Menu 931

Chapter 931: When You Face Excessive Demands3
What kind of monster is this?
Unlike ordinary people, he could clearly see this pitch-black and crimson monster.
A sense of oppression emanated from the monster's body, involuntarily instilling fear in him.
No!
I will not fear!
I am already a Deity!
I'm no longer that limp-legged man who picked up cow dung!
I will absolutely not fear!
The huge body told itself, but the trembling began.
Uncontrollable trembling.
The huge body wanted to tell itself not to tremble, but it backfired, shaking even more violently, just like the first time he tried to steal a seemingly vulnerable old lady's purse and got his legs broken by his master, turning him into a lame man exiled to the livestock shed, he was just as helpless and fearful back then.
But unlike that time, there was a foolish little girl back then for him to deceive.
He exploited that little girl's sympathy with his pitiful appearance.

And then, he survived.
Next
He really wanted something to happen with that little girl.
After all, the little girl was very pretty, with her big eyes full of innocence, far unlike those old women he found in the back alleys.
Unfortunately, there was an extremely vigilant boy always by her side, thwarting his successes time and again.
So much so that after all these years, he still remembered that boy who spoiled his plans multiple times.
The other party was tall and handsome, well-dressed, polite to everyone, even the servants, and while he showed respect to the bigwigs, he was neither servile nor overbearing.
Right, the other party was called
Losa?
Yes!
It was Losa!
The name he detested!
Thus, when he accidentally gained this power, the first thing he did was take that little girl's life.

To plunge that Losa into agony.
He was extremely delighted at that time.
So much so that the first time he used that level of secret technique, he made a slight mistake and had to fall into a slumber.
But he had prepared for this.
'They'!
He created 'They'!
Or rather, he created the Leader of 'They'!
He took some memories he obtained when he acquired possession of this body, slightly altered and twisted them, and then implanted them into the mind of his carefully chosen pawn; the altered memories and formidable strength made the other party believe unreservedly and obey him.
The other party did quite well.
Not only did he perfectly complete his tasks, but he also made the whole world believe in the 'Historical Bystanders'.
Do the 'Historical Bystanders' exist?
They do exist!
After all, he had created them.

Back then, he couldn't twist the memories of the 'elders' of the Hundred Major Families, but twisting the memories of ordinary people was just too easy.
And this, inadvertently hit the mark.
Leading the 'elders' of the Hundred Major Families into a delightful misunderstanding.
It almost made him laugh awake in his sleep.
But why did he ultimately fail?
Just because of Jason before him?
Just because of the mere Jason?
Just because of a mortal?
No!
He refuses to accept that!
Previously, he was an undignified servant, unable to control his own fate.
And now?
God!
He is a God!

He is an omnipotent God!
Tiny Jason, even if he appears before him, what could he do?
Could his puny body possibly penetrate his throat?
Could he possibly have a 40-meter-long sword?
With just an ordinary sword in hand, he could at most scratch his skin!
And then?
If the opponent dares to come closer, he will be trapped by his own ambush.
So, it's impossible!
Jason could never kill him!
Thinking this, the panicking huge body stood straight.
He calmly lowered his hands, eyes fully closed.
With an extremely indifferent and disdainful tone, he said—
"Come, I am right here if you dare, pierce through my throat!"
Chapter 932: I Will Be Back!

With impassioned and fervent words, the massive figure stood tall and proud, as if he were a hero nobly heading to his death. Yet as the opponent closed his eyes, his face rigid, his drooping hands trembling slightly, and his body occasionally twitching from pain, the image did not at all resemble a generous march to death. Indeed, there wasn't even a hint of momentum. It was like a quail, crouched in a broken eggshell, wanting to peek its head out to see the world but too afraid to do so, a picture of timidity. Jason grew more convinced that this massive figure had its nest taken over by another bird. He had never seen a real 'Deity'. But if a real 'Deity' was just like this... it was too disappointing. Or rather, it was a disservice to the 'deliciousness' that exuded from the body! After all, 'deliciousness' and strength are directly proportional! With the 'deliciousness' of the opponent's body, its strength was inevitably tremendous, and with such strength, how bad could its mentality be? Not to say unyielding. At the very least, it should be tenacious. At the very least, it should have courage. But what about now?

