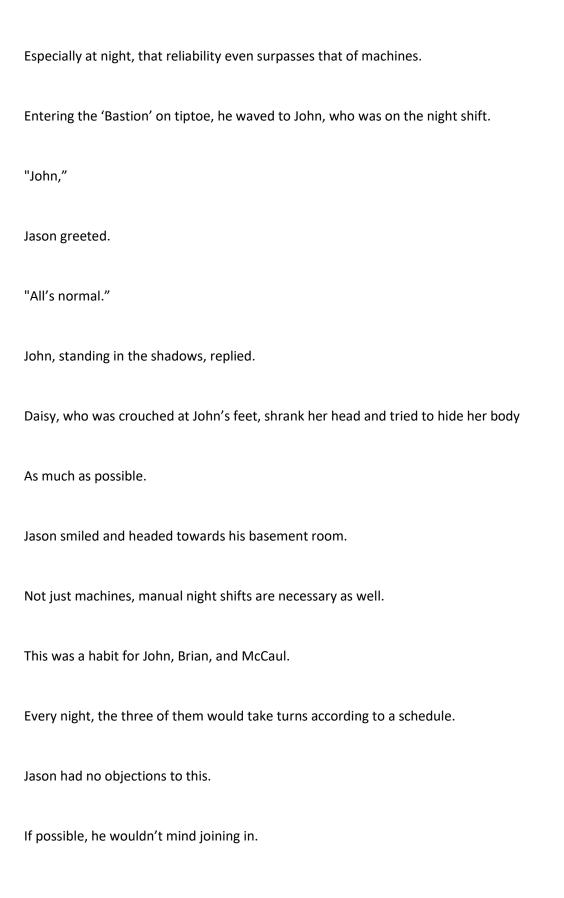
Menu 691

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 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.

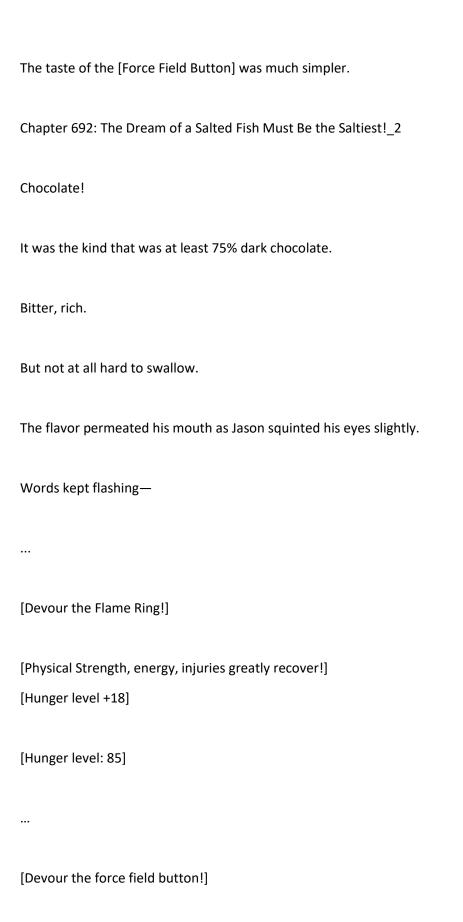
Source: Web, updated on .co
Of course, it would be even better with an egg, some ham, and some dried flowers added in.
If the dried flowers are marinated, the flavor would be even better.
Cumin flavor is also recommended, but it requires the noodle soup to be hot enough so that when the dried beans are 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.

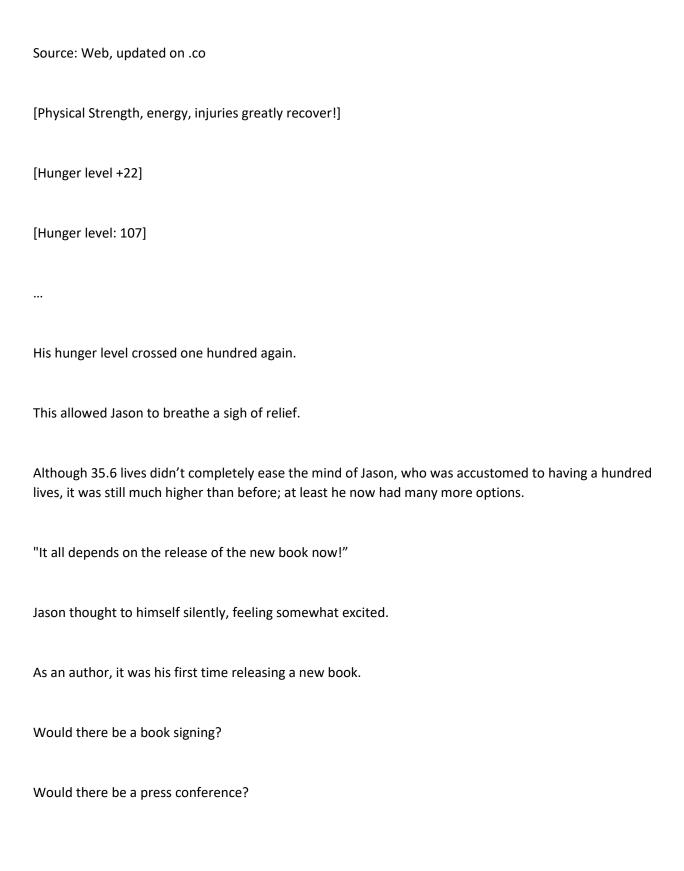
This is an extremely delightful mood.
Jason felt exactly this way at this moment.
He parked the car, took the two boxes of compensation from 'Memory Lane,' and walked toward the 'Bastion' with a brisk pace, pausing every few steps to cast a [Kaya Seal].
It was not a binding trap, but a vigilant one.
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.

