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...

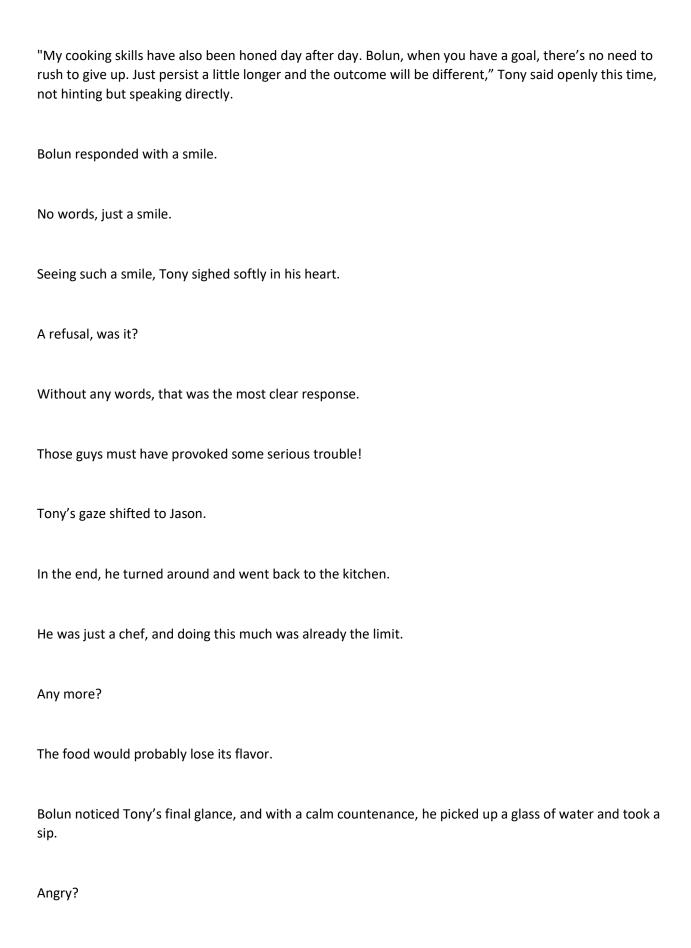
Potatoes!

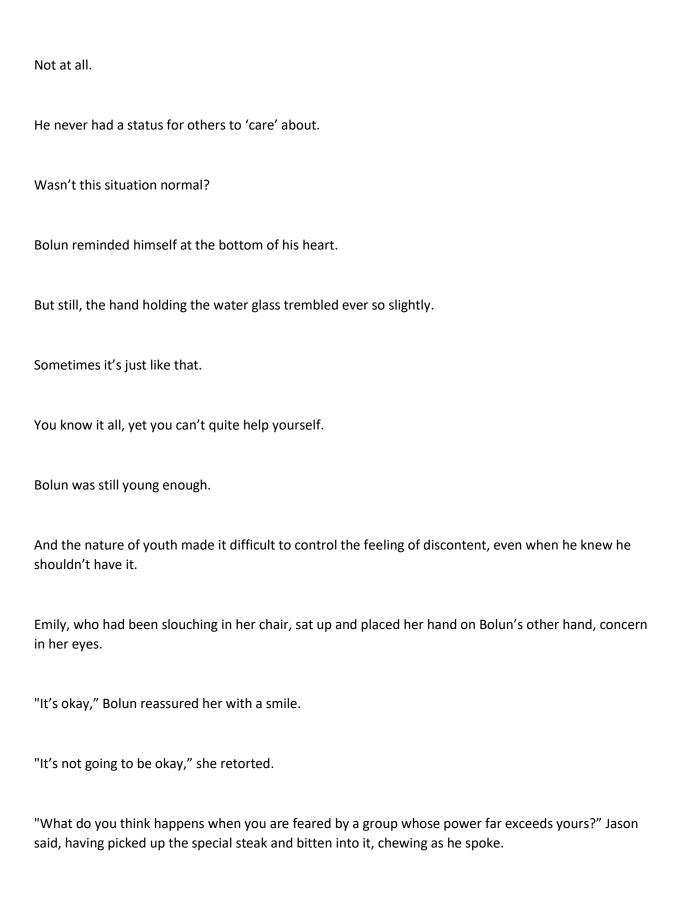
After tasting carefully, Bolun made his judgment.

