, knew the two major secrets to longevity:

1. Live from the heart.
2. Mind your own business.

Were these two things coming together at the moment?

Turn a blind eye!

Quickly, Delbon made a decision.

"The cooking of Antonio is pretty good, isn't it?"

Delbon changed the subject.

"Hmm."

"His cooking is among the best of the people I know."

Jason stated frankly.

Then, Jason's words paused for a moment.

Although he had been eating just moments before, he had heard the conversation between Delbon and Antonio.

As the one who had invited him for the meal, Jason thought he should offer some advice.

"When you're about to buy something, you naturally ask for opinions online, like if you want to buy a laptop and your budget is 5,000, you mustn't say 'Please recommend a laptop within 5,000,' because that will only elicit a bunch of people saying 'Add another 1,000 for a better choice' or 'Since you've already spent that much, you might as well go for XXX' and such comments."

"What you should do is say 'Laptops under 5,000 are all trash! Disagree? Come at me!' then there will be loads of people trying to prove you wrong, frantically recommending super valuable laptops under 5,000."

Jason explained in detail.

Listening, Delbon couldn't help but nod.

He thought it made a lot of sense.

But he was puzzled.

"May I ask, Mr. Jason, what does this have to do with me?"

Delbon asked.

"Of course, it does."

Jason said assertively, then continued in a nonchalant tone—

"You might add underneath: P.S. I am a man who loves women, with no bad habits, hoping to find an XXX girl to spend the rest of my life with."

Chapter 644: After Dinner

Tel blinked, his heavy dark circles almost meshing into one under such blinking.

This 'Clock Tower' member of the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau' subconsciously wanted to retort.

But then, he thought about it seriously.

And he felt that Jason's words seemed to make sense.

You see, attracting people with earnest words and then leading to an unexpected twist.

It would indeed leave a lasting impression.

And it would also make the person who sent the message appear very interesting.

An interesting beginning is vitally important to strangers, as Tel was well aware.

Moreover, it would showcase an interesting soul!

Maybe I should give it a try?

After pondering gravely for two seconds, Tel took out his notebook. He meticulously jotted down Jason's previous words—being a formal member of the 'Clock Tower,' Tel had cultivated good record-keeping habits since childhood.

Jason watched Tel, who was recording, without interrupting.

Not just because the words he had just spoken were sincere and not meant as a mockery.

But also because Tony had once again come out of the kitchen.

As before, the metal trolley creaked as it was pushed along.

"Please enjoy!"

After setting the 'Warrior Pot' on the table, Tony bowed in chef's etiquette and spoke.

However, this time, his gaze did not deviate.

He watched Jason pick up the pot with a smile, watched Jason open his mouth, watched as the food in the 'Warrior Pot' diminished at a visibly rapid pace accompanied by a series of gulping and chewing sounds.

The chef's forehead began to bead with sweat.

Tony had seen people who could finish a 'Warrior Pot' by themselves.

In fact, he had seen quite a few of them.

Because 'Mystical Side' individuals have a unique constitution, they can usually eat much more than normal people, especially in the 'Copper's Defiance' camp, where the stronger the warrior, knight, the more they could eat.

But even those great warriors, high-order knights would slow down their pace when faced with their second 'Warrior Pot.'

The stomach's capacity is limited, after all!

But the gentleman before him, Lord Jason, faced the second 'Warrior Pot' with a ravenous speed... completely surpassing his knowledge of 'Mystical Side' individuals!

Truly worthy of being the second 'Ship Slayer'!

Tony thought to himself as he turned back toward the kitchen.

He hadn't forgotten that Jason had just mentioned two pots.

The sounds of swallowing and chewing that reached his ears did not affect Tel, who had just jotted down Jason's words. Suddenly inspired, he had some ideas of his own.

Without hesitation, Tel started to organize his thoughts and to record them.

This was undoubtedly time-consuming.

But since Lord Jason was eating, it wasn't altogether a waste.

With that thought, Tel immersed himself in his world, oblivious to the passage of time.

When the 'Clock Tower' member of the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau' snapped back to reality, he found that Lord Jason was still eating.

"Not finished yet?"

Tel asked Tony with a smile.

He found nothing odd about it.

After all, it was a hundred-pound 'Warrior Pot'!

Just being able to finish one was already astonishing, to get to the second?

That truly was beyond the average person's imagination.

So 'slow and careful eating' seemed normal to Tel.

As for a third?

Tel never believed anyone could consume three 'Warrior Pots,' even Lord Jason.

But soon, Tel noticed something was off.

Why was Lord Jason's pace of slow and careful eating a bit fast?

And Tony's complexion seemed off, too.

Slightly pale and sweating.

It seemed like he had expended a great deal of physical strength.

And what could cause Tony, a chef, to use so much physical strength?

Cooking!

Beyond that, Tel could think of nothing else.

But Tel knew well that with Tony's capabilities, even managing a banquet for a hundred people would not cause any fatigue, and even doubling the number of guests would pose no problem.

Yet now Tony's face was filled with exhaustion!

How much had Lord Jason eaten?!

Reacting swiftly, Tel, while clutching his wallet in his pocket, looked at Tony with a mixture of shock and apprehensive inquiry.

As a member of the 'Clock Tower' stationed at the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau,' Tel enjoyed a hefty salary.

Each week, he could draw from both the 'Clock Tower' and the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau' would not shortchange him.

