

## **Menu 681**

Chapter 681: There's Always Someone Realistic!\_2

So fragrant!

He looked at the steak on the plate with evaluation in his eyes.

To the naked eye, it appeared no different from an ordinary steak, but it was actually divided into two layers, inner and outer.

The outer layer of meat wrapped around the inner meat, serving as insulation.

However, when Bolun took a bite from the steak he had cut, an unexpected sound occurred—

Crunch!

...

A crisp sound echoed in his mouth.

That was not a sound that beef should make.

Bolun was astonished; he could feel the characteristic heaviness of beef on the tip of his tongue, but his attention was more fixated on the crispiness.

It was...

Potatoes!

After tasting carefully, Bolun made his judgment.

"The mashed potatoes were fried to make a 'shell,' like meat, encasing the real steak... impressive," he commented.

Bolun would never skimp on his compliments.

Because it was deserved.

It would show his magnanimity and also win some favor from the person being praised.

Moreover, the dish before him truly deserved praise.

At the very least, he could not imagine how to make mashed potatoes look like beef and mask its own flavor so well that without careful tasting, one simply could not distinguish it.

And there was something else...

Had he been seen through once again?

Although he hadn't expected to fool these 'Mystical Side' individuals, feeling so transparent about his concerns was somewhat disheartening!

Thinking this, Bolun couldn't help but shake his head with a wry smile.

Then, the young man simply decided to focus wholeheartedly on the deliciousness of the food.

Since he had been completely seen through, there was no need for pretense anymore.

It was an insult to him and those around him.

Bolun, having dropped his facade, loosened his collar, rolled up his sleeves, and began to enjoy his dinner.

"Tony, could you bring me one of those special steaks as well?" Jason asked, unable to resist after seeing Bolun's reaction.

"Of course," Tony replied with a smile.

Just five minutes later, a special steak was brought out and placed before Jason.

"I suggest eating it after it cools down to better enjoy its flavor. The mashed potatoes were cooked for over 10 hours in beef broth to thoroughly infuse it with beef's taste before forming the outer 'shell.' The 'shell' of this dish is far more exquisite than the inside," Tony explained.

"Potatoes turned into beef."

"Beef remained beef."

"And when the two come together, they become indistinguishable, sharing the same flavor."

Tony explained.

But as his voice faded, Tony gave Bolun a meaningful smile.

It was a smile of goodwill.

And those words just now?

Obviously, they were a friendly reminder.

The astute Bolun almost immediately understood the chef's meaning.

Cool down, signifying calmness.

Beef?

It probably represented the 'Mystical Side.'

And the potatoes represented him, who had not touched the 'Mystical Side.'

The final words were hinting that the two could live in the same world without distinction, because the 'ordinary' like 'him' showed 'inclusiveness.'

The 'Mystical Side' was built on the foundation of common people.

Of course, it might also mean that the 'Mystical Side' would eventually accept him, advising him not to be impatient or do anything rash.

As for why Tony used this particular dish to 'hint' to him?

Besides those 'Mystical Side' folks outside, Bolun could think of no other reason.

After all, Tony's restaurant was on 'Memory Street' too!

Clap, clap clap.

"Chef Tony, your culinary skills are far more impressive than I imagined," Bolun sincerely praised.

"My cooking skills have also been honed day after day. Bolun, when you have a goal, there's no need to rush to give up. Just persist a little longer and the outcome will be different," Tony said openly this time, not hinting but speaking directly.

Bolun responded with a smile.

No words, just a smile.

Seeing such a smile, Tony sighed softly in his heart.

A refusal, was it?

Without any words, that was the most clear response.

Those guys must have provoked some serious trouble!

Tony's gaze shifted to Jason.

In the end, he turned around and went back to the kitchen.

He was just a chef, and doing this much was already the limit.

Any more?

The food would probably lose its flavor.

Bolun noticed Tony's final glance, and with a calm countenance, he picked up a glass of water and took a sip.

Angry?

Not at all.

He never had a status for others to 'care' about.

Wasn't this situation normal?

Bolun reminded himself at the bottom of his heart.

But still, the hand holding the water glass trembled ever so slightly.

Sometimes it's just like that.

You know it all, yet you can't quite help yourself.

Bolun was still young enough.

And the nature of youth made it difficult to control the feeling of discontent, even when he knew he shouldn't have it.

Emily, who had been slouching in her chair, sat up and placed her hand on Bolun's other hand, concern in her eyes.

"It's okay," Bolun reassured her with a smile.

"It's not going to be okay," she retorted.

"What do you think happens when you are feared by a group whose power far exceeds yours?" Jason said, having picked up the special steak and bitten into it, chewing as he spoke.

After being treated to so much food,

Though he hadn't fully understood the ins and outs of the situation, Jason had a rough idea based on the events of that day, and then, Tony's recent words confirmed his suspicion.

Chapter 682:

Bolun before his eyes must have not given up the idea of pursuing knowledge of the "Mystical Side."

However, he had not succeeded.

On the contrary, he encountered obstacles everywhere during this period.

Then, he appeared.

Seeing him appear, Bolun was ready to make a desperate gamble.

Subsequently, it turned into the current situation.

...

Jason knew what Bolun wanted to do.

But, Jason thought he should remind the other party.

Otherwise, he could not guarantee what would happen to the other party after he "truly left."

In the "Mystical Side," there were indeed true warriors like the old drill sergeant, but many more were enigmatic individuals.

Those people would not show mercy.

Jason's sudden voice immediately drew Emily's attention.

The girl thought this was an opportunity.

She immediately started signaling Bolun with her eyes repeatedly.

But Bolun acted as if he saw nothing, and after a slight hesitation while looking directly at the towering Jason, he said, "I can roughly imagine."

Then, there was silence.

Bolun fell silent once more.

No request for help.

No request for advice.

This made Emily very anxious.

Right then, the girl could not help but open her mouth, but Bolun stopped her.

"Then, what do you plan to do?"

Jason asked.

"Two paths."



"Rebel, then die."

"Submit, then die."

Bolun answered honestly.

"Aren't you afraid?"

Jason looked at Bolun curiously.

"Does fear help?"

