

Menu 691

Chapter 691: The Dream of a Salted Fish Must Be the Saltiest!

Dinner is the most delightful of the three meals in a day.

After a tiring day, sitting at the dining table with a weary body is the reward for the day.

It is also the time of day that belongs to oneself the most.

Chopsticks pick up noodles.

Forks and knives play with beef.

Among the sounds of slurping and cutting, there are also the sounds of swallowing soup.

...

Contentment.

It makes one unconsciously wish for this time to last a bit longer.

That is why supper appears.

It becomes even more delicious.

It is not just about the food itself; it's also about the representation of having more free time at one's disposal.

Therefore, even a bowl of instant noodles at that time is incomparably delicious.

Source: Web, updated on .co

Of course, it would be even better with an egg, some ham, and some dried flowers added in.

If the dried flowers are marinated, the flavor would be even better.

Cumin flavor is also recommended, but it requires the noodle soup to be hot enough so that when the dried beans are soaked in it, the cumin blends into the noodle soup, and after the beans become soft and mushy, there is a taste similar to eating meat.

Very comfortable.

But what's most comfortable is: snacking.

It's the snack after dinner and supper.

It is not the traditional 'sending charcoal in snowy weather'; it is more like 'gilding the lily,' but only those who truly understand it know the importance of 'snacking.'

It is both 'sending charcoal in snowy weather' and 'gilding the lily.'

An stomach feeling slightly hungry is satisfied again, which is 'sending charcoal in snowy weather.'

And the food that was consumed previously, as one reflects on it with a satisfied belch, becomes 'gilding the lily.'

It allows the two to coexist.

And makes them indistinguishable from each other.

This is an extremely delightful mood.

Jason felt exactly this way at this moment.

He parked the car, took the two boxes of compensation from 'Memory Lane,' and walked toward the 'Bastion' with a brisk pace, pausing every few steps to cast a [Kaya Seal].

It was not a binding trap, but a vigilant one.

There were enough security facilities around the 'Bastion.'

John, Brian, and McCaul had set up enough surveillance probes.

But that did not prevent Jason from setting up a few more.

As one of the dwellers of the 'Bastion,' he believed this was something he should do.

At this moment, the moon had already passed its highest point in the night sky.

Under the bright moonlight, [Kaya Seal] silently appeared at various locations around the 'Bastion.'

Although it could only last for 5 hours, that was enough.

"If only I had a few good hunting dogs."

As he casually cast the [Kaya Seal] and set it up in a secluded spot on the side of the 'Bastion,' Jason couldn't help but think that.

Good hunting dogs, much more reliable than humans.

Especially at night, that reliability even surpasses that of machines.

Entering the 'Bastion' on tiptoe, he waved to John, who was on the night shift.

"John,"

Jason greeted.

"All's normal."

John, standing in the shadows, replied.

Daisy, who was crouched at John's feet, shrank her head and tried to hide her body

As much as possible.

Jason smiled and headed towards his basement room.

Not just machines, manual night shifts are necessary as well.

This was a habit for John, Brian, and McCaul.

Every night, the three of them would take turns according to a schedule.

Jason had no objections to this.

If possible, he wouldn't mind joining in.

But not tonight.

Entering his room, Jason locked the door and cast another [Kaya Seal].

He hung his coat on the rack behind the door and walked straight to the desk.

Although he was living in a small suite, there wasn't a separate dining room to put down the two servings of 'food' he was holding in his hand.

Therefore, the desk in the study became the best choice.

After placing the two servings of 'food,' Jason eagerly opened the boxes.

Before this, Jason had checked the boxes more than once, ensuring that there were no issues.

And as the boxes opened, the 'food' inside revealed its true appearance.

One was a ring.

The other was a button.

The ring featured a hundred-year-old style peculiar to this world, with a simple silver setting, but the ruby was extremely dazzling, sparkling with flowing light and fiery color under the light.

The button was made of gold, smooth on the front but covered with intricate imprints on the back.

"The Flame Ring can continuously spray high-temperature flames or shoot 10 fireballs in succession. When the gem's luster fades, you need to replace the gem for recharging."

"The Force Field Button creates a force field that can withstand three explosions when in danger. It cannot be recharged, and after three uses, it directly breaks down."

Next to the two servings of 'food,' there were detailed explanations about the 'food' itself and the Dufol Language needed to activate them.

It was evident that 'Memory Lane' had carefully paired them.

An offensive and a defensive item, closely coordinated, were a very nice combination.

However, for Jason, they were just food.

Flame?

Jason's expert-level [Charles Burning Technique] was enough to do everything.

And defense?

Jason's repeatedly merged and upgraded Body Forging Technique had already brought his own defense to the level of an armored vehicle. Although there were still weak points that could not be immune to fatal damage, it was much stronger than the [Force Field Button].

So, what Jason was more interested in now was...

The taste!

He first picked up the [Flame Ring].

The ruby was smooth, with a rich sweet taste, somewhat like red velvet cake, while the setting was crispy and delicious, filled with the unique aroma of cashews.

The taste of the [Force Field Button] was much simpler.

Chapter 692: The Dream of a Salted Fish Must Be the Saltiest!_2

Chocolate!

It was the kind that was at least 75% dark chocolate.

Bitter, rich.

But not at all hard to swallow.

The flavor permeated his mouth as Jason squinted his eyes slightly.

Words kept flashing—

...

[Devour the Flame Ring!]

[Physical Strength, energy, injuries greatly recover!]

[Hunger level +18]

[Hunger level: 85]

...

[Devour the force field button!]

Source: Web, updated on .co

[Physical Strength, energy, injuries greatly recover!]

[Hunger level +22]

[Hunger level: 107]

...

His hunger level crossed one hundred again.

This allowed Jason to breathe a sigh of relief.

Although 35.6 lives didn't completely ease the mind of Jason, who was accustomed to having a hundred lives, it was still much higher than before; at least he now had many more options.

"It all depends on the release of the new book now!"

Jason thought to himself silently, feeling somewhat excited.

As an author, it was his first time releasing a new book.

Would there be a book signing?

Would there be a press conference?

While musing, Jason picked up a blanket and draped it over himself, leaning back in his chair and resting his eyes.

Why not go to the water bed?

Because the bed was too comfortable.

Any emergent situation that arose would cause hesitation in someone waking up from such a bed.

Jason was no exception.

But the chair wouldn't!

With Jason's constitution more than five times that of an average person, the chair truly was an excellent choice.

Moonset, sunrise.

At dawn, the unlocking of the power of the Dawn Sword within Jason's body made him instantly awaken.

Stretching his body, Jason quietly waited.

This wait wasn't long; the phone began to ring.

Dingling!

After the phone rang twice, Jason answered it.

"Hello, Jason?"

"Yes, it's me!"

Once he heard the voice of the editor, Raven, through the receiver, Jason gave an affirmative response.

"Today is the day your new book hits the market, and all channels have already stocked up in advance

As he spoke, the editor's voice hesitated briefly before continuing, "Did you do something in Cherry City? Their demand is almost the total of all other places!"