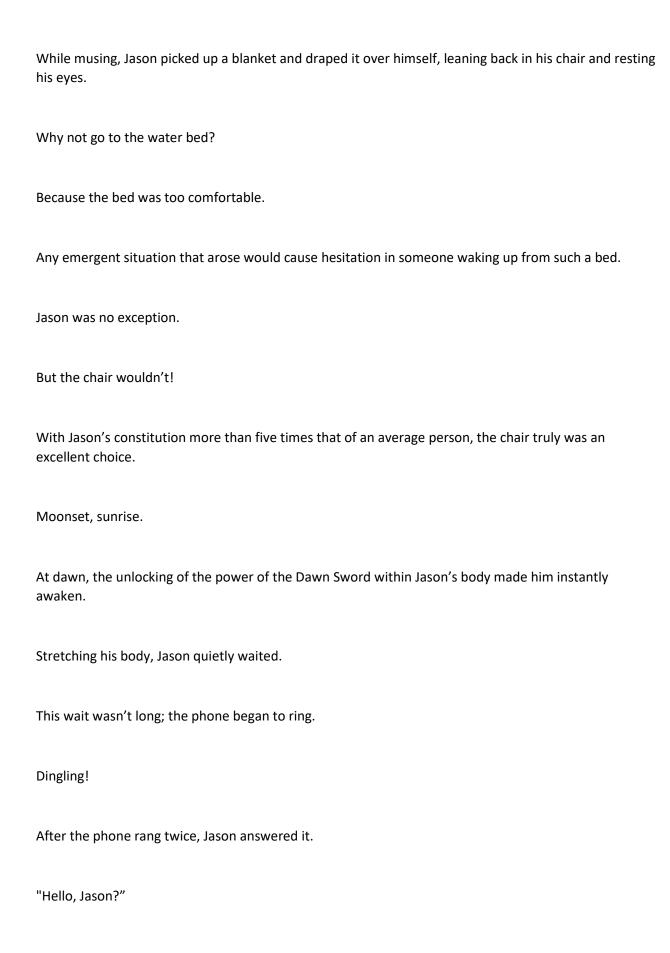


But not tonight.
Entering his room, Jason locked the door and cast another [Kaya Seal].
He hung his coat on the rack behind the door and walked straight to the desk.
Although he was living in a small suite, there wasn't a separate dining room to put down the two servings of 'food' he was holding in his 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.











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."



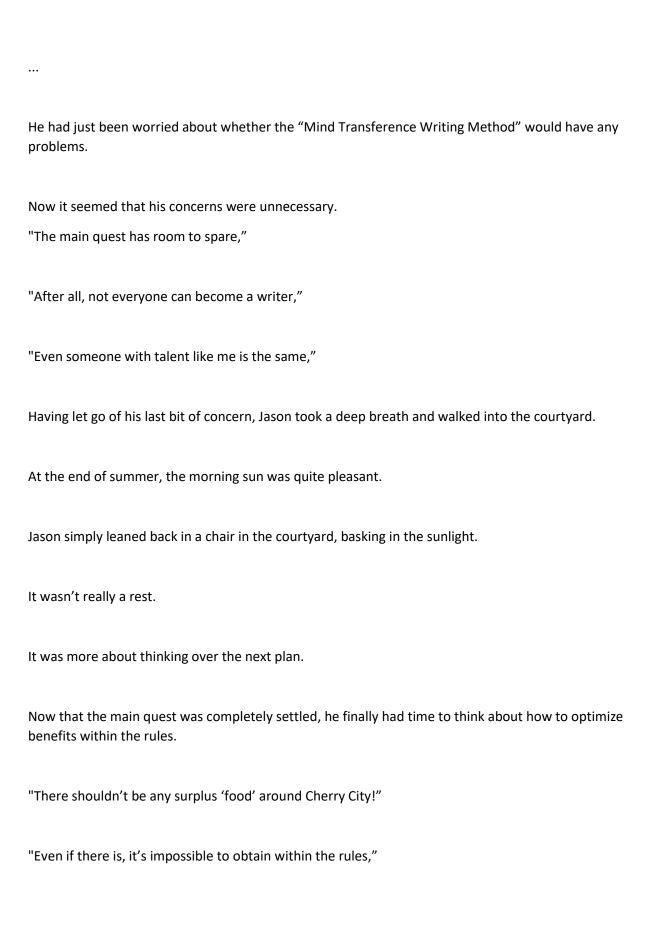
Oh, humans, your greatest difficulty is honesty.	
It's not about being bashful.	
Or about being selfish.	
It's about a habit of self-protection.	
Fear of being hurt.	
The choices made in anxiety.	
Although often against one's wishes, when faced with similar make the same choices again.	situations in the future, people tend to
Of course, there's also the chance for a moment of complete of	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.	

