

Menu 661

Chapter 661: One More Strange Promise Added

Hearing Jason's question, Jennifer's eyes curved and the corners of her mouth twitched, revealing a cloyingly sweet smile.

She always thought Jason was an interesting person.

From the beginning, and now?

She liked him even more.

"I want to eat grilled rabbit,"

"Grilled sausages, and

...

"Pepper beef and mutton, make them big skewers!"

Without any concealment, Jennifer directly listed what she wanted to eat.

"Alright,"

Jason nodded and immediately signaled McCaul to add these foods, and for McCaul, this was really easy.

"We were going to have a barbecue anyway."

"All these are essential."

"Need any draft beer?"

McCaul asked.

"I don't need it,"

Jason said with certainty, then his gaze shifted to Jennifer.

"I don't need it either,"

"Alcohol makes me go crazy, and I don't want Jason to see me like that,"

Saying so, Jennifer turned her head, her eyes gazing at Jason like shimmering pools.

Her look was filled with deep affection.

"Hey, it's not even dark yet!"

McCaul raised his hands high and turned to leave.

He wanted to eat barbecue later that night and didn't wish to fill up on it now.

"Hmph!"

In the distance, Telly watched this scene and couldn't help but snort.

The young girl was indignant on behalf of her best friend.

"That look is definitely a bad woman!"

"And grilled rabbit?"

"Rabbits are so cute

"They must taste delicious,"

Kemi couldn't help but interrupt Telly's words. Facing her best friend's astonished gaze, Kemi's face turned red as she explained in a low voice, "I've had grilled rabbit before, it's very tasty, crispy on the outside and the meat is tender."

"What kind of dip?"

Telly asked subconsciously.

"Hmm??"

This time it was Kemi's turn to look at Telly with surprise.

"I've had it too,"

"Just, just once,"

"I chose cumin at that time, but someone said you should add some chili powder,"

Under her best friend's gaze, Telly said a bit sheepishly.

"Yeah, better with a bit of sesame,"

Kemi added.

Then, the two girls looked at each other, and as if by telepathy, called out to McCaul, "McCaul, could you add two more rabbits?"

"Of course, no problem!"

McCaul laughed.

He really liked the 'family' atmosphere.

Now, with people coming and going in the courtyard, it was just like a 'family gathering'.

Jennifer?

She might as well be a visiting guest.

The thought of guests brought another person to McCaul's mind.

After hesitating for a moment, he called Delbon.

"Um, we're planning an outdoor barbecue tonight, do you want to come?"

"What time's dinner?"

"Around dusk."

"Alright, we'll wait for you."

Faced with Delbon's certain reply, a smile spread across McCaul's face.

"We might need to buy some more fresh food, mainly beef, lamb, chicken wings, rabbit, and fish, preferably already marinated, which will save us a lot of time."

Brian, the 'head chef,' gestured to McCaul.

The 'Bastion' had plenty of food, but in the interest of storage, most were canned and freeze-dried, not suitable for today's mood, leaving only what was in the top layer of the refrigerator to use.

And that food, for eight people, was not enough.

Especially with Jason the big eater around.

In the past few days, John, Brian, and McCaul had witnessed Jason's appetite.

"Leave it to me, I know a good restaurant, and there should be no problem if we book now," John said as he picked up the phone.

Different from his usual aloofness and gloom.

At this time, John seemed somewhat eager and, unexpectedly, spoke more than usual.

Clearly, it wasn't just McCaul who enjoyed this 'family' atmosphere; John did too.

It's just that John wasn't very good at expressing himself and could only choose to do it in his own way.

"I'll get the booze," McCaul said and walked toward the car beside the courtyard.

How could an outdoor barbecue go without chilled beer?

Charcoal and chill.

Meat and drink.

Just thinking of that flavor nearly sent McCaul running.

"Bring back some fresh fruit!"

Brian poked his head out of the kitchen to remind him.

"Alright!"

McCaul answered back from a distance.

As John and McCaul were busy preparing, Brian, as the 'head chef,' began signaling the two girls to help him move the three barbecues and grills outside.

There was no shortage of charcoal; inside the 'Bastion,' it was considered essential, and John had stored plenty.

"Why do we have to move it, and she gets to sit there chatting with Jason?"

Telly complained once again, glancing over at Jason and Jennifer on one side of the courtyard.

"Because she is a guest,"

"We're the hosts, we need to show politeness and enthusiasm,"

Kemi, who glanced at Jason and Jennifer with a flicker of discomfort on her face, still consoled Telly.

"But shouldn't we conserve our strength?"

After placing the barbecue in the courtyard, Telly rubbed her wrists helplessly and then whispered in a lower voice, "I've always felt there's something odd about that woman. Should we... ouch!"

Before she could finish, Telly started to cry out in pain, clutching her wrist.

"What's wrong?"

Kemi asked anxiously.

"I think I twisted my wrist!"

Telly looked at Kemi with tearful eyes.

"Wait here, I'll go get the first aid kit,"

Kemi hurried back into the house.

Drawn by the commotion, Jason frowned at Jennifer.

"I'm not that petty, just because someone talks behind my back doesn't mean I'd put them on a pyre and burn them."

Chapter 662: An Additional Strange Promise_2

Jennifer did not deny that it was her doing, and in fact, she defended herself with confidence.

"You really are magnanimous."

Jason responded, not quite sure whether to believe her or not.

How should one communicate with a mentally ill person?

Jason had thought about it for a long time but still had no answer.

In the end, he could only make a non-choice: to go with the flow.

...

However, the communication was still incredibly effortful.

In the recent conversation, Jennifer would one minute talk about how round the moon was, the next moment about how bright the sunshine was, and then about how noisy the wind was, her sentences filled with seven or eight different scenes.