'Did the promotion' take effect?

Jason couldn't help but curl the corners of his mouth as he thought to himself.

At this moment, Jason truly felt at ease.

Being able to face anything calmly, Jason really didn't have a clear idea about this time's [main quest].

It wasn't a true battle, nor was it facing an enemy, but rather a 'fusion mission' that touched upon various aspects: sell at least 100,000 copies of the new book within 120 days (the purchases must be voluntary, and each person counts for only one copy).

The task informed Jason what he needed to do.

It wasn't just about having a 'new book'.

He also needed a positive reputation.

After all, that is the universal value of ordinary people.

The ordinary people were whom he needed to care about.

And they were the key to completing the task.

Luckily for him, he had good fortune.

The current situation was truly favorable for him.

Of course, he wouldn't mind it being a little better.

"Will there be a book signing for the new book, Raven?"

Jason asked.

"A book signing for the new book?"

"What are you thinking, Jason?"

"You're just a fading third-rate author; how could there possibly be a book signing for you?"

"Don't even think about it!"

"Although your book is well written, it's still too early for you to have a signing!"

"Only truly top-tier authors might get such treatment,"

The editor's voice involuntarily rose in pitch.

Then, after giving Jason a few more reminders, he hung up the phone in a rush.

Through the receiver, Jason could clearly hear the hustle and bustle of the editorial office.

The editorial department didn't just have his book; countless books together created such a busy scene.

As for pulling an all-nighter?

Business as usual.

No book signing, then no book signing it is.

The task comes first!

After hanging up the phone, Jason let out a sigh and turned to walk towards the hall on the ground floor.

"Morning, Jason."

"Breakfast is sandwiches and milk."

"Yours are there."

Brian, who had resumed his role as chef, pointed to the 20 sandwiches on a plate not far away.

"Thanks, Brian."

Jason smiled, picked up his plate, and took a seat at one side of the dining table.

Soon, John and McCaul appeared in the dining room.

And the two girls?

It seemed their biological clocks were completely different from the four men's, normally needing to wake up around 10 a.m. or, if slightly later, around noon to one in the afternoon.

"Brian, you should get Kemi to get up earlier and exercise her body."

After picking up his breakfast, McCaul said this.

"Well, you know, my relationship with Kemi has just begun to thaw."

Brian, the old father, revealed a helpless smile.

"Why don't you let Telly get Kemi up early?"

"They get along really well, if one of them starts to move, the other is sure to follow."

The middle-aged father asked McCaul.

"Telly?"

"She'll definitely listen to what I say."

"But, I'm somewhat afraid to speak."

McCaul immediately sighed.

"She's come to see me as a father figure."

"But

"I'm completely unprepared."

"I don't know if accepting Telly will affect her."

"After all, my profession made me many enemies in the past."

McCaul also revealed a bitter smile.

The two middle-aged men exchanged bitter smiles.

John, on the other hand, was stroking Daisy's head with a slight smile, without saying a word.

For John, family was Daisy.

And communicating with Daisy didn't need to be so complicated.

If you were good to it, it would be good to you.

But people?

There were way too many things.

Even two people who got along extremely well could develop far too many misunderstandings and rifts.

As for being completely honest with each other?

Oh, humans, your greatest difficulty is honesty.

It's not about being bashful.

Or about being selfish.

It's about a habit of self-protection.

Fear of being hurt.

The choices made in anxiety.

Although often against one's wishes, when faced with similar situations in the future, people tend to make the same choices again.

Of course, there's also the chance for a moment of complete candor.

Everyone has that impulse.

People give that impulse a most beautiful name: love.

It isn't unchanging.

It evolves over time.

It might turn into familial love.

Or it might become... hate.

The kind of hate borne out of love.

So, people only have a moment's chance, and moreover, this moment is the only opportunity they have in their entire lives.

If missed,

It truly is gone forever.

Jason, of course, didn't have such deep feelings; for someone who loved food, unless he was in a bun shop where a girl handed him a freshly bought bun,

Otherwise, he was always rational in his thinking.

Or contemplating even more profound questions—

Is pork with green onion delicious, or is lamb with radish better?

Actually, spicy beef can also be good.

If there's egg soup, one must definitely add an extra egg.

Eating the breakfast prepared by Brian, Jason, like John, did not get involved in the conversation between Brian and McCaul.

However, his gaze turned towards the hallway.

Kemi and Telly appeared there.

Not in pajamas, but dressed up, ready to go out.

"Dear, good morning!"

"Come, have breakfast!"

Brian smiled as he looked at his daughter.

"No need, Dad!"

"I'll just take a sandwich with me!"

After nodding to John, McCaul, and Jason, Kemi picked up two sandwiches and ate as she walked out.

"Where are you going? I'll drive you!"

Brian called out.

"That's okay, Dad."

"I'm driving with Telly."

With those words, Kemi and Telly ran out.

The four men inside the house looked at each other, completely clueless about what the two girls were up to.

And at the same time, Cortana was also quickly leaving the base.

Inside 'Golden Wind', Bolun, who hadn't slept all night and had been studying, was waking Emily up, and the two of them quickly started to get ready.

In 'Flame Ring', a group of muscular men, under the lead of the old instructor, left the camp in orderly rows.

Members of 'Cherry City's Golden Wind' were also gathering on the streets.

Dressed in ancient garb, members of 'Memory Street' were mingled amongst them.

And all of these people were heading towards one place in Cherry City.

That place was—

A bookstore!

Chapter 693: Swear by the Name of the Ancestors!

[Main Quest: 0/100000]

[Main Quest: 200/100000]

[Main Quest: 500/100000]

...

After breakfast, Jason had been keeping an eye on the main quest.

When he saw that the number of books purchased was steadily increasing, and the speed was getting faster, he finally heaved a sigh of relief.

...

He had just been worried about whether the “Mind Transference Writing Method” would have any problems.

Now it seemed that his concerns were unnecessary.

"The main quest has room to spare,"

"After all, not everyone can become a writer,"

"Even someone with talent like me is the same,"

Having let go of his last bit of concern, Jason took a deep breath and walked into the courtyard.

At the end of summer, the morning sun was quite pleasant.

Jason simply leaned back in a chair in the courtyard, basking in the sunlight.

It wasn't really a rest.

It was more about thinking over the next plan.

Now that the main quest was completely settled, he finally had time to think about how to optimize benefits within the rules.

"There shouldn't be any surplus 'food' around Cherry City!"

"Even if there is, it's impossible to obtain within the rules,"

"So

"Other cities, huh?"

Jason thought, squinting his eyes.

Going to other cities to collect 'food' seemed like a very good idea at first glance.

But that would require a lot of time!

And did he have such time now?

The answer was no!

He couldn't even manage to leave Cherry City.

Because of those 'Sabie aliens.'

The 'lunar' battle had already reached a white-hot stage.

The 'ground' war being affected was just a matter of time.