| "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. |
| |





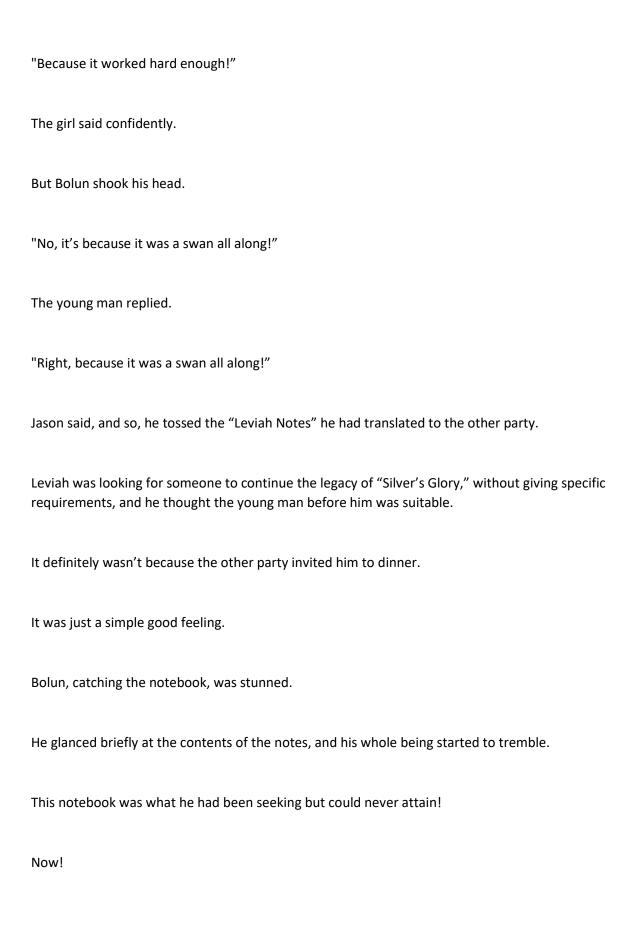
| After being treated to so much food, |
|---|
| Though he hadn't fully understood the ins and outs of the situation, Jason had a rough idea based on the events of that day, and then, Tony's recent words confirmed his suspicion. |
| Chapter 682: |
| Bolun before his eyes must have not given up the idea 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 dre | ew Emily's attention. |
| The girl thought this was an opportun | nity. |
| She immediately started signaling Bol | un with her eyes repeatedly. |
| But Bolun acted as if he saw nothing, Jason, he said, "I can roughly imagine. | and after a slight hesitation while looking directly at the towering." |
| 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." | |



