

## **Menu 671**

Chapter 671: Sour, Sweet and Delicious!\_2

It was his mentor who reached out a helping hand to him in his most difficult time, patiently imparting to him precious knowledge, to just abandon his mentor like this...

No no no!

I can't do this!

I must stand by my own morals!

A voice arose in Delbon's mind.

You're thirty and still have no girlfriend!

...

Do you want to be alone for life?

Do you want to end up like your teacher, all alone at one hundred and fifty years old?

Another voice also echoed.

The two voices argued in Delbon's mind, leaving him in hesitation.

At this moment, Jason completely came back to his senses.

Crazy hag.

He thought quietly to himself, then continued to chew and swallow the meat in his mouth.

Savoring the unique tenderness of the lamb and the richness of the lamb fat between his teeth, Jason couldn't help but let out a long sigh.

"The moon's beautiful tonight?"

"But

"Tonight's supper is even more delicious!"

Jason murmured softly.

Then, Jason stood up, waved at John and the others, and walked straight into 'Bastion'.

Dinner was already over.

What's next?

Of course, it's time for supper.

Feeling the crystal the size of a fingertip that Jennifer had given him, Jason's saliva started to secrete uncontrollably again.

The fragrance on this crystal was something he had never smelled before.

What would the taste be like?

With this thought, Jason quickened his pace.

Once he returned to his room underground and closed the door, he couldn't wait to take out the crystal.

Under the room's light, the crystal radiated an unusual fire color, as if it were the steam rising from a sumptuous hot pot beneath the flame.

Jason opened his mouth, extended his tongue, and lightly touched the crystal with the tip of his tongue.

He wanted to taste it first.

Then—

Jason disappeared.

Without even evaporating, he disappeared completely.

The crystal fell out of thin air.

Just as the crystal was about to hit the ground, a hand caught it securely.

Jason, who reappeared, held the crystal up to his eye, his face showing a hint of surprise, but even more so, delight.

The surprise was due to the crystal's special qualities, almost akin to the energy core of a spaceship.

The delight, naturally, was from the taste of the crystal, sweet and extraordinarily bouncy, akin to jelly, but one hundred times sweeter.

'Remember: It is very dangerous—you must be prepared to die a hundred times before you can begin!'

Jason couldn't help but think of the 'Witch's' words.

Before, he had thought it was an adjective.

Now it seems it could be taken as a quantifier.

"Do I have to die a hundred times before I can eat it?"

Jason silently looked at his satiation level.

After the 'accidental death', he still had 365 satiation points.

121.6 lives... enough!

Without hesitation, Jason licked the crystal again.

Is it worth dying a hundred times, losing 300 satiation points, to get one 'meal'?

Perhaps it would not seem worth it to others.

But to Jason, it was utterly worthwhile.

Because, the 'meal' was obtained at the cost of a hundred deaths, its value should naturally exceed dying a hundred times.

Jason was very sure of this!

He had tasted it.

His tongue wouldn't deceive him.

Disappear, appear.

Appear, disappear.

Jason, standing in the room, was like a phantom, constantly changing.

A hundred times!

Not one less!

Just like the Witch had said, it was only after a hundred times that the true beginning would come.

When Jason's tongue touched the crystal for the one hundred and first time, he simply broke through the outer layer of the crystal.

Crack!

A crisp sound, and a crack appeared on the crystal.

Waves of light shimmered inside, as if juice was quivering.

Without hesitation, Jason threw the crystal into his mouth.

Sweet!

A refreshing sweetness spread over Jason's tastebuds from the crystal, and unable to resist, he bit down with his teeth.

Crack!

Another crisp sound.

The crystal shattered completely, and the juice inside burst forth in full.

Jason's face contorted instantly.

Sour!

It was too sour!



The sweet exterior of the crystal had encased juice that was sour enough to send shivers down one's spine.

Almost subconsciously, Jason began to press hard on the shell of the crystal, hoping to use its sweetness to dilute the sourness.

Doing so was undoubtedly the right choice.

While sweetness couldn't completely make the sour taste disappear,

It did make the sourness less unbearable.

And...

It seemed to start tasting deliciously sour and sweet?

Just a second later, Jason couldn't help but begin to chew.

"It's a bit like a filled chocolate, "

"But in a weird-flavored version."

"The flavor... is amazing!"

Jason was thus appraising it.

Because, after the initial sourness, the flavor of the crystal was truly exceptional, the balance between sweet and sour was the most perfect he had ever experienced in his life.

One more point and it would've been too sweet.

One less and it would've been too sour.

A mysterious balance continuously lingered in Jason's mouth.

At the same time, a certain power under the Talent 'Predator' gradually fused into Jason's soul.

[Swallowing unknown power!]

[Unknown power evaluation in progress, evaluation successful...]

[Swallowing evaluation in progress, evaluation successful...]

[Acquired the Talent 'Thorns'!]

[Thorns: Your distinctive other-worldly soul becomes even more unique—want to hurt me? Then be prepared to be counter-killed by me! Effect: When you suffer 'attack,' you will reflect 1% of the damage received back to the attacker.]

...

No satiety.

No Excitement of Feast.

But Jason was visibly delighted.

Because what emerged was a Talent!

Moreover, unlike those passive Talents listed under 'Predator,' 'Thorns,' although appearing under 'Predator,' did not belong to 'Predator.'

It was independent.

"Thorns, thorns."

"Reflect 1% damage?"

"Does that mean if there's someone who kills me a hundred times, they will definitely die?"

Jason almost subconsciously thought.

Then, he shook his head.

1% damage reflection was simply too little, so little that unless the attacker was a fool, they would quickly realize something was amiss and stop the attack, changing their strategy.

Of course, that's not always the case.

For example: mechanical beings!

Machines that feel nothing but are incredibly precise!

Even a destruction of 1% could turn everything around!

Jason's mind was involuntarily filled with various combat strategies.

Then, quite naturally, he wondered whether 'Thorns' could be upgraded?

He felt it could be!

As long as he consumed more crystals like the one before.

But where did those crystals come from?

Jennifer had already left, and he had no way of knowing.

Perhaps he could inquire from the 'Mystical Side' of this world?

Jason thought.

But deep down, Jason didn't hold out much hope.

Because he had a premonition.

This was Jennifer's way of 'urging' him to fulfill his promise as soon as possible.

In fact, Jason was now feeling an urge to seek out the 'Witch.'

Such a thought made Jason frown.

"Have I been seen through?"

Jason murmured to himself.

Then, he shrugged his shoulders.

He wasn't afraid of his vulnerabilities being exposed, as he was always working hard to overcome them.

The 'Witch's urging' in Jason's eyes was just another factor that made him even more determined to overcome his weaknesses, giving him more motivation.