"If fear could help, if it could get me out of the current predicament, I wouldn't mind being afraid."

"But it's useless."

"It's better to face it calmly."

Bolun smiled resignedly.

"Which path do you prepare to choose?"

Jason continued to ask.

"Rebel!"

Bolun said without hesitation.

"You might have a terrible time."

Jason reminded him.

This time, Bolun didn't answer immediately but sat up straight.

The young man looked at Jason with an earnest gaze, and his words were more resolute than ever—

"Better than mediocrity!"

Jason watched the young man's eyes.

That kind of resolute gaze, he saw it often.

It was exactly what he looked like when he had made a certain decision.

"Someone said, simplicity is truth, ordinary is a blessing."

Jason smiled slightly, saying.

"The person who said those words, has seen the true high mountains and great rivers, has seen the grasslands, the sky, has experienced the fierce storms during the surging tide at sea!"

"Such a person has earned the right to say such words."

"And I haven't!"

"I'm just drifting in a tiny puddle, but I've also seen that 'splendid sea surface,'. Under such circumstances, I can't, like other people, comfortably reassure myself: simplicity is truth, ordinary is a blessing."

Bolun enunciated each word.

"Not content?"

Jason asked.

"Yes, not content."

Bolun nodded.

"Youth is wonderful."

Jason sighed, and then, after a pause, suddenly asked, "Do you know why the ugly duckling could turn into a swan?"

This question immediately made Emily, who was sitting aside feeling left out, sit up straight.

It was "you guys"!

Not "you"!

She was naturally included!

The girl who had been waiting for a long time thought this was a chance for Jason to instruct them.

If she answered correctly, she would have an opportunity!

Hence, the girl spoke before Bolun could.

"Because it worked hard enough!"

The girl said confidently.

But Bolun shook his head.

"No, it's because it was a swan all along!"

The young man replied.

"Right, because it was a swan all along!"

Jason said, and so, he tossed the "Leviah Notes" he had translated to the other party.

Leviah was looking for someone to continue the legacy of "Silver's Glory," without giving specific requirements, and he thought the young man before him was suitable.

It definitely wasn't because the other party invited him to dinner.

It was just a simple good feeling.

Bolun, catching the notebook, was stunned.

He glanced briefly at the contents of the notes, and his whole being started to tremble.

This notebook was what he had been seeking but could never attain!

Now!

It had suddenly appeared in his hands.

The unreal feeling caused Bolun to lose his composure completely.

So much so that he didn't see Jason walking towards the door.

Jason stopped at the door, turned his head to look at Bolun, and said directly.

"Didn't we agree on a late-night snack?"

"Are you going to welsh on it?"

Bolun quickly came to his senses, shook his head immediately, and stood up with a smile—

"Of course not."

"Even if it costs me everything, I will take you out for a late-night snack."

Chapter 683: Boiled Eggs!

Jason walked at the front, with Bolun closely following behind.

Emily, however, was somewhat dazed.

What had happened?

Why was it that after she and Bolun had tried so hard for so long without any results, they had easily succeeded now?

Just because of a meal?

That's not possible!

...

It can't be!

Although the food was delicious, when compared to the knowledge of the "Mystical Side um, maybe it was just a little bit worse?

Deep down, Emily wanted to say they were worlds apart, but thinking about the delicious food she had just eaten, it seemed unfair to compare them that way.

After all, the food was really tasty!

So, Emily changed her comparison.

Even so, she still didn't quite understand Jason's behavior.

"Everyone has something they care about, and although different, it's purest in one's heart—just like Lord Jason, unconcerned with anything else, only for the sake of eating," said Tonio with a smile.

"Pure?"

Emily mulled over this word again and again.

Though she still didn't get Jason, she thought she understood what Tonio meant.

"Does Lord Jason really like eating that much?" Emily asked, as if seeking confirmation.

"Of course," was the reply.

"Without a doubt."

"You need to understand, someone who doesn't really like eating wouldn't have cleared out all my ingredients, no, not just here, but likely all of 'Memory Street', except for that shop at the corner, right?" Tonio gave a laugh and a positive answer.

Emily was stunned.

It was only with Tonio's reminder that she realized just how much Jason had eaten.

Scores of people?

Hundreds?

She found herself unable to calculate, and in the end, she used a simpler conversion.

Including what they had just eaten at Tonio's restaurant, Bolun had spent a total of 237,592.

This wasn't a small number—it was enough to cover an entire year's expenses for 2-3 average, slightly affluent families.

And that was only dinner.

The supper wasn't even included yet!

Thinking of heading to "The Gourmet Tavern" later, Emily suddenly felt a bit short of breath.

"The Gourmet Tavern" had a reputation; its food was unquestionable.

Of course, the prices were quite high, though cheaper than “Cherry Hall.” But considering Jason’s appetite, Emily suddenly thought that all of this made perfect sense.

Bolun had paid such a heavy price so, naturally, there should be some reward.

Phew!

The girl breathed a sigh of relief.

Although she didn’t know why things had turned out this way, everything seemed to be developing for the better.

"Thank you again for your hospitality," Emily said politely as she bid farewell to Tonio.

As she bowed, she felt a bit bloated in her stomach, making the action a little difficult.

I ate too much!

And I was already trying to control myself!

My weight will go up!

I will get fat!

Just imagining her plumper figure made Emily shiver.

"Don’t worry, I’ve prepared low-fat food for you," Tonio reassured.



"Go ahead, Bolun is waiting for you."

"Also

After pointing outside, Tonio adjusted his chef's hat, apron, especially the scarf that signified his status as a head chef, and then bowed seriously, "Thank you for your patronage!"

Emily waved her hand as a way of saying goodbye.

Then, she quickly caught up with Bolun and Jason.

"Can we walk to 'The Gourmet Tavern'?" she asked.

"I ate too much just now and would like to digest a bit."

Emily walked beside Bolun, peeking in front of him with a pitiful expression.

Bolun smiled and turned his head to look at Jason.

"We can," Jason nonchalantly nodded.

"The Gourmet Tavern" wasn't far from "Memory Street"; whether walking or riding was fine by him.

"That's great!"

"I must control my diet properly!"