Or rather, the ground had already been affected.

And the focus of the Sabie aliens was: Cherry City.

As for why?

Jason guessed it was because the 'ground' established the battleship production base nearby.

Of course, it could also be for other reasons.

But no matter what the answer was, Jason knew that he simply couldn't leave Cherry City.

He didn't dare to bet that the Sabie aliens wouldn't attack during the time he left Cherry City.

It wasn't that Jason considered himself so important.

It was because Cherry City had already become the city with his greatest 'influence.'

If this city fell, and a large number of civilians died, the most direct consequence would be that his main quest would likely be impossible to complete. ґaÑӨBĚŠ

Therefore, he had to prevent such a result from happening.

"While providing leeway, it limits other aspects as well?"

"Fair enough,"

Jason commented, then looked at his satiety and Excitement of Feast levels.

[Satiety: 107]

[Excitement of Feast: 6]

...

Satiety had just reached the bare minimum requirement in his heart.

And Excitement of Feast?

It was far from enough.

"To elevate 'Protection Against Evil' to unparalleled level requires 10 points of Excitement of Feast, still lacking 4 points!"

Jason's brow furrowed involuntarily.

Four points might not seem like much, but Jason, who knew how rare Excitement of Feast was, understood how difficult it would be to obtain those four points, unless... another Sabie alien battleship similar to the previous one appeared.

No!

Similar wouldn't cut it.

It had to be at least a bit bigger.

Then...

The taste must be very good.

Remembering the thick, creamy taste of the Sabie alien's [small battleship power core], Jason couldn't help but start salivating.

However, he immediately restrained such 'hunger.'

It must become a habit to contain 'hunger.'

Excessive indulgence would only lead to losing oneself.

"Self-discipline gives me freedom!"

Jason reminded himself once more.

At the same time, he opened his eyes and looked toward the only road leading to the 'Bastion.'

A sedan was slowly approaching from the end of the road.

"Lord Jason!"

As the car came to a stop, Bolun, accompanied by Emily, got out, with Emily holding two books and waving at Jason, while Bolun was carrying a food box.

"This is a breakfast snack from 'Feast & Wine Pavilion' today,"

"If you don't mind, please accept it,"

Bolun handed the food box to Jason.

"Of course I don't mind,"

Jason, who would never reject food, smiled and took the food box from Bolun.

Even through the sealed box, Jason could smell the deliciousness inside.

"Lord Jason, autograph! Autograph!"

"This is what Bolun and I got up early to snatch!"

"Right now, there's still a queue at the bookstore!"

Emily then presented the two books to Jason.

The books were brand new, just unwrapped.

The cover was all black, with just a wisp of white, outlining faint shadows.

Looking like both mist and the shadow of a person.

And then at the striking book title, "The Jason Enigma."

At the bottom was Jason's name.

It was clear the book cover was thoughtfully designed, those simple outlines gave Jason a sense of a master's touch, which made the corners of his mouth curl up.

Nobody wants their 'work' to be treated carelessly.

His editor, though sharp-tongued, really did put the effort in.

"With such a cover, more people should be willing to buy it, right?"

Jason thought, and then took the book from Emily's hands.

"Emily, what do you want me to write?"

Jason was very serious about signing for the first person to ask for his autograph.

"For my copy, write, 'Jason to the cute, beautiful Emily, may she be safe and sound, and also, also... right, and may she eat without gaining weight!'"

After thinking for a few seconds, Emily added.

"Eat without gaining weight?"

"That might be a bit difficult."

Chapter 694: Swear by the Name of the Ancestors!_2

"Emily, you need to moderate your eating habits now,"

Jason burst into laughter as he listened to Emily's request for a signature, reminding the candid girl while he wrote.

"I want to restrain myself too!"

"But, but when I think of milk tea, barbecue, hotpot, soda, fried chicken, I just can't resist."

Emily's face fell.

"Don't worry,"

...

"Eating isn't the root cause of obesity, as long as you increase your exercise, I'm sure you can eat more without gaining weight."

"And this will be inevitable over the next few years,"

Jason comforted Emily, with a play on words.

Compared to Bolun's physical fitness, Emily undoubtedly had a lot to catch up.

Though she was above average compared to other girls, she had quite a path to traverse before she could master the techniques of 'Silver's Glory.'

Intelligent Emily clearly guessed Jason's implication and nodded immediately.

"Yes, I understand!"

"I will work hard!"

Emily nodded vigorously.

Then, in the girl's mind, the beautiful vision of her working hard in exercise, being able to eat more, and with more eating, getting more nutrients to do more exercise started to form.

Eat, eat, eat!

Practice, practice, practice!

Just thinking about it, Emily couldn't help but get excited, almost ready to get started right away.

"What do you need, Bolun?"

Jason looked at the young man who was still wearing the kind of century-old ancient attire.

Although he'd purchased 'The Eating House,' Bolun didn't seem intent on changing anything.

Or perhaps...

He was reminding himself not to forget.

"Life isn't a game of chess, you can't take back moves, nor can you start over again—For Bolun."

The young man spoke the words he'd long thought about.

"A good phrase,"

Jason commented as he wrote.

"I read it in some book, but I've forgotten who it was."

"However, its warning is something I still remember."

"But people are forgetful creatures, I'm afraid of forgetting someday, so I need constant reminders."

The young man responded with a smile.

"I trust you, you won't forget,"

Jason said with certainty.

He had met the young man only a few times,

But Jason was deeply impressed by him.

The other was intelligent, cautious, yet not lacking a spirit of adventure.

Moreover, he had exceptional talent.

Jason believed that as long as no accidents happened along the way, this young person was bound to grow into quite a formidable figure.

Bolun smiled and nodded.

His gaze involuntarily drifted to John, Brian, and McCaul.

At that moment, the trio had already begun their morning training after breakfast.

That familiar swordsmanship and fighting technique naturally attracted Bolun, also an inheritor of 'Leviah's Note.'

"They're learning from the heritage of 'Silver's Glory,' just like you,"

Jason said.

"All from 'Silver's Glory'?"

"Master Jason, are you a master from 'Silver's Glory'?"

The young man asked with curiosity.

"No."

"Actually, I have nothing to do with 'Silver's Glory.'

"That notebook... was just an accident."

Jason thought of his encounter with the master Hunter and couldn't help but shrug his shoulders.

He had met quite a number of 'Mystical Side individuals,' but there were very few like that master.

No, wrong!

He was truly one of a kind!

That attitude towards the organization he was part of, the legacy of power, was not simply casual but rather an almost indifferent attitude, as though it were a pebble on the street, or just some weed.

To this day, Jason still couldn't understand why the other was so casual.

"I see."

Bolun didn't pursue the matter further.

As a smart young man, he knew that curiosity wasn't always a good thing; otherwise, the cat wouldn't have died.

Moreover, he was more interested in John and the others at the moment.

The knowledge and techniques he had obtained from studying 'Leviah's Note' allowed him a deeper understanding after seeing the trio practicing.