But as a 'Wizard,' he needed to buy Magic materials and a considerable number of books.

The former was expensive.

The latter?

It wasn't expensive, but there were new issues every month.

Over time, this also amounted to a significant expense.

Especially some commemorative and special edition issues cost even more money.

Therefore, he didn't have much spare cash.

Living paycheck to paycheck was his label.

Just like being a part of the Nobility.

Or perhaps, the two were inherently intertwined.

No, this can't continue!

I still need a complete family to restrain myself!

Unconsciously, Tel's thoughts drifted, but his gaze did not leave his good friend.

Under Tel's watchful eye, Tony raised his hand and made a 'two' sign.

"Two portions?"

"Is this the third one?"

Tel immediately breathed a sigh of relief.

Just the third, thank goodness, thank goodness!

Chapter 645: Post-meal (2)

He could afford the price.

It's just...

Tel looked at his good friend in confusion. It was only three 'Warrior Pots,' so why was he exhausted to this extent?

Could it be?

Suddenly, Tel thought of something.

He flashed his friend a smile that only men understand.

He finally knew why his friend had prepared fresh oysters.

"Tony, unnecessary effort is a waste!"

"Do you need me to recommend you a master-level reading list?"

"For beginners, 'The Hypnotist's Tale' that I've been following is pretty good, suitable for getting started."

"Luckily, I have a collection of volumes 1-60, plus a special edition volume 2, and a commemorative edition volume 1!"

"If you want to read it, I'll lend it to you."

Tel stood up, slung an arm around Tony's shoulder, and lowered his voice to start persuading his friend, a hint of inexplicable pride unconsciously appearing on his face.

In this state, Tel completely missed his friend's countenance turning unsightly.

"I don't need it."

"I have decided to dedicate my life to the culinary arts."

Tony stated with a righteous tone.

"Isn't that a bit monotonous?"

"Life should be colorful, it needs to have some color!"

"And books, they are truly the best choice!"

Thinking his friend was just too shy to ask, Tel started convincing him, as if trying to lead his friend back to the right path, and then he slapped his forehead, saying, "Right, right, I have another recommendation! An even more classic choice for beginners than 'The Hypnotist's Tale': 'The Great Tale of Brother Cheng'!"

"Twenty portions!"

Tony interrupted Tel.

"What?"

Tel, who was thinking about which books to recommend to his friend, had not yet snapped back to the present.

"I said Lord Jason ate 20 portions."

Tony reiterated.

"Impossible!"

"How could it be 20 portions?!"

Tel blurted out almost instinctively, then Tony nodded, correcting himself: "Hmm, I miscalculated, including the current portion, it's 21."

"Each 'Warrior Pot' sells for 3500, so 21 portions are a total of 73500."

"Cash? Card?"

Tony looked at Tel seriously.

Perspiration started to ooze from Tel, and a feeling of complete weakness spread throughout his body.

"How much?"

His lips trembled as he asked.

"73500 in total."

"Your share is on me, it's already been comped."

Tony added.

73500!

'Clock Tower' grants a stipend of 6000 per month.

'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau' salary per month is 6250 (base 3750, meal allowance 2000, transportation 500).

A single meal cost me half a year's salary?

Equivalent to 20 sets of 'The Hypnotist's Tale'!

Or 10 complete sets of 'The Great Tale of Brother Cheng'!

Also equivalent to 3 sets of the collector's edition 'Holy Bible of Light'!

As this number echoed in Tel's ears again, his brain couldn't help but crunch the numbers, and the more he counted, the more he shook, especially when he thought about how he could have bought so many books with that money, it was simply Jason's one meal, Tel's heart was bleeding.

He regretted it so much!

Why did he have to blurt out a promise to treat Jason to a meal?

Almost subconsciously, Tel looked towards the two stacks of bills and the check in the corner of the table.

I wonder if I could...

"You said you'd treat me to a meal."

"And these?"

"Are mine."

Just as Tel was about to speak up, Jason put down the 'Warrior Pot,' stuffed the two stacks of bills and the check into his pocket.

At this, Tel could only offer a wry smile, with no objection.

Just as Jason had said, these were indeed Jason's.

Because, if it hadn't been for Jason, he definitely would have returned those two stacks of bills and the check to those two young men, and he would have been deceived by them.

"This is what you deserve."

Tel replied, and without waiting for Jason to say anything, Tel went on, "Lord Jason, please go ahead, Tony and I need to talk about something, I'll come find you afterwards at John's place in the suburbs."

Jason, who had been planning to ask Tel if he needed to borrow money, didn't speak up after seeing Tel's demeanor.

"Thanks for the hospitality."

Jason said to Tony, speaking with earnest appreciation.

Tony's culinary skills had satisfied him, especially the portion size of the 'Warrior Pot,' which made him very happy.

"You're welcome to come again."

Tony felt happy as well.

Even though he was exhausted at the moment, meeting a diner like Jason made him feel invigorated—cooking for Jason allowed him to recognize his own shortcomings.

Physical strength!

His physical strength was too poor!

And that was what he had been searching for, yet overlooked.

Now, he finally found it.

As long as he strengthened this aspect, Tony was confident that he could take his cooking to the next level.

So, Tony sent Jason outside the restaurant, and only after watching Jason leave did he turn back.

At that moment, Tel stood there with a serious face.