"Woman, if you can't even control your own figure, how can you control your life?" Emily cheered softly to herself and started clenching her fist to psych herself up.

However, Jason no longer paid attention to the girl.

His gaze swept untraceably ahead.

When he had just left Tonio's restaurant, his extraordinary perception had sharply caught quite a few sweeping glances.

Although most had disappeared by now, many still persisted.

The remaining gazes were filled with uncertainty, scrutiny, and doubt.

And...

Faint hostility.

Not the pure kind, but the kind stemmed from vigilance.

Jason, who had been subjected to pure malice too many times, easily distinguished all this.

Moreover, he could tell that these people did not have "food."

Though he had missed an extra meal, Jason had not forgotten what he had come to "Memory Street" for.

To find "food," to replenish his satiety level.

However, now that pursuit would have to be slightly delayed.

It was by no means because he had been looking forward to “The Gourmet Tavern” for so long, but simply because Jason could confirm that the ordinary members of “Memory Street” definitely didn’t have what he wanted.

He would have to find some key figures.

Naturally, these key figures should all be “big shots.”

Jason knew full well the hassle of dealing with “big shots.”

At the very least, he would need a bargaining chip that excited them.

And that certainly wasn’t something that could be done in a short time.

Therefore—

"Let’s go to ‘The Gourmet Tavern’ to finish supper before anything else!" Jason thought to himself, and instantly, he let go of the slight “mental burden” he had, changed plans, and began looking forward to the delicacies of “The Gourmet Tavern.”

Bolun, walking beside Jason, wished he could open up the “Leviah Notes” right now and continue learning.

Chapter 684: Boiled Eggs!\_2

Having casually flipped through it, Bolun was certain: the “Leviah Notebook” was exactly what he wanted.

From the most basic methods of training one’s body to advanced swordsmanship skills, and even the knowledge of mystical arts from the “Mystical Side,” it had everything.

Most importantly, it was translated into a universal language!

This was crucially important to Bolun!

In the time since, Bolun had not only learned ancient etiquette but also discovered that the knowledge of the “Mystical Side” was recorded in a specialized language.

"Those characters that I couldn't understand must be Dufol Language, right?"

...

"I wonder if I could learn the Dufol Language by comparison?"

The young man thought, but his pace did not slow in the slightest.

He knew how he had obtained the “Leviah Notebook.”

He also clearly remembered his promise.

"Since a promise has been given, it should not be broken."

"The benefits brought about by breaking a promise are only temporary."

"The losses brought about by breaking a promise are permanent."

The words in the ancestral notebook were etched in the young man's memory.

He would absolutely not engage in short-sighted solutions.

Swiftly gathering his thoughts, the young man began adjusting his state of mind.

He had achieved his goal.

But the story of “using relationships as a shield and worldly wisdom as a sword” hadn’t ended.

In fact, it was just beginning at this very moment.

With this in mind, the young man revealed a sincere smile, turning his gaze toward Jason.

"Mr. Jason, the ‘Starry Sky’ restaurant has a vast menu, but, I recommend a particular dish,”

"What dish?"

Bolun’s words immediately piqued Jason’s interest.

"Boiled egg!"

Bolun said with a smile.

Boiled egg?

A look of anticipation instantly appeared in Jason’s eyes.

After the experience with “looking up at the starry sky,” Jason had learned not to judge the flavor of food by its name.

Boiled eggs may seem simple, but if they were included in the ‘Starry Sky’ menu and recommended by Bolun, they must be quite exceptional.

Unconsciously, Jason quickened his pace.

Bolun followed with a smile.

Emily had little choice but to jog to keep up with the two men.

"Boiled eggs?"

"Why haven't I tried them?"

"What do they taste like?"

Emily couldn't help but wonder, but she immediately shook her head, admonishing herself.

"No!"

"Remember your weight, Emily!"

"You're already 42.25KG!"

"You're about to be overweight!"

"But

"Eating one boiled egg shouldn't matter, right?"

...

The 'Starry Sky' restaurant was indeed very close to 'Memory Street.'

Even when walking at a leisurely pace, it only took about 15 minutes.

If one walked a bit faster, the 'Starry Sky' restaurant's sign could be seen in just 10 minutes.

It wasn't conspicuous, just a wooden sign hanging on a two-story building by the roadside.

This building should have blended with the residential area behind it, but due to negligence during construction, it stood alone in the corner, looking somewhat out of place compared to the cozy family townhouses.

However, the craftsman-like owner used green plants and bonsai to blur these boundaries.

Thus, the 'Starry Sky' restaurant not only integrated into the warm residential area but also stood out on its own as a fine dining establishment.

Jason stood at the entrance, glanced around, and, upon confirming that it was a meticulous restaurant where his third unpleasant memory was unlikely to repeat, he pushed the door and entered.

Ding-a-ling!

With the clear sound of a wind chime,

A pretty woman with brown hair and red pupils appeared at the entrance.

There were no greetings, and not a trace of a smile on her face.

First, she gave Jason a cold glance, then indignantly turned her gaze to Bolun who followed.

"Young Master Bolun, do you think you're above everyone just because you have money?"

The woman asked coldly.

"Hmm."

Bolun nodded honestly.

"You bastard!"

"You even dare to agree!"

"Do you really think you can do whatever you want just because you have money?"

Seeing Bolun nod, the woman, who had been suppressing her anger, burst forth in fury. She stepped forward, grabbed Bolun's collar, and abruptly lifted him off the ground.

Asphyxiation set in as his feet left the ground, but Bolun still smiled.

Looking at the half-acquaintance before him, he kept his voice calm,

"Having money really makes one capable of doing whatever they want."

"If not,"

"It simply means you're not wealthy enough!"

These words thoroughly enraged the woman.

"Bastard!"



"You little brat!"

"I'm going to make you come to your senses! Wake up! And turn your warped worldview right side up!"

With those words, the woman stepped back, turned around, and put power into her waist for an over-the-shoulder throw.

"Ah! Bolun!"

Emily cried out in worry.

But contrary to her expectation, Bolun wasn't smashed onto the ground. Instead, he twisted in mid-air, landing on his feet.