Truly a petty person.
The kind with a sly heart, yet as timid as a mouse, insatiably greedy.
When in power, he would be unreasonable and overbearing, wishing to rid of anyone not to his liking.
In times of trial, he would act pitiful and distressed, as if everyone in the world owes him something.
Ha!
Jason let out a light chuckle.
It was not to mock the person before him.
Rather
Some power within him had been awakened.
The moment he had been waiting for had arrived!
Dawn had come.
Jason's gaze once again turned to the massive figure's neck.
This time, the massive figure felt his heart crawl as Jason stared at him.
It was as if an invisible blade was moving back and forth over his neck, finally resting sharply against it.

Instantly, goosebumps spread all over his body.
But he did not open his eyes.
He feared that on opening his eyes, he would be dazzled by the brilliance, or enveloped in mist, and then, bear that kind of pain again.
He had to wait patiently!
Wait for Jason to show a weakness!
Yes!
A weakness!
I was far too hasty just now!
With this physique, why was I in such a hurry?
I just need to silently wait for Jason to reveal a weakness!
The opponent wouldn't really inflict a fatal wound on me!
The opponent, firm in his resolution, shut his eyes even tighter, and all his awareness fell upon his own body. He was quite certain that Jason's next actions would likely target him.
After all, he was deeply impressed by the spectacle of Jason feeding just now!
He had been too eager before, allowing Jason to succeed time and again.

But this time?
Not anymore!
He was going to strike Jason with a fatal blow!
No!
It would be better to turn him into a container!
Convinced that he had grasped the initiative and the key to the battle, the massive figure's thoughts began to race, his mind wandering.
He had not forgotten the wonderful human world.
Why not return if he could?
Especially considering Jason's body, which clearly possessed a special 'undying' Talent, it was all too perfect for his current situation.
The massive figure could distinguish between disposable batteries and rechargeable batteries.
And as he thought of the splendor of the human world, a turmoil arose within him.
Delicious food, fine wines, beautiful women!
These were all his desires.

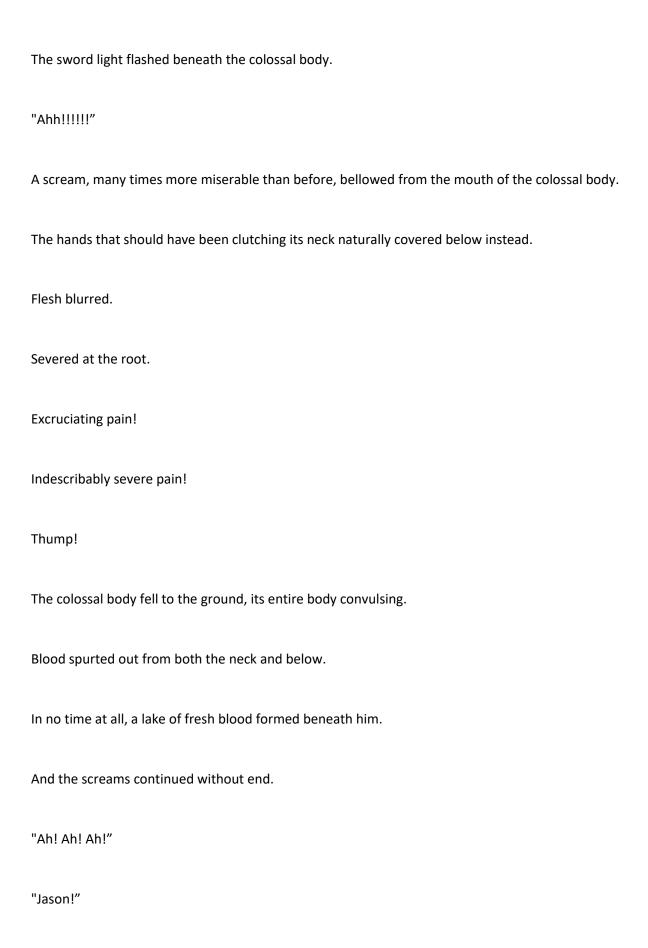
All that he had once longed for but could not have.
This time?
He wanted to try everything!
To enjoy it tenfold no, a hundredfold, a thousandfold!
Only by doing so could he make up for his past.
The massive figure was lost in thoughts of the impending bliss when time ticked away, second by second.
One second!
Two seconds!
Three seconds!

Jason remained motionless, making the massive figure even more certain and arrogant.
He believed he had taken the initiative.
Therefore, Jason must now be hesitating,
Completely unsure of how to make his move!