After Jason left, he was finally ready to face the biggest dilemma of his life.

"Tony, are we friends?"

Tel asked.

"Yes."

"And one of the few good ones."

"But even brothers settle accounts clearly."

Tony answered just as seriously.

"Can I run a tab?"

Tel asked again with seriousness.

"Small business, no credit."

Tony replied with an unchanged expression.

"Then do you accept collateral?"

"I'll use my most expensive set of 'Reconnaissance Officer' as collateral, don't worry I will

"Go wash dishes."

Tel's words were cut off, as Tony looked at his friend and said lightly.

Then, without paying any more attention to his friend, he headed straight for the kitchen.

Whew!

Tel took a deep breath and immediately followed his friend into the kitchen.

If it's washing dishes, then it's washing dishes!

At least, he wouldn't have to part with his "Reconnaissance Officer."

Of course, some questions still needed to be asked.

"How long do I need to wash dishes?"

"Two years, I guess."

"What?"

"Aren't we friends?"

"It's because we are friends that I'm allowing you to repay the meal money this way, and I have already calculated your hourly wage above the market rate, if you are not satisfied, you can go and borrow from Mr. Jason

"No need, I'll go wash dishes."

Tony looked at his friend in surprise, seemingly not understanding why his friend was reluctant to borrow money.

"Men are romantic creatures, they'd rather grit their teeth and endure than ask to borrow, I am a real man, I choose my romance."

With words that sounded almost like a vow, Tel strode into the kitchen with a majestic air, like a warrior marching to the battlefield.

Tony watched from behind, smiled, and shook his head slightly.

Why had he become friends with Tel?

Because, he understood the 'romance' that Tel was talking about.

Or rather...

Perseverance was more like it.

"I also have to intensify the honing of my cooking skills," Tony murmured to himself.

When it comes to perseverance, everyone has their own understanding.

Tel was like that.

Tony was like that.

Jason?

He was no exception.

After feasting at Tony's restaurant, he began searching for other food on 'Memory Street.'

Of course, 'Memory Street' was not limited to just Tony's restaurant.

At least on the way there, Jason had seen two others.

One of these two seemed like a small tavern, the other a barbecue shop.

Jason first patronized the barbecue shop.

The ingredients and condiments were very good, extremely fresh, but for Jason, who had just experienced Tony's cooking, the skills here were somewhat ordinary.

Having spent a stack of money, Jason left the barbecue shop and came to the front of the small tavern.

Even though the door was closed, he could smell the rich aroma of alcohol and the mingling scent of food.

A tavern generally has snacks to accompany the drinks.

When it comes to alcohol, Jason remained cool-headed.

But the snacks?

Jason liked them a lot.

Just as Jason reached out to push the door open, the noise from behind the tavern door suddenly disappeared.

Silence!

The abrupt silence contrasted sharply with the bustling atmosphere of 'Memory Street.'

A bizarre aura began to spread.

Jason's mouth curled slightly, and with a gentle push of his palms.

Creak.

The door, opened.

Chapter 646: The Continuation of Willfulness

Behind the door, the light was bright.

The ceiling's exquisite chandelier was radiating light that merged with the afternoon sun, giving the whole tavern a bright and warm look, and the people asleep on the tables added a lazy feeling to the warmth and brightness.

Anyone who saw this scene would feel drowsy unconsciously.

It wasn't a natural influence.

It was artificial!

Jason's experience and perception were telling him this.

Then, quite naturally, Jason's gaze was drawn to the only sober person inside the place.

The man had white hair, a sharp look in his eyes that couldn't be concealed by the light or the sunshine, and there was a noticeable scar on his left eye, stretching from his forehead to his cheek, which gave him an imposing presence.

At that moment, the man was sitting outside the bar, swirling his glass of drink and sizing up Jason as he walked in.

Although the man was dressed ordinarily and wasn't carrying any weapons, his aura... was powerful!

Perception seven times greater than that of an ordinary person allowed Jason to clearly discern this strength.

There was no hostility in the man's actions, but just sitting there gave Jason a bit of pressure.

It was as if he wasn't looking at a person.

But rather...

A wolf.

A lone wolf that roams through forests, crosses swamps, races across the wilderness, and eventually stands on a cliff top, howling at the moon.

Subconsciously, Jason's muscles began to tense.

Although he had just received an "invitation."

But the necessary caution, Jason wouldn't discard.

Then, Jason stepped towards the man.

The white-haired man was sitting there, waiting for Jason to approach, and when Jason got within less than 2 meters of him, the white-haired man was the first to speak, "Jason?"

It seemed like he was confirming, and once Jason nodded in acknowledgment, the man immediately pointed to the chair beside him.

"Sit."

He invited.

Jason didn't hesitate, and just like that, went over and sat down next to the man.

This decisiveness made the corner of the white-haired man's lips curl up.

"What would you like to drink?"

"I'm buying," the white-haired man said.

"Thank you, but no need," Jason refused.

Just like alcohol's efficient disinfecting capability, it can also make a person rapidly lose their ability to think calmly.

Jason didn't mind disinfecting with strong spirits, but he cared about his ability to think clearly.

"What a pity."

"Not drinking will be a great loss in your life," the white-haired man said, shaking his head and sighing.

"A person always has to lose something to understand the value of what they have," Jason said, half-leaning in the high-legged chair, speaking with a relaxed manner and then looking straight at the man.