Not only that, but Bolun also used the momentum of the twist to lock the woman's arm behind her back.

Emily was stunned.

Did Bolun know how to fight?

He knew a bit, the rough basics.

Although he exercised daily, his skills were very average.

As a friend, Emily knew this.

That's why she was initially worried.

But now?

Could it be...

Instinctively, Emily glanced at Bolun's chest area.

There was the "Leviah Notebook"!

Had Bolun just learned a skill from the notebook?

Emily thought, but immediately dismissed the idea.

She admitted that Bolun was smart, but surely he wasn't so smart that he could learn by just glancing at it, right?

Chapter 685: Boiled Eggs!\_3

He must have been practicing in secret!

Hmph!

Not even telling me!

Emily glared at Bolun, fuming.

She completely missed the surprise that flashed across Jason's eyes.

Unlike Emily's uncertainty, Jason had thoroughly reviewed 'Leviah's Notes.' He could be certain that the barehanded technique Bolun just used came straight from 'Silver's Glory' Hunters.

...

"Learned it just by watching?"

"Such a powerful Talent!"

Jason couldn't help but think.

But that was it.

In terms of Talent, Jason never thought he fell short.

Especially when it came to his swordsmanship Talent!

That was recognized by his old instructor.

"Let me go!"

"You little brat!"

The woman whose hands were pinned behind her back shouted loudly.

"Miss Melody, as a waitress of the restaurant, if you want to continue working here, I would like you to adopt a different attitude. After all, ever since just a moment ago, I have become the owner of 'The Drinking Tavern.'"

As Bolun spoke, he let go of her hands.

The woman took two steps back, still with anger in her eyes.

Facing such anger, Bolun sincerely said,

"Do you think I took 'The Drinking Tavern' away from you?"

"Or do you think I would let 'The Drinking Tavern' go bankrupt?"

"Don't forget, I bought 'The Drinking Tavern' for five times its market price and renewed the contract with the chefs here for 30 years at three times the market price. I have paid so much, not for fun, but because I truly want to run 'The Drinking Tavern.'"

"And I also hope Miss Melody can help me."

"Help me, a young man who had to go all out to buy 'The Drinking Tavern' after giving up my family's inheritance."

As he said this, Bolun bowed slightly.

Melody was stunned.

"You gave up the Bolun family inheritance for 'The Drinking Tavern'?"

The waitress asked incredulously.

'The Drinking Tavern' was nice, but compared to the Bolun family?

She knew what was more important.

Bolun gave up the Bolun family inheritance for 'The Drinking Tavern'!

Could it be that Bolun truly loved 'The Drinking Tavern' from the bottom of his heart?

If not for that, Melody couldn't imagine why Bolun would do such a thing.

With this in mind, the anger in the waitress's eyes toward Bolun dissipated a great deal.

She was just angry that 'The Drinking Tavern' had become a rich kid's plaything.

But now?

It seemed that wasn't the case.

Melody moved her feet involuntarily, stepping aside to make way.

"I love food."

"And I love bringing food to people who can truly appreciate it."

Bolun spoke, turning to look at Jason.

"This gentleman is my first customer after taking over the restaurant, and the one who inspired me to pursue this idea and find another goal in life, and also someone I acknowledge."

The young man gestured invitingly to Jason to follow him.

Emily followed, quietly pinching Bolun.

"Lying again."

Emily whispered.

As a friend, Emily knew when Bolun was serious and when he was lying.

"What's wrong with a well-intentioned lie for the sake of food?"

Bolun replied to Emily, looking however towards Jason.

Upon realizing Jason showed no anomaly, he finally breathed a sigh of relief.

He truly hadn't expected an accident with the Talent of money.

Fortunately, Lord Jason hadn't taken offense.

Indeed...

My money is still too little.

Bolun thought to himself.

As for lying in front of Jason?

Isn't that a form of 'honesty'?

The host and guest took their seats.

Bolun signaled to Melody,

"Start with the boiled eggs, and bring all the dishes one by one."

"Boiled eggs?!"

"All the dishes?!"

Melody couldn't help but raise her voice, her face turning slightly red.

Immediately, Melody realized she shouldn't be reacting this way and tried to cover up by asking,

"Can you eat all that?"

"Sorry."

"Please remove the 'you.'"

"It's just Lord Jason."

Bolun corrected Melody's words.

"Just him?!"

"But

"Okay, I understand!"

The waitress wanted to say something else but was silenced by Bolun's stern look.

It was a gaze sharper than a knife, making the waitress' heart tremble without saying more.

The waitress turned and left.

Just as Bolun was about to apologize to Jason, he noticed Jason's gaze turned toward the door.

In an instant, Bolun guessed what was happening.

He straightened his posture, pulling the unsuspecting Emily, who was peeking at the menu.

"I'm just looking, won't eat!"

As Emily prepared to say this, not knowing what was going on, the door of 'The Drinking Tavern' opened—

Dingling!

The wind chime tinkled.

Chapter 686: Things in Life That Should Be Remembered!

The chime of a wind bell sounded, and the door opened.

A person in a pitch-black robe, wearing a hood, walked in.

Upon entering, the individual didn't pass through the corridor but directly removed the hood, revealing the face of a middle-aged man.

The moment Emily saw that face, her fists suddenly clenched tight.

This middle-aged man was the one who had mocked her back on 'Memory Street'.



That time, had Bolun not reacted promptly, she would have undoubtedly faced great embarrassment under the watchful eyes of all.

...

And that was something she could never accept!

Thinking about the situation then, Emily couldn't help but bite her teeth hard.

Suddenly, the back of her hand felt warm.

Emily turned her head and saw Bolun, her good friend, with his hand on the back of hers, smiling playfully and shaking his head gently.

Without any verbal communication, but through the understanding developed over a long time, Emily grasped what Bolun meant.

Don't rush, just patiently watch what happens next.

Source: Web, updated on .co

Immediately, Emily calmed down.

She trusted Bolun's judgment.

In every instance before, Bolun had never let her down.

This time?

It was no different!

But the result still left Emily extremely shocked.

She saw that middle-aged man, who had once been condescending, quickly glancing around the 'Drinking Pavilion's' lobby and then that haughty face suddenly broke into a sycophantic smile.