Of course, he would be more than happy to obtain more crystals like the one before,

Reflecting damage!

Jason examined the effect of 'Thorns' once more.

He couldn't help but squint his eyes.

The emergence of 'Thorns' perfectly compensated for another one of his weaknesses.

For those he couldn't defend against, he didn't care.

For those who could breach his defenses, they would have to bear the reflection of 'Thorns.'

Simply put, he not only became tougher and more resilient but also spiky!

Anyone who swung a fist at him had to face the consequences of being bloodied by the 'thorns.'

Although the ‘thorns’ weren’t Sharp enough yet!

But they were enough!

Enough to give him more opportunities!

Of course, such gains came with a significant depletion of satiety.

Looking at the mere 65 points of satiety left, Jason became restless.

Without a hundred lives, how could he be at ease?

Just as Jason was contemplating how to replenish his satiety, the phone in his study began to ring—

Ding-a-ling-a-ling.

Chapter 672: Regret? Burden? Nobody knows!

Jason returned to his study and reached for the phone at once.



Thanks to McCaul's setup, only a few numbers he had inputted could come through on this phone, so there was no need to worry about it being some advertisement or sales pitch.

"Jason, that was superbly written, just as if it wasn't written by you!"

Before the phone even reached his ear, the shout of his editor Raven came through, and as Jason put the phone to his ear, the editor's words erupted like a machine gun.

"No need for revisions."

"The process is all finished, we're publishing immediately!"

...

"This book deserves a main feature!"

The rapid-speaking Raven spoke nonstop for a full minute before pausing.

What could Jason reply?

He, a writer who used the "Thought to Text Writing Method," could only maintain a smile.

"Alright, thank you."

That was how Jason responded.

"Done, I'll contact you again, and... never mind, how could 'Ship Slayer' be written by a homebody author like you."

After saying this, Raven hung up the phone.

As for the hesitation before?

With 'Ship Slayer' as a keyword, Jason easily guessed what it was about.

Or rather, to be precise, Jason had intentionally made it so.

He didn't hide his name.

Nor did he conceal his appearance.

Because... he was worried about the book sales.

The main mission was: to sell at least 100,000 copies of the new book within 120 days, with the restriction of 'it must be voluntarily purchased by others, and each person counts only for one copy.'

Even though Jason initially didn't know about book sales in this world, he was very clear about the difficulty of achieving such a result.

And after understanding it?

Jason became even more aware that it was far more difficult than he had imagined.

It wasn't just the restrictions.

But also the time!

A book needs a review period from publishing to going on the market, and how long this period takes requires adjustments from all parties; even the quickest would need one to two months, the slow ones? They're calculated by the years.

Unless there are some special circumstances.

Conveniently, he was one such special circumstance—

Delaying the manuscript.

A formal statement, delaying the manuscript is not a good habit!

Making a group of people wait for oneself is definitely not something Jason liked to see.

He didn't want it either.

But after the manuscript was sent off, the burst of speed from those who had been waiting for a long time was also more than Jason had expected.

In Jason's estimate, Raven's call should have come a month later!

And he needed to use his special identity and fame to speed up the process while attracting more curious people to go and buy the book.

Now, it wasn't necessary.

The extra month of time was naturally better than good for Jason.

“100 days, sell 100,000 copies!”

Jason took a deep breath and silently pondered the goal.

He felt it should be achievable.

Maybe a bit challenging.

But not too difficult.

Of course, to complete this task better and faster, he would “cooperate” with the promotion, and also, be wary of accidents.

For instance: an alien invasion!

To buy the book, naturally, there needed to be people.

If all the earthlings were slaughtered by aliens, then how would he complete his mission?

Thinking of this, Jason picked up the phone again; he wanted to inquire about the Sabie Aliens’ recent situation from Cortana.

"Hello, Master Chief."

The voice wasn't Cortana's but a male voice.

It sounded somewhat familiar; it must be one of the two soldiers who were usually with Cortana.

"Who's this?"

Jason verified the other person's identity.

"Master Chief, this is Crow."

"Commander Cortana is attending an important meeting, after it ends I'll report to Cortana as is."

After stating his identity, the man said so.

"Okay."

Jason nodded.

He didn't ask what the meeting was about.

Given their military background, they wouldn't tell him anyway.

Best just to wait quietly.

But to Jason's surprise, the wait was much longer than he had anticipated.

The next afternoon, amidst the sound of helicopter rotors, John and the other two, who were practicing the sword techniques and Dharma Seals of 'Silver's Glory' in the yard, stopped and laid their swords aside, watching the helicopter descend slowly.

Or rather, their eyes were all on the container hanging beneath the helicopter.

They were guessing what might be in the container.

Thump!

With a heavy muffled sound, after the container had landed in the yard, the helicopter finally touched down.

Cortana jumped down from the aircraft.

"Hi, Cortana."

McCaul greeted with a smile.

"Good afternoon, McCaul, and John, and Brian."

Cortana responded with a smile.

Yet, there was an unmistakable sense of fatigue in her expression.

"Where's the Master Chief?"

Cortana inquired.

"In the living room reading a book, you can go straight in."

After a few encounters, Cortana could be considered 'half an insider,' and as long as she didn't touch on the core of 'Bastion,' John and the others wouldn't stop her.

Having nodded to John and the others, Cortana pushed the door and walked into the aboveground structure of 'Bastion.'

As the helicopter was landing, Jason had already put down his "Complete Overview of Earth's Historical Highlights" and stood up to pour Cortana a strong cup of coffee.

He was very grateful to this female adjutant.

Without her, he reckoned his main mission this time would probably end in a big failure.

And that was the scenario he least wished to see.

Although the diary didn't state explicitly what would happen upon failure.

Jason instinctively felt that it certainly wasn't something he was willing to endure.

"Good afternoon, Master Chief."

After entering the room, Cortana greeted Jason.

Chapter 673: Regrets? Burden? No One Is Sure!\_2

Everything seemed as usual, but Jason, with his extraordinary perception, keenly detected a hint of coldness in Cortana's tone. She didn't glance at the coffee on the table but spoke in a formal manner,

"Master Chief, your enhanced elite Mjolnir armor has arrived, please sign for it, and input your fingerprint and voice," Cortana said as she took out an object resembling a car key, along with the documents to be signed, and placed them in front of Jason.

After examining the documents and confirming there were no errors, Jason signed the paperwork.

"Cortana, has something happened?"

Jason asked as he handed the documents to his female aide.

"No,"

...

Was Cortana's reply.

But just a second later, the female aide spoke again.

"Master Chief, please be mindful of your image,"

"Although you are a non-staff personnel, you should still take a stand."