He didn't speak, but his meaning couldn't be clearer.

Why the man had "invited" him here.

Just as he was about to push the door open, the entire bar fell into 'silence,' and Jason didn't believe it was a coincidence, especially when the other party called out his name as he walked in.

Though the tone was one of doubt, the other party's gaze didn't waver in the slightest.

Clearly, the other party was certain he was Jason.

And that they showed up here was naturally because they were waiting for him.

As for why?

Beyond the earlier 'Sabie Aliens invasion' and him becoming the 'Ship Slayer,' Jason couldn't think of anything else.

After learning from Tel about the significance of 'Ship Slayer,' Jason knew that more 'Mystical Side individuals' would come into contact with him, some probing, others attempting to recruit.

Of course, hostility wouldn't be absent either.

The silver-haired man before him likely belonged to the former group.

At least until now, the man had shown no hostility.

"I am very curious."

"Curious about you, Jason."

"And

"The Night Watcher."

The silver-haired man looked at Jason, revealing a kind smile, and said somewhat to himself, "Guarding the night, standing in the darkness, with a heart of light—this oath drew me here."

The oath of the Night Watcher?

Jason was taken aback.

The answer from the silver-haired man was somewhat unexpected, but Jason maintained a calm exterior.

"What about it?"

Jason asked.

"It's doing well."

"After all, our ideals align perfectly."

Upon saying this, the silver-haired man paused, then showed a sincere smile.

"Let's get acquainted, 'Silver's Glory,' Hunter instructor."

The silver-haired man introduced himself, yet he didn't share his own name.

Silver's Glory's instructor?

Jason eyed him with a hint of suspicion.

In Delbon's descriptions of 'Silver's Glory,' there wasn't anyone who matched the appearance of the man before him.

Unlike 'Copper's Resilience,' 'Golden Wind,' and 'Undying Diamond.'

The self-proclaimed 'Hunter' of 'Silver's Glory' had long since declined, with no new active members aside from a few remaining Masters.

Thus, Jason had thoroughly inquired about those few remaining Masters.

Among them, there was not a single white-haired man with a scar at the corner of his eye.

Seeing the unmistakable doubt in Jason's eyes, the silver-haired man immediately explained:

"Retired."

"As a retired old fellow, I no longer have a name, nor do I wish my name to be remembered by anyone, much less to appear in most people's field of vision."

After speaking, the silver-haired man gestured towards the slumbering patrons around them.

"Of course."

"You are an exception, Jason."

The silver-haired man said, continuing to explain—

"Koda once inquired about the organization 'Night Watcher' because in some respects, it is just too similar to 'Silver's Glory,' especially the way the 'Night Watcher' is passed down from master to apprentice, hidden among the common folk, stepping forward when people are in need— in some ways, it is identical to our 'Silver's Glory.' Thus, after hearing Koda's story, I started to scour through documents in search of the 'Night Watcher,' to confirm whether the 'Night Watcher' was an extension of our own, knowing that some individuals in 'Silver's Glory' could be quite willful, and it wasn't beyond them to do such a thing."

Chapter 647: Willful Continuation_2

"And the result?"

Jason asked.

He didn't resent the old instructor's loquacity.

Because, when he mentioned the 'Night Watcher', he knew something similar would happen.

It's just...

The similarity to 'Silver's Glory' was unexpected.

"I'd like to say that the 'Night Watcher' is a branch organization created by a predecessor of 'Silver's Glory'. After all, having a 'Ship Slayer' of 'Silver's Glory' would certainly attract more vital forces to join, which would ensure the continuity of 'Silver's Glory', but... I cannot lie to someone who shares the same convictions as me."

"So, the result is regrettable, it's a no."

The white-haired man spread his hands and gave a resigned smile.

"Then, did you show up out of curiosity?"

Jason probed.

Curiosity?

Impossible.

A recluse like this, who had retired and hidden his name, would never appear just out of curiosity.

Indeed, they would deliberately avoid anything that could expose their identity, steering clear of places where mishaps might occur.

They definitely wouldn't appear so openly, as the other man had done.

"I, a retired old man, have long since lost any curiosity."

"And my presence here is merely to do something that someone 'beyond wandering' should do."

While saying this, the man tossed a notebook with frayed edges onto the bar in front of Jason.

"I understand those guys."

"Those guys understand me, too."

"We both know we're not suitable 'mentors'."

"So, we choose a more appropriate way to continue 'Silver's Glory'."

The white-haired man said this.

What would a notebook and so-called continuity lead to?

A vessel for recording the secret techniques of 'Silver's Glory'?

Jason instinctively thought this and surprise flashed across his face.

The white-haired man, however, took it in stride.

"Yeah, it's exactly what you're thinking."

"Whether you learn from it, pass it on to others, or even throw it away, it doesn't matter."

"It's yours now."

Having said this, the white-haired man drank down the contents of his glass in one gulp.

Then, he turned and walked out without any hesitation.

He didn't stop at all, and once the sound of the tavern's door closing echoed, he had vanished without a trace.

Leaving behind only Jason, sitting outside the bar, and the notebook laying in front of him.

Jason's brows were deeply furrowed; he didn't touch the notebook.

Was the inheritance of 'Silver's Glory' handed to him this easily, merely because of similar 'ideals'?

For Jason, who had lived in Nightless City for quite a while, this seemed utterly impossible.