Four seconds!
Five seconds!
Should I take the initiative to strike now?
Another two seconds passed, and the massive figure could hardly resist the thought, yet he still did not open his eyes. He just diverted a portion of his awareness to monitor Jason's movements, preparing to seize an opportunity.
But
What did he see?
A sword!
A sword over 40 meters long, radiating tenacity, emitting a gentle glow!
Most importantly, this sword had appeared in Jason's hands.
The massive figure was terrified.
A weapon of this length could now injure him.
Almost reflexively, the massive figure dodged.
But, it was too late!

The Chen Xi Sword, like the first ray of light at dawn, pierced the gloom of the enclosed space.
Along with it, it also slashed the massive figure's throat.
Puh!
A large gash split open across half of his neck, and blood sprayed out in an instant.
"Ah, ah, ah!"
The massive figure, who had just put on a calm front, could no longer pretend, screaming continuously as he clumsily covered his throat, his eyes, tightly shut till now, also sprang open at this moment.
And then—
A blinding light burst forth!
"Ah, ah, ah, ah!"
Tears and snot flowed from the massive figure.
The pain from his neck and eyes made him completely neglect his surroundings. Out of past habit, he started to curl up his body, retreating while covering his throat with both hands, desperately plugging the gushing blood.
He did not want to die.
He could not die.

There was so much more he wanted to do.
And with this powerful body, he knew, as long as the bleeding was stopped, the wound would heal as good as new in just over a dozen seconds.
Chapter 933: I Will Be Back!_2
He could come back to life once more.
As for Jason?
Thinking of this formidable opponent, the colossal body trembled, and he immediately used his perception to search the surroundings.
But Jason had disappeared!
Or more accurately, his perception could not lock onto Jason!
Instantly, the hairs on the colossal body stood on end.
The strike he had just experienced made it clear that Jason was indeed capable of harming this body; if Jason were to strike at his vital spot while he was unguarded
Almost subconsciously, his whole body began to tremble.
Then, he began to retreat at an even faster pace.
But, as before
It was too late.





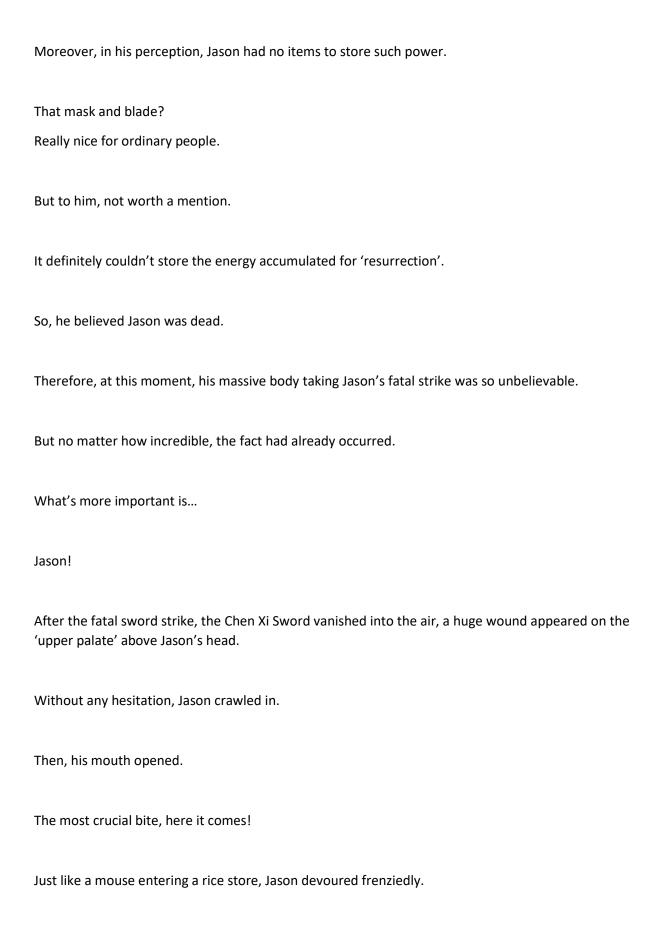
This was not a capability of this body.
It was the Blood Burning Technique, a secret technique learned from the memories of 'their' Leader.
A secret technique that burns one's own blood to gain greater strength.
Under the modifications of 'their' Leader, while retaining the original basis, it also allowed the blood that spilled out to burn and corrode 'living beings', a bizarre technique.
The more potent the blood, the better the effect.
And when such a technique was used with the colossal body's blood
Death!
Death again and again!
A series of deaths!
As the mist before his eyes turned crimson and began to boil, Jason died instantaneously ten times.
Pain!
Pain all over his body as if being sliced by a thousand knives, causing Jason's eyes to bulge with blood.
However, this did not impede Jason from slowly gathering his strength, step by step moving forward.
According to his previous plan, there was still a third sword strike.