At first, Jason could still keep up with her, but after two or three sentences, he mostly chose silence, only interjecting when necessary with: "Hmm? Ah? Is that so? Pretty good! Not bad!"

But under such perfunctory interaction, Jennifer showed no sign of stopping.

She went from trivial tangents to talking about her "hometown."

A vast city with no boundaries.

"And the people there?"

"Most of them are fools, preferring to barely survive rather than fight bravely."

"The way these fools die wailing in the end is just too saddening."

Though she spoke of sadness, Jason saw excitement in Jennifer's eyes.

"So?"

Jason interjected at just the right moment.

"So, I "encouraged" them, made them strive to live on."

Jennifer had an expression on her face that said, 'Aren't I impressive? Praise me.'

At that moment, Jennifer took on the appearance of a mature woman, but with a hint of a little girl's look on her face, it didn't seem out of place but rather added a playful touch.

Yet Jason inexplicably felt his hair stand on end.

'Encourage'?

What kind of 'encouragement'?

Jason couldn't help but speculate.

But one thing he was sure of was that Jennifer's 'encouragement' was definitely not the kind he recognized, nor was it something ordinary people could accept.

It was not Jennifer's style.

At the very least...

It meant mountains of corpses and seas of blood!

Jason took a deep breath.

At that moment, Jennifer, propping her chin with her hand, tilted her head to look at Jason, and after shedding her playful demeanor, her eyes, like autumn waters, looked at Jason and emitted an intelligent aura.

"Do you want to know how I 'encourage' them?"

Jennifer's aura became intellectual, her voice serene, without the previous clamor and joy.

There was reason and calmness.

Facing this side of Jennifer, Jason instinctively felt he could no longer continue with superficial words.

So, he straightened his posture, locked eyes unflinchingly with Jennifer, and then affirmed—

"I don't want to know."

"Even if you said you wanted to know, I also

The rational and calm Jennifer subconsciously began to speak after Jason did, but she realized something was amiss mid-sentence and it was too late to correct herself.

Her face slowly turned red.

Under the sunlight, such redness carried a different hue.

Then, Jennifer covered her face shyly.

But as her hand covered her face, Jason's instincts ushered in a sense of wariness.

It was the instinct to respond to a crisis.

While Jason was preparing to take action, Jennifer had already lowered her hand, looking at Jason with reproach as if scolding him for not cooperating.

The sense of crisis flickered and passed.

But Jason's vigilance continued to escalate.

He had realized that the 'Witch' in front of him wasn't simply a mentally ill person.

It should be a personality disorder!

It was somewhat like a female pastry chef!

But different!

The female pastry chef exhibited a 'switch' between two personalities.

But the 'Witch' in front of him seemed like one main 'personality' commanding all the 'subsidiary personalities.'

Jason didn't know how the 'Witch' came to be in such a state, but he did know that he had to be extremely cautious, as this woman could turn violent at any moment.

"Don't worry."

"I am quite aware of myself, and though sometimes I want to tear you apart, I'll try hard to control it."

Jennifer said with a smile that would freeze the average person's blood.

Luckily, Jason was no ordinary person.

He looked at the grinning 'Witch' very seriously and nodded.

"Self-restraint is the truest form of freedom."

That's what Jason said.

"Discipline leads to freedom?"

Jennifer blurted out this phrase, then the 'Witch' shook her head and with a seemingly casual yet somewhat nostalgic tone said, "It's not innate in me, well, I can't say it isn't innate either, it's just that I was normal back in my 'hometown,' you know? Like a normal person."

Amid her jumbled speech, Jennifer was like a mad poet dancing a fragmented dance before Jason.

Her shoes kicked up quite a bit of debris.

Then, with a snapping rhythm, she suddenly stopped and flashed a neurotic smile.

She raised her finger to her temple.

"Just like this."

"Brain matter is a bright red."

"Do you want to see?"

While saying this, Jennifer lifted her hand and conjured a knife, starting to gesture around her head.

"I've seen it."

Jason said indifferently.

"You've seen it?"

The neurotic Jennifer suddenly paused, her face breaking into a sweet smile again.

"Mhm, Jason, you understand me best."

"Then you can also understand how I involuntarily assumed the role 'suited for survival' to protect myself, to become stronger, right?"

Chapter 663: One More Strange Promise Added_3

"And then, those 'characters' formed their memories."

"Although they're insignificant, sometimes they're very useful, so I kept them."

"If you don't like it, I can erase them for you."

"But I can't bear to."

Jennifer said this with a pitiful look, gazing at Jason. Her beautiful face, coupled with such an expression, immediately gave her an even more pitiable air.

The original Jennifer was already attractive.

...

Jennifer at this moment was even more so.

It was as if she had flipped a switch inside her body, radiating charm.

"No need."

Jason's response was as indifferent as ever.

Jennifer's allure was useless to Jason.

Or rather, any seduction was useless to him.

Ever since he awoke the 'Hunter's Talent.'

To Jason, it was always 'hunger over desire.'

The latter was not absent but was completely suppressed by the former, allowing Jason to maintain his rationale at all times.

"Do you want to see my 'hometown'?"

"I vaguely remember among those different from those fellows, there emerged some very interesting ones. They really are different, especially a few of them. Although I can't remember now, my soul tells me they are all very intriguing."

"Want to go?"

"Want to go?"

"Shall we go to my 'hometown' together?"

Jennifer, while speaking, changed her demeanor and started playfully tugging on Jason's sleeve before he could react, just like a little girl wanting to see goldfish.

Jason instinctively tried to pull away, but Jennifer's tears immediately began to well up in her eyes.

That made Jason frown and then he withdrew his hand more forcefully and quickly.

"Wah!"

Jennifer cried.

She cried as if she was in deep sorrow, her nose running as she tried to wipe her hands on Jason's clothes.