"May I observe from up close?"

Bolun inquired.

"I'm fine with it, but you need to ask John, Brian, and McCaul,"

Jason replied.

The young man nodded and immediately approached the trio.

"Good morning, Lord John, Lord Brian, Lord McCaul,"

After greeting them, the young man expressed his identity as another inheritor of 'Leviah's Note' and then requested to observe their practice.

Bolun's tone and attitude were sincere.

John and the others naturally had no reason to refuse.

Being fellow inheritors of 'Leviah's Note,' they felt a natural closeness.

As for deception?

They had heard the words Jason had just said.

Bolun stood by and watched John's trio practice.

Emily followed as well.

But unlike Bolun, who was fully engrossed, the girl was more focused on the book in her hands.

It was evident that she truly enjoyed reading such books.

Meanwhile, Jason's break was over.

Kemi and Telly were back

And they brought Delbon with them.

The member of 'Clock Tower' stationed at the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau' was unloading stacks of books from the back of the pickup truck.

As Jason's gaze swept over them, he raised an eyebrow.

The books unloaded and those remaining in the bed of the pickup totaled at least 300 copies.

Each was "The Cases of Jason."

"What's this?"

Jason asked, puzzled.

Delbon approached Jason with a trolley and said,

"Master Jason, please sign this for me."

Delbon rubbed his hands together, looking at Jason with an ingratiating face.

Chapter 695: Swear by the Name of the Ancestors!_3

Before Jason could open his mouth to reply, Telly on the side couldn't help but blurt out, "Jason, you must not agree to this jerk, he's already contacted other 'Mystical Side' individuals in the car just now, saying he could get a hold of your autographed book, and then he's asking for 50 times the original price of the books!"

"What's wrong with 50 times?"

"Those are the works that Sir Jason has painstakingly written."

"Especially when paired with an autograph, that signature might just contain the secret of how Sir Jason reached 'Ship Slayer' status!"

"What's wrong with me selling it for 50 times the price?"

Tel stated with great conviction.

...

"That's getting something for nothing!"

"It's Jason's autograph!"

"Why do you have the right to do that?"

Telly, with righteous indignation, pointed this out to Tel, then, she took about 10 copies of "Jason's Mystery Cases" from the back seat and walked up to Jason.

"Jason, scarcity adds value!"

"You just need to sign these 10 books, then, we can sell them at 1000 times the price. I'll only take 100 times the price, and the remaining 900 times is all yours."

"Don't worry, I've already inquired, those 'Mystical Side' individuals are not short on cash."

The girl looked up at Jason as she spoke, with golden light almost gleaming from her eyes.

The scenery of the bustling bookstore just now had shown her a business opportunity.

Especially after identifying that more than ten percent of the people were from the 'Mystical Side,' Telly seemed to hear the sound of coins clinking in her head.

This also made her realize Jason's charm for the first time!

Look at that posture, look at that stance, under this rising sun, doesn't he look like he's made of pure gold?

"Telly!"

"Do you know how much preliminary work I've done?"

"That's unfair competition!"

Tel roared with anger.

Telly sneered contemptuously with a snort, even lifting up her arm and repeatedly waving her hand forward in a highly disdainful manner.

This only infuriated Tel even more.

However, the 'Clock Tower' member stationed at the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau' did not lose his temper, but instead looked pitifully at Jason.

"Sir Jason, we've dined together, I've even washed dishes for you

"It's precisely because you lack a business sense that you ended up washing dishes."

"Jason, collaborate with me."

"300 books are too many, I only need 10 books here, it can be done in 1 minute, and you will definitely make a fortune."

Telly cut off Tel's words, gesturing to Jason with the number of books in her hand.

Tel's mouth opened slightly, wanting to object, but he couldn't find the words to refute her.

Between 300 and 10, which is easier, it was obviously clear.

Jason looked at the two of them, a flash of surprise crossing his eyes.

He truly hadn't anticipated this whole 'scalping' business.

It appears I'm really not cut out to be a businessman.

Faced with an opportunity so close at hand, yet completely unnoticeable to him, made Jason even more aware of his limitations.

However, what Tel and Telly had said was not something to dismiss without consideration.

Not for the money.

But to better complete the main mission!

But the main mission had its restrictions, which needed careful consideration!

As Jason silently contemplated, Bolun walked over.

"Sir Jason, 'good quality and inexpensive, win with quantity' and 'scarcity adds value, win with quality' can actually be achieved simultaneously — it requires a bit of strategy, and if possible, I can assist you."

"I am still quite confident about business matters," the young man said softly.

Though his words were modest, everyone present could sense his confidence.

Yet to Tel and Telly, Bolun seemed to be an interloper.

"You say it exists just because you say so?"

"We don't believe it."

Tel and Telly who had been at loggerheads a moment ago now came to a united front.

Bolun was not at all flustered by the alliance against him.

He said with a light chuckle —

"I say it exists because it does."

"I swear by the name of my ancestor, the 'Broker'."

Chapter 696: Driven by Interest

Ailong pulled Yu and ran quickly towards the bookstore.

"Slow down, slow down."

Yu staggered along, calling out repeatedly.

"Can't slow down!"

"Don't you know?"

"Jason's new book 'Jason's Case' contains the key to 'Mystical Side', and as long as you can solve the hidden puzzles within, you can become a person of the Mystical Side!"

...

Ailong was a tall and strong young man, clean-shaven with a handsome face, wearing a sporty hoodie and trousers, speaking rapidly but articulating clearly.

"What's so great about becoming a person of the Mystical Side?"

"Staying home is what life is all about."

Yu muttered.

Unlike Ailong's tall and handsome appearance, Yu was of average build and had an ordinary face, looking lazy and somewhat scruffy.

The two were neighbors and childhood friends.

They had been classmates since their childhood, through elementary, middle, and high school, and had even taken the college entrance exams together... only to fail together.

Ailong didn't like a life that was too structured. He lived off part-time jobs delivering food, and most of his remaining time was spent on martial arts, working out, and so on.

Yu, on the other hand, was content with his situation, working a nine-to-five job at a small company, stable as can be.

"Have you forgotten our dream?"

Ailong suddenly asked.

Dream?

Yu was stunned.

How long had it been since anyone had spoken that word to him?

"Yes, a dream!"

"The dream we had when we were kids!"

"Do you remember?"

The voice of his friend echoed in Yu's ears, slowly bringing back the dream they had once shared—

Heroes!

They both aspired to be heroes!

It was this same dream that had made them good friends.

But that was then.

What about now?

Tired, he slept.

Awake, he went to work.

Hungry, food delivery.

What else was there to want for?

Emptiness?

Impossible.

Lying in bed on his side, the moment he picked up his phone, he felt fulfilled with every tap.

"That was... ouch!"

Just as Yu was about to say something, Ailong slapped his shoulder heavily, making Yu wince.

"Don't be so down!"

"Youth is about never giving up!"

"Youth is also about never admitting defeat!"

"Our youth isn't over yet!"