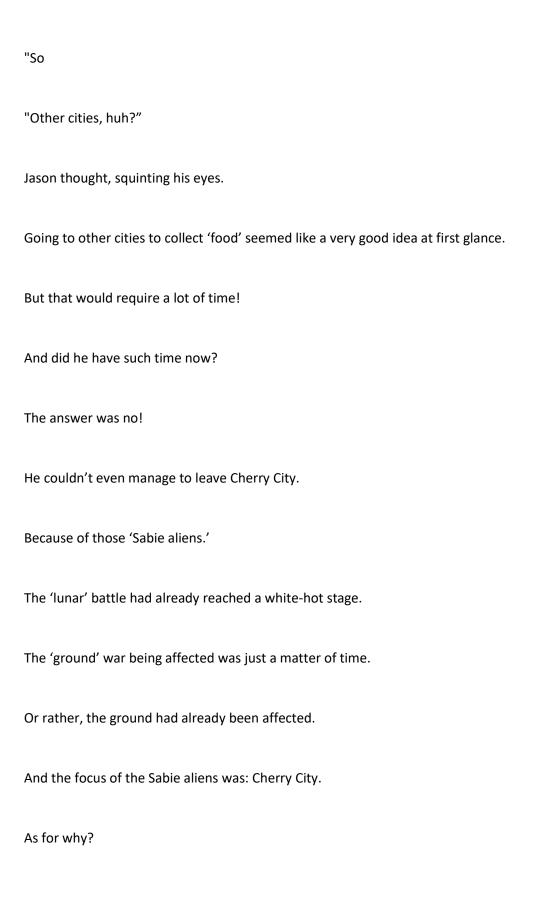
The kind of hate borne out of love.
So, people only have a moment's chance, and moreover, this moment is the only opportunity they have in their entire lives.
If missed,
It truly is gone forever.
Jason, of course, didn't have such deep feelings; for someone who loved food, unless he was in a bun shop 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.





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. $RaN\Theta B\ddot{E}\ddot{S}$
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]

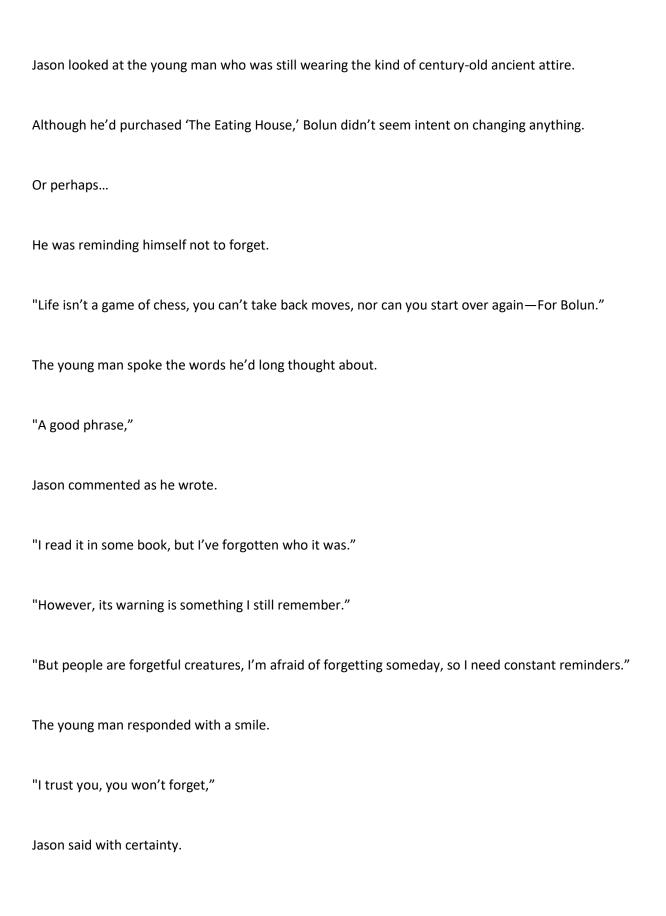
Satiety had just reached the bare minimum requirement in his heart.
And Excitement of Feast?
It was far from enough.
"To elevate 'Protection Against Evil' to unparalleled level requires 10 points of Excitement of Feast, still lacking 4 points!"
Jason's brow furrowed involuntarily.
Four points might not 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.'