"Good evening, Mr. Jason."

The man walked over step by step, bowing deeply to Jason with the utmost respect.

Looking at the middle-aged man whose face was nearly touching the ground, Emily was stunned.

She simply couldn't associate the man fawning before her with the one who had looked down on them with disdain.

If she hadn't just confirmed it was the same person, Emily would have sworn they were merely similar looking.

And the more shocking events were still unfolding.

The middle-aged man, who had just bowed to Jason, maintained his salute as if he were a clay statue, utterly motionless.

"Hmm."

Jason nodded nonchalantly.

It was only after this nod that the middle-aged man straightened up, his ingratiating smile growing even thicker.

Seeing this, Emily was certain that if Jason hadn't responded, the man would have kept that posture indefinitely.

This, this is the 'Ship Slayer'?

Emily was horrified within.

Since that night, she knew the 'Ship Slayer' was strong, a pinnacle existence on the 'Mystical Side.'

But just how strong?

Without any comparison, Emily didn't know.

But now, witnessing the once arrogant middle-aged man so servile before Jason, Emily finally understood the meaning behind 'Ship Slayer.'

Compared to Emily, who was too shocked to conceal her astonishment, her mouth slightly agape, Bolun was handling it a bit better.

This young man at least maintained a calm facade.

But the flickering light in his eyes was enough to reveal his true state of mind.

Back then, when he faced this 'Mystical Side person,' it wasn't just about wracking his brains, but also squandering a vast amount of resources to barely evade the pursuit, truly an exhausting effort.

Thus, Bolun felt it even more acutely.

He watched the scene before him.

Then, his gaze slowly shifted toward Jason.

In his eyes were envy, longing, and aspiration.

But Jason remained calm as ever.

As soon as he noticed the man, he had guessed why he had come.

In fact, it was just as he had surmised.

"Mr. Jason, this is a gift from 'Memory Street.'

"No special meaning intended.

"Simply a hope to gain your friendship."

The middle-aged man said as he took out two boxes from his voluminous robe and placed them respectfully on the table in front of Jason.

Although the boxes were closed, the scent of 'food' inside made Jason involuntarily take a deep breath.

Jason would never refuse 'food.'

As for how the other party knew he needed 'food'?

Apart from the old drill sergeant, Jason couldn't think of anyone else.

Given 'Memory Street's ability to investigate where he had been that afternoon with ease,

And considering the old drill sergeant's familiar tone of voice when evaluating 'Memory Street,' it's likely the real power brokers of 'Memory Street' would have inquired from the old drill sergeant, who wouldn't refuse them.

In dealing with enemies, the old drill sergeant wouldn't show any mercy, like the harsh north wind blowing against one's face.

Towards friends?

The old drill sergeant was warm, as comforting as a spring breeze, always ready to help.

It was like this with him.

And naturally, it would be the same with other friends.

"Thank you for your friendship."

"I am profoundly grateful!"

The middle-aged man watched Jason accept the gift and immediately heaved a long sigh of relief, his anxiety finally easing.

He had been very worried about the worst outcome happening,

Because that was something he couldn't bear.

How could he have imagined that two ordinary people would have any connection to a figure like the 'Ship Slayer,' someone to look up to?

If he had known they had a connection to the 'Ship Slayer,' he wouldn't have dared to mock them, even if he had several times the courage!

What was supposed to be a game to pass the time had unexpectedly led to such a terrifying outcome.

And now, the matter was still not completely resolved.

There was another issue he needed to address.

Otherwise, he would remain restless.

The middle-aged man turned his head towards Bolun and Emily, his face still wearing that obsequious smile.

He felt no shame in humbling himself before ordinary people.

Chapter 687: Things in Life That Should Be Remembered!\_2

Anyone related to the 'Ship Slayer' is worth his effort.

When he heard that two ordinary people were strolling with the 'Ship Slayer' on 'Memory Street,' he knew what he had to do.

As for 'Memory Street'?

Although 'Memory Street' protects its own, after what he had done, the elders of 'Memory Street' certainly wouldn't mind exchanging his head for a genuine friendship with a 'Ship Slayer.'

He didn't want to die.

So, his attitude must be 'correct'!

...

What's more important, face or life?

Everyone has different answers.

But for the middle-aged man, face couldn't be more important than life!

He had finally become a person of the Mystical Side, and his good days had only just begun; he naturally wanted to enjoy them.

The more he thought like this, the humbler his smile became.

It could even be said to carry a tinge of servility.

Source: Web, updated on .co

"Young Master Bolun, Miss Emily, my apologies,"

"I was too reckless before."

"I was blind."

"Please don't resent a blind fool like me."

As the middle-aged man spoke, he took out a notebook and placed it in front of Bolun and Emily, bending over and continuing, "This is a beginner's notebook for the Dufol Language, suitable for the two of you who wish to understand the Mystical Side. Of course, with Lord Ship Slayer here, my actions are unnecessary, but this is a token of my sincerity, please accept it."

"Of course, there's also this money."

"It was entrusted to me by Young Master Bolun before."

"I hereby return the principal in full!"

"As for the interest... I think it's reasonable to triple the original principal, what do you think?"

After speaking, the middle-aged man took out a card and placed it next to the notebook, then anxiously looked at Bolun.

Bolun looked at the notebook and bank card but did not move.

He turned to Jason.

This young man certainly hadn't forgotten why this scene was happening.

Without Jason, the other party would never have come to apologize and offer compensation.

"Accept it, you deserve it,"

Jason said so.

About the notebook and the bank card, Jason could not judge their value.

But the aroma of the 'food' inside the two boxes informed Jason of the value of these two 'oddities.'

Jason didn't know what Bolun and Emily had encountered before, but the fact that the middle-aged man was willing to pay such a heavy price meant that their past experiences must have been exceedingly agonizing.



Compensation, of course, was only fair.

Moreover, it seemed the task of finding 'oddities' to replenish his satiety had been half-resolved.

This immediately brightened Jason's mood quite a bit.

"Indeed, food can bring me good luck!"

Jason thought, his lips curling upward involuntarily.