Jason discreetly stepped aside and shook his head slightly.

"Not now."

"I have some matters I must finish."

"It's a promise I made to others."

Jason's voice was low and resolute.

It was a promise he had made to the old knight.

His word was his bond.

"Promise?"

"A man should guard his promises with his life!"

The Jennifer who was squatting and crying just a moment ago stood up, tears replaced by a knightly valiance, and a 'crisp' aura surrounded her.

She slapped Jason's shoulder hard, like a knight charging across the battlefield.

Then, a diamond-shaped crystal the size of a fingertip appeared out of thin air.

"This is the 'secret technique' I promised you."

"Use your senses to feel it!"

"Remember: It's dangerous—you must have the resolve of one who does not fear a hundred deaths to begin!"

Jennifer warned Jason with a serious look.

And Jason?

Ever since Jennifer took out the crystal, his gaze had not left it.

Delicious!

Too delicious!

A scent he had never experienced before filled his nose!

He almost wanted to close his eyes and savor the smell.

But at that moment, Jason suddenly felt a pain in his right arm.

Looking down, he saw Jennifer biting into his right arm.

His chariot-class defense crumpled like paper, easily breached by Jennifer, and blood seeped out.

Jennifer gently licked the blood with a hint of resentment on her face.

Then the 'witch' said with a muffled voice, "You said it's just not possible for now, so when you've fulfilled your promises, you must visit my 'hometown'! If you don't come

"I'll use your blood to conceive a son and name him 'Jason,' and then, I'll beat him three times a day and not feed him!"

Chapter 664: True. Dying with Eyes Open

Jason looked at Jennifer in shock, as she continued to lick the blood from her lips.

Have a son with my blood?

Name him 'Jason'?

Beat him three times a day?

And not feed him?

Even when she had died in front of him for the first time, Jason hadn't been as surprised as he was now.

...

Jason wouldn't doubt Jennifer's words.

Although she was mentally ill, Jason believed that with her capabilities, it shouldn't be too difficult for her to "do" such a thing.

Noticing Jason's astonished gaze, Jennifer, with a face full of resentment, suddenly revealed a smile full of maternal brilliance. While caressing her flat stomach, she lowered her head and said, "Baby, if daddy doesn't come, you'll be born, but if daddy comes, you have to wait a little longer, okay?"

Jennifer chose a new personality again.

It must be that of a mother.

Hearing Jennifer's words, Jason felt a tingling in his scalp and was about to say something.

But at that moment, Jennifer looked up.

She gazed at Jason tenderly, but the words that followed sent a chill up the spine of the troubled Jason.

"I suddenly hope you come later."

Jennifer said.

Then, she suddenly clutched her stomach.

"Oh, baby, why are you kicking mommy?"

Jennifer, annoyed yet doting, kept caressing her belly.

Then, her originally flat belly suddenly swelled a bit at a speed visible to the naked eye.

Jason, who was always expressionless, changed color dramatically.

His voice almost squeezed through his clenched teeth.

"Where's your 'hometown'?"

"I don't know."

"You know, I'm having some memory issues."

"They're slowly recovering, but some key points still haven't emerged."

Jennifer shook her head with a troubled expression.

As this troubled look came over her, Jennifer's presence changed again. She looked at the distant sunset, her expression filled with an indescribable sorrow.

"The tribe at sunset, the evening glow casts the blood-red Queen."

"The blood of the night, the fire in dreams... Illuminating the shattered city."

In her soft chant, tears appeared in Jennifer's eyes.

When she turned to look at Jason, the tears were just flowing down her cheeks.

"Jason, we both need to be okay."

She continued.

And Jason?

He felt like he was going insane.

This was the first time that he had 'food' in front of him, yet he was completely unable to focus on it.

He had evaluated Jennifer's danger and trouble more than once, but now, Jason realized that he had been too naive; all his previous assessments had been underestimations!

Jennifer was much more dangerous and troublesome than he had imagined.

At least, he now felt utterly exhausted.

What was more terrifying was that this situation was likely to last for a while.

Jason clenched his teeth, stiffened his neck, and looked straight ahead.

He decided to meet all changes with constancy.

The only consolation was that he could still smell the scent of the Crystal Stone in his nose.

This aroma was rich.

It was something he had never smelled before, despite having eaten so much 'food'.

What would such food taste like?

Jason thought silently.

And with this imagination, he found the time was not so hard to pass.

This whiff of food's scent was like a flower in a den of vipers, a light in the depths of hell, and it sustained Jason until mealtime.

"Time to eat!"

McCaul shouted loudly.

Jason immediately stood up and walked toward the grill.

Yet Jennifer, who had just been insistent on performing a physical check-up on Jason like a nurse, moved even faster than he did.

"Roasted rabbit, lots of cumin and chili."

"Mixed pepper and big meat skewers, half barbecue sauce and half black pepper sauce."

The 'Witch,' standing in front of 'temporary head chef' Brian, said eagerly.

"Okay, ma'am."

Brian smiled as he plated the food and handed it to the 'Witch.' While doing so, he asked, "Ma'am, would you like anything to drink?"

"Orange juice is fine."

The 'Witch,' receiving her plate, replied.

"Here's your orange juice."

Brian casually placed the orange juice on Jennifer's tray, oblivious to the fact that Tel, who had just arrived at the 'Bastion,' was keeping his distance at this time.

Tel's face was pale, and there was a restrained fear on it.

This member of the 'Clock Tower' stationed at the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau' was also trembling slightly.

He wanted to contain it.

But just like the fear on his face.

He couldn't control it.

After all, that was the 'Witch'!

A character in the 'Mystical Side' of the 'Ground' that no one could overlook, no matter what.

Powerful, mysterious, bizarre... all these words were apt for her.