This sword strike would be the fatal one!
The first sword slit the throat.
The second sword scooped the moon.
All for the strike of the third sword!
But he had not anticipated that the colossal body possessed such a secret technique.
In just three seconds of gathering strength.
Jason had died over a hundred times in this boiling blood.
But what did that matter?
It was just a hundred times!
After all, this was Jason with 800 lives!
Just now, although the taste was rather bland, his satiety had been continually increasing from the original 1610 rapidly to 2700 points, and even after dying a hundred times, it was still as high as 2400 points.
Even the Excitement of Feast reached 15 points at that moment.
Unlike the initial time where he took a bite at each Excitement of Feast.

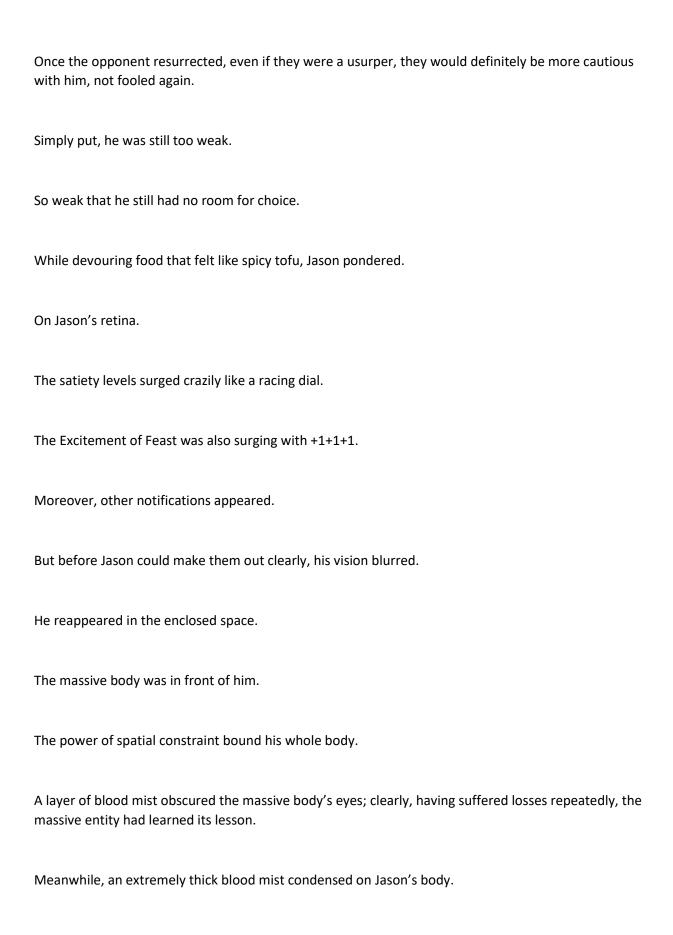
Later, for the sake of combat, Jason simply couldn't eat a complete serving of Ersulk, which seemed like 'tooth carving' for a long time, but it was far less satisfying than a completely fulfilling bite.
Because, at that time, what mattered most to Jason was speed, to not be caught by the colossal body.
Thus, it was merely 'tasting'.
But for Jason, it was still a considerable gain.
However
The most crucial bite had yet to come.
When he came to the wailing colossal body, seeing its mouth opened wide due to wailing,
Jason leapt in without hesitation.
Then—
Buzz!
The glow of the Chen Xi Sword twinkled inside the colossal body's mouth.
Not slashing forward.
Nor downward.
But upwards!

The sharp Chen Xi Sword pierced straight up, penetrating the upper gums of the colossal body, breaking through layers of cartilage, stabbing towards the colossal body's brain!
The miserable howl abruptly ceased.
Everything stopped at that moment.
The colossal body's eyes widened tremendously.
Shock! Surprise!
Disbelief!
How could this be possible?
How could Jason still be alive under the Blood Burning Technique?
After dying a hundred times, how could he still be alive?
The colossal body was very perplexed.
Perhaps he was merely a squatter, but as someone who regarded the Blood Burning Technique as his trump card, he was well aware of its power.
Ordinary people, not to mention being surrounded by it, the slightest touch meant dissolution into nothingness.
Among the 'Hundred Major Families', the 'elders' faced with it also met a fate of having no burial place.
And Jason?