In Nightless City, deception abounded.

Benefits always came with bloodshed.

To put it simply, if an inheritance like 'Silver's Glory' were to appear, there would be rivers of blood in Nightless City.

Habits are terrifying.

They change not just a person's rhythm but also their perception of things.

Like Jason at this moment.

After pondering for several seconds and confirming there was no tampering with the notebook in front of him, and as the people around him gradually began to revive, he finally tucked the notebook away.

"Sir, hello."

"I'm very sorry, I must have dozed off."

"What can I get for you?"

As the bartender woke up and saw Jason, he immediately said.

"Some snacks from here, no alcohol," Jason replied.

"Coming right up."

Although it was a bit odd to the bartender that someone in the tavern wouldn't want alcohol, it didn't stop him from taking Jason's order.

Snacks are also a sale.

As long as there's a sale, that makes one a customer.

With such a simple philosophy, the bartender quickly noticed the empty glass on the seat next to Jason.

He remembered there should have been someone there who had ordered a beer.

But what the person looked like, the bartender couldn't quite recall.

Of course, what mattered more was that the person hadn't paid their bill!

"Excuse me, do you know this customer?"

The bartender scanned the tavern, searching for the vague figure in his memory and after coming up empty, reluctantly turned to seek Jason's help.

"I don't know him," Jason said.

Jason answered very decisively.

The bartender, looking at the resolute Jason, ultimately said nothing.

Even though his memory was fuzzy, he remembered that the patron had come here alone.

"Sorry."

"You know, some people just can't hold their liquor well after drinking too much."

The bartender apologized again.

Jason seemed to agree and nodded his head.

About five minutes later, Jason took the bar snack from the other person's hands: pork cracklings, beef in sauce, and slices of ham.

"That'll be 32 in total."

"Thank you for your patronage."

As the bartender announced the price, Jason paid the bill accurately.

For Jason, who had just accepted an 'apology', money wasn't an issue.

He walked out of the small pub carrying his food.

Without looking for a particular place, Jason ate as he walked.

Under the warm sunshine, the crispy pork cracklings crunched between his teeth, and each crunch played a symphony of fat spreading across the taste buds—a special sensation of smoothness that compelled Jason to grab another handful and stuff it into his mouth.

Crunch, crunch.

Though not fresh out of the oven, they were truly delicious.

The beef in sauce was also cold, but it acquired a unique warmth under the sun.

A warmth starting from the stomach.

The ham, however, was quite ordinary.

Aside from the saltiness, Jason couldn't taste much of the meat, even though it should have been made of meat; it was mostly starchy filler.

"6 points, 5 points, 1 point," Jason silently scored them.

Meanwhile, his gaze continuously swept around.

Compared to the morning, there were more people on 'Memory Street' in the afternoon.

Unnaturally more.

There were young people, middle-aged ones, and the elderly.

Most were lone travelers, with a few in small groups.

People of both genders, dressed differently, some with exquisite craftsmanship and others plain and unremarkable, but they all shared the same expression—curious, cautious.

They walked on 'Memory Street', casting inquisitive glances at each storefront they passed, yet they took no action.

Rather, they were... comparing!

Not comparing which shop looked better.

But which was more mysterious!

Undoubtedly, there are always plenty of smart people in the world.

The second son of the Bolun family and Emily were not the only ones.

Many more realized what they should do even before that old general had officially announced the 'Sabie Alien invasion' and the 'Mystical Side'.

"Those who foresee have the chance to reap the richest rewards," thought Jason.

Then, he added to himself—

"Proportional to the danger!"

He had already seen a few folks, like himself, watching these people.

Unlike him, these few were focusing on those dressed more extravagantly.

At this, Jason shrugged his shoulders.

He didn't meddle in others' affairs.

If one decided to look for opportunities, then naturally one must bear the risks.

Something for nothing?

How could such a thing possibly exist in this world!

Jason thought so firmly but then he immediately thought of the notes given to him by the white-haired man.

Suddenly, Jason frowned again.

In a sense, this too was an unearned gain.

This feeling made Jason somewhat uncomfortable.

He was not used to this.

Therefore, he walked toward a public phone booth.

The call was for his old instructor.

After two rings, the call connected.

"White hair? A scar on his face?"

"Hahaha, don't worry!"

"That guy is Leviah, he's a good person."

After about three minutes of the old instructor's rambling, Jason finally found an opportunity to hang up the phone.

Continue 'Silver's Glory'?

Judging, Jason suddenly remembered something.

Chapter 648: The Choice of Continuation

Suburbs, safe house.

John, Brian, and McCaul sat on the sofa waiting for Jason.

The furnishing of the safe house's sofa was similar to a 3A apartment, both arranged around a coffee table.

Differently, the coffee table in the 3A apartment was round, while here, to match the long couch, they placed an elongated coffee table, with independent couches at both ends, facing the long couch was a fireplace.

Since the weather hadn't entered winter, there was no fire lit, just iron fences surrounding it.

Next to the fireplace was a wooden cabinet, categorically arranged with ceramic teapots, glass coffee pots, plain white porcelain cups, plates, and so on.

Brian, holding a hot coffee and two cups, poured coffee for John and McCaul.

About 10 minutes earlier, Jason had called to say he had something to discuss with them, without any hesitation, John and McCaul immediately put down their 'work' and rushed back here.

And Brian?