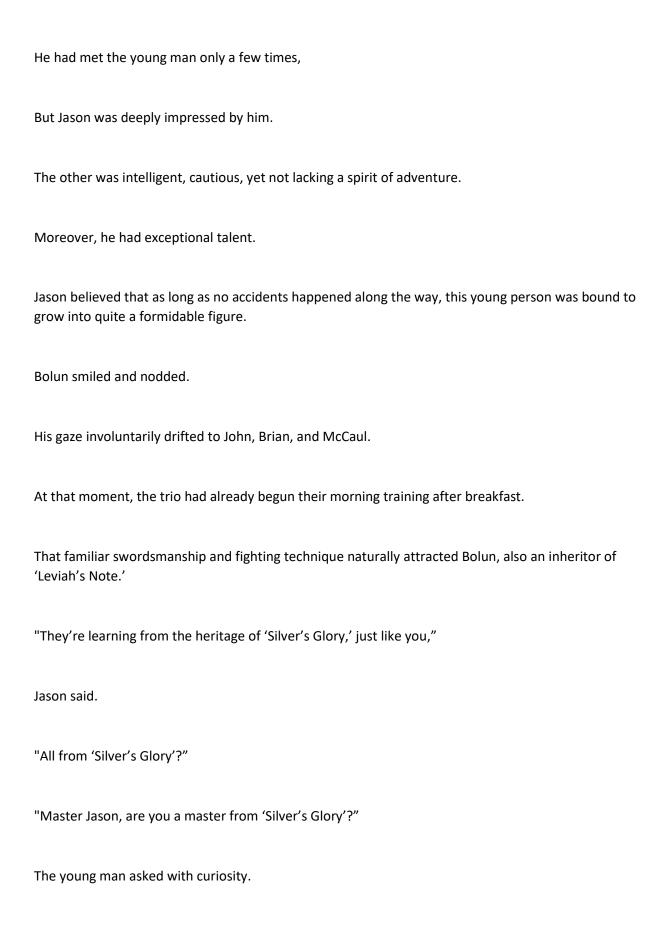


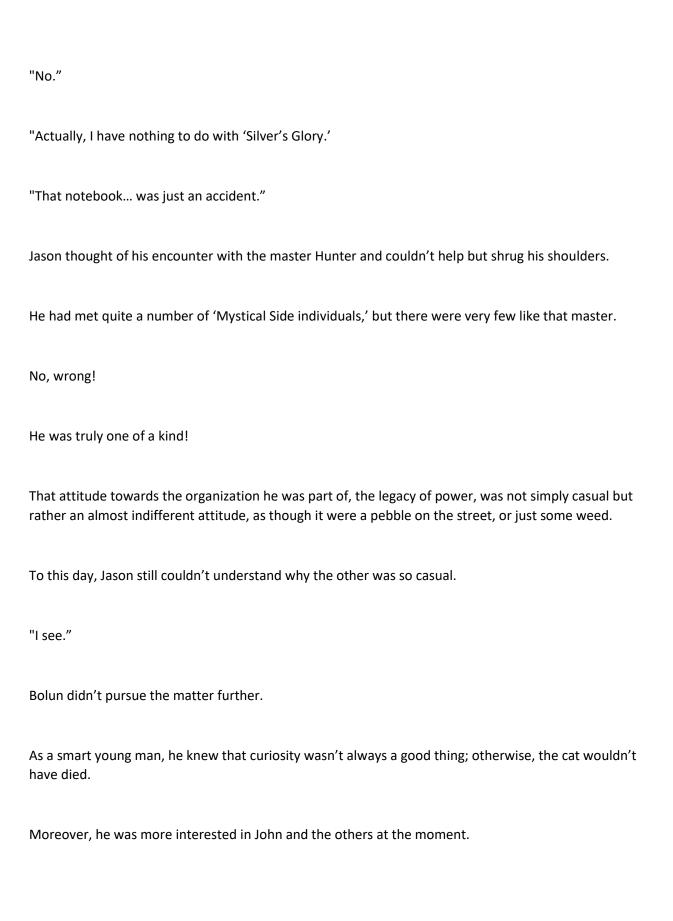


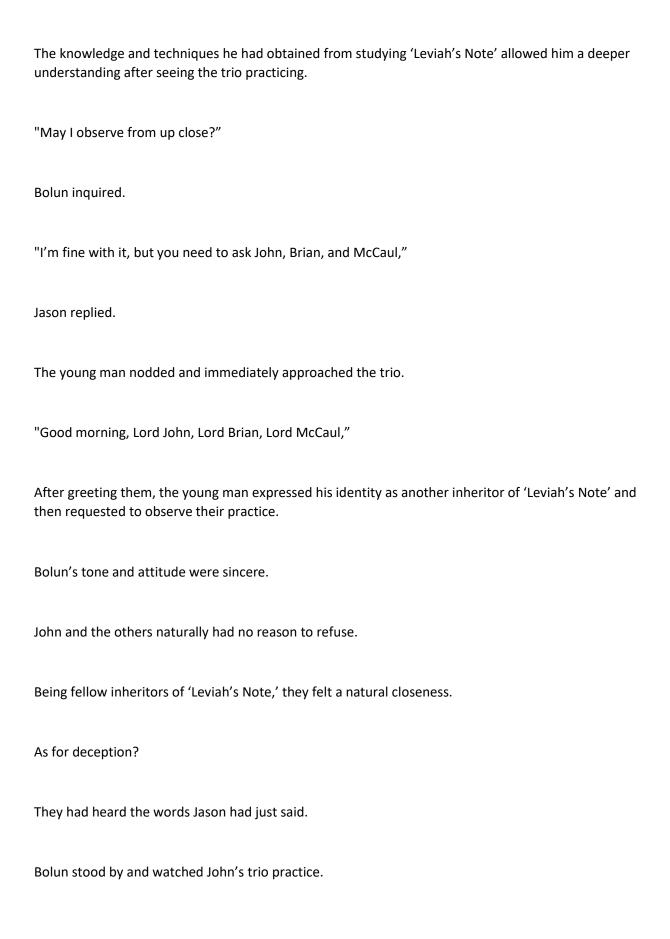
"Emily, what do you want me to write?"
Jason was very serious about signing for the first person to ask for his autograph.
"For my copy, write, 'Jason to the cute, beautiful Emily, may she be safe and sound, and also, also right, and may she eat without gaining weight!"
After thinking for a few seconds, 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,"

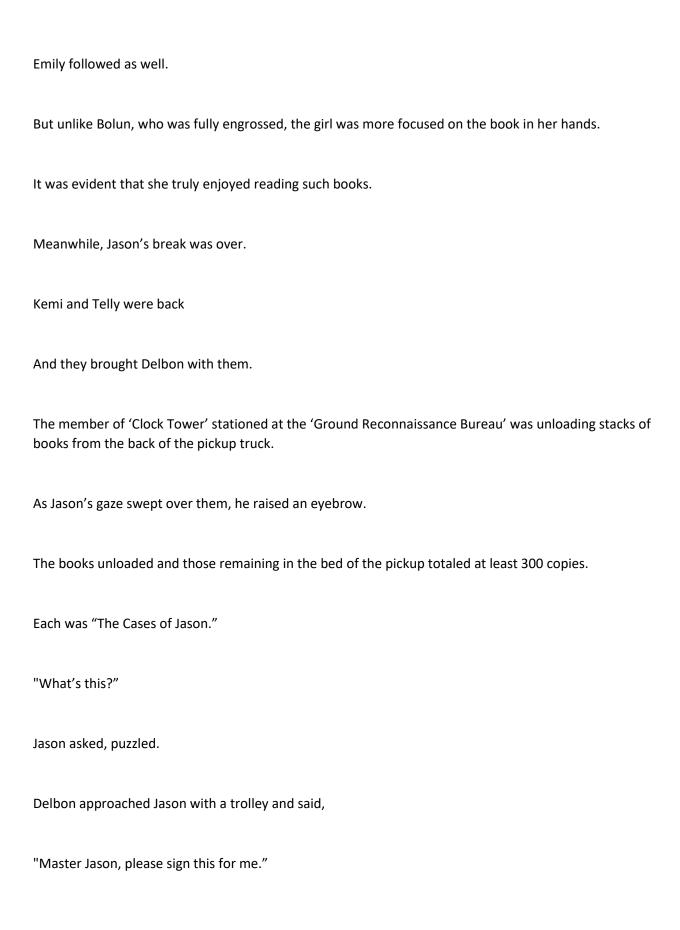
"Eating isn't the root cause of obesity, as long as you increase your exercise, I'm sure you can eat more without gaining weight."
"And this will be inevitable over the next few years,"
Jason comforted Emily, with a play on words.
Compared to Bolun's physical fitness, Emily undoubtedly had a lot to catch 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!
Eat, eat, eat! Practice, practice!