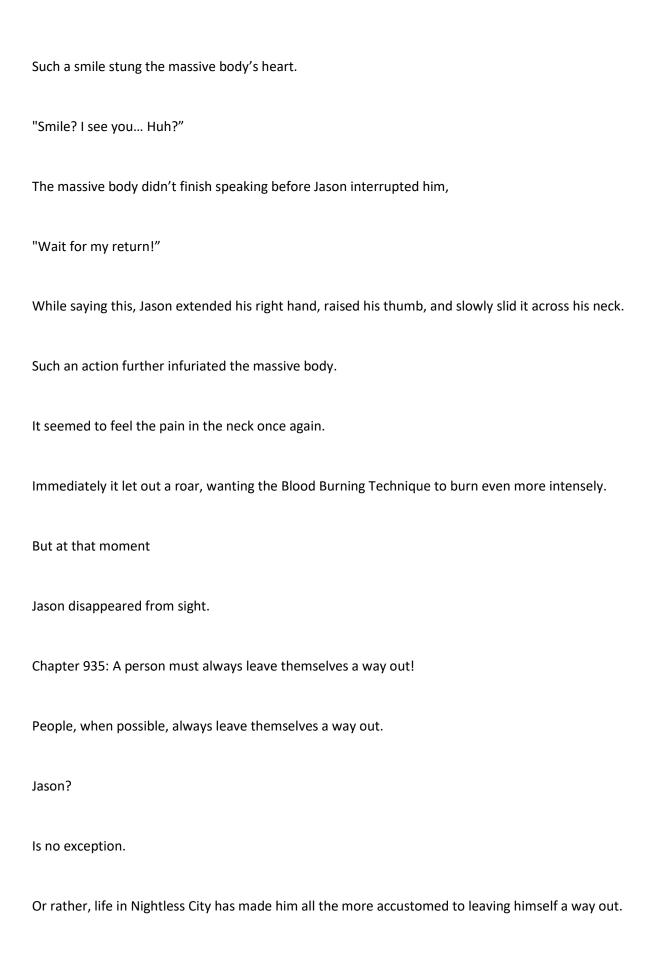
Very special.
Possessing a trace of immortal traits, but even so, the colossal body did not believe Jason could survive.
As a 'god', he was very clear about how this so-called 'immortality' came about.
It was primarily a fast recovery.
And such recovery required a tremendous amount of energy!
Even with special means for storage, after dying a dozen times consecutively, he would still fall short.
Chapter 934: I Will Be Back!_3
For example: His massive body came into being just like that.
Because, his body was indeed too strong.
Recovery consumed too much strength.
And Jason was naturally weak.
According to his estimate, the energy consumed by Jason's resurrection was negligible to him, thus being able to resurrect dozens of times was only natural, but it definitely wouldn't exceed a hundred times.
Because Jason's body simply could not contain such power.



The two most vital parts of a humanoid body.
The heart, the brain.
Undoubtedly.
In mysticism as well, it's the same.
The heart, the source of power.
The brain, the garden of reason.
The former symbolizes strength, the latter, the emblem of one's rational self.
If given a choice, Jason would definitely choose the heart, not just because the heart tasted much better than the brain, but also because the satiety and Excitement of Feast it contained would far exceed that of the brain.
But in the current situation, he had no choice.
Time!
Even though he had dealt a fatal blow to the massive body!
But Jason could sense the stillness of death in the massive body was rapidly fading.
The opponent could resurrect at any moment!



Together with the spatial constraint, the blood mist was relentlessly draining Jason's life.
In an instant, it was a hundred times!
Undoubtedly, this blood mist was meticulously prepared by the massive body.
"The ultimate victor is still me!"
"And you?"
"Die without a burial ground to lay your body!"
The massive body roared.
The blood dance obscured, making the opponent's bird head look even more ferocious, especially while uttering these words, the bird head, which should have carried a hint of heroism, twisted grotesquely like a vulture.
Death, revival.
A continuous cycle.
Yet, Jason was entirely unbothered.
Even while enduring the pain of a thousand cuts.
He still maintained a smile.