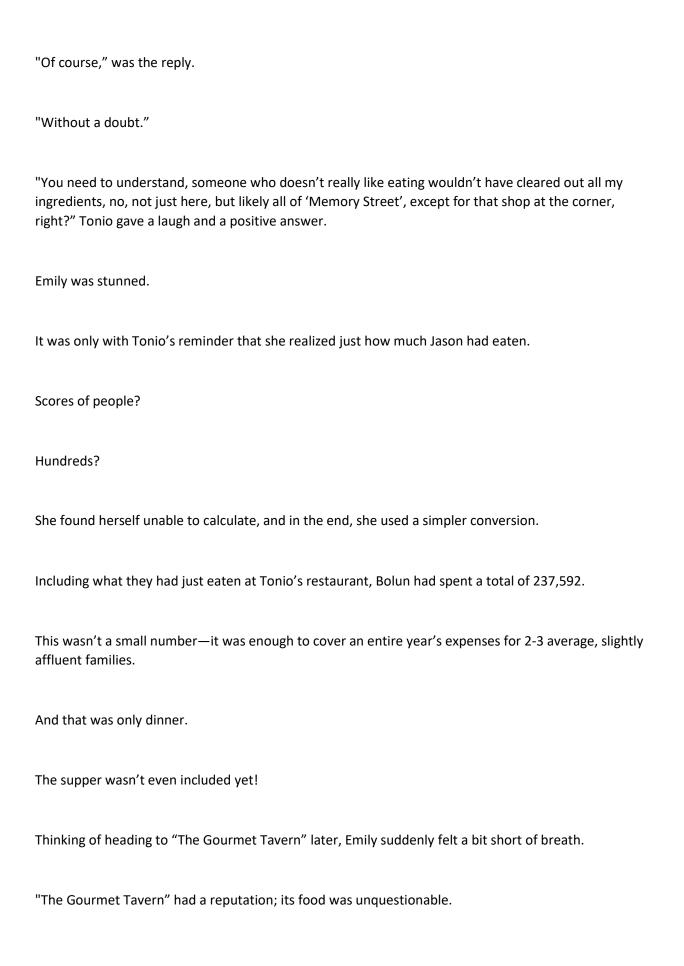






| It had suddenly appeared in his hands. |
|---|
| The unreal feeling caused Bolun to lose his composure completely. |
| So much so that he didn't see Jason walking towards the door. |
| Jason stopped at the door, turned his head to look at Bolun, and said directly. |
| "Didn't we agree on a late-night 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, 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. |



| 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. |



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!" |

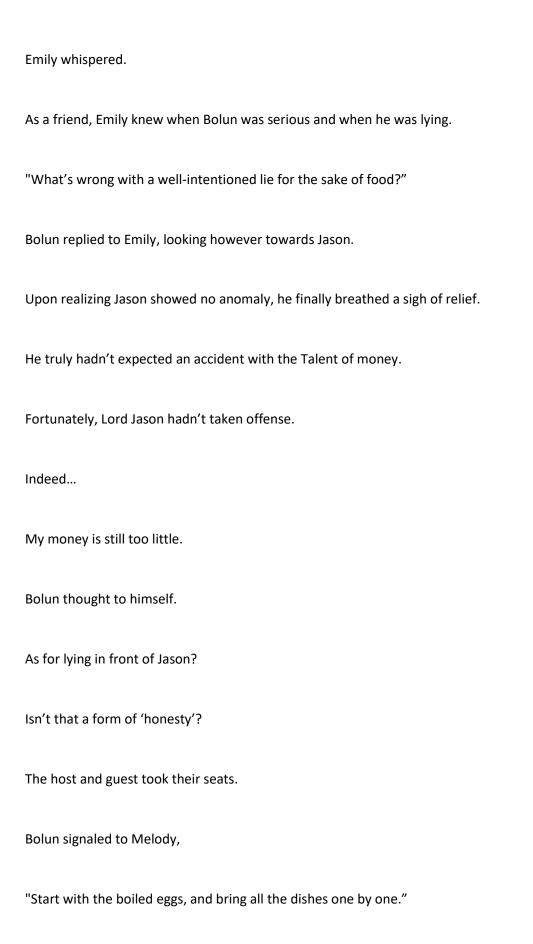
| "You little brat!" |
|---|
| "I'm going to make you come to your senses! Wake up! And turn your warped worldview right side up!" |
| With those words, the woman stepped back, turned around, and put power into her waist for an over-the-shoulder throw. |
| "Ah! Bolun!" |
| Emily cried out in worry. |
| 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. |