"We have to work hard!"

Ailong stood up straight, raised his right hand and clenched his fist, offering his friend an encouraging gesture.

But the more Ailong did this, the less Yu felt like joining in.

Dreams were beautiful, but the harsh reality turned that beauty into fragments.

He had long stopped dreaming.

Looking at his friend still advancing towards his dream, Yu sighed softly.

Lucky him.

He said silently to himself.

Then, he nodded slightly.

"All right, all right."

Yu's perfunctory words earned him another dissatisfied slap from Ailong.

"Youth needs to be vibrant!"

"And your voice should be full of energy!"

Ailong said.

"All right, all right."

Yu's response was still listless.

Truth be told, were it not for Ailong, he wouldn't have left his warm bed on his day off in the morning.

According to his own plan, he would wake up around 11, maintain the sacred posture of playing with his phone in bed until 3-4 in the afternoon, when, urged by hunger countless times, he would begrudgingly order two takeaways. By the time he finished the first one, it would be around 5 o'clock, just before dusk, and he could lie back in bed to admire Cherry City before the sunset.

Then what?

Naturally, continue playing with his phone.

Until 8 or 9 in the evening, take out the second takeaway from the fridge, heat it up in the microwave.

After eating, check for any recent new game discounts.

If there is one, and the price is right, download it.

If the price isn't right, look for the day's free games.

Procrastinate until midnight or 1 AM, then get back into bed, open the company group chat on his phone, post a status: "Another busy day over, feel so fulfilled."

After muttering about 'formality' under his breath, he continued to play on his phone until 2 or 3 in the morning, and only then, overcome with fatigue, did he fall asleep.

The next day?

Naturally, he went to work listless.

He and his so-called colleagues would say things like "Even rest days are busy, so tired" while slouching to their workstations and dragging themselves through work. If the boss wasn't around, they would sneak in some sleep at their desk. With luck, they would stay that way until the workday ended.

If the boss did notice, they would pretend to work for a bit.

Incidentally, they'd complain about the boss's 'nosiness' with colleagues nearby.

Hold out until the end of the day, then 'selectively' attend a meal organized by new colleagues.

Upon entering, be sure to humbly say, "Thanks for the invite."

After drinking two cans of beer, loosen up a bit and say, "I only came because you invited me, otherwise I wouldn't have."

After two more beers, just before the main dish arrives, say with a touch of emotion, "Actually, I turned down someone else's invitation just to come here, because I have high hopes for you."

While speaking, gaze upward, fix your eyes on the ceiling, and if there is a light there, that's even better, keeping your eyes on it. If you can muster some tears, clear and sparkling, that would be perfect.

Next, take the most delicious part of the main dish from the new colleague and continue to mingle with the people around while eating.

Finally, about 10 minutes before the bill comes, when around two-fifths of the dish remains, you must say, "Sorry, really sorry, they're rushing me over there, I need to go make an appearance."

A perfect exit!

And a perfect day!

Go home and continue to lie in bed scrolling through your phone!

Chapter 697: Driven by Interest_2

Isn't a day like this nice?

This is what he, an 'old guy' who's been battered by society countless times, should be doing.

Not running to buy books early in the morning.

Huff, puff.

Yu gasped for air, lifting his head to look at the long queue in the distance.

What a great marketing strategy!

...

To attract so many people!

Thinking this to himself, Yu just couldn't stand it any longer; his lungs felt like they were on fire as he sat down on the curb.

"Yu, your physical strength is really too poor."

"You used to be stronger than me!"

"You need to exercise more!"

Ailong said, smiling, having run a good distance without even breaking a sweat.

"You, you go line up."

"I'll take a break first."

"I'll find you later."

Struggling for breath, Yu waved his hand at his friend.

"Okay."

Ailong ran straight to the back of the line and joined the queue.

Yu watched his friend in line, glanced around, and thankfully leaned back against the wall.

With the solid wall's support, Yu felt much better.

But then, his curled-up legs were too uncomfortable.

He stretched out his legs.

Whoosh!

The pleasant feeling made Yu squint his eyes.

At that moment, everything started to drift away, and he felt as if he was back in his bed at home.

Faint voices reached his ears.

Yu couldn't be bothered to open his eyes.

Then, he suddenly felt a pain in his leg.

Instinctively opening his eyes, Yu saw a man falling in front of him, still holding a bag.

The bag was a woman's and looked quite expensive.

Of course, that's not the point.

The point was, the fallen man got up and gave him a fierce look.

"Nosy bastard!"

"Wait and see!"

After saying that, the man dropped the bag and took off running.

Yu froze where he was.

Listen, let me explain!

Don't be like that!

It wasn't on purpose!

I didn't meddle!

Yu shouted in his mind.

But before he could utter these words, a plump lady appeared before him, along with a bunch of reporters, who started snapping photos of him nonstop.

Click, click.

"Thank you for your courageous act!"

"I'm really so grateful!"

The plump lady shook Yu's hand vigorously.

Blinded by the flash, Yu was led around like a puppet by the plump lady.

At that moment, Ailong, carrying two books, ran over.

"What happened?"

"What are you doing?"

"I'm his friend!"

Ailong pushed through the crowd and stood in front of Yu.

"He just helped me catch a thief."

"I want to thank him properly."

The plump lady explained.

"Catch a thief?"

Ailong's eyes lit up; he turned to Yu and said outright, "Sure enough, you haven't forgotten the dream we made when we were kids!"

"The dream you made when you were kids?"

One of the reporters asked.

Still in a dazed state, Yu quickly stood up, wanting to cover his friend's mouth.

But Ailong spoke even faster.

"Heroes!"

"To become heroes together!"

Ailong declared emphatically.

Instantly, the flashes went off again.

Yu covered his face and crouched down.

But Ailong kept going.

"I want to be a full-time hero."

"And Yu?"

"He said he wanted to be a 'hobbyist hero.'"

"So, we've been working hard, and today we came to buy Sir Jason's book—it can help us fulfill our dream better."

Ailong rambled on.

Yu was left speechless.

He felt helpless and embarrassed.

Damn it!

Childhood dreams, don't mention them in front of such a large crowd!

It's so embarrassing!

But no matter what Yu thought, it had already happened.

And it spread in an irreversible manner.

After all, in recent days, anything related to the “Jason Case” was the focus of public attention.

Because—

Jason, known as the ‘Ship Slayer,’ hid a key to entering the ‘Mystical Side’ in the “Jason Case”, and finding this key would not only allow for smooth entry to the Mystical Side but would also provide access to certain secret techniques,

Rumors say there are many keys, with as many as 300 books hiding keys within them.

Moreover, there’s another rumor that, besides the 300 “Jason Mysteries” containing keys, there are 10 extremely special “Jason Mysteries”. Whoever finds these 10 “Jason Mysteries” will inherit the complete legacy of a certain organization.

At first, people thought it was just a rumor.

But as time passed,

When someone actually found swordsmanship techniques within a “Jason Mystery”, everyone in Cherry City boiled over with excitement.