"A moment after dawn, declare me the final champion of this 'game'!"

This was what Jason told Losa 11 when they parted ways.

To this, Losa 11 had no objections.

In the depths of Losa 11's heart, his good friend Jason, was truly deserving of being the first.

As for the rest of the 'survivors' and 'Brutalizers' participating in the 'game'?

Those 'discards' from the Hundred Major Families did not need to be mentioned, Losa 11 was very clear about what sort of people they were.

As for those 'Brutalizers'?

Losa 11 simply glanced through these 'Brutalizers' profiles and didn't want to look a second time.

In his mind, these people deserved to be on the gallows.

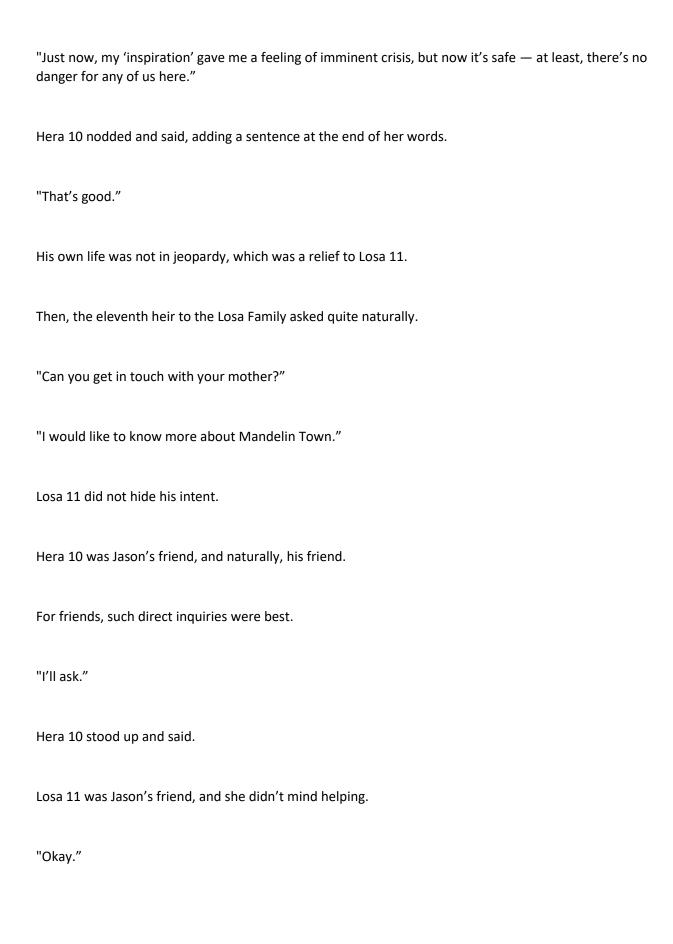
Not appearing in the so-called 'game'.

Even that 'Death Attorney' who seemed to have a shred of 'sense of justice,' after Losa 11 read about how the other party had, in order to win a case, buried family members alive to force several witnesses to change their testimonies, his favorable impression turned into a negative one.

But what could be done about it?

These were the games set by the 'parents'.

He, a young man, could not change anything.
At least, not now.
Of course, he believed that the primary personality certainly would be able to change all of this.
And he?
Just needed to go along.
"Has your mother replied?"
Losa 11 looked towards Hera 10, who had a solemn expression.
Since the message had arrived, Hera 10 had maintained such an expression.
However, just as Losa 11 spoke, the solemnity on Hera 10's face suddenly vanished, the tension in her eyes also disappearing, leaving only a sense of relief.
Such a change did not escape Losa 11.
"Solved?"
Losa 11 asked.
"Yes!"



Losa 11 nodded, watching Hera 10 leave before his gaze swept across the younger generation of the Hundred Major Families present.
As Losa 11's gaze passed over them, a flash of fear could be seen in the depths of these young people's eyes.
Not only because Losa 11 had suddenly used the 'Finger Gun' to kill one of their members.
Although this was one of the most important reasons.
But another reason was the news Losa 11 had just told them.
Disclosing the Mystical Side!
How could this be!
After all, the reason the Hundred Major Families could control the world was because the Mystical Side was entirely in the hands of the Hundred Major Families. If made public, what would happen?
Those commoners would become equals to them.
Even though it wouldn't be possible in the short term.
Even though it wouldn't be possible in the short term. But eventually, it would come to such a state.
But eventually, it would come to such a state.