Hearing Cortana's words, Jason grew even more perplexed.

What had happened?

Had he done something inappropriate?

"Exactly what happened?"

Unable to figure it out, Jason asked directly.

He then saw Cortana's cheeks suddenly flush red, and her entire being became slightly agitated as she stood up, opened her mouth as if she wanted to say something, but then the female aide closed her mouth again.

Cortana sat back down on the couch.

Her expression tried to remain calm.

But beneath the surface, her emotions were rippling endlessly.

She wanted to say something, but she realized she had no grounds to say anything at all.

Should she admit that she had feelings for Jason?



Disallow Jason from interacting with other women?

That was utterly nonsensical.

Moreover, their relationship was originally that of a liaison officer and a Master Chief.

Damn it!

She was the first one there!

The female aide thought to herself, her annoyance inadvertently rising, but she suppressed her anger, kept a stern face, and said in a formulaic tone, "One week from now, the Kirin will head back into space; among those accompanying it will be veterans returning from ground-based healing and the first batch of recruits — this was the main content of our previous meeting, we need to use existing methods to inspire the remaining new recruits."

"Is the situation on the moon that bad?"

Jason asked.

Although Cortana didn't spell it out, this urgent 'inspiration' had already given Jason a sense of an unusual atmosphere.

"Yes,"

Cortana nodded after a moment of hesitation.

There were some things she couldn't hide from Jason.

With Jason's 'Ship Slayer' status, it wouldn't be hard to understand these matters.

"After a brief period of calm, the 'Sabie Aliens' have begun a large-scale assault on the moon's surface. It seems they want to avenge their previous failed plan on Earth. Not only have they deployed three full battle fleets to bombard the moon, but in the past three days, they have air-dropped at least ten thousand soldiers daily, attacking the bunkers around the moon base without regard for losses,"

"Our defense system built around the bunkers is being eroded swiftly; without reinforcements, the entire moon base's defense system will collapse within two weeks, and then the moon base will be directly exposed to the enemy's main fleet artillery. Therefore, reinforcement within two weeks is imperative, and it must come with extremely high morale!"

As Cortana spoke, her face turned somber.

Jason too remained silent.

High morale could be had in a short period of time.

But what about training?

Without prolonged training, how could one possibly become a qualified soldier?

Just two weeks of training?

They likely wouldn't have even completed basic tactical training, right?

No!

Perhaps even less time.

From that night up to now had been a week, and for many recruits, just getting from recruitment to the military camp took at least half a day. In another week, the first batch of recruits would be following the Kirin to the moon base.

This boarding would probably allow for a half-day.

Simplifying it, these recruits had at most received 13 days of training.

“13 days of training

"Is that enough?"

Jason asked softly.

Cortana did not respond.

The answer was obvious.

According to the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau's' assessment standards for a soldier, transitioning from a civilian to a qualified recruit requires at least a 12-week adaptation period and a 22-week training period.

A full cycle would take 34 weeks.

But 13 days?

Perhaps just enough time to learn how to pull a trigger.

"The 300 Spartans from the ground will also be part of the mission."

Cortana stated.

"All of them?"

Jason inquired.

"Yes, all of them,"

Cortana nodded.

Then, the female aide stood up again.

She had no time to linger here.

"General McCaul hopes you will attend when the Kirin launches,"

Cortana said before leaving.

Of course, there was something Cortana didn't say.

She would also head to the lunar base with the Kirin vessel, in her capacity as the Kirin's contact officer with ground forces.

That was the outcome of last night's meeting.

She would not tell Jason.

It was a decision she had made long ago.

And it didn't change for any reason.

Just like now when, before boarding the helicopter, she turned to look at Jason, her lips slightly parted, ultimately saying nothing.

The helicopter took off.

Cortana sat in the back row.

"Commander, some things should be said."

The pilot, Crow, said calmly.

"What difference would it make if they were said?"

Avi, another subordinate sitting by the side, countered.

"At least there won't be any regrets."

Crow responded.

"Regrets or burdens, have you figured out which is which?"

Avi shrugged, clearly unconvinced.

Cortana didn't speak; she turned her head, looking at the ground now a considerable distance away.

From this vantage point, Jason almost looked like a stick figure; Cortana raised her hand and touched the small Jason through the window with her fingertip.

There was no warmth.

Only the cold and hardness of the glass.

And then, the distance grew even further.

Jason turned from a stick figure into a small black dot.

The female deputy officer sighed softly.

"Regret and burden, who can really tell the difference."

The helicopter flew away.

From the ground, it was completely out of sight; Jason lowered his head and walked toward the container.

John and the others had already been waiting there.

"Open it?"

Seeing the approaching Jason, McCaul couldn't help but ask.

Jason raised his hand and pressed the switch Cortana had given him.

Click!

A sound immediately came from inside the container, followed by an automatic opening of one of the doors.

"Wow!"

Brian and McCaul exclaimed out loud.

Even John showed surprise on his face.

Inside the container stood an armor about 2.5 meters tall, with a black paint job and laden with weapons.

A shoulder cannon was mounted on the right shoulder of the armor.

Twelve sleek missiles were clustered on the left shoulder.

The forearms had rotating barrel holes reminiscent of a Gatling gun.

There were dark hollows in the palms, and the armor on the thighs revealed large grenades when opened, with a massive shotgun on the back.

"A weapon of mass destruction!"

John commented.

"Are those palm hollows flamethrowers?"

Brian speculated.

"Jason, how can we get our hands on armor like this!"

McCaul asked directly.

Then, John and the others noticed that their friend standing to the side seemed to have a hint of disappointment on his face.

The disappointment was fleeting.

John and the others subconsciously thought it was an illusion.

After all, with such outstanding armor there, how could Jason possibly be disappointed?

They must have seen wrong.

"Merits."

Jason answered McCaul.

McCaul was stunned for a moment, then shook his head.

He didn't want to go back.

Jason, however, walked past the three of them to the front of the Mjolnir Elite model, and the disappointment on his face became more and more apparent.

It wasn't that the Mjolnir Elite model wasn't good enough.

It could fly and dive, and it had enough firepower—all of that was excellent.



But...

It couldn't eat!

Initially, Jason had guessed that the Mjolnir Elite model might be like the 'Sabie Aliens' ships, that they could eat, but reality was cruel.

Satiety: 65.

Glancing at the satiety level, Jason couldn't help but frown.

He felt he needed to think of other ways.

Perhaps...

Chapter 674: Reunion Under 'Fate

To replenish one's fullness, naturally, 'food' is needed.

And that was not easy.

Ordinary people could not access things from the 'Mystical Side', so after pondering for a moment, Jason drove to the downtown area alone—he needed to seek help from his old instructor.