Seeing Jason's smile, Bolun nodded and accepted the notebook and bank card.

He was acutely aware of the importance of learning the Dufol Language.

With Jason's translations of the 'Leviah Notes,' naturally, there was no issue, but he couldn't always go to Jason for translations.

The 'Ship Slayer' was no interpreter.

So the next moment, he respectfully placed the bank card in front of Jason.

"I've already gained much more than I expected,"

"I can't face taking any more."

Bolun said quite seriously.

Jason, seeing the young man's earnestness, didn't refuse again and accepted the bank card.

‘Bastion’ still needed some weapons for defense.

As a guest of ‘Bastion,’ if he wasn’t paying rent, then acquiring some weapons was a fine thing to do.

The middle-aged man, having witnessed the entire process, bowed deeply in relief.

"It’s almost time for late-night snacks; I won’t disturb you any further,"

"Welcome, Mr. Jason, Young Master Bolun, and Miss Emily to visit ‘Memory Street’ again when you’re free."

"We certainly won’t let you down again."

After saying this, the middle-aged man kept his bow and backed all the way to the entrance of ‘Food and Drink Pavilion.’

Ding-a-ling!

Amidst the sound of the wind chime, he disappeared behind the door.

Emily, who had been silent all this while, couldn’t help herself at this point.

For Jason, this was an unexpected pleasant interlude.

But for Emily, it was too exciting to contain herself.

"Bolun! Bolun!"

"Did you see that?"

"That guy just now actually, actually!"

Emily tried to say something, but excitement made her words incoherent; she only could grasp Bolun's palm and shake it vigorously, standing up from her chair.

"I saw it."

"And very clearly."

"So, let's thank Mr. Jason again."

With that, the young man stood up and bowed to Jason.

Emily was startled for a moment and quickly bowed as well.

"We thank you for everything you've done for us, Mr. Jason."

The girl said sincerely.

After all, the previous ridicule had long become her most embarrassing memory,

These days, every night she went to sleep alone, she would wake up shocked.

Naturally, she had thoughts of revenge.

But she knew more than anyone that she couldn't do it alone.

Even in a lifetime, she might never get the chance.

Resentment was certainly present.

But reality was even crueller.

And just when she was ready to forget it all, things took a dramatic turn!

Therefore, at this moment, Emily's gratitude towards Jason was heartfelt.

Jason could clearly feel such emotions.

Chapter 688: Things in Life That Should Be Remembered!\_3

"No need, you've already treated me to dinner and supper, haven't you?"

Feeling such sincerity, Jason waved his hand with a smile.

"If you don't mind, you can come to 'Food and Wine Pavilion' anytime."

"This table will always be reserved for you."

"I, Bolun, the owner of 'Food and Wine Pavilion,' swear that all your expenses here will be on me."

Bolun said earnestly.

...

This made the corners of Jason's mouth tip up again.

What's more delightful than someone treating you to a meal?

Naturally, it's the promise of a long-term meal ticket.

However, Jason was well aware of his appetite.

He certainly didn't want the young man before him to fall into financial trouble because of his 'Strength'.

So, coming once a month would be enough!

Source: Web, updated on .co

Provided there's a chance!

After adding this thought in his mind, Jason's gaze involuntarily shifted to the two boxes containing 'food'.

He restrained the 'hunger', choosing not to start eating right there and then.

Not only was it inappropriate, but also because the kitchen's 'supper' was still being prepared.

He couldn't disappoint the chef's intentions!

These two portions of 'food' would serve as a 'snack' in the middle of the night!

With this thought, his heart grew even more joyful.

Bolun and Emily were also pleased.

Especially Emily, who couldn't wait to start flipping through the notebook.

Bolun didn't stop her.

This was her due as a good friend, and it was also one of his promises from the beginning.

However, seeing his friend engrossed and excited, Bolun couldn't help but remind her.

"Emily, remember this moment."

Bolun said.

"Hmm?"

Emily looked at Bolun, a bit perplexed.

The young man continued to speak.

"To a certain extent, humans are rather base creatures."

"And a base soul, once freed from oppression, will seek to oppress others."

"Remember that guy just now, I don't want you to become someone like him."

As he spoke these words, Bolun looked directly into Emily's eyes, his gaze filled with an unprecedented seriousness.

Emily felt a panic inside.

Because she indeed had some rather unsavory thoughts just before.

When she was merely in touch with the 'Mystical Side' power, not yet having truly mastered it, she entertained such thoughts.

The realization that she had such ideas so quickly, just like that middle-aged man who toyed with her, made Emily slap her cheeks hard, reminding herself once more.

"I understand."

Emily nodded firmly, making a promise to her friend.

Still, the girl was a bit confused.

"Bolun, you've said that being weak is a sin."

"But if strength can't feel its own superiority, then what's the point of being strong?"

The girl asked.

Bolun frowned slightly.

Of course, strength had its meaning.

But without the contrast of the weak, where lay its significance?

To protect?

To plunder?

All this is highlighted against weakness; without it, where lies the meaning?

The young man thought, his frown growing deeper.

Thud, thud.

Jason tapped his fingers lightly on the table twice, pulling Bolun and Emily's gaze towards him before he said with a smile, "The meaning of strength lies in choice! A choice to act as your heart desires! Not because... you have no other choice!"

"As for weakness?"

Jason paused before his voice took on a lengthened tone.

"Weakness is a sin, but not one to fear."

"What's frightening is taking it for granted."

"The entitlement of weakness."

"The entitlement of strength."

"When everything is taken for granted, that's the beginning of destruction."

Choice!

Entitlement!



The young man's eyes lit up, quickly latching onto something, yet it was just out of reach.

"Is this why you are so strong?"

Bolun couldn't help but ask.

But this time, Jason didn't answer.

Because—

The dishes were served.

Chapter 689: Midnight Snack, the Most Delicious!

Melody came out with an oval porcelain plate in hand.

The porcelain plate had a diameter of around 35 cm and a depth of over 3 cm, with the edges only about 2 cm high, all in pure white. In the center depression lay a massive egg.

It wasn't as big as an ostrich egg, but it far exceeded those of other common birds.