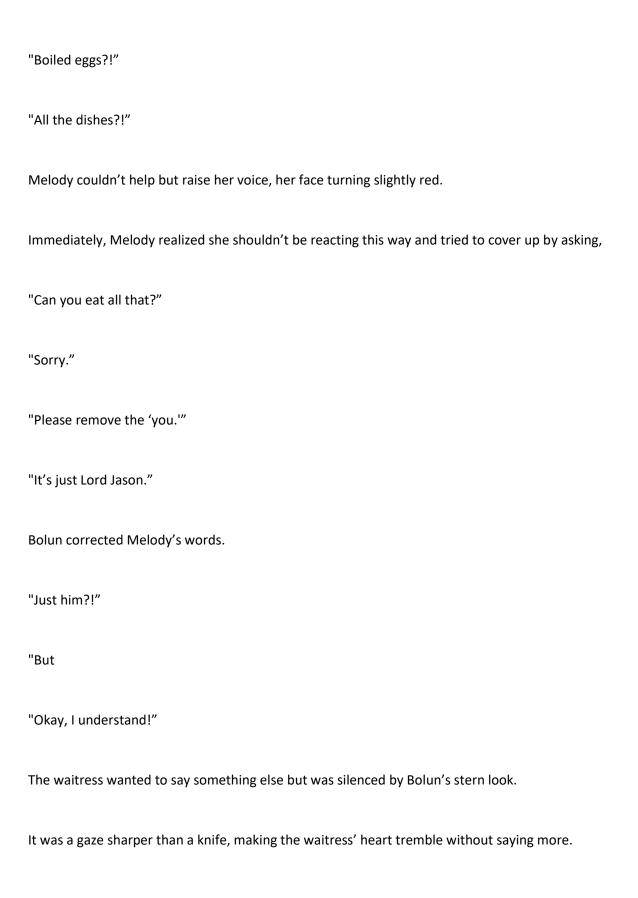




| Facing such anger, Bolun sincerely said, |
|---|
| "Do you think I took 'The Drinking Tavern' away from you?" |
| "Or do you think I would let 'The Drinking Tavern' go bankrupt?" |
| "Don't forget, I bought 'The Drinking Tavern' for five times its market price and renewed the contract with the chefs 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." |



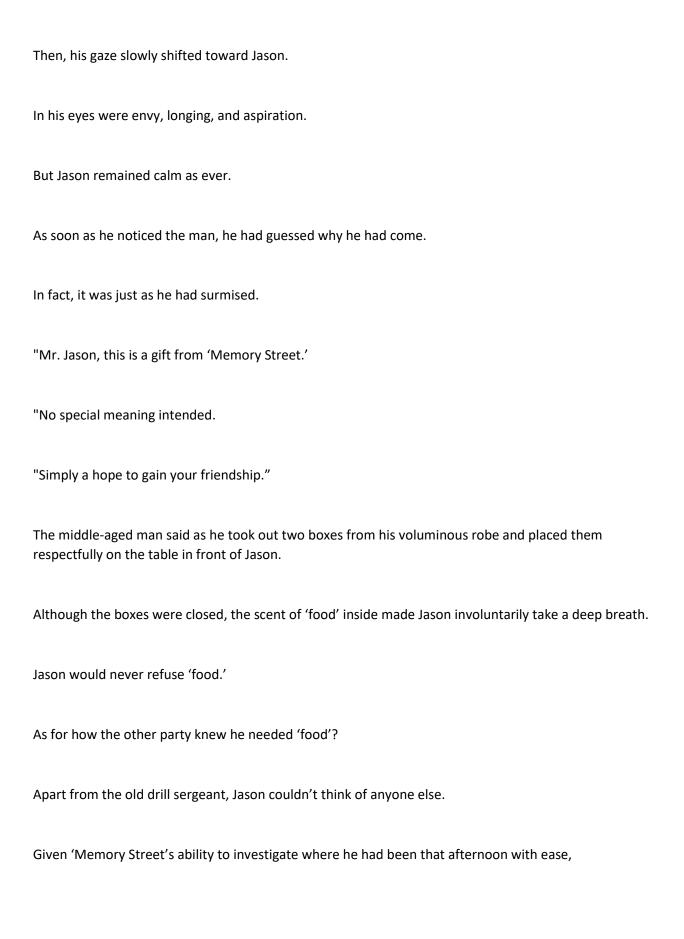


| The waitress turned and left. |
|--|
| Just as Bolun was about to apologize to Jason, he noticed Jason's gaze turned toward the door. |
| In an instant, Bolun guessed what was happening. |
| He straightened his posture, pulling the unsuspecting Emily, who was peeking at the menu. |
| "I'm just looking, 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. |