Indeed, during the 'Sabie Alien invasion,' someone joked that they should let the 'Witch' loose to teach those ignorant invaders a lesson in fear.

Of course, that was just a joke.

But it also reflected the 'Ground's' attitude of respectful distance mixed with fear towards the 'Witch.'

Especially after the joker turned into a sheep at the end of the meeting, ate the documents on the table, and made a mess, the fear spread even more.

Because if the 'Witch' could turn you into a sheep by penetrating layers of protection.

Naturally, she could also kill you.

More importantly, no one could predict when the 'Witch' would do such a thing.

Chapter 665: True. Dying with Eyes Open_2

The reason the person was called a 'Witch' wasn't just because she was powerful, mysterious, or bizarre, but because of her unpredictable personality.

One moment she was all smiles, the next she was fierce and harsh.

Moreover, how she acted was entirely determined by her whims; she never cared about things like each party's position or their camps.

So, there is a saying in the Mystical Side—

‘If you hate someone but are powerless to do anything about it, then introduce them to the ‘Witch’.’

‘The ‘Witch’ will take care of everything for you.’

...

‘Provided you sacrifice your life.’

Tel knew this saying.

He didn’t want to die.

Nor did he want to become a sheep.

To Tel, becoming a sheep was even more terrifying.

Just the thought of potentially being turned into a sheep, and having a crowd watch him relieve himself on the carpet, made Tel’s legs feel wobbly.

He wanted to go home.

Just as he was about to sneak away, Brian spoke up.

"Tel, what do you want?"

As one of the hosts, it was natural to take good care of the guests.

Why ask Jennifer first?

Of course, because ladies first.

And as Tel looked at Brian's friendly smile, he immediately became stiff-faced and stood there, and when he noticed Jennifer's gaze sweep towards him, Tel felt like crying.

"Good, good evening, Miss Jennifer."

Tel stammered out his greetings.

"Hmm."

The 'Witch,' who was chewing on a piece of rabbit meat, nodded casually.

She recognized Tel slightly.

As for who?

She was a bit face-blind, and for someone as ordinary as Tel, she didn't remember him at all.

Jason was easier to remember.

Tall, mask, machete, one glance and she remembered him clearly.

Thinking of Jason, the 'Witch' couldn't help but walk over to his side, quietly waiting for Jason to pick up roasted sausages, rabbits, kebabs, corn, potatoes, onions, eggplants, apples, and a dozen grilled steaks, along with a bucket of champagne (non-alcoholic), before heading over to the tables and chairs on one side of the courtyard, where they had been sitting earlier.

To John, Brian, McCaul, and the girls Kemi and Telly, it didn't seem like anything special.

Jason and Jennifer had been there all afternoon, and they had all gotten used to it.

But for Tel, it was a shock.

Sir Jason was actually able to interact with the Witch?!

Tel's mind was filled with astonishment at the thought.

"They, they

Shocked, Tel couldn't even complete a sentence.

"They must have a very good relationship."

"Sitting there talking for half an afternoon, the lady must have some thoughts about Jason."

"Jason has a kind of appeal at times too!"

As Brian put new food on the grill, he couldn't help but exclaim.

The 'Witch' liked Jason?

Impossible!

That was Tel's first reaction.

The 'Witch's' wantonness and unpredictability might inspire fear, but her power also genuinely attracted some people, as power itself is the greatest asset to those from the Mystical Side.

What's more, the 'Witch' was very attractive.

Some guys naturally got ideas.

It was just unfortunate that not a single one was looked upon kindly by the 'Witch'.

In fact, some were powerful, from extraordinary backgrounds, and handsome, yet it made no difference.

Some were killed directly by the 'Witch'.

Others were made to live a fate worse than death.

So, some speculated that the 'Witch' didn't understand love at all.

Especially after several famous individuals of the Mystical Side confessed to the 'Witch' and ended up spontaneously combusting, some people began to call it the 'Witch's Curse' privately.

Jason actually broke the 'Witch's Curse'?!

What did Jason have that the 'Witch' liked?

Was he not just a down-and-out writer who liked to wander in a hockey mask, wielding a machete, able to cut down warships with a single stroke?

Hmm?

Maybe, possibly, probably it was compatibility?

Thinking about Jason's seemingly psychopathic traits, Tel weirdly felt it fit with the 'Witch'.

Both seemed somewhat manic at times.

"So that's how it is?"

Tel thought silently to himself, then, after grabbing two roasted sausages, quietly moved to the farthest spot from Jason and Jennifer, shrinking into a corner of the courtyard, intently playing the ostrich.

However, just as Tel sat down, a fuming Telly tugged Kemi over to him.

"Liar!"

"Give me back my 5000 bucks!"

Telly slammed the Amulet into Tel's hands while speaking.

"It didn't work?"

Tel was stunned.

That didn't make sense!

Although he charged a high fee for making them, he was meticulous in every step of the process; despite the average materials, there was no problem in fending off ordinary levels of Evil Curses.

As for Evil Curses above ordinary levels?

Tel believed that with someone like Jason the 'Ship Slayer' around, no one would dare to target someone within the 'Bastion'.

"Of course, it didn't work!"

"Kemi didn't feel any effects!"

"As soon as we approached Jason, that roaring sound appeared again!"

Telly said, her anger palpable.

"Wait! You mean Sir Jason?"

Tel raised an eyebrow, then turned his gaze to Kemi, and seeing her slightly reddened face, the 'Clock Tower' member of the Ground Reconnaissance Bureau, not being a fool, guessed what it was.

Kemi, under Tel's gaze, embarrassingly tugged at Telly.

Chapter 666: True. Dying with Eyes Open_3

The girl's personality and age made her somewhat shy.

Telly was aware that she had misspoken, but in order not to lose face in front of the scammer, she still glared at Delbon.

Delbon, however, suddenly stood up.