The people of Cherry City hadn’t forgotten that figure who leaped at the break of dawn.

That sword, as if falling from the sky.

It wasn't a rumor!

It was real!

So, everyone in Cherry City began to take action.

They all yearned for the swordsmanship that could battle ships.

And this made Jason's new books wildly popular.

Print more!

Keep on printing!

The first 10,000 copies that hit the market had already been snapped up in an instant.

Now they're all reprints!

And still, it wasn't enough to keep up with the pace of sales.

Simply put, the obstacle to Jason completing the main quest was no longer a lack of people buying books, but that they couldn't be printed fast enough.

"Are these your people, too?"

In the "Bastion" parlor, Delbon, with Telly holding the evening paper, pointed at the photo of Ailong and Yu on the front-page headline, asking Bolun and Emily who had just walked in.

"Of course not."

"I just let out a bit of news."

"The rest of it?"

"Has nothing to do with me."

Bolun shrugged with a smile.

Watching Bolun, Delbon inwardly sighed.

The other party had done it.

They really had, in less than a week!

It was truly a blow to him.

Because he had never thought of using a "secret technique" to attract people.

Delbon wouldn't deny his identity as a "Mystical Side" person for overlooking this; doing so would only make him look down on himself.

After all, the "Mystical Side" was already public.

Releasing some minor techniques was not a problem at all.

He just hadn't thought of it.

His mind was nowhere near as Agile as the other's.

Though he didn't want to admit it, the fact remained.

Delbon admitted it to himself, but for some reason, looking at Bolun's calm smile, he still wanted to punch him.

However, Delbon didn't move to strike.

He had to maintain his composure!

As the dignity of an agent from the "Clock Tower" residing in the "Ground Reconnaissance Bureau".

He had to stay calm.

Telly, however, had no such reservations.

The girl, seeing Bolun walk in, charged over like the wind.

"Bolun, let's cooperate!"

"With your brains and my Physical Strength."

"If we work together, we can definitely corner the entire Cherry City market!"

As she spoke, Telly raised her hand to grab Bolun's arm but was slapped away by Emily.

Smack!

In the crisp sound, Emily glared angrily at Telly.

Telly was equally defiant.

And Bolun?

He quietly made his way to the other side of the parlor.

Jason was sitting there.

And beside him was a lady who looked somewhat unfamiliar.

"Good evening, Mr. Jason," greeted Bolun politely.

"Good evening," Jason replied.

Looking at the young man before him, Jason's eyes flashed with admiration.

He had similar ideas before,

But he hadn't had the other's effortless execution in arranging everything so quickly and silently.

[Main Quest: 96,000/100,000]

...

Just 3,000 more books, and the main quest would be complete.

And that wasn't going to take long.

Based on recent increases, it would be done by tomorrow morning.

However, he couldn't just wait idly for the main quest to be completed.

Jason turned to Cortana, who was beside him, introducing her to everyone.

"Bolun, this is Cortana."

"She's a good friend of mine."

"She's come to invite me to the ceremony tomorrow morning when the Kylin main ship will take to the skies again."

"Nice to meet you, Miss Cortana," said Bolun with courtesy.

"Hmm."

After nodding, Cortana turned her gaze back to Jason.

"Remember, don't be late."

The liaison officer reminded Jason and then her tone became serious—

"Chief, please bring your Mjolnir Armor and be prepared!"

"The situation

"Is not good!"

Chapter 698: Unswervingly Delbon

The situation is very bad?

Jason frowned.

"To what extent?"

Jason asked.

"We have recently captured 23 scouts, and more than six 'infiltrators' have again been exposed, all targeting the location of the 'Kirin Flagship'."

Cortana said, her gaze shifting to Bolun.

...

"There is still something going on with Emily; I'll go check on her."

Bolun said very considerately.

Cortana watched the young man walk towards Emily.

"The Bolun family's second son?"

"Better than the rumors had it," Cortana appraised.

"Among the young people I know, he should be one of the best, both in terms of ability and potential," Jason once again, did not skimp on his praise.

Then, he looked up at Cortana.

He remembered that the 'Kirin Flagship' should be in a nearby secret base, and this secret base, for the Sabie aliens' 'infiltrators', shouldn't be a secret at all.

Could it be?!

Suddenly, Jason thought of a possibility.

Cortana noticed the look on Jason's face.

The aide-de-camp nodded and said directly, "Just as you are thinking, Master Sergeant, that 'Kirin Flagship' is nothing but an empty shell."

"Or rather, it is indeed a third-generation battleship."

"But the 'Kirin Flagship' is of the fourth generation—it is the newest type of flagship we have built with the help of a member of the 'Undying Diamond', based on Sabie alien technology and knowledge from the Mystical Side of the planet!"

"It is our true secret weapon," the aide-de-camp continued, pausing for a moment, her voice growing somber.

"But, it's been 'discovered'."

Discovered?

Not 'targeted'?

Jason keenly picked up on the description in Cortana's words.

"When you say 'discovered,' do you mean?"

Jason inquired.

"In our plan, tomorrow's new recruit expedition had always been semi-public, with the 'Kirin Flagship' stand-in set to rise into space and return to the lunar base, while the real 'Kirin Flagship' would stay hidden, ready to launch a devastating attack on the Sabie aliens. However, the Sabie aliens may have 'discovered' it, as they keep sending out scouts, and even more deeply hidden 'infiltrators' are beginning to emerge."

"And

"General Rael Fono was also the target of an assassination attempt yesterday!" Cortana dropped the surprising news to Jason.

General Rael Fono was undoubtedly one of the linchpins of the 'ground' forces, not the highest in power, but in some ways a 'spiritual leader.' If assassinated, it would truly be a disaster for the 'ground' forces.

"Is the injury severe?"

Jason asked.

Since Cortana was able to sit here and discuss tomorrow's 'new recruit expedition' with him, it meant that the old general was still alive.

"Not too serious,"

"Just took a bullet to the right arm."

"And the one who tried to assassinate the old general was one of his staff members,"

"Someone who would never betray the ground forces."

"Moreover, he was not under the control of an 'infiltrator'."

As she spoke this, Cortana's gaze turned sharp.

A traitor!

Undoubtedly a betrayer!

And moreover, a traitor within the high ranks of the 'ground' forces.

Jason's brows furrowed tightly.

He knew what this meant.

The secrets and plans of the 'ground' forces would be known to the Sabie aliens.

The already challenging military situation could once again fall into a highly unfavorable state.

"Is the real 'Kirin Flagship' powerful?"

After a moment of thought, Jason brought the topic back to the 'Kirin Flagship' again.

Clearly, all of the problems centered on the 'Kirin Flagship.'

Whether it was the Sabie aliens' scouts, infiltrators, or the subsequent assassination, it was all for the 'Kirin Flagship.'

And for the 'ground' forces to hide it so deeply,

And for the Sabie aliens to value it so greatly,

Jason had a considerable curiosity about the 'Kirin Flagship.'