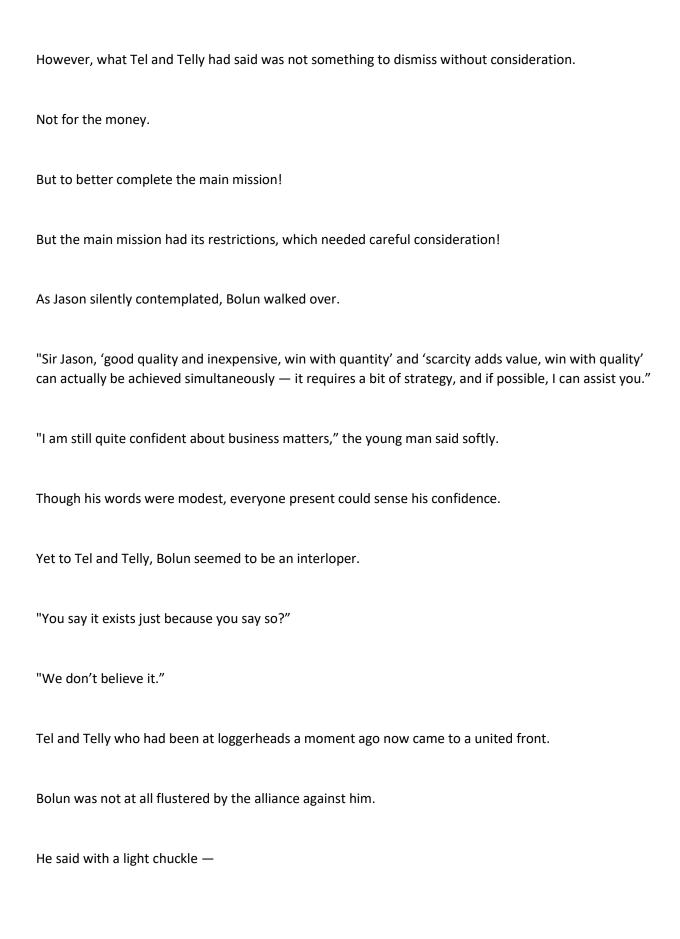


Delbon rubbed his hands together, looking at Jason with an ingratiating face.
Chapter 695: Swear by the Name of the Ancestors!_3
Before Jason could open his mouth to reply, Telly on the side couldn't help but blurt out, "Jason, you must not agree to this jerk, he's already contacted other 'Mystical Side' 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.