"What do you want to do?"

Telly asked in a low voice, then turned her gaze towards John and his two companions, preparing to shout loudly if Delbon attempted anything inappropriate.

"The amulets I make are not the problem."

...

"The problem lies with the target you've chosen."

"Mr. Jason

"He is far beyond your imagination. No evil curse can harm him or affect it. Moreover, I can assure you, no one on the 'Ground' from the Mystical Side dares to attack the 'Ship Slayer,' especially when this 'Ship Slayer' is on such good terms with the 'Witch.' No one wants to die, believe me."

Delbon spoke solemnly.

Then, this member of the 'Clock Tower' stationed at the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau' lowered his voice and said,

"Likewise, I would advise you, Kemi, to keep your distance from Mr. Jason."

"What you're hearing is not an illusion, but your instinct warning you to stay away from danger."

"You must have a considerable 'Talent,' so your 'intuition' is reminding you."

"This is not something to be ignored."

As the one who had taken a fee of 5,000, Delbon felt it was his responsibility to follow through to the end.

After finishing his words and seeing Kemi's somewhat unnatural expression, Delbon scratched his head and added,

"If you want to develop your 'intuition,' I can introduce you to my Master, a real Diviner... the strong kind."

Whenever Delbon mentioned his Master, respect and admiration unconsciously appeared on his face.

Just as he said these words, a middle-aged man sitting cross-legged inside the 'Durian City' amusement park fortune-telling booth was looking at the Crystal Ball in front of him when he suddenly felt an unexplained palpitation.

What happened?

The middle-aged man thought to himself, immediately taking out his Tarot cards.

No shuffling, no cutting.

He trusted his abilities.

He drew a card directly.

But at the moment his fingertips touched the Tarot card—

Crack!

The table where the Crystal Ball was placed collapsed.

The Crystal Ball shattered.

Glass shards sprayed over the sign he had just rewritten: 'One reading for three (crossed out) two (crossed out) one dollar.'

The Tarot cards were scattered all over the ground, and it was impossible to tell which one he was going to draw.

The scene before him caused the middle-aged man's face to change dramatically. He quickly gathered the Tarot cards, not bothering with his booth, and turned to run out of the amusement park. However, as soon as he left, a sack was thrown over his head.

Several men wearing cloaks and carrying twin swords appeared.

Without any hesitation, these men began to hit and kick the sack furiously.

After a full two minutes, the men stopped.

Their leader waved his hand, and they immediately disappeared into the darkness, moving towards the distance.

"Is the message from Leviah true?"

"Has our era not faded?"

"Do the Hunters still shine with glory?"

One of the men asked.

"Hmm."

"The message from Leviah can't be wrong."

"The lady of fate destined for the 'Hunters' has already appeared."

"She is the protagonist of the next era."

"So

"Anyone who dares threaten our heir must be taken care of in advance."

The man leading them spoke in a deep voice, a sharp gleam flashed in the darkness; it was the man's eyes, as keen as knives, matching the tone of his voice.

"Clock Tower?"

Another person hesitated.

"The Masters of 'Clock Tower' won't make a move just because they are hoodwinked, we should be wary of other organizations and... that woman."

That woman!

Upon hearing this reference, the other two tensed.

"Fortunately, she is about to leave!"

"She doesn't truly belong here."

"Destined not to stay here long!"

The leader said slowly, then, along with his two close friends, breathed a sigh of relief.

At the same time, Jason also sighed in relief.

"You're leaving?"

Jason asked.

"Yes."

"I came to say goodbye!"

"I'm going back to 'my homeland'!"

After eating two roasted rabbits, twenty large kebabs, and drinking a bucket of orange juice, Jennifer wiped her mouth and said to Jason. Then, without waiting for Jason to speak, she tossed the crystal ball to him.

"This goodbye will be long, the next time we meet, we will need to cross... Remember your promise."

Jennifer said something, but her voice was automatically muted again.

This 'witch's' face showed annoyance.

But she quickly smiled at Jason again, as if by magic, a knife appeared in her hand.

"I still owe you seven times!"

When she spoke, Jason's face paled at the sight of the 'witch' with the knife aimed at his throat, he instinctively stood up, but the 'witch' was faster.

Thud!

Blood splattered, staining Jason's back.

Yes, his back!

After standing up, Jason had turned to shield the food!

Seeing the food that remained unstained by blood, Jason let out a long breath of relief.

Good! Good!

The food was safe!

Jason felt relieved.

Thump!

The 'witch's' body fell at Jason's feet at that moment, her slit throat gushing blood, her eyes wide with disbelief, seemingly shocked that Jason hadn't tried to help her, but instead protected the food.

"Sorry, I am a food enthusiast."

Jason, feeling somewhat apologetic, looked down at the 'witch' at his feet.

But he believed he needed to explain.

So, he did.

The 'witch' opened her mouth wanting to say something, but her severed throat made it impossible to speak, only allowing more blood to flow out.

In the end...

She died with her eyes wide open.

Chapter 667: The Witch's Farewell

The Witch's Home is an independent apartment located on one side of the city center in Cherry City.

It has its own garden and parking lot, as well as a shopping plaza.

The first, second, and third floors have been transformed into stores for the shopping plaza, the fourth floor is a movie theater, the fifth floor is an activity room not open to the public, and from the sixth floor up are private residences, all the way to thirty-third floor.

Many ladies enjoy shopping here.

Not only because they have their own exclusive brand of lipstick and foundation, but also because the lipstick and foundation here are rare finds.

How do you make a lady willingly go somewhere with you?

...

Tell her there's rare lipstick and foundation shades there.

If you throw in perfumes and the like, the success rate will increase by another 50%.

Of course, the prerequisite is that you've got to spend money.

Few ladies can refuse a man reaching for his wallet, just like a man won't refuse a lady who says it's too hot in the car.