As the eldest among the four, he was always responsible for staying behind.

Although the 'safe house' had a high level of defense, it was impossible without someone on guard.

Kemi and Telly?

The two girls' self-protection abilities weren't as strong as Daisy's.

At the very least, Daisy could stand on all fours and had sharp teeth, and when she growled, ordinary people didn't dare approach.

"How are you and Kemi doing?"

In the midst of waiting, McCaul turned to look at Brian.

"Not bad."

"At least Kemi is willing to communicate with me now."

"She even made lunch for me today."

Brian's face was full of a contented smile of an elderly father.

"How about Telly?"

McCaul asked another question.

Concerning the friend he had rescued, McCaul was quite attentive, and if not for frequent accidents, he would have already sent her to the predetermined destination.

That place was once considered by him to be safer.

Unfortunately, now there was no place safer than here.

"Not bad."

"She and Kemi became friends, both of them are always together, with lots of talking and laughing, they get along very well."

Brian replied.

"That's a relief."

McCaul sighed in relief.

What he worried about the most was that Telly would become withdrawn because of past events, but now with Kemi, the worst hadn't happened, which truly allowed the detective to put his mind at ease.

McCaul, with similar experiences, knew all too well what would happen if a person shut themselves away.

But with friends, it's an exception.

While Brian and McCaul whispered to each other, nearby John was stroking Daisy's head. Daisy, being a bulldog, looked intimidating, yet had a clinginess that most people couldn't imagine, rubbing against John's palm with her head, and occasionally flipping her belly to be petted by John. When her belly was scratched a few times, she even rolled over to nuzzle John's legs.

A smile gradually emerged on John's usually impassive face.

The gloomy atmosphere dissipated.

He occasionally interjected into Brian and McCaul's conversation.

"My source will provide us with a batch of effective weapons in a week."

"But if we want full automation, we need to program it ourselves," John said.

"Leave it to me," McCaul laughed, "I'm good at this." Then, the detective spoke in a hushed, mysterious tone, "Many people have been asking me about the Mystical Side; they want to confirm if what happened last night was real or someone's plotting—these days are truly frightening! Even the things seen with one's own eyes have become unbelievable!"

"That's not surprising. In the past while, there have been quite a few guys who have used 'what they saw with their own eyes' to plot their schemes, initially making a good profit, but in the end... it was kind of gruesome to witness."

Brian, as if recalling something, mentioned it like a funny story.

"Are you talking about that incident where the four men were left with only 'knuckles'?"

McCaul reminisced a bit, as if he remembered.

"Yes, that one."

"Northern District, the unfinished building, the explosion."

Brian prompted McCaul, who then fully remembered.

"Right! That's the one! That was a pretty professional hit, not to mention leaving no clues, the guys behind those four got wiped out too—my source has a bounty of 100,000 on that guy."

McCaul exclaimed.

John, who had been stroking Daisy, looked up.

"I did it," he said flatly.

"What?!" McCaul, in the midst of his exclamation, was like someone choked, eyes wide staring at John.

Brian was also stunned.

However, afterward, the two nodded to each other as if by agreement.

"I should have thought of it, in Cherry City the professionals are just a few of us. I didn't do it, and neither did Brian, so it must have been you."

McCaul even slapped his forehead.

Brian and McCaul did not ask why John did it.

Just by seeing John petting the dog, they could approximately guess.

After all, they were gathered together for various reasons.

Time passed by, minute by minute.

Two minutes from the agreed time, the door lock turned, and Jason pushed the door and entered.

Jason always had a good sense of time.

After hanging his thin coat on the rack at the entrance and changing into slippers, Jason walked straight towards the three men.

"Something to drink?"

Chapter 649: The Choice of Continuation_2

Brian asked.

"Just water is fine."

Jason answered and then, without any hesitation, sat down on the sofa.

When Brian handed him the glass of water, Jason took a sip and then got straight to the point.

"I have something I need to ask you all."

"What do you think about what's happening right now?"

"Or perhaps... what are your thoughts on your future lives?"

Jason was very aware that the three people before him were all 'retirees'.

Although they had been forced to take action in a desperate situation before, it was out of necessity, not initiative.

Therefore, Jason could not be certain whether the three were willing to accept the legacy of 'Silver's Glory'.

That's right!

While thinking about how to continue the legacy of 'Silver's Glory', the first people Jason thought of were John, Brian, and McCaul.

As for randomly picking someone on 'Memory Lane' to pass on the legacy to?

Don't joke.

Jason's personality made it impossible for him to do such an absurd thing.

But what Jason was even more aware of was what would happen after accepting the legacy of 'Silver's Glory'.

Some things are simply 'trouble magnets'.

Including but not limited to unexpected wealth, immense fame, and so on.

And the legacy of 'Silver's Glory' involves both, and goes far beyond them.

Because 'Silver's Glory' has long been rooted in this world's 'Mystical Side'.

It's on par with 'Copper's Resilience', 'Golden Wind', and 'Undying Diamond'.

This has destined that inheriting it will bring in a myriad of troubles.

Don't expect that I can learn it, hide, and that will solve everything.

There's no such good thing in the world!

It's just like there being no such thing as enjoying rights without shouldering responsibilities.

Even if there were such good things, they are doomed to be temporary, and when a certain point in time comes, everyone must pay back double, principal and interest included.