"Very powerful,"

"If the timing is right,"

"It can turn the tide of battle," Cortana replied.

"Then what do I need to do?"

Jason asked after nodding.

He didn't probe further about the 'Kirin Flagship.'

Because he knew Cortana wouldn't say more.

And with tomorrow's mission of 'new recruit expedition,' Cortana couldn't stay here for long.

Jason wasn't one to beat around the bush.

With these considerations in mind, he cut straight to the point.

"Ensure the 'new recruit expedition' goes smoothly as much as possible. We suspect the Sabie aliens will take a desperate risk to disrupt the 'new recruit expedition' ceremony, forcing us to reveal the real 'Kirin

Flagship when the 'new recruit expedition' is disrupted, and we urgently need to boost morale, surely we'll need new weaponry, and what could be more appropriate than the 'Kirin Flagship'?"

"However, this is also our chance,"

"A chance to completely purge our rear,"

"And this requires your cooperation, we need you to appear at the 'new recruit expedition' ceremony as one of the top combat powers," Cortana looked at Jason with a plea in her eyes.

"Okay,"

Jason agreed without hesitation.

He was already inextricably linked to the 'ground' faction.

Not to mention, his main mission was closely related to the 'ground' forces.

Both morally and rationally, he would help.

"That's great,"

"We will triple your merits for this,"

"If you have any requests, you can make them now," smiled Cortana.

"Weapons!"

"Plenty of heavy weapons."

Chapter 699: Unswervingly Delbon_2

"We also need enough concealment."

Jason said no more.

But he believed that Cortana would understand his meaning.

Indeed, it was the case.

Cortana almost instantly understood Jason's thoughts.

...

Her gaze swept subtly over John and the other two.

However, Cortana did not say much and got up to leave.

Jason saw Cortana out of the 'Bastion'; when he returned, John, Brian, and McCaul were sitting on the sofa in the living room, waiting for him.

There was no real meeting room inside the 'Bastion'.

But this small area, with four sofas and a round coffee table, had been designated as the meeting zone.

Especially when three of the four were seated, it naturally signified that a meeting was in order.

"Our guess has been confirmed."

After Jason sat down, McCaul was the first to speak.

This former private detective shrugged with a sigh as he spoke, his face filled with helplessness.

"Yeah, the 'ground' Alliance is more riddled with holes than we thought," said Brian, the old father, with a serious expression. He took a deep breath and looked towards his daughter Kemi in the distance.

John kept his usual silence, simply stroking Daisy's head with his hand.

But John's eyes held a sharpness.

Those familiar with John knew that he was dangerous at such times.

Upon learning the truth about the Sabie aliens, John and the others had discussed with Jason 'how the Sabie aliens found the ground', the two most likely scenarios being:

1. Accidental discovery.

2. Someone led the way.

Compared to the former, Jason and the three preferred the latter.

If it was the latter, the situation within the 'ground' Alliance would be terrible.

Because, based on the original circumstances, the people most likely to have made contact with 'Sabie aliens' were those who had landed on the moon, and it had been decades since the 'ground' first landed there.

In those decades, people from 'ground' had made more than ten trips to the 'moon'.

And all these people, because of the honor associated with 'landing on the moon,' had become powerful, influential, or renowned.

Simply put, if there were traitors among these people, the 'ground' would become terribly vulnerable, like an unguarded backyard, allowing the Sabie aliens to come and go as they please.

Unfortunately, their speculation held.

"But there is still hope," John suddenly said.

This gloomy, silent middle-aged man stroked Daisy's head as he gazed out of the window.

At this time, the sun was about to set.

The afterglow of the sunset drew a dazzling red line in the sky, and the not yet completely dark blue sky looked particularly layered.

The closer to the sunset, the bluer it appeared.

John raised his head, gazing at such a sky, and took a deep breath.

"At least I like this place very much," he said.

"I like such a sky."

"I like my bed."

"And I like the food I can eat."

"I don't want any bastard to ruin these things."

John, who rarely spoke, had just made a string of remarks.

Jason, Brian, and McCaul exchanged a smile.

"The situation may be grim, but fortunately, the number of traitors should be quite small!" McCaul said directly.

To this, no one present objected.

There certainly weren't many traitors on the 'ground'.

There was a very good chance there was only one.

Because, had there been many traitors, there would be no need for such a 'gradual' approach.

And they would have found the 'Qilin flagship' by now.

A complete coup, using the 'infiltrator's' characteristics to take control of more 'ground' leaders, would be sufficient for the Sabie aliens to become the 'ground's' master within a short frame of time.

And all of this?

Had not occurred.

"Who do you think it could be?" Brian pondered.

McCaul also furrowed his brow.

"Gentlemen, could you please consider the two of us?"

"We didn't have your 'professions' before we could access those names and remember them."

Jason reminded Brian and McCaul.

"I'll write down the list."

McCaul immediately offered.

As McCaul began listing names, Bolun and Emily approached.

"Lord Jason, would you like to go to the 'Food and Drink Pavilion' for dinner?"

"Of course, my treat."

"It's our agreement," the young man said with a sincere smile.

Faced with such a smile, Jason found it really hard to refuse.

He glanced at John and the others.

"John, Brian, McCaul, your expertise with the 'Silver's Glory' has been greatly inspiring. A simple meal is far too modest a gesture. I hope you will frequent the 'Food and Drink Pavilion'."

"As long as I am the owner of the 'Food and Drink Pavilion' for one day."

"Like Lord Jason, you three are welcome to come and eat anytime."

Bolun immediately smiled and looked towards John and the other two.

While speaking, the young man performed an ancient courtesy.

"Silver's Glory," huh?

Brian was somewhat intrigued.

As a "qualified father," he had hoped to take his daughter to a restaurant for a meal.

Unfortunately, this wish had never been fulfilled.

And now?

It seemed like a good opportunity.

McCaul, on the other hand, nodded without any hesitation.

He also loved food.

He had certainly heard of the great reputation of "Silver's Glory."

John looked at his three friends who seemed interested and pondered a bit before asking, "Can we bring pets?"

"Of course!"

Bolun responded.

"Then what are we waiting for?"

"Let's go!"

"I'll drive!"

McCaul called out to everyone.

The group split into two cars, and just as the doors were about to close, Tel from Delbon, who had been waiting for the opportunity, rushed to the car that Kemi, Telly, and John were in, driven by Brian.

"What are you doing?"

Telly glared at Tel.

Ever since the Amulet incident, their relationship had become very poor.

And after the autograph book incident, though they occasionally united against others, most of the time they were at each other's throats.

Following her past experiences, Telly was already waiting for Tel's retaliation.

And her?

She was naturally already prepared with a response.

But what Telly didn't expect was that Tel didn't even glance at her.

He looked at John.

"Mr. John, are you lacking a temporary pet?"

Tel asked with a shamelessly ingratiating air.

John: ???

Daisy: !!!

"Shameless!"

Telly scolded angrily.