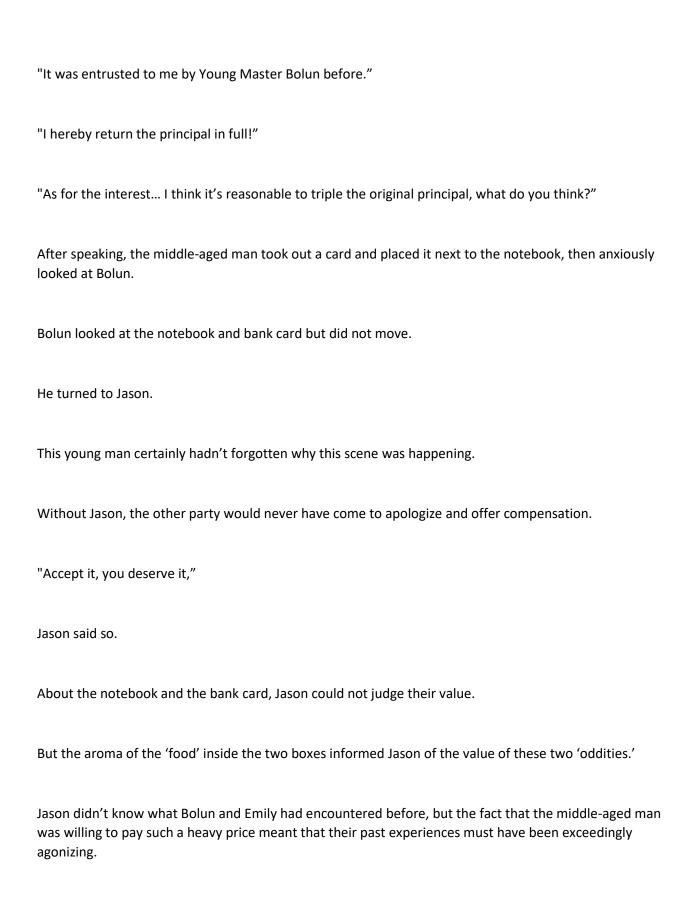


| And considering the old drill sergeant's familiar tone of voice when evaluating 'Memory Street,' it's likely the real power brokers of 'Memory Street' would have inquired from the old drill sergeant, who wouldn't refuse them. |
|---|
| In dealing with enemies, the old drill sergeant wouldn't show any 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'! |





| 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. |







| 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. |
| |

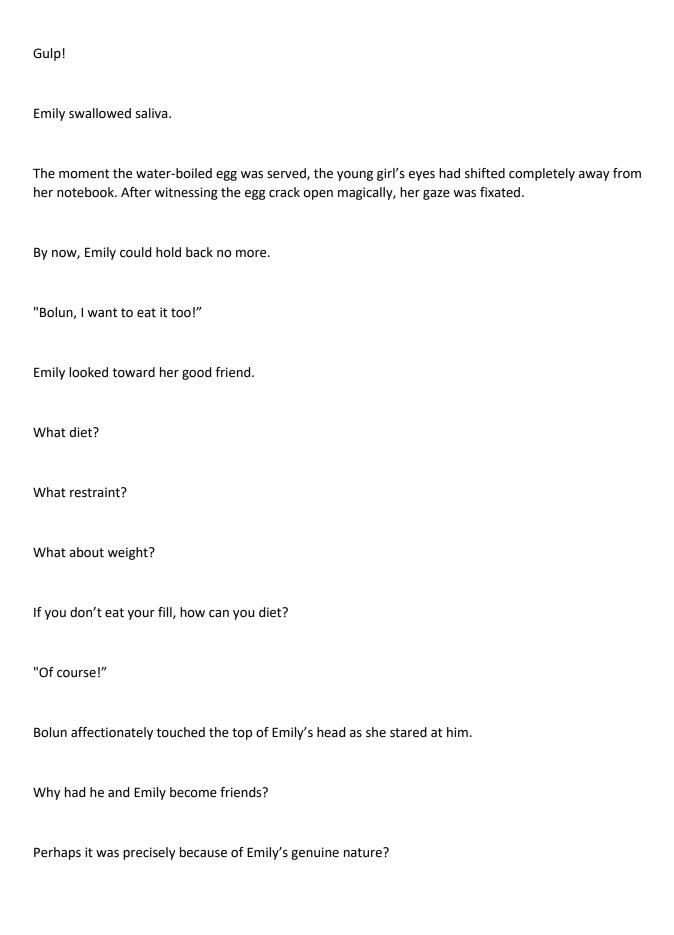
| Especially Emily, who couldn't wait to start flipping through the notebook. |
|--|
| Bolun didn't stop her. |
| This was her due as a good friend, and it was also one of his promises from the beginning. |
| However, seeing his friend engrossed and excited, Bolun couldn't help but remind her. |
| "Emily, 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? |