Moreover, a more important point is that troubles, the more you avoid them, the more unpredictable they will be.

They may even intensify.

Of this, Jason, who lived in the 'Nightless City', had a deep understanding.

He had seen how so-called 'retirees' carelessly got involved in troubles, and ended up with tragic outcomes.

Therefore, he wanted to ask John and the others face-to-face.

John, Brian, and McCaul looked at each other.

"What happened?"

John asked on behalf of the two.

"I unexpectedly inherited 'Silver's Glory'. I've roughly gone through it, and this legacy includes all the basics and some advanced parts."

"Are you interested?"

Jason explained in detail.

From the perspective of a friend, a comrade in arms, he absolutely didn't want the three to run into any trouble.

But John, Brian, and McCaul were startled.

They were no longer ignorant of the 'Mystical Side'.

After the 'Edward incident', they had a deep understanding of the strength and Bizarreness of the 'Mystical Side'.

Their thoughts on the 'Mystical Side' were unprecedentedly unanimous: respect it but keep a distance.

They did not want to involve their families because of their own entanglements.

But that was before the 'Sabie Aliens' appeared!

When the foreign invaders appeared, the thoughts of John and the others began to change.

They needed more powerful Strength to protect themselves, their families, and friends.

Based on what they already had, the 'Mystical Side' was naturally the first choice.

However, coming into contact with the 'Mystical Side' and tapping into its knowledge were two completely different concepts; they were well aware of the value of 'knowledge' in the 'Mystical Side'.

So when John began to equip the 'safe house' with modern weapons, McCaul used his own channels to search for 'Mystical Side' knowledge.

They didn't ask Jason.

Nor would they inquire with Delbon.

It wasn't about pride or self-esteem.

It was simply that they knew that every organization in the 'Mystical Side' has its own rules.

Simply put, they didn't want to put their friend Jason in a difficult position.

And as for Delbon?

They simply thought him unreliable.

A 'person of the Mystical Side' who was frightened by three swords and shields, a 107mm Type 95 single tube rocket launcher, a squadron of 20 drones, and a self-propelled howitzer was really not reassuring for the three of them.

However, thanks to Delbon's loose lips, John and the others were aware of 'Silver's Glory' and understood what 'Silver's Glory' represented.

So, they looked surprised.

"Do we need to take any responsibilities?"

McCaul was the first to ask. As soon as the words left his mouth, the detective realized the impropriety of his question and began to clarify, "Besides dealing with the trouble that 'Silver's Glory' brings, do we need to make any additional contributions?"

"The person who entrusted this inheritance to me wanted me, or through me, to pass it on to others and keep it going, without mentioning any extra contributions."

"Besides, Koda has assured that the other party is trustworthy."

Jason understood McCaul's concerns and immediately explained.

With the old instructor's assurance, McCaul promptly nodded and looked towards Brian and John.

Compared to the unreliable Delbon, the old instructor was undoubtedly much more reliable.

Whether in physique or in the style of conducting oneself.

"My age?"

Brian said with a wry smile.

"Age is not the key factor, although most 'Mystical Side' organizations traditionally train their members from a young age because they need each member to have not only excellent physical fitness but also the corresponding ideology and... loyalty."

"And Brian, your physical fitness is strong enough, John, McCaul, you too."

"Even, in a certain sense, you represent the limit of what ordinary people can achieve."

Jason spoke truthfully.

This was not meant as mere consolation.

In Jason's view, John, Brian, McCaul each had different strengths, but their physical fitness and skills really had reached the limits of ordinary people, some even exceeding them.

If the three were to come into contact with the knowledge of the 'Mystical Side'?

Jason was very much looking forward to such a scenario.

"When do we start?"

John asked.

Unlike Brian and McCaul's concerns,

The indifferent John simply trusted that Jason wouldn't harm him.

His thinking was straightforward: since Jason had spoken up, then Jason must have weighed it out. There might be some drawbacks, but it certainly wouldn't be fatal.

And that was enough for John.

"Once I've translated it,"

Jason replied with a smile at John, pulling out the notebook given by 'Leviah' and opening it in front of the three of them.

John's and the others' gazes focused on it; the text was written entirely in Dufol Language, which to the three of them, who had never come into contact with it, might as well have been hieroglyphics.

Yet looking at the text, the three could distinctly feel a faint allure.

"Is this the script of the 'Mystical Side'?"

"Very... um, intricate,"

McCaul said after a pause.

"More complex than I imagined."

"But the font is quite beautiful, it has a sort of exotic cursive feel to it."

Brian commented.

"Cursive doesn't hold any special power."

"Which one is my room?"

Jason asked with a smile.

Although this wasn't his first time coming to the suburban safe house, he genuinely didn't know where his room was.

"Follow me,"

John gave Daisy's head a gentle pat and stood up from the sofa to head downstairs.

The safe house was divided into two main parts.

The ground level was the activity area.

The level below was the living area.

And deeper still was the refuge area.

"Jason, this is your room, the living supplies are newly replaced, and I've moved everything from your apartment in Block 3A here, arranged just as it was before,"

John said, pointing to the second-to-last room at the end of the corridor.

"Thank you,"

Jason expressed his gratitude for John's thoughtfulness.

A smile crossed John's face, he pointed upwards, then turned and left.

There was still the matter of weapons he needed to attend to.

Especially after joining the study plan, John felt all the more the insufficiency of time.