However, the ones gathered here are all ordinary people.

The Mystical Side?

Sorry, to some extent, this place is a forbidden area of the Mystical Side.

The Witch's Home, as the name suggests, is the 'Witch's' home.

With the 'Witch' as their leader, many witches reside here, forming strongholds reminiscent of the 'Copper Unyielding' gym, 'Golden Wind' castle, and secret chambers.

Nobody dares to provoke this lady without good reason.

Therefore, nobody comes to this lady's territory without good reason.

But this doesn't exist for the 'Magic Mirror'.

As Jennifer's 'personal belonging,' it thoroughly enjoys life here.

At this moment, it changed from a handheld makeup mirror back to an oval-shaped large mirror, then was placed gently and upright by the witch named 'Emily' on the vanity of the thirty-third floor.

The view here is exceptionally good; through the large floor-to-ceiling windows, the 'Magic Mirror' can clearly see the bustling night scene of Cherry City.

The night sky dotted with stars.

The city glimmering with neon lights.

How long has it been since it truly saw the night sky and the city like this?

The last time it saw the night sky and the city must have been in the last century, right?

It's all because of that guy, I had barely taken a glance before he just shattered the night sky and the city together.

But to avoid that sovereign 'Gluttony,' it was inevitable!

Thinking of the terror that the 'Gluttony Sovereign' represented, ripples spread across the surface of the Magic Mirror, but they soon subsided.

After all, all of that is in the past now!

Now!

It had already seized the advantage!

This century!

It would be a vassal for the True King...

Thinking thus, the Magic Mirror began to tremble with excitement.

This startled Emily, who was about to clean the Magic Mirror.

Magic Mirror: Don't stop, first with a cotton cloth, then with silk, the cotton must be dipped in dew, the silk must be dry.

...

"Yes, Lord Magic Mirror."

Emily nodded and complied with the instructions of the Magic Mirror.

As Jennifer's 'personal belonging,' the Magic Mirror naturally received considerable privileges, at least fulfilling some not too ridiculous requests, just like now.

The cotton cloth soaked in dew delicately wiped the entire body of the Magic Mirror, allowing it to 'unfold' completely, like lying on a large bed in a bathhouse being vigorously scrubbed by a bathhouse attendant.

And when the silk cloth wiped it, the Magic Mirror gently vibrated as if it were lying in a park sipping tea, finding it soothing.

After several back and forth wipes—

Magic Mirror: Don't stop, continue.

...

Almost subconsciously, such words appeared on the Magic Mirror.

In this uncontrollable moment, the Magic Mirror couldn't help but emerge thoughts of how lovely these days are, truly deserving of the person it had chosen.

A feeling of having everything under control and being at ease flowed through the Magic Mirror, and its edges began to quiver as if someone were so comfortable that even their toes were curling.

However, the delayed feeling of the wipe made the Magic Mirror regain its focus.

Then, it saw Jennifer.

Emily was nowhere to be found.

More importantly, Jennifer seemed a bit upset.

The Magic Mirror was startled.

But as a magic mirror, it remained calm and immediately came up with a marked and correct response.

Magic Mirror: Welcome back, master

...

Slap!

Jennifer raised her hand and swept the Magic Mirror onto the floor, mirror side down, making a crisp sound.

Then, the Magic Mirror flipped over to reveal its face and responded again.

Magic Mirror: If you're angry, master, please feel free to lash out at me o(*)ツ

...

As soon as the text appeared, Jennifer stomped furiously on the Magic Mirror.

Indeed, she 'stomped' just as the words described!

Like a violent storm, Jennifer's stomps conjured layered illusions from her feet as they smashed down on its surface.

A full ten minutes later, it finally stopped.

"I've been killed."

Jennifer sat there, said coldly.

Magic Mirror: Who is it? (☹x☹;) I'll go kill them! >O<)

...

As a Magic Mirror, it was essential to always understand the master's needs.

Naturally, if the master was humiliated, it was right for the servant to die.

But what the Magic Mirror didn't expect was that it got stomped on once more.

That stomp brought clarity.

Could it be...

Deep down, the Magic Mirror couldn't help but make a guess.

And immediately, this guess was confirmed.

"Yes, Jason."

"He really

"That's amazing!"

Jennifer held her blushing face, wiggling her body as she sat there, her eyes brimming with happiness.

Magic Mirror: ???

As a diligent Magic Mirror, it thought it should have kept up with its master's train of thought, but looking at its master's current expression, it felt it had a long way to go.

Chapter 668: The Witch's Farewell_2

Is this what it takes to become a King of a generation?

The magic mirror thought silently.

It watched its enraptured master and did not dare to interrupt, waiting quietly instead.

About half an hour later, Jennifer came to her senses.

"You don't know, when he turned around to protect the food, that serious look... so handsome!"

"That gaze, that expression, and the faint scent that he emitted."

...

"All of it is so charming!"

Jennifer held up the magic mirror, lavishing praise on Jason.

The magic mirror remained silent once again.

Because it had just used a tiny bit of its power to 'check' something.

Then it came to the conclusion that Jason was all about the food.

As for its master?

Sorry.

It could not see even a hint of an expression that matched its master's excitement, joy, or affectionate countenance, not even a glance.

Of course, as a magic mirror, to avoid being sealed away in a toilet, it spoke the truth.

Magic mirror: You two are truly a good match.

...

"Of course!"

"Jason has promised to come find me in 'home.

"That's his promise to me!"

Jennifer said proudly.

Then, the witch stood up, placed the magic mirror back on the table, and muttered to herself, "To make Jason fulfill his promise sooner, I must quickly return to 'home'.

Magic mirror: But didn't you forget where 'home' is?

...

"I remember now."

"Just now."

"Jason helped me remember."