He knew quite a few people from the 'Mystical Side' in Cherry City.

But the only ones he really trusted were the old instructor and Delbon.

Why not choose Delbon?

...

Emmm...

It's obvious, isn't it?

...

‘Muscle is strength’!

This was the base for Cherry City's ‘Indomitable Copper’, disguised as a gym on the outside, but inside it was a barracks where warriors and knights trained and rested.

"Jason!"

The old instructor, standing downstairs, saw Jason pushing the door open and getting out of the car, and couldn't help but smile, stepping forward and giving him a bear hug.

In regards to Jason, although he hadn't pulled him into the ranks of ‘Indomitable Copper’, the old instructor still had considerable fondness for him.

Thump, thump, thump!

They patted each other's backs vigorously, feeling each other's solid muscles, before Jason and the old instructor separated and walked side by side inside.

At first, Jason was not used to such a custom.

But, as time passed, he found it to be quite nice.

Being able to feel each other's changes through the firmness of their muscles.

It's really direct and useful.

"There are five floors above ground and three below."

"The first and second floors are open to the public."

"The third and fourth floors are barracks and dining room."

"The fifth floor is a meeting room."

"Underground first and second floors are training grounds."

"Underground third floor is my bedroom."

The old instructor detailed the layout to Jason, who was visiting the 'camp' for the first time.

Then, without heading upstairs, they moved directly toward the underground first floor.

No elevator!

There were no elevators, neither going up nor down.

Instead, there was a fairly wide staircase. With the builds of Jason and the old instructor, they could walk side by side, and there was still room to fit someone as thin as Delbon.

No energy-saving facilities, was it to better integrate training into daily life?

Jason instinctively guessed.

But soon, Jason noticed something different about the stairs.

Though they had been cleaned, there was a faint smell of blood. Some areas that should have been smooth were chipped or even had cracked lines, broken beyond recognition.

This was combat!

Jason was certain that the staircase he walked on had recently witnessed a fight.

Moreover, according to the traces of damage on the stairs, it wasn't just once or twice, but years of accumulation.

"Not only is training integrated into daily life, but also real combat?"

Jason thought, gazing at the old instructor.

"Just as you guessed, Jason."

"However, Jason, guess when the actual combat starts?"

The old instructor asked mysteriously.

"During meals!"

Jason answered without hesitation, causing the old instructor to look at him in astonishment.

"Did you hear about it from that kid Delbon?"

The old instructor asked instinctively.

Besides being informed by Delbon, the old instructor could not figure out how Jason would know.

You should know, such a tradition belonging to 'Indomitable Copper' is basically impossible to guess without knowledge. Most people would guess it's a timed, regular collective training.

But no one would guess it's during meals.

"I sensed 'hunger'!"

"It pervades this place, very intense!"

Jason explained earnestly.

"Sensing hunger?"

"Is it like sensing fear?"

The old instructor was taken aback.

He had never heard of such a saying, but he knew of similar techniques.

When people fear, the sweat they exude and the associated smells are different.

When hungry, it's naturally also different.

It's just that most people don't pay attention to such skills.

"I see!"

The old instructor nodded, contemplating whether it was possible to develop this skill.

Then, the two men pushed open the door at the end of the staircase, shoulder to shoulder.

The door was made of alloy and was a double door.

Sturdy and heavy.

At least 5cm thick.

As the doors opened, the noise of commotion, the sound of counting, and the clashing of swords immediately rushed into Jason's ears.

A vast open space appeared before him, with dozens of people training on it.

Many familiar faces were there, exercising and sparring with each other.

As Jason saw these warriors and knights, they also saw him. Their eyes lit up, excitement on their faces. They all knew of Jason's 'Ship Slayer' reputation.

The adoration for a stronger person made these warriors and knights' blood surge, especially since, to a certain extent, they were also comrades-in-arms, which excited them even more.

However, not one of them rushed over.

They were still training!

Without an order from the old instructor, their individual training couldn't be interrupted!

So, amidst all the eager glances, Jason and the old instructor headed toward the underground second floor.

Compared to the first basement level, this one was much quieter.

Almost deserted.

When they reached the third basement level, Jason saw the 'bedroom' the old instructor had mentioned.

There was a bed with beddings in the corner of the room, but besides that, there was nothing in the place remotely related to a 'bedroom'. There were only weighted objects, damaged swords, and a forge.

"What is this?"

Jason looked at the forge.

Chapter 675: Reunion Under 'Fate'\_2

"Little guys' armors and weapons got damaged, and there's always someone needing repairs. I started as a blacksmith, so naturally, I had to do the job."

The old instructor explained with a smile.

"What about Vince?"

Jason inquired about the other familiar face within "The Indomitable Bronze."

"He's acting as the drill instructor for the recruits, leading outdoor training exercises with them, while Cyril serves as his assistant to provide Vince with the necessary support."

The old instructor pulled over an iron chair and handed it to Jason.

...

Vince, who had just shed his 'rookie status,' was leading the new recruits?

Could Vince be the next leader of Cherry City's "The Indomitable Bronze"?

Jason speculated as he took the chair and sat down in front of the old instructor.

"Vince is indeed one of the potential successors for the next leader of 'The Indomitable Bronze' his talent is beyond doubt. As long as he continues to grow, surpassing me is just a matter of time. But as a warrior of 'The Indomitable Bronze,' one must be prepared in all sorts of ways. For safety's sake, we'll have at least three candidates."

The old instructor handed Jason a wooden bucket of about 5 liters.

It wasn't wine, but a juice-like beverage that gave off a faint coconut scent.

"This is the coconut juice I use to replenish my strength and hydration."

"It contains medicinal herbs and honey, quite nice."

The old instructor said as he twisted open the bucket and tipped it back, drinking it dry in one go.

Jason imitated the instructor and tipped his head back.

The taste was good.



A faint sweetness.

Especially sitting beside the stove and drinking such a beverage oddly made it feel refreshing.

"What if all three candidates survive when it's time?"

Jason asked the question that interested him.

"That would just prove they are exceptionally outstanding, and other 'The Indomitable Bronze' camps would vie to snatch them up!"

"In 'The Indomitable Bronze,' there's never a lack of leadership roles."

"What's missing is people!"

"Even though we teach every youngster as much as we can, accidents always happen."

Under the glow of the furnace, the old instructor's face flickered between light and shadow, his expression filled with resignation and reluctance, drawing sidelong glances. Almost immediately, however, he shook his head.

"Jason, what are you doing here looking for me?"

The old instructor changed the subject.

"Food... marvels!"

"I need more 'marvels'!"

Jason said, his expression calm as he corrected his slip of the tongue.