Jason watched John leave before pushing the door open to enter.

Everything was just as John had described, the same as it had been in his apartment in Block 3A.

After closing the door behind him, Jason took out the notebook, and just as he was preparing to head to the desk, a knock suddenly sounded at the door—

Thump, thump-thump!

Outside the door stood Kemi, dressed in a pale yellow long skirt, with her hair fluffy, cheeks slightly flushed, standing there shyly and nervously.

Chapter 650: Invisible Enemies All Around You!

"Yes, it's me!"

Standing outside the door, Kemi tried to keep her voice calm, but under the tension, she stuttered, which made her already nervous self even more anxious. The little speech she had prepared was completely forgotten.

Especially when the door opened and she saw Jason, Kemi felt her cheeks burn and her head swim, and she instinctively handed the book in her hands to Jason.

"This, this is the new book 'OverFxxw' that was released before, just like 'Exotic Species Appraiser', it's very popular. Jason, take a look, it will help you with your writing."

Kemi said as she handed over the book.

"Thank you."

Jason smiled as he took the book.

He had read the previous “Exotic Species Appraiser”.

He found it very interesting and the style was unique, which was a great help to his writing.

This “OverFxxw” should do the same.

Although Cortana was helping him, as an author, improving his writing was always a good idea.

Kemi, looking at Jason’s smile, seemed to gain some courage.

Immediately, Kemi said,

"I, I

"If there’s nothing else, I’ll be off.”

She stuttered again.

She became nervous again.

The courage that had just surfaced disappeared the moment she began to speak.

"Alright."

Jason nodded.

Then, he closed the door.

Since Kemi wanted to leave, he naturally would not hold her back. His time was also pressing. Translating the notebook given to him by 'Leviah', even with his 'Proficiency Level' in Dufol Language, was not an easy task and would require at least one or two all-nighters to complete.

The door closed, and Kemi stood there stunned, looking at the door, sighing dejectedly.

Kemi, what are you doing?

Haven't you prepared for this before?

Why get nervous again?

Kemi questioned herself.

This self-inquiry stirred a sense of frustration and... impulse in the young girl's heart.

She raised her hand, about to knock on the door again.

But with her arm raised halfway, less than 10 centimeters from the door, Kemi suddenly heard a familiar 'woof, woof' sound. It was the sound she knew well, the sound of a dog that becomes defensive when encountering unfamiliar dogs.

But...

Didn't Daisy leave with Mr. John?

Kemi looked down the hallway, puzzled, and then prepared to knock on the door again.

Woof... woof...

The warning bark of the dog grew clearer.

At the same time, Kemi realized it wasn't just one dog.

There were three!

The sounds were different but equally fierce.

Confused, Kemi stepped out of the hallway and entered the brightly lit living area of the lounge.

The bright lights and simple decor allowed Kemi to see at a glance that there were no dogs around.

"Am I so nervous that I'm hallucinating?"

Kemi muttered to herself.

Then, the girl shook her head, banishing these thoughts from her mind.

Now was not the time for such thoughts!

I have to gather my courage and express my feelings to Jason!

With this thought, the girl turned around and walked back to Jason's door once more.

She raised her hand and knocked again.

Meow!

The piercing, sharp, and hair-raising sound of a cat screeched in Kemi's ear.

Kemi flinched.

She looked around in alarm.

But instead of knocking again, she took a step back.

Anxiety!

Potent unease began to rise from the depths of her heart, filling her with fear. Instinctively, she felt that if she continued knocking, something bad would indeed happen.

Without hesitation, Kemi turned on her heel and hurried back to her room.

Immediately, the sounds of cats and dogs vanished.

When she opened the door and returned to her room, the unease also disappeared.

"Kemi, how did it go? Did Jason agree?"

Telly, who had been waiting for a long time, rushed over excitedly as soon as Kemi opened the door, taking hold of her friend's hand.

Since when had the two become close friends?

Back at Apartment 3A.

Had there been too much time?

The friendship between women is beyond what men can understand.

They could become close friends over the same shade of lipstick, an ordinary handbag.

They could also agree to go shopping without makeup, and then all show up with makeup, mentally cursing each other for fake friendship, but outwardly becoming even closer.

Perhaps this is what...understanding me?

Some might say such 'friendship' isn't pure enough?

No!

In some ways, this kind of close friendship is even purer.

Because they all secretly think the same thing: that girl is so annoying.

Fortunately, Kemi and Telly are different.

Their unique circumstances when they met made them different.

It made them more open with each other.

As Kemi openly had a crush on Jason, Telly wholeheartedly helped her, from planning strategies to finding props, doing everything herself. Those two books were brought by Telly.

Telly, who had put in so much effort, naturally hoped for a good outcome for her close friend.

Facing her friend's questions, Kemi was slightly ashamed.

"I, I got a bit nervous."

Kemi said.

"You didn't manage to say it, did you?"

Telly's eyes widened in shock as she looked at Kemi.

Kemi nodded.

"My sister, did you come from a convent? Are you still preserving that innocence?"

Telly couldn't help but tease.

Then, Kemi nodded again.

"Really?!"

Telly looked at Kemi in even greater surprise, and then turned to her downcast friend. She immediately went over and hugged Kemi's arm, saying, "That's a plus! Also, I didn't fully understand your situation before, so the plan had some mistakes. Now, let's come up with a brand-new plan!"