Tel, however, completely ignored her, just looking at John with a face full of pleading.

He was too eager to go to "Silver's Glory."

As for becoming a pet?

It's only temporary, so what's the problem?

Tel was very determined in his thoughts.

Then, he suddenly felt a tug on his sleeve.

He looked down to see Daisy biting his sleeve, whimpering.

Tel's first instinct was to withdraw his hand.

But then, he immediately thought of something.

He quickly turned a smile towards Daisy.

"Daisy, don't you think I'd be very suitable to walk by Mr. John's side with you?"

Tel whispered softly.

"You're the most shameless person from the Mystical Side I've ever seen," Telly accused furiously.

However, she gestured for Daisy to let go of Tel.

"Don't bite him; you might catch a disease," Telly consoled Daisy.

But Tel didn't retort and just kept smiling.

In this standoff, the car traveled all the way to "Silver's Glory."

When they arrived, Tel eagerly opened the car door, John frowned slightly and walked out with Daisy.

Tel followed closely, bending at the waist, wringing his hands, occasionally looking at Daisy and flashing a big smile.

"Shameless!"

Telly really couldn't stand it and lifted a foot to kick Tel in the butt.

Tel sensed it coming.

But he had no intention of dodging.

Bang!

With a muffled sound, Tel's figure exaggeratedly stumbled into "Silver's Glory."

Everyone watched this scene with a curl of their lips.

This included Jason.

But at the next moment—

Boom!

An explosion sounded, and flames shot into the sky.

"Silver's Glory" was engulfed in a sea of fire.

The flames roared fiercely.

Jason's smile instantly disappeared.

His gaze turned cold in an instant.

Chapter 700: Prelude to the Echo

When you've worked hard all day and are about to enjoy a sumptuous dinner as a treat to yourself, suddenly someone appears and flips your table over.

What would you do?

1, Smile and act as if nothing happened.

2, Burst into anger and have a go at the person.

3, Seriously reflect and apologize to the person.

...

Some people might choose 1, and they could be called magnanimous.

Some people might choose 2, which comes from the heart and is a true reflection of their character.

As for 3?

Emmmm...

Different strokes for different folks.

The world is vast and filled with wonders.

People are varied in every imaginable way.

There are the upright and the sycophants.

There are those with an iron spine and those whose backbones are broken.

And there are many more people who simply cannot be neatly described in words.

Because humans are fickle.

They change with the environment.

They change because of someone else.

Jason is no exception.

But there is one thing about Jason that won't change.

He will never let go of someone who has tampered with his food.

No!

It's no longer just about a simple meal.

It's about tearing up his long-term meal ticket!

Unforgivable!

Just moments ago, Jason, still harboring slight expectations for dinner and brimming with joy, looked at the 'Dine & Wine Pavilion' engulfed in flames, his eyes twitching, a shade of crimson blooming within them.

The most primal rage, akin to the raging flames before him, was burning through his heart.

Right now, Jason wanted to do just one thing!

And that was to tear apart the person who had blown up the 'Dine & Wine Pavilion'.

In fact, it wasn't just Jason who had this thought.

Delbon did too!

Delbon, who had just staggered in haste into the 'Dine & Wine Pavilion', had already been filled with fantasies about the delicious food inside.

But what happened?

He didn't get to eat, but instead, was thrown over ten meters away by the blast wave from the explosion.

If it weren't for the protection of several 'force shields', Delbon would already be shattered to pieces.

But even so, Delbon was in a sorry state.

Not to speak of his tattered clothes, the fall had left Delbon's otherwise handsome face swollen and bruised.

Especially around the mouth and eyes.

His mouth was cut and bleeding.

The swollen eyes resembled two peaches even more.

As pain shot through his whole body, Delbon couldn't help but grimace with gritted teeth, but his swollen eyes remained fixed on the 'Dine & Wine Pavilion' now aflame.

The dinner was gone!

No!

The 'Dine & Wine Pavilion' was gone!

Delbon had dined at the 'Dine & Wine Pavilion'.

But precisely because he had dined there, he knew just how delectable their food was.

Now that the 'Dine & Wine Pavilion' was consumed by flames, considering the explosion, it was unlikely anyone inside had survived.

In short, even if the 'Dine & Wine Pavilion' were to be rebuilt, without the chefs, would it still be the 'Dine & Wine Pavilion'?

"Who?"

"Who is it?"

As Delbon roared, thinking he'd never be able to enjoy the food from the 'Dine & Wine Pavilion' again, his puffy eyes scanned his surroundings furiously.

He was searching for the culprit.

The Johns, Kemi, and Telly around him were also looking for the perpetrator.

But Bolun was not.

Facing the destruction of the 'Dine & Wine Pavilion', his only asset, this young man still maintained a smile, faint as it was, yet his eyes were cold and sharp.

To Bolun, the 'Dine & Wine Pavilion' never held much sentimental value.

Can you really expect someone who's only been in touch with the 'Dine & Wine Pavilion' for a few days to have profound feelings?

That's unrealistic.

But what was realistic was the massive amount of money Bolun had spent to acquire the 'Dine & Wine Pavilion'.

After spending so much money, Bolun found himself financially strained.

What's more crucial is that this money came from abandoning his status as heir to the Bolun Family.

He had no way back.

In this young man's plan, he intended to use the 'Dine & Wine Pavilion' as a link to forge a closer relationship with Jason. Meanwhile, he planned to use the fame of the 'Dine & Wine Pavilion' to dig up his first pot of gold.

Of course, the 'Dine & Wine Pavilion' would also serve as a place for him and Emily to settle for a quite a long time in the future.

But now?

Gone!

The 'link' with Mr. Jason had been severed.

The plan for the first pot of gold was destroyed.

Even the place to settle was demolished.

Grating, grating.

Bolun's eyes grew colder amid the noise of his grinding teeth.

Emily grabbed hold of Bolun.

It was the first time she had seen Bolun like this.

"Bolun?"

Emily asked worriedly.

Bolun shook his head, indicating he was fine.

He really was fine.

Although his plans had been disrupted, which made him angry, he wasn't blinded by this anger. On the contrary, the more critical the moment, the calmer Bolun became.

Under such calm, Bolun quickly understood the situation at hand.

"Everyone hurry and leave!"

Bolun spoke.

Leave?

Delbon, still in his fury, was taken aback.

But he quickly came to his senses.

The bombing of the 'Dine & Wine Pavilion' was definitely not the perpetrator's actual goal.

The goal was... Jason!

Somebody wanted to strike at Jason, the 'Ship Slayer'!

And to take down a 'Ship Slayer', a mere explosion was not enough.

John loosened Daisy's ropes with one hand and pulled out a gun with the other.

Brian grabbed Kemi's hand and fished out a submachine gun from beneath his coat with the other.

McCaul pushed Telly into the car and took out a remote controller.

The next moment, two drones took to the air.

When it comes to dealing with danger, no one was more experienced than these three.

While ensuring the safety of their loved ones, they armed themselves and then decided to retreat.