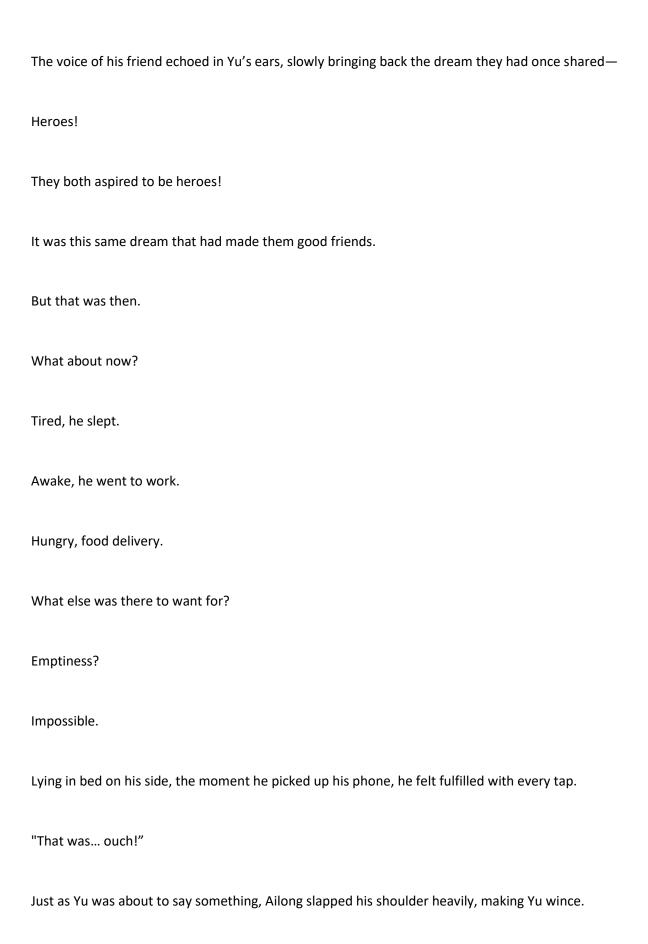


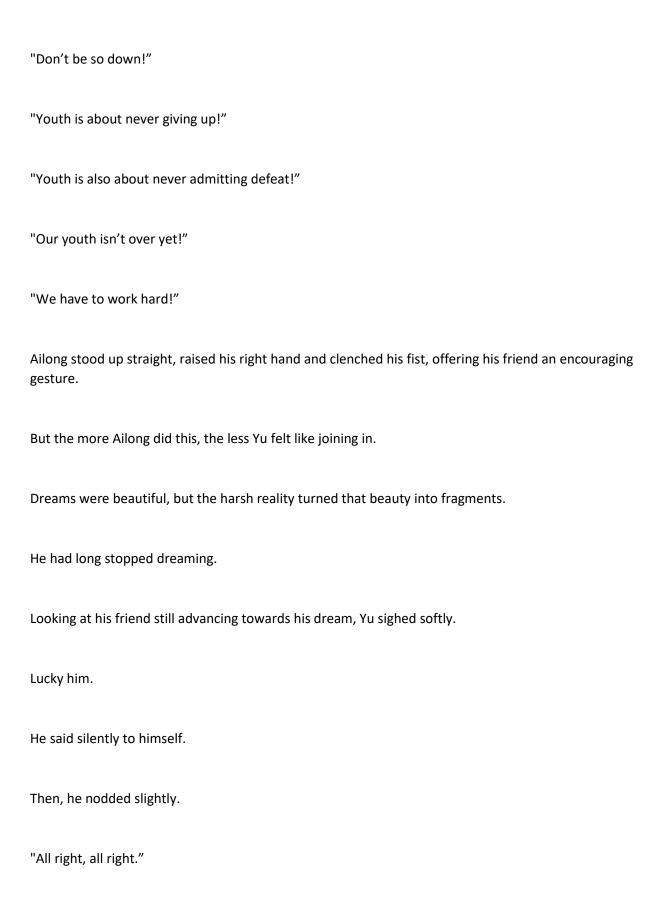
This only infuriated Tel even more.
However, the 'Clock Tower' member stationed at the 'Ground Reconnaissance Bureau' did not lose his temper, but instead looked pitifully at Jason.
"Sir Jason, we've dined together, I've even washed dishes for you
"It's precisely because you lack a business sense that 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.



"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?"





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.

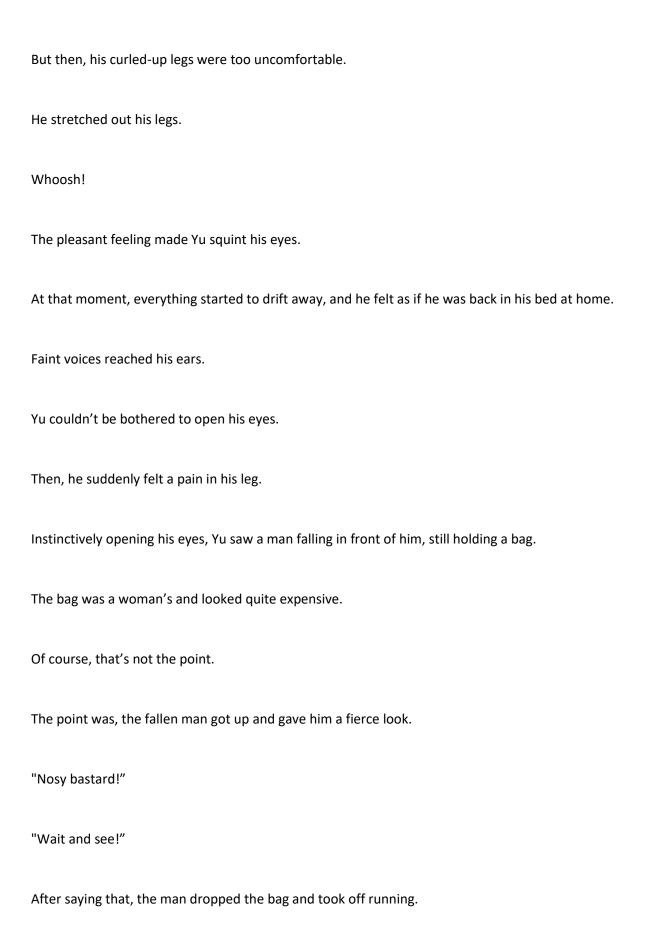
Upon entering, be sure to humbly say, "Thanks for the invite."

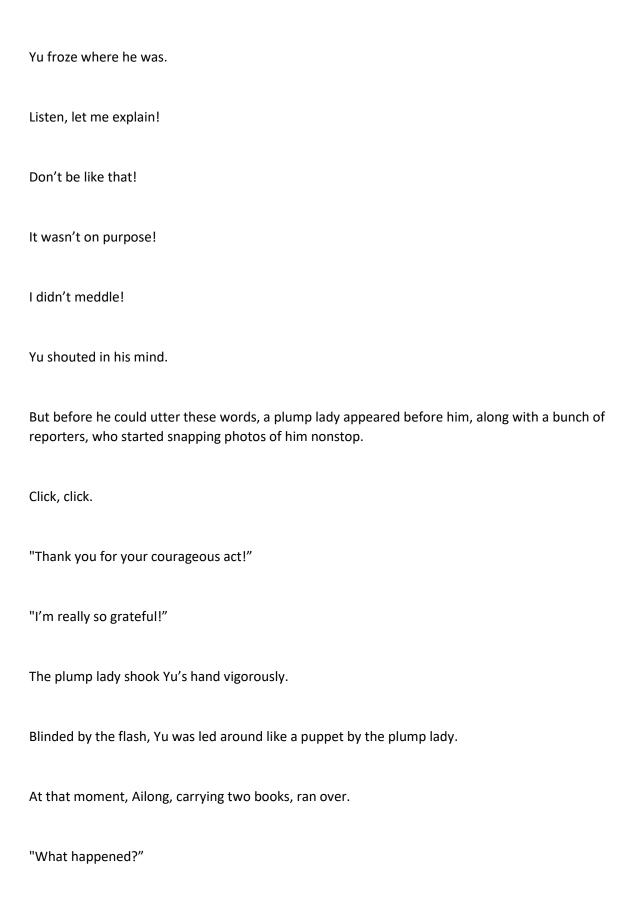
After drinking two cans of beer, loosen up a bit and say, "I only came because you invited me, otherwise I wouldn't have."