Jennifer said with a sweet smile.

Then she clapped her hands.

Clap, clap clap!

Amidst the applause, the witches from the Witch's House came to the 33rd floor, they might be of varying ages, but their attire was identical, and they all looked at Jennifer with the same admiration.

"I'm planning to return home."

"It's a place very, very far away."

"The time it will take is unimaginable."

"So, I allow you to leave me, to stay in Cherry City, after all, this is your 'home.

Jennifer said so.

But as soon as these words fell, the witches, led by Emily, knelt on one knee.

"Wherever you are, that's our 'home.

"Wherever your will is, we will carry it through with our lives."

"Wherever your gaze falls, we will cut through all obstacles."

"We are your... Strength!"

Their vows resonated.

Each witch's face was determined, and their eyes were filled with sincere and pure admiration for Jennifer.

To them, Jennifer had saved them, avenged them, and taught them knowledge.

You could say, Jennifer had given them everything.

Now, Jennifer was returning to 'home.'

Though it was not explicitly said, they all felt this was going to be a difficult journey.

At such a time, how could they possibly leave Jennifer, their 'elder sister'?

Jennifer blinked, the corner of her mouth curling up for a moment before returning to normal.

She just snorted.

"This is the choice you've made!"

"If you die, don't blame me!"

Jennifer said.

None of the witches' expressions or gazes wavered even slightly, and Emily laughed softly.

"To die under your command is my lifelong wish!"

She said slowly, word by word.

"Alright, alright."

"This is too cheesy."

"Go prepare!"

"At midnight, we set out."

Jennifer waved her hand, and the witches immediately sprang into action.

Soon, only Jennifer and the magic mirror were left on the 33rd floor.

"You go get ready too, make them all a little safer."

Jennifer said to the magic mirror.

Magic mirror: I will heed your command, my master.

...

A gleam passed over the magic mirror as it once again entered the River of Fate.

Altering the fates of these witches, unlike changing Jason who possessed the trait of 'Fate's Concealment,' was all too simple for it.

Because—

Their fates were intertwined with their master's fate.

Of course, to cover its own mistake, it had long since forgotten its meddling with Jason's 'fate.'

Otherwise, it surely would have marveled that only an exceptional existence like itself could have merged 'Fate's Concealment' with 'Fate's Child.'

So magnificent!

And now?

The magic mirror made its adjustments bit by bit.

Time ticked by, second by second.

Midnight's bell tolled!

Dong, dong dong!

Such a bell toll awoke those in deep sleep and surprised those still awake.

"These bells?"

The old drill sergeant making plans for the 'new recruits' couldn't help but look up.

In his memory, the sound of midnight bells had not rung out for at least fifty years.

The last time was when that madwoman appeared, the one who he himself had sounded the alarm for.

This time?

Could it be her again?

As something came to mind, the old drill sergeant immediately left the room and ran towards the direction of the bell.

The bell reached the laboratory where Derluce, engaged in dissection, flinched, and a nerve of the Sabie Alien Assaulter on the operating table was inadvertently severed.

"Damn it!"

"Which bastard did this?"

Derluce cursed under his breath, storming out of the lab and heading in the direction of the bell.

Of course, this was not all.

Many from the Mystical Side were startled by the bell and headed towards it.

Naturally, this included ordinary people.

However, it wasn't long before those from the Mystical Side slowed their pace.

The Witch's House!

They quickly realized that the direction of the bell was the Witch's House!

What on earth was she up to?

Every person from the Mystical Side watched the distant building with uncertainty and consternation.

Chapter 669: The Witch's Farewell_3

And at the "Bastion," Jason?

He heard.

But he didn't care.

The sizzling of charcoal and beef, brimming with joy, made him incapable of stopping.

As for the bell tolls?

There's nothing as satisfying as barbeque.

...

Sometimes, even if you don't want to pay attention, you're destined to attract notice.

Sizzle, sizzle.

A sound akin to the faint buzz of electric current when a microphone is connected emerged under the night sky.

"Hello, hello, Jason, can you hear me?"

Jennifer's voice spread throughout Cherry City; Jason, with a piece of beef in his mouth, blankly lifted his head, looking towards the direction of the sound.

"Hmm, I can hear you, that's great!"

Seeing Jason lift his head, Jennifer appeared satisfied, nodding before she continued, "The farewell before was too rushed; I plan to say goodbye to you formally."

"I'm going back to my 'hometown.'"

"Don't forget the promise you made to me."

"And

"My son and I will be waiting for you in our 'hometown'!"

As her voice faded, Jason, chewing on the beef, froze in place.

And the people who heard this conversation were boiling over.

Shock!

Astonishment!

Disbelief!

Jason, the “Ship Slayer,” had his name known by all the “Mystical Side” people following that night, and the “Witch” was a figure all “Mystical Side” people feared.

Now the two of them had come together?

And they had a son?

When had it happened?

As disbelief took hold, curiosity naturally rose among everyone.

They looked at each other, inquiring among themselves.

And a few who had attended the gatherings outside the town, “Mystical Side” people, had faces filled with mystery or a look of sudden realization.

Such expressions naturally drew attention from those around them.

Especially when they saw the veteran instructor’s calm demeanor, many people immediately asked.

"Instructor Koda, do you know something?"

"I know nothing."

"I only know that Jason is the most talented warrior, and Miss Jennifer, equally gifted. Perhaps what seems impossible to us is only natural to them."

After lamenting, the old instructor turned and left.

If such a thing had happened to someone else, the old instructor would have been amazed.

But with Jason?

It really couldn't be more normal.

The instructor, who had been repeatedly surprised by Jason breaking through the limits of his guesses, had grown accustomed to it.

And his words left the surrounding people deep in thought.

Mortals cannot understand deities.

Ordinary people naturally cannot grasp madness.