"Marvels, huh?"

Without probing into Jason's intentions, the old instructor pondered for a moment and then, with a rueful smile, gestured around and continued, "Marvels are hard to come by; there's not a single one within the whole 'The Indomitable Bronze' camp."

"And those other fellows might have some, but

As he spoke, a strange look crossed the old instructor's face.

After glancing at Jason, he slowly continued.

"You've already cleaned them out of their 'extra assets' at the previous gathering."

"Not just Cherry City, but also several cities around."

"So marvels have become even rarer."

"Even if there are any, those would be the kind that absolutely won't be traded."

The old instructor said, letting out another wry laugh and an expression of helplessness.

Jason was not surprised by this.

He was fully aware of the significance behind his previous 'gathering'.

Of course, Jason didn't give up.

"Do you know of anywhere else that might have 'marvels'?"

Jason asked.

This was the real purpose of Jason's visit.

He was hoping to obtain reliable information through the old instructor's experience and knowledge, rather than to get the items directly.

The old instructor didn't please Jason with food, but after some thought, he gave an answer.

"Memory Lane!"

"If there's any possibility of 'marvels' in Cherry City and nearby cities, Memory Lane would be the first choice!"

"Some old folks see it as their final resting place!"

"They ignore everything outside and just nest there. If you can gain their favor or help them resolve some regrets, getting some 'marvels' from them wouldn't be difficult."

Hearing the old instructor's words, Jason couldn't help but nod in agreement.

Then, he stood up straight away, ready to leave.

"Aren't you going to have dinner before you go?"

"The old guys are still up, they don't go to bed that early."

Seeing Jason about to leave, the old instructor made a kind invitation.

Facing this kind offer, Jason seriously considered it for a moment.

Eventually, he nodded.

Dinner wasn't the important part; he just wanted to experience the tradition of 'The Indomitable Bronze.'

If it had been passed down through the generations, it must have something exceptional about it.

Not to experience it would be too regrettable.

...

Sun had set below the horizon, streetlights lit up one after another, illuminating Cherry City brightly.

But there was one place that was different.

Memory Lane!

Compared to the brightness of the outside world, the dim glow of the gas lamps made it seem much less bright here.

But no one disliked it.

The decor filled with a sense of the past made Memory Lane an attractive spot for many people.

Especially the interplay of lights from the gas lamps and the shops excited many young couples taking selfies.

Among these couples, however, two seemed somewhat out of place.

Instead of walking back and forth on the street like the other excited couples, they squatted in the shadows on the roadside, barely revealing a vague outline under the dim light of the gas lamps.

Dressed in the period clothes typical of Memory Lane, the man was handsome and the woman even more beautiful, but now on their enviable features sat a touch of worry and anxiety.

Chapter 676: Reunion Under 'Fate' \_3

"Bolun, should we just give up?"

"Kael and those guys have already found an organization that would teach 'mystical knowledge' for some money. Shouldn't we try to make contact with them?"

Emily squatted by the roadside, speaking in a disheartened and defeated tone.

To the average person, this young person who seemed so exceptional should not have been so disheartened. But the blow had been too great.

For so many days, she and her friend tried every method they could think of to approach every individual on this street who seemed to be from the 'Mystical Side.'

But!

...

Every time they were successful!

The people who appeared to be from the 'Mystical Side' not only responded to them flawlessly but also played them with ease.

This completely crushed Emily, who had started out full of confidence.

Bolun, the young man, was also considerably affected.

But, he hadn't given up.

"Do you think that the so-called 'Mystical Side' organization that Kael has stumbled upon is real?"

The young man countered.

"It should be real, right?"

Emily was not too certain.

Considering her experiences from the past few days, she knew that although the 'Mystical Side' had semi-publicized itself, really making contact was incredibly difficult.

"Mmm, it's real."

"Then

"Is it benevolent?"

Bolun asked again.

Emily shivered, lifting her head to look at her companion beside her.

"Don't romanticize the 'Mystical Side' too much."

"It's mysterious and powerful, as well as bizarrely unpredictable."

"The reason I chose 'Memory Street,' besides the fact that many from the 'Mystical Side' congregate here, is because it's safe—there seem to be certain rules here, restricting them, and that's the most important thing for us."

Bolun said indifferently.

"So we just continue to spend time like this?"

Emily asked somewhat despondently.

She of course knew that what Bolun was saying was true.

If they had been in another place, the encounters they had been through would not have been just toying with them, but they would have most likely ended up as corpses.

"We thought everything was too simple."

"Those who can enter the 'Mystical Side' are exceptional individuals. They possess a broader perspective than we imagined and mysterious, unfathomable abilities."

"If we really want to be a part of it, we have to think of other means."

Bolun continued.

Emily, on the other hand, brightened up.

Knowing her friend well, she was clear that if Bolun was speaking this way, he must have thought of a solution.

"What solution?"

Emily pressed.

"Two solutions."

"One is not at the right time."

"That leaves the other

"Sincerity!"

Bolun declared.

"Sincerity?"

Emily frowned in confusion.

She thought what she had done before was already sincere enough.

"Yes, sincerity, not the kind of perfunctory sincerity we've shown before, but true, genuine sincerity."

While speaking, Bolun took out his smartphone.

"Turn all my shares in the Bolun Family into cash, hmm, and I will give up my right to inheritance



"Bolun, have you lost your mind?!"

As she listened to her friend's words, Emily suddenly stood up, staring at Bolun in disbelief.

"No, I'm not crazy,"

"I am just showing my sincerity!"

"I will move one of them with everything I have!"

"As long as one of them is moved, that's enough."

The young man slowly shook his head and said softly.

"But what if you fail?"

"If you fail, you will have nothing left!"

Emily looked at her friend anxiously.

"Only by burning my boats can I fight with my back to the river!"

"That's how to show sincerity!"

"And it's also how to show my resolve."

Bolun said this and then, in a voice only the two of them could hear, whispered, "If this also fails, I'll exchange all that money for explosives and blow 'Memory Street' to the heavens."

Emily, upon hearing these words, stared blankly at her friend.

It was as if she was meeting him for the first time.

In her memory, her friend had always been calm and cautious.

But...

The madness before her seemed to be his true face.

"Bolun, you

Emily was lost for words.

"Do you want to say I'm mad?"

"Well, perhaps."

Bolun slowly stood up, gazing at the pitch-black night sky, and said word by word, "Since a grand era of strife has appeared, one can either become an ant, allowing others to control their fate, or gamble everything to change one's own destiny!"

"Everything!"

"That includes life, wealth!"

"In my ancestor's notes, there is one sentence I remember vividly—without madness, there is no survival!"