What surprised Jason more was the faint 'food' aroma emanating from the egg.

It was the kind he adored!

Food and Wine Pavilion' special water-boiled egg, please enjoy."

...

Melody placed the plate down, pointed to the metal long-handled spoon in the dish, and with a blush spreading across her face, she mimicked the action of tapping.

Afterward, the waitress didn't offer any more introductions and hurried back to the kitchen.

Attracted by the 'water-boiled egg', Jason paid no attention to these details. He picked up the metal long-handled spoon from the plate and gave the egg a gentle tap.

Crack!

Snap!

The shell shattered, and a network of cracks spread out.

Then, these shattered pieces of eggshell, without needing to be peeled by hand, simply fell away.

A distinct aroma associated with eggs began to diffuse around the table.

Jason pushed the spoon in, and as the metal spoon touched the cooked egg whites, it formed a fully elastic depression. When this reached its limit, the spoon punctured through, and only upon reaching a distinctly different texture did Jason start to scoop.

A rather large piece of egg white sat inside the spoon, with trails of golden liquid clinging to the top and bottom.

That was the yolk!

Under the light, the custard-like egg yolk glowed with a faint golden luster.

It looked not only tempting, but also fragrant.

Gulp!

Emily swallowed saliva.

The moment the water-boiled egg was served, the young girl's eyes had shifted completely away from her notebook. After witnessing the egg crack open magically, her gaze was fixated.

By now, Emily could hold back no more.

"Bolun, I want to eat it too!"

Emily looked toward her good friend.

What diet?

What restraint?

What about weight?

If you don't eat your fill, how can you diet?

"Of course!"

Bolun affectionately touched the top of Emily's head as she stared at him.

Why had he and Emily become friends?

Perhaps it was precisely because of Emily's genuine nature?

"Melody, add two more water-boiled eggs."

Bolun ordered toward the kitchen.

"Sure, right away."

Melody's stuttering voice answered.

Then, Bolun turned to Jason.

"Master Jason, would you like soy sauce?"

"Water-boiled egg with a bit of soy sauce will be more delicious."

"Okay."

Jason would never refuse the kindness of others.

He picked up the condiment bottle with soy sauce and, instead of pouring it directly into the egg, scooped a piece with the spoon, dipped it in soy sauce, and then brought it to his mouth.

The salty taste paved the way, followed by the rich flavor of the egg.

The egg white's bounciness collided with the teeth.

The creaminess of the egg yolk burst forth in the soy sauce.

It was hard to imagine that a "boiled vegetable" dish could have such an explosive sensation.

When compared to “deep-fried,” “braised,” and the like, it was in no way inferior.

"Did the uniqueness of the ingredients combine with a rather masterful level of cooking skills?"

Jason thought to himself silently.

He had encountered many chefs with exquisite skills.

Hannibal and Antonio were among the best of them.

And the one before him now seemed to be even more formidable than those two.

Soon after, the text in front of Jason confirmed this thought.

[Devouring Boiled Eggs (Master Level)!]

[Physical Strength, Energy, Moderate Injury Recovery!]

[Satiety +2]

[Satiety: 67]

...

"Master level boiled eggs?"

"Impressive!"

Jason appraised.

Having a profound understanding of master level, Jason knew how rare such an evaluation was.

Then, an unprecedented delight surged in Jason's heart.

He could actually feast on master level cooking, and not just one dish...how fortunate!

Especially as it could slightly replenish his satiety!

It truly felt like living in a dream.

Although the replenished satiety was not much, Jason would never underestimate even a single point of satiety.

Because, for him, just an additional point of satiety meant a third of a life more.

Phew!

Taking a deep breath, Jason's gaze turned towards the kitchen.

He could smell the aroma of the next dish.

Half a minute later, Melody came out again.

This time she was holding a three-tiered copper pot, with the smallest layer on top and the largest at the bottom.

The top layer contained thirteen-spiced crawfish, large in size and enticingly red.

The middle layer held silky chicken, just the right size, with broth sizzling on the columns of vapor rising from the copper pot.

The bottom layer was...char-grilled frog legs!

Jason quickly identified the ingredients, and then, couldn't wait to start eating.

The crawfish was clean and flavorful, the soup dripping as he twisted to separate the tail from the shell.

The silky chicken was not at all dry; it had a sense of oily richness, and, to Jason's surprise, the chicken skin had a slight crisp to it, clearly having been deep-fried, yet the meat still retained the texture of being stewed.

Without a doubt, this was a special cooking technique.

Jason didn't delve into it; he was completely immersed in the deliciousness of the food.

Char-grilled frog legs, bone and meat together, made a crunching sound as he chewed in his mouth.

The deepest layer of flavor appeared on his taste buds, making Jason's appetite soar.

However, this special three-tiered pot did not bring any satiety.

"Is it because the cooking skills haven't reached the level?"

"Or perhaps

Chapter 690: Midnight Snack, the Most Delicious!\_2

"Only 'boiled eggs' have reached the Master level?"

Jason couldn't help but guess.

And then, his guess was confirmed.

Another dish was brought up, a steamed crab, and this time, Melody did not leave after setting down the dish but "opened" the crab shell, revealing golden-yellow rice in front of Jason.

"Fresh yellow mixed rice!"

Melody announced the name of the dish.

...

Then, she turned around and brought Jason a cup of ginger tea.

The extremely fresh taste of eggs enveloped the rice.

A very special sense of fullness began to emerge, and even Jason couldn't help but chew a few more times before swallowing.

Almost simultaneously as he swallowed, Jason picked up his spoon and continued to dig in.

After three or four bites, only scattered remnants of food remained in the crab shell.

And Jason did not waste any.

Source: Web, updated on .co

The spoon and crab shell kept rubbing, as Jason carefully scooped all the rice and broth coated with crab roe into the spoon before gulping it down.



He squinted his eyes.

Continuing to savor the delicious taste.

The food was delicious, but still, no sense of satiety appeared.

Although this made Jason feel a tinge of disappointment, it was only a tinge.

Because the food was truly delicious.

The next dish was scallops.

It was served on a plate even larger than the one used for 'boiled eggs', and it only had one large scallop on it. When Melody lifted the scallop shell, Jason was surprised to find that it was actually a 'seafood soup'.