Who knows what she might think?

With that thought, people felt a sense of relief.

Then, another question arose.

Could a person who attracts madness be normal?

The moment this question appeared, everyone's expression turned unnatural.

A mad and erratic "Witch" was enough.

Now there was a similar "Ship Slayer"?

Was this a "natural disaster" coming?

Fortunately, the "Witch" was leaving.

People rejoiced and the direction from which the bells tolled seemed to contain a trace more laughter.

And under the gaze of everyone, the Witch's house, the entire apartment building, began to emanate a faint glow, one Dufol Language symbol after another appearing on the surface.

One ring after another.

One following another.

After a dozen seconds, the Witch's house, the apartment building, soared up into the sky.

It floated in the night sky.

It floated in front of the moon.

The moonlight from between heaven and earth at that moment was drawn in.

Layers of bright moonlight, like armor, enveloped the Witch's house.

When the moonlight reached its zenith, the Witch's house gradually vanished, leaving only Jennifer's faint echo—

"Jason, the moon looks so beautiful tonight!"

Chapter 670: Sour, Sweet and Delicious!

The moonlight was clear, and the wind blew gently.

Everyone in Cherry City looked up at the quiet night sky.

It seemed they were still searching for the missing "Witch's House," as if only by maintaining such an action could they soothe the turbulent emotions within their hearts.

After a good ten seconds or so, the silence was broken by someone's footsteps.

It was like a stone thrown into a lake, rippling outward.

Everyone snapped back to reality.

...

The "Mystical Side" folks left with complex emotions, fading into the shadows.

Ordinary people either stayed where they were talking softly, or turned to go home. And some clever ones set their sights on those extraordinary-looking "Mystical Side" characters.

A week ago, the Ground Reconnaissance Bureau's confession had already let ordinary people know that, apart from the world they were familiar with, there existed another world.

They were curious and frightened of that unfamiliar world.

Curious about its unknowns.

And fearful of its unknowns, too.

Of course, there was also... Strength!

Everyone craved to be extraordinary.

As children, everyone thinks they are born extraordinary.

As adults, everyone is forced to admit they are just ordinary.

What would you do if an opportunity to become extraordinary appeared?

Some still prefer to be ordinary, their edges worn smooth by reality long ago.

But some?

They grab at the chance.

They have not yet compromised.

As for the result?

Most end up with a sad story.

A few are envied.

But this is none of Jason's concern.

At the "Witch's farewell," he had become the center of attention in the courtyard.

Brian, McCaul looked at Jason with the eyes of someone who had been through it all, especially McCaul with his beer mug, who even gave Jason a thumbs up.

Jennifer, McCaul had seen her.

She might look a bit hysterical, but he felt she fit surprisingly well at Jason's side, a matching aura feeling to her. With that feeling, McCaul thought Jennifer was a good girl.

In John's eyes, a flash of envy was quickly replaced by deep reminiscence; he stood in a corner, petting Daisy's head in silence. Only when Daisy licked him did the brooding man respond, whispering words that seemed meant to comfort Daisy as much as she comforted him.

Telly and Kemi, the two little girls, were different.

"Humph!"

"I knew it!"

"Vixen!"

Telly grumbled and then turned her head, pulling at Kemi's hand, whispering words of comfort.

"Kemi, don't worry!"

"All vixens end up as nothing more than scarves, gloves, and hats!"

"Victory will be ours!"

After saying this, Telly gestured a 'fighting' sign to her best friend.

Kemi chuckled and shook her head.

"I'm not worried."

"Although it's a little uncomfortable, I think... this is normal."

"Normal?"

"What's normal about that?"

Telly was puzzled by Kemi's words.

"Jason's excellence will attract other ladies; that's normal!"

"And I?"

"Should become even better, surpassing the other ladies!"

Kemi explained with a smile.

Faced with such an explanation, Telly instinctively wanted to refute it, but after thinking it over, it seemed to make sense. Yet upon further reflection, she felt something was odd.

In the end, Telly fell into thoughtful silence.

Until—

Thud!

Delbon, seated in the farthest corner, slumped off his wooden chair and knelt down right there.

"Delbon, what happened?"

Telly asked.

After Delbon promised to return 4,993 out of the 5,000 owed, and with interest calculated according to Cherry City bank's standards of that day, Telly magnanimously chose to forgive him.

"It's nothing, I just drank too much and my legs are weak," mumbled Delbon, holding an orange juice.

At this moment, the gaze of this "Clock Tower" resident of the Ground Reconnaissance Bureau towards Jason was no longer just one of simple respect; it was filled with intense adoration.

To have had a child with the "Witch" so quickly?!

It was really too... enviable!

Sure, the "Witch" was crazy, but she was also a good-looking woman with powerful abilities, right?

With the latter, the former could be tolerated, couldn't it?

Especially for someone like Delbon who could only "alleviate loneliness" through books, it was deeply envious to the point of being sour.

As for the “Witch” deceiving people?

That was impossible!

Delbon would never have doubted that.

Everyone agreed the “Witch” was crazy, but the crazy “Witch” had something everyone was forced to admit: she kept her promises and was honest.

Contradictory, isn’t it?

The person known as “Witch” was always considered to be honest and to keep her promises.

Maybe it’s because... she’s mad?

But regardless, after such a “point” was made, Delbon grew even more envious.

At that moment, a hint of impulsiveness rose in Delbon’s heart.

He wanted to become Jason’s apprentice, to learn “the correct techniques for communicating with ladies!”

Thus, he wouldn’t be a lonely man anymore, could have a happy and fulfilling family, and could apply what he learned from John, Brian, and McCaul about the “Way of a Domestic Man.”

Thinking this, Delbon became excited.

But quickly, Delbon cooled down.

He, after all, had a teacher.

He deeply respected his teacher.