"But, but

Emily wanted to say something but had no idea what to say.

So she just stared blankly at Bolun.

Then!

She suddenly noticed a gleam in Bolun's eyes.

Instinctively, Emily turned her head.

Following Bolun's gaze, she saw a tall, burly figure appear at the entrance of 'Memory Street.'

That, that was Ship Slayer!

Following that day, they had investigated the person who, with just a glance, had scared them out of their wits.

The result of the investigation naturally shook them while leaving lingering fears.

Ship Slayer!

A legendary figure of equal renown as Dragon Slayer!

One in a million.

Even within the Mystical Side, he belonged to that small pinnacle group.

With this in mind, Emily instinctively dodged.

She had not forgotten their unpleasant past encounter with him.

Even though he had not caused them trouble last time, who could ensure it would be the same this time?

The thoughts of the powerful are not easily fathomed.

What caught Emily completely off guard was that her friend Bolun started striding towards that Ship Slayer.

"Bo, Bolun?!"

Emily stammered.

Without stopping or turning, Bolun said—

"If I am to stake, I will stake on the biggest one!"

"That way, even if I die

"I'll die content!"

Chapter 677: How to Properly Increase Favorability

After parking the car in a nearby parking lot, Jason walked toward 'Memory Lane' on foot.

Strolling along the streets at night, Jason recalled the dinner he'd just had, and couldn't help but smile.

‘The Unyielding Copper’ had never let him down.

Whether it was the warriors, the knights, or the food there.

Especially the food!

Not only was the portion generous, but the taste was also quite good.

...

To put it simply, it was rough yet refined.

The sausages weren’t sliced but cut into ‘pieces’ that were just the right size for one bite.

Legs of lamb, racks of lamb lined up on the grill, it was a spectacular sight.

What surprised Jason the most was the broth in the pots as big as water jars.

The potatoes were soft and flavorful, the beef had the perfect fat-to-meat ratio, and the broth was clear and tasty.

Just thinking about it made Jason involuntarily swallow his saliva.

Although he’d just won the ‘Restaurant War’ as the first-place recipient with meals for twenty, that was already half an hour ago, and he was feeling hungry again.

Therefore, Jason was preparing to supplement his dinner in a restaurant on ‘Memory Lane’ and then search methodically afterward.

However, just as he was about to step into ‘Memory Lane,’ a young man approached him.

Even though the clothes had changed, Jason recognized him at a glance.

Bolun.

The second son of the Bolun family.

Not only because Jason had an extraordinary memory, but also because of the other's 'cleverness.'

A person who uses arrogance and disdain to disguise himself, achieving his goals in this way, concerns Jason more than someone who pretends to be weak to gain sympathy—the latter is a wolf in sheep's clothing, but if one always plays the sheep, one will become a real sheep one day.

And the former?

On the contrary, will always remain vigilant, constantly reminding oneself to keep within bounds.

After all, a slight error could mean death.

In the face of death, everything is equal.

And if one escapes death?

That's a transformation.

Jason, who had mingled in the Nightless City, was all too clear about this.

That's why the memory of the Bolun family's second son was still fresh in his mind.

"Good evening, Lord Jason,"

Bolun bowed in greeting.

It was an ancient ritual, not the contemporary one popular among the upper class, the etiquette of this world's past.

Clearly, it was something the other had learned in recent times.

Indeed, that was the case.

In recent times, although Bolun hadn't genuinely come into contact with 'Mystical Side knowledge,' he had learned some peripheral matters of the 'Mystical Side.'

For example: ancient etiquette.

Bolun didn't like such rituals.

He thought modern etiquette was more direct.

Yet, the young man, knowing full well that to blend into a circle one must adopt the corresponding stance, spared no effort in learning everything that should be learned.

Even disdain and aversion couldn't stop him.

Thus, at this moment, Bolun really did resemble a noble youth from two hundred years ago.

Even ordinary clothes couldn't mask such an impression.

Jason looked at the young man before him, remaining silent.

He knew that the other didn't come over just to say hi.

Their relationship hadn't reached that level of familiarity.

So what was the purpose of his visit?

Jason wondered naturally.

In the face of Jason's silence, Bolun revealed a benevolent smile.

He had said before that there were two methods.

The timing had been wrong before, forcing the most passive option.

But now, the opportunity had arrived!

He naturally had to seize it!

Even if the possibility of failure meant being smashed to bits!

He had to try!

With this thought, the last bit of disharmony on Bolun's face disappeared, leaving him looking completely at ease.

"Lord Jason, may I have the honor of inviting you to dine with me?"

"Both for this encounter,"



"And as an apology for last time."

Bolun said this with a smile, his expression composed, eyes showing no oddity, even his heartbeat was steady.

He seemed, just as he stated, to be merely making amends.

But Emily, watching from a distance, had her heart pounding like a drum.

Emily had not forgotten what Bolun had just mentioned.

Bolun was taking a gamble!

Gambling on his own destiny!

Gambling on Jason's true love for food!

Emily immediately recalled what Bolun had said after leaving Tony's Restaurant.

'Lord Jason must truly love food; back at the restaurant, there was a faint sense of excitement in his eyes.'

'Of course, it could be a disguise.'

Although it was a brief glimpse, Bolun had observed quite a bit.

Emily believed in this.

She knew how exceptional her friend's observational skills were.

Still, she was slightly puzzled by the latter comment.

Why would anyone disguise their love for food?

Her friend had then answered.

‘Because, there is no better way to divert attention from a weakness than ‘disguise’!’

‘Creating an obvious ‘weak point’ is much better than exposing the real one!’

‘I would do that.’

‘And the ‘Ship Slayer’ could, too.’

‘The excitement in his eyes might be anticipation for food, or it might be something else—for example: plotting something with the restaurant owner? After all, Tony has a certain status in the Mystical Side, and that Ship Slayer would definitely not miss such an independent ‘ally’ if he planned anything.’

Despite that, based on the fact that Jason stayed to wash dishes in Delbon, Bolun surmised that Jason’s anticipation for food was the majority.

Chapter 678: How to Properly Increase Favorability\_2

But Bolun honestly admitted he wasn’t sure.

Because this could still be a disguise.

A deeper disguise!

So, Emily was well aware that her friend was betting on Jason's genuine love for food, as well as betting that Jason wouldn't "tear apart" his persona for her, an insignificant "little person".

But could things really go so smoothly?

Emily, looking at Jason not far away, found both her and her friend's breaths had halted.

...

Her mind was flooded with all sorts of terrifying scenarios.

For instance, her friend being cleaved in two with a single sword strike, or having their head simply twisted off, or being completely ignored.

However, to Emily's surprise, the "Ship Slayer" merely thought for a second or two before nodding in agreement!