There was no scallop meat in the shell.

Only broth!

The clear broth was like water, especially shimmering under the light.

He scooped up a spoonful.

A faint taste of seafood and pepper.

And a hint of ginger.

It perfectly diluted the crab flavor from before.

"A mouthwash-like sweet soup?"

Jason thought to himself as he spooned up the soup.

Doing so was naturally tiring.

In the end, Jason chose to use his hands.

Ignoring the scalding heat of the scallop, he lifted it directly and tilted his head back.

Gulp, gulp.

The feeling of drinking large mouthfuls immediately made Jason feel much more comfortable.

Then, Melody struggled over with a large box.

The box was squarely shaped, about half as tall as a person.

As soon as it approached, a scorching heat assailed him, with a layer of charcoal crackling at the bottom and layers of beef, lamb, and chicken aroma unfurling with the steam.

"Braised roast delicacies."

Melody opened the lid of the box.

Suddenly, the food inside the steamer basket appeared in front of Jason.

The beef was on the far left, cut from a piece of prime steak.

The lamb was a complete rack, each rib distinct.

The chicken was a whole bird with its head removed and cut into pieces.

Braised roast?

Jason looked at the charcoal fire below, glanced at the boiling water in the middle, then turned his gaze to Melody.

He saw braise.

Roast?

He was expectant.

Jason's anticipation was not in vain.

The middle layer containing water was directly removed.

The charcoal fire roasted the meat directly.

And that wasn't all; as Melody poured fats into it,

Whoosh!

A flame soared into the air, about a meter high.

"Please enjoy!"

Melody said, turning to return to the kitchen to continue bringing out the next dish.

Jason waited patiently, watching the flames that were still blazing.

When food was present, Jason's patience became extremely contradictory.

He had an instinctive eagerness, yet his reason told him to wait a little longer for an even better taste.

This contradiction tormented Jason.

It also made the food increasingly delicious.

The subsequent dishes of steamed ham with trout, lobster tofu, steamed egg with ham, sea-salted frosted beef riblets, traditional pudding, caramel cheesecake, low-fat soufflé, and so on,

All provoked this same feeling in Jason.

When the last dish, ice cream, was served, Jason, stirring the tricolored ice cream balls with his spoon, had a smile of delight on his face.

"Nothing beats the happiness of a midnight snack!"

Jason said so.

"Mm-hmm, mm-hmm!"

Emily nodded vigorously beside him.

This time, the young girl slumped back into her chair again.

Of course, she had eaten more than just 'boiled eggs'.

Seeing Jason enjoy his meal, she requested a small portion for herself.

And the result?

I've overstuffed myself once again.

"Thank you for having me."

After Jason finished the last bit of his meal, he said to Bolun.

"It's my pleasure,"

"You're welcome to come back anytime."

Bolun replied with a smile.

"Let me know when you have 'boiled eggs' again,"

Jason said as he picked up the 'Street of Remembrance' compensation and walked towards the exit.

After sampling all the dishes, Jason wanted to have a few more 'boiled eggs,' but alas, Melody informed him that they were only available three times a month, and he would have to wait until next month to have them again.

To this, Jason was a bit surprised, but then he let it go.

Such top-tier ingredients understandably had to be rare.

"Of course."

Bolun got up to see him off.

Emily, slumped in her chair and unable to get up, could only wave goodbye to Jason.

As a waitress, Melody naturally escorted Jason to the door.

"Sir Jason, please forgive my earlier rudeness."

At parting, Melody bowed in apology.

After seeing Jason easily consume over a dozen dishes, Melody knew she had been impolite.

This customer had truly been capable of eating everything.

And not just gobbling it down mindlessly.

He could discern the quality of food.

Having seen many patrons, Melody could read everything from a diner's expression.

Jason genuinely loved food.

For such a diner, Melody was very welcoming.

Jason smiled and waved his hand in response.

A delicious late-night meal had already made him forget the earlier displeasure.

Besides, he had never really been angry.

"Did you like the 'boiled eggs' before?"

Melody asked him one more question.

"Yes."

"It was my first time eating such special boiled eggs,"

"I'm looking forward to tasting them again."

Jason spoke truthfully.

Suddenly, Melody's face turned red.

"I, I will reserve them for you,"

She stuttered out.

"Thank you."

Jason sincerely thanked her and nodded to Bolun again before heading towards the parking lot in front of 'Street of Remembrance,' where the car he had borrowed from McCaul was parked.

Bolun and Melody watched Jason until he was completely out of sight before returning to the restaurant.

"Melody, arrange two rooms for Emily and me,"

Bolun said as he rolled up his sleeves and began to clean up the tableware.

Without any objection.

Though a bit unfamiliar, Bolun was quite serious about it.

Watching Bolun's diligent efforts, Melody nodded.

"Okay."

Melody turned and walked down the corridor.

"I'll help."

Emily, who had been resting for quite a while, struggled to stand up.

"You rest."

"Spend more time with those two notebooks."

"For a considerable time in the future, they will be the foundation of our livelihood."

Bolun declined with a smile.



"Okay."

Emily immediately nodded seriously.

Bolun continued to tidy up the dishes and got acquainted with the restaurant's three chefs when he brought them into the kitchen.

When Bolun came out of the restaurant, Emily had already fallen asleep in her chair.

Next to her was the open notebook.

The notebook was open; Emily had fallen asleep while reading it.

It wasn't that Emily didn't understand the importance of the notebook; she was just too tired.

Lately, anxiety and fear had been tormenting the girl.

At this moment, with all the negative emotions dissipated, the girl fell asleep.

Bolun smiled, covered Emily with his coat, and then gently pulled out the notebook, holding it along with the 'Leviah Notebook' in his hands.

He sat down in a nearby chair.

Quietly flipping through them.

Emily could relax now.

He, not yet.

At least not right now.

But compared to the nervousness a few hours ago, things were much better now.

‘Silver’s Glory’ Hunter, quite a good choice, wasn’t it?

This young man, half-leaning in the chair, murmured to himself—

"The path, it has been found!"

"Next is to double the efforts!"