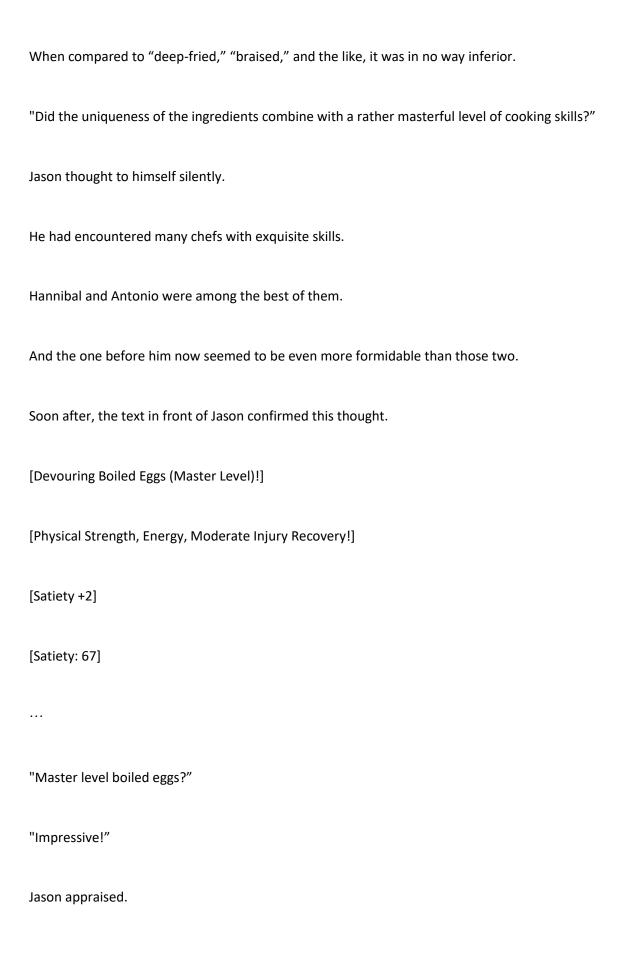
| All this is highlighted against weakness; without it, where lies the meaning? |
|---|
| The young man thought, his frown growing deeper. |
| Thud, thud. |
| Jason tapped his fingers lightly on the table twice, pulling Bolun and Emily's gaze towards him before he said with a smile, "The meaning of strength 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.







| 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 dishhow 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. |



| 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. |

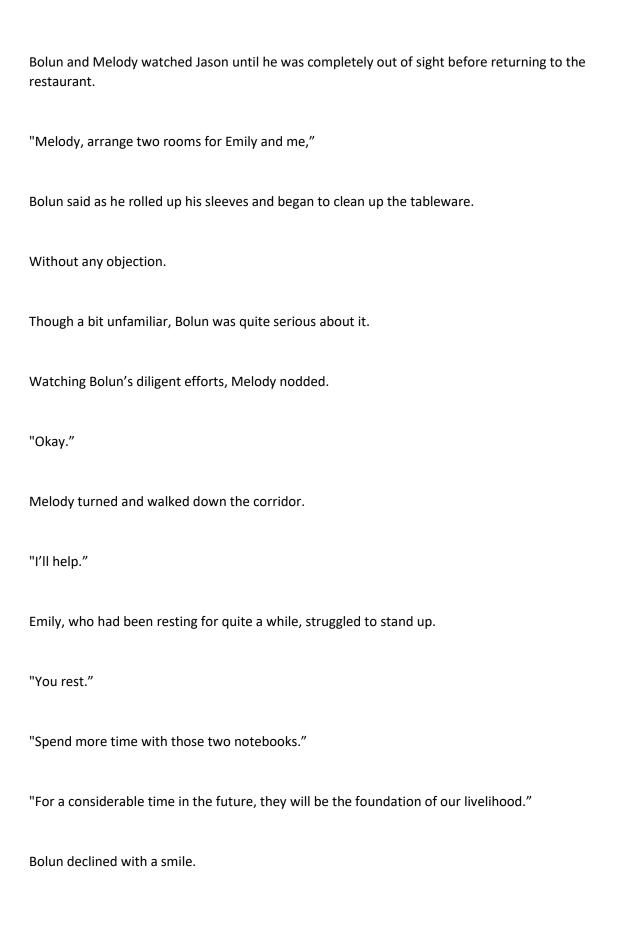


| This time, the young girl slumped back into her chair again. |
|---|
| Of course, she had eaten more than just 'boiled eggs'. |
| Seeing Jason enjoy his meal, she requested a small portion for herself. |
| And the result? |
| I've overstuffed myself once again. |
| "Thank you for having me." |
| After 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. |





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.





| 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!" |
| |