Agreed?!

Emily stood there, stunned.

Her eyes were wide with astonishment.

How could this be?

Did he really love food that much?

No!

It must be an even more "enthusiastic" effort to maintain his character!

Emily's mind was racing.

Then, a smile appeared at the corner of her mouth.

No matter which it was!

She knew Bolun had a chance to win the bet!

Afterward...

Emily instinctively wanted to walk toward her friend but stopped immediately.

She was well aware that compared to her friend, she was far from being on equal footing.

If she rashly approached, she might interfere with her friend's plan.

If it had been earlier, she might not have cared.

But now, with everything riding on this gamble...

Emily hesitated.

However, contrary to Emily's expectations—

"Jason, may I bring my friend along with me?"

"She's right over there, you've met her before."

Upon seeing Jason's nod, Bolun asked directly.

"Of course."

It wasn't unusual to bring a friend along when someone else was offering a meal, and Jason didn't refuse.

"Then, please wait a moment."

After bowing, Bolun turned and walked toward Emily.

"Bolun, I

Emily, looking at Bolun who had approached, hesitated.

"Let's go."

"If we can't fool the people from the Mystical Side, naturally we can't fool the 'Ship Slayer,' who even those Mystical Side people fear," Bolun remarked.

"Do you remember what I just said?"

"Sincerity!"

Bolun comforted his friend.

Emily immediately remembered the expressions of horror, disbelief, and fear on the faces of the Mystical Side people they had seen in the "Street of Memories," especially when they mentioned the "Ship Slayer." Fear was the predominant emotion.

How could she fool someone who could instill fear in the Mystical Side people who toyed with them at will?

Thinking about their first encounter and his keenness, Emily suddenly breathed a sigh of relief.

Since they couldn't hide it, there was no need for secrecy.

Following Bolun, Emily walked up to Jason.

"Good evening, Sir Jason,"

Emily curtsied, lifting her skirt slightly.

Jason nodded in response.

"Let's go."

"Sir Jason, do you have any dietary requirements, or is there anything you don't eat?"

Bolun and Emily walked ahead as the young man asked.

"Anything delicious is fine."

"Just nothing too bizarre."

"If there's anything like 'Starry Sky,' please allow me to refuse."

Jason loved and was open to all kinds of food.

But not all food was acceptable.

At least, 'Starry Sky' was on Jason's blacklist of foods.

Starry Sky' sounds like such a beautiful name!"

"What kind of food is that?"

The girl Emily was immediately attracted by the name 'Starry Sky,' and with her burden lifted, she didn't hide her curiosity and abruptly asked.

"Trust me."

"You definitely wouldn't like it."

Jason fought back a twitch in the corner of his mouth as he replied.

Even now, just the thought of the many little fish eyes in 'Starry Sky' made Jason feel like he would die with his eyes wide open if he ate it.

"Is it more terrifying than that shit-flavored chocolate the corner store discontinued?"

Emily's eyes widened with curiosity.

At the same time, she also recalled some memories best left buried.

"Shit-flavored chocolate?"

Jason frowned.

Who has such peculiar tastes?

He looked at Emily and Bolun, and their gazes turned strange.

"It's made just like regular chocolate, but then it's called 'Gold Filling

Emily started to explain but then found herself unable to continue and even began to retch.

"We were tricked by some Excellencies into choosing that chocolate."

Bolun explained.

Then, the young man pointed to a shop on the side of the road.

"Sir Jason, let's start here,"

"This is a pie shop."

"Their specialty is the black pepper beef pie, but the onion chicken flavor is also very good,"

Bolun introduced.

Jason rushed into the shop without hesitation.

With a smile, Bolun followed closely behind.

Emily walked behind them, remembering the shop's plum juice was also excellent.



Latter, Emily recommended the plum juice to Jason.

By that time, Jason had already eaten ten pies, yet he drank the plum juice with undiminished speed.

With the plum juice as an appetizer, Jason ate even faster.

Emily's mouth fell open wider and wider.

She had never seen anyone eat so much.

Neither had Bolun.

However, he didn't show any sign of surprise.

He maintained his smile from the beginning to the end.

Even when the pie shop's owner informed him that all the pies were gone, his expression remained the same.

"Sir Jason, everything's been eaten here."

Chapter 679: How to Properly Increase Favorability\_3

"Let's head to the next place,"

Bolun suggested.

His entire fortune wasn't just limited to a pie shop.

Although he might not be able to buy the whole 'Memory Street', gobbling up every eatery on 'Memory Street' was exceedingly easy for him.

Once he had a plan, he would follow through.

With such conviction, Bolun immediately led Jason to the next restaurant.

...

"Lord Jason, this is a barbecue joint, their specialty is grilled pork belly, and their oysters are not bad either, with a perfect mix of minced garlic and fat—it's truly delicious."

"Lord Jason, this is a butcher's shop, they specialize in pork cutlets, but I recommend the bear jerky."

"Lord Jason, this is a rumbaba shop, it's an old-timer's recommended traditional snack, mainly made of milk, somewhat similar to yogurt, but with more coconut shreds added."

"Lord Jason, this is a fried chicken place, a new outlet of a fast food chain, I don't have any particular recommendation here as the store across the street is just the same. They are like twins, wherever you find one, you'll find the other—either on a street corner or right across."

...

Jason's presence alone on 'Memory Street' was quite a spectacle.

And when he had eaten at so many places, it naturally drew even more attention.

Even though he paid for his meals, there were still many eyes on Jason.

He didn't mind it at all.

And Bolun?

He felt the same.

When he first chose to do this, he had thought about what might happen.

Moreover, he had prepared a series of plans—including backup plans.

He wasn't afraid of being noticed.

What he feared was not being noticed enough.

After taking Jason to every edible establishment on 'Memory Street' and declining the corner chocolate shop, Bolun led Jason towards a flight of stairs."

"Although you've already been, 'Tonio's Restaurant' is still the most worthwhile place on 'Memory Street', so I saved it for last,"

Bolun said as they walked into the restaurant.

Is this the last one?

Jason was taken aback.

He hadn't felt like he had eaten that much, had he?

Was this really the end of it?

"Welcome, Jason."

"And Bolun, Emily too,"

Tonio, wearing a chef's outfit, greeted them with a smile.

Bolun and Emily returned the courtesy.

Compared to other 'Mystical Side fellows' who were disdainful, mocking, or ill-intentioned, Tonio was undoubtedly the kindest person they had encountered, which is why Bolun and Emily reciprocated his friendliness.

"Table for three?"

"Okay, please wait a moment."

Tonio said and then turned toward the kitchen.

Bolun and Emily sat on one side of the table, with Jason on the other.