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.

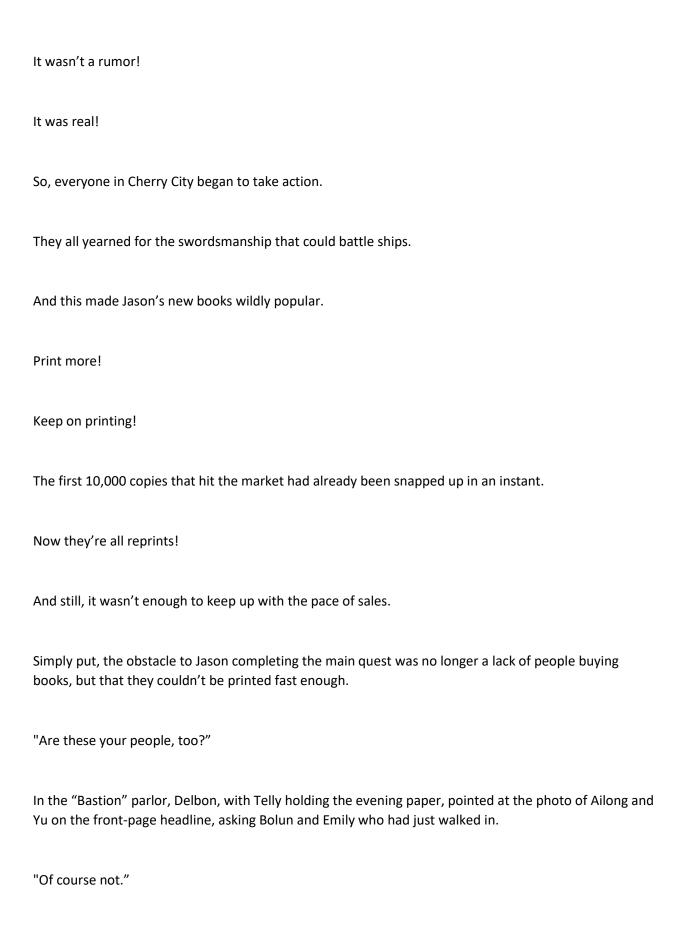


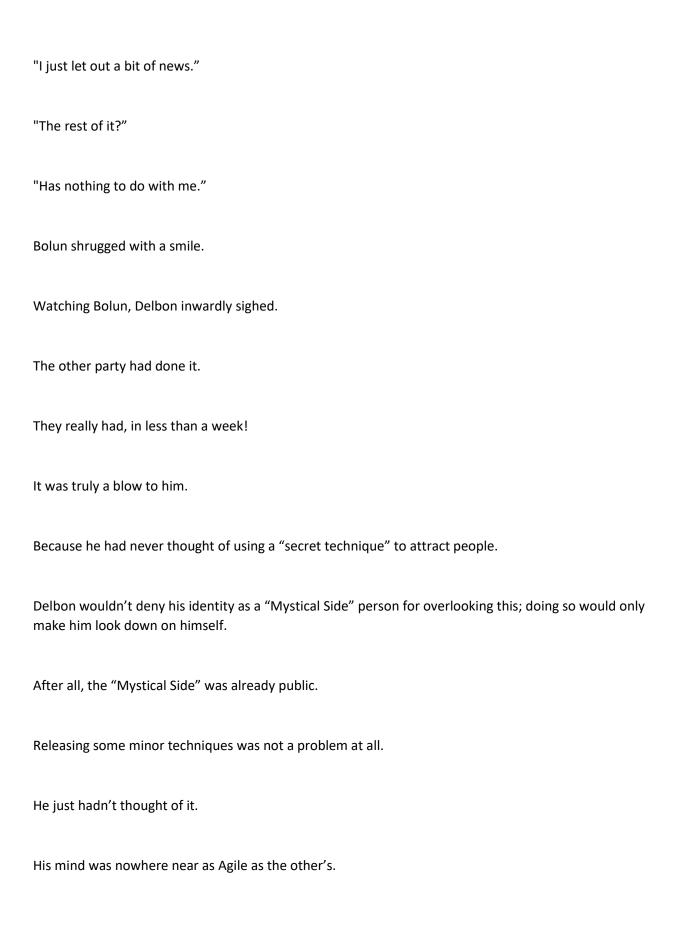




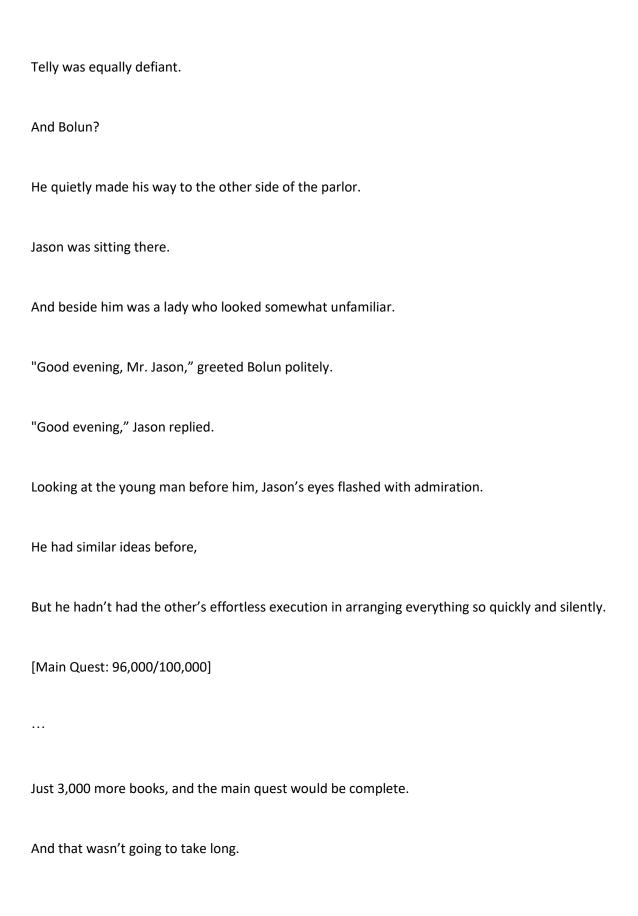
Ailong declared emphatically.
Instantly, the flashes went off again.
Yu covered his face and crouched down.
But Ailong kept going.
"I want to be a full-time hero."
"And Yu?"
"He said he wanted to be a 'hobbyist hero.""
"So, we've been working hard, and today we came to buy Sir Jason's book—it can help 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.