Jason looked towards the kitchen.

Bolun smiled silently, saying nothing.

Emily anxiously glanced at Bolun.

Why hasn't he said anything yet?

This is the last place, right?

Emily grew increasingly restless with worry.

Meanwhile, Bolun sat there as if he had fallen asleep.

Time ticked away, second by second.

Tonio served up a special dish.

Then, the special dish was finished.

But Bolun still hadn't said a word.

No, it wasn't that he hadn't said anything, he was earnestly discussing Tonio's exceptional culinary skills with Jason.

"Even though this isn't my first time, Tonio's cooking never ceases to amaze,"

Bolun praised.

"Yes, the dishes Tonio makes definitely rank in the top three of all the meals I've had,"

Jason nodded in agreement.

"Have you been to 'The Epicurean Pavilion'?"

"The cuisine there is said to be even more delectable,"

Bolun inquired.

"I've heard about it from Delbon, but I've never been. I hear it's quite hard to get a reservation,"

Jason replied truthfully.

"Would you like to go?"

"Leave it to me,"

"I think having a supper after dinner is a nice choice,"

"Don't you agree?"

Bolun smiled as he looked at Jason.

"Right,"

Jason nodded without any hesitation.

"Then leave it to me,"

"I'll make a call and reserve a spot."

Bolun said as he stood up and walked outside.

Standing at the entrance of Tonio's Restaurant, Bolun dialed his personal butler's number.

"It's me, take care of something for me

"Buy 'The Epicurean Pavilion'."

## Chapter 680: There's Always Someone Who's Down to Earth!

Upon hearing Bolun's request, the voice of the private butler carried a hint of hesitation.

"Master Bolun, the 'Food and Drink Pavilion' is not for sale,"

"Then make a high-priced offer!"

"Offer them so much they can't refuse!"

Bolun said lightly.

Of course, he knew that the 'Food and Drink Pavilion' claimed to be not for sale, but what he was more aware of was that the so-called non-sale items were just a matter of not yet meeting the right price.

...

Once the price was right, all 'non-sale items' would simply become 'items for transaction.'

Or rather, there was nothing in the world that didn't have a price.

But, you needed to know how to make the offer.

That was also recorded in his ancestor's notes.

Bolun found it to make a lot of sense.

Just like at this moment.

He stood at the entrance of Antonio's restaurant, looking towards the dark distance. The young man could be sure that under the cover of darkness, there must be a substantial number of 'Mystical Side figures' gathered there.

Why?

Simple, he was inviting Jason for a meal.

'Ship Slayer' Jason was in the restaurant right behind him.

And he?

Had been rejected, mocked, more than once by them.

What would happen when such a 'small fry' and clown like him sat down with a 'big shot' like the 'Ship Slayer'?

They were worried he might do something concerning.

Grudge?

Resentment?

Nothing of the sort.

Bolun was very clear; his previous encounters were not the fault of these people.

He had brought it upon himself.

So, he wouldn't take it out on these people.



Of course, he also had no right to take it out on them.

However, this didn't mean he would do nothing.

Standing straight, Bolun raised his right hand, drawing a circle from his chin to above his head, then, with his other hand behind him, bowed nearly 90 degrees.

This was also one of the old rituals.

It symbolized an invitation, a thank you.

After doing all this, Bolun turned around and went back into Antonio's restaurant.

He knew he didn't need to do much.

The more he did, the more mistakes he would make.

Just a little was enough, the rest?

He would let those people take it from there!

Borrowing the tiger's fierceness?

No!

He preferred to call it 'social etiquette.'

Social connections as a shield, to keep him safe.

Worldly wisdom as a sword, to lay his enemies low.

This was also a phrase left in his ancestor's notes.

Although he didn't know what his ancestor had done, Bolun was certain of one thing: his ancestor must have been an extremely qualified... no, an exceptionally excellent businessman.

Regardless of what happened in the end that forced his ancestor to live in seclusion here,

It didn't interfere with his ancestor's past successes.

And him?

He needed to replicate his ancestor's success.

At the same time, he was determined to bury his ancestor's name deep in his heart.

He didn't know where his ancestor's enemies were.

Nor was he clear about how powerful they might be.

Until he truly became powerful,

Silence and secrecy would be his companions.

And after he had grown?

Secrecy would still be a lifelong code to follow.

Silence, however, would need a slight adjustment.

But that was a matter for the distant future, so far off that Bolun merely considered it a hypothetical, not something to truly contemplate.

Ding-ling-ling!

The sound of the wind chimes reached his ears as Bolun walked into the restaurant.

Once again, he saw Jason, who was full of passion for food, and his friend Emily, who had eaten too much and was now slumped in her chair.

"Bolun, how did it go?"

Emily asked, gasping for air.

Although, as a lady, she should control her appetite to maintain her figure, the food at Antonio's was just too delicious, and she simply couldn't resist, especially when watching Jason devour his meal with large bites. An unprecedented feeling of hunger filled her stomach, and before she knew it, she ended up overeating.

Moreover, more importantly, she realized how happy she felt right now!

The sensation of her stomach filled with food was extremely satisfying!

Even, she was already looking forward to the late-night snack.

What would it be?

It couldn't be too sweet or too greasy.

Sweet would lead to weight gain.

But without the sweetness, the greasiness, would the food become unpalatable?

Emily furrowed her brows as she pondered this.

"Just wait for the news,"

Bolun said as he reached out and touched the top of Emily's head.

The fluffy sensation was somewhat like touching a lamb with its fur puffed up after rain.

Bolun could more or less guess what Emily was thinking.

Emily wasn't a complicated person.

And it was precisely for that reason they could become friends.

Friends, complementing each other, that's the best, isn't it?

After pulling out a chair, Bolun sat down and looked at Jason, who was gesturing to Antonio to keep the dishes coming, a hint of a smile appeared on his face.

Jason was the biggest eater he had ever seen.

For him, that wasn't bad news.

At least this suggested that Jason probably truly enjoyed eating.

Even if it was a pretense, with such an appetite, he was probably too deep in to extricate himself.

When Bolun watched Jason once again begin to eat the dish that Antonio had brought over, despite previously restraining himself due to the plans in his heart, he couldn't help his salivation.

Subconsciously, Bolun looked at his own plate.

There was a piece of steak on it.

Just one piece of steak.

The drink was plain water.

The steak had long since cooled off, but Bolun couldn't resist picking up his knife and fork.

With the aid of the fork, the knife easily cut off a corner of the steak.

Sss!

A burst of hot steam suddenly emerged from the cut, and the rich aroma of the meat assaulted his senses, all of it entering Bolun's nostrils.

Bolun involuntarily took a deep breath.