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.



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.'



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.
"We will triple your merits for this,"
"If you have any requests, you can make them now," smiled Cortana.
"Weapons!"
"Plenty of heavy weapons."



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.

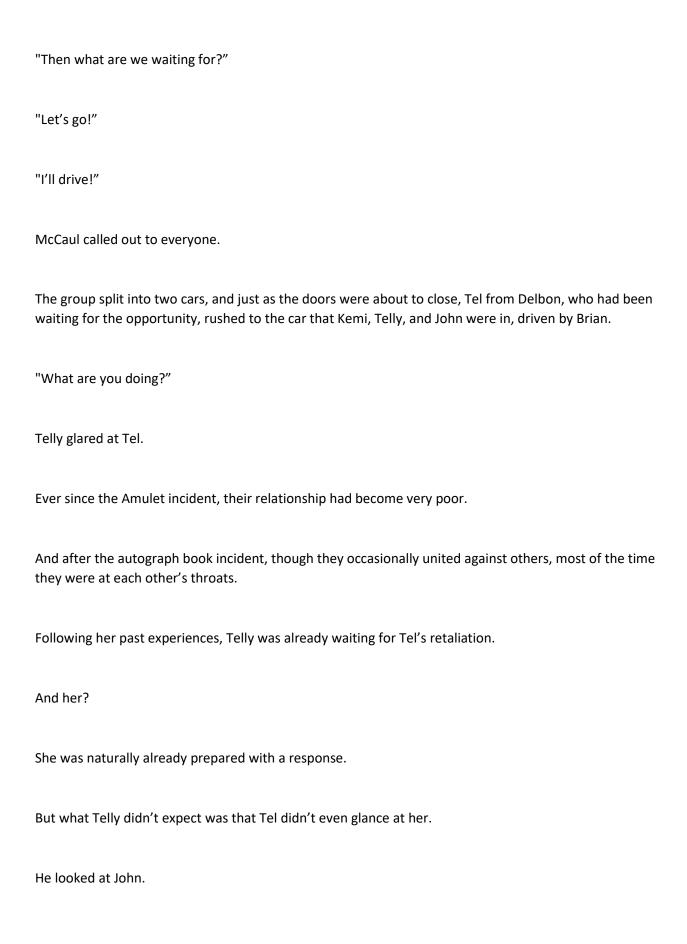
In those decades, people from 'ground' had made more than ten trips to the 'moon'.

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.

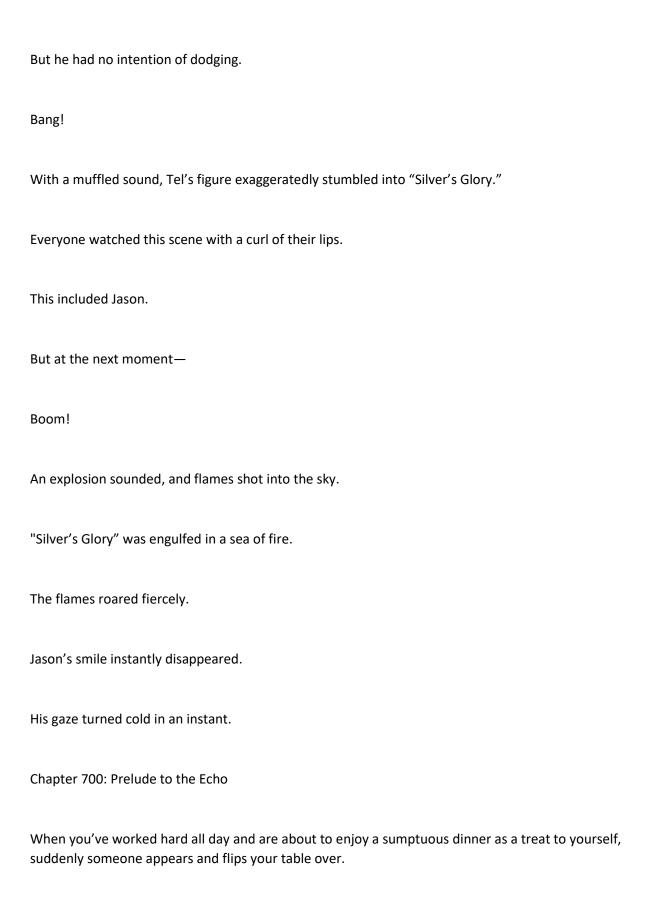


Bolun immediately smiled and looked towards John and the other two.
While speaking, the young man performed an ancient courtesy.
"Silver's Glory," huh?
Brian was somewhat intrigued.
As a "qualified father," he had hoped to take his daughter to a restaurant for a meal.
Unfortunately, this wish had never 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.





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.



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.
in fact, it wash t just suson 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!



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.