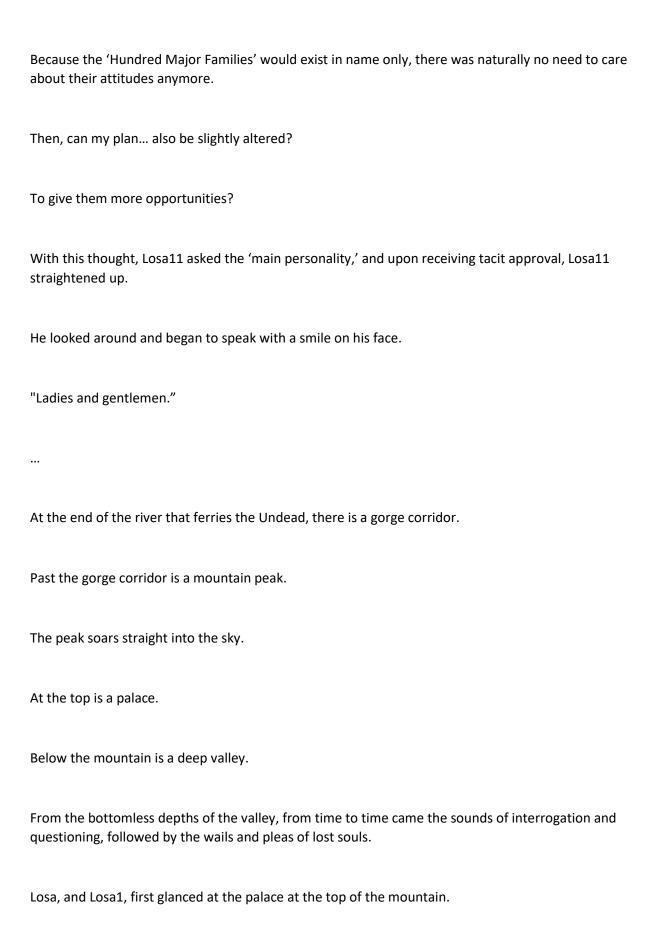


Why did he understand these younger generations so well?
Because, they were the same kind of people.
Only
He was a fabricated secondary personality, occasionally influenced by the 'bold and brilliant primary personality,' and felt moved when seeing those innocent people about to face calamity without knowing.
Thus, some thoughts arose in his mind.
Such thoughts led him to make small changes.
Just small changes!
He was unable to truly save those innocent people.
He could only provide a bit of a way for them to save themselves.
The Mystical Side!
Secret techniques!
Some parts about the Divine's Body, and even most of the secret techniques, naturally could not be made public, as it would touch upon the foundations of the Hundred Major Families, and no matter how clever his maneuvers, once these were touched upon, he too would be reduced to scraps.

Therefore, he could only try to disclose some basic ones.



He was waiting for Hera10 to return.
Although he could ask the 'main personality' at this time, doing so for such matters would surely irritate the 'main personality' with his temperament, and he didn't want to be erased over such 'trivial matters.'
So, it was better to quietly wait.
Fortunately, the wait was brief.
Tap, tap, tap!
With firm steps, Hera10 returned.
The expression on her face was even more solemn than before.
She whispered in Losa11's ear the news she had just learned.
Surprise flickered in Losa11's eyes.
He sat straight up.
Then, realization dawned on his face.
So this is it!
Is this the outcome you wanted, 'main personality'?
Is this why you supported me, 'main personality'?



Then, their gazes turned to the deep valley.
Could my wife (mother) be there?
Thinking that his wife (mother) might be suffering torture in the valley, the expressions of Losa and Losa1, father and son, changed.
Always as calm as a lake, entirely without emotional fluctuations, a sharp killing intent now appeared on Losa.
Sharp as a blade.
Killing intent as cold as a frosty wind.
With its appearance, the clouds in the sky began to roll endlessly, and the ground started to tremble slightly.
Woooo!
A gust of wind howled past.
Mixed with lethal ice and snow.
Losa1 had a look of madness, the corners of his mouth involuntarily curling upwards, and as his gaze fixed on the valley, suddenly, all interrogation and questioning, wailing, and pleas stopped.
Only hysterical screaming remained.
"I'm getting more and more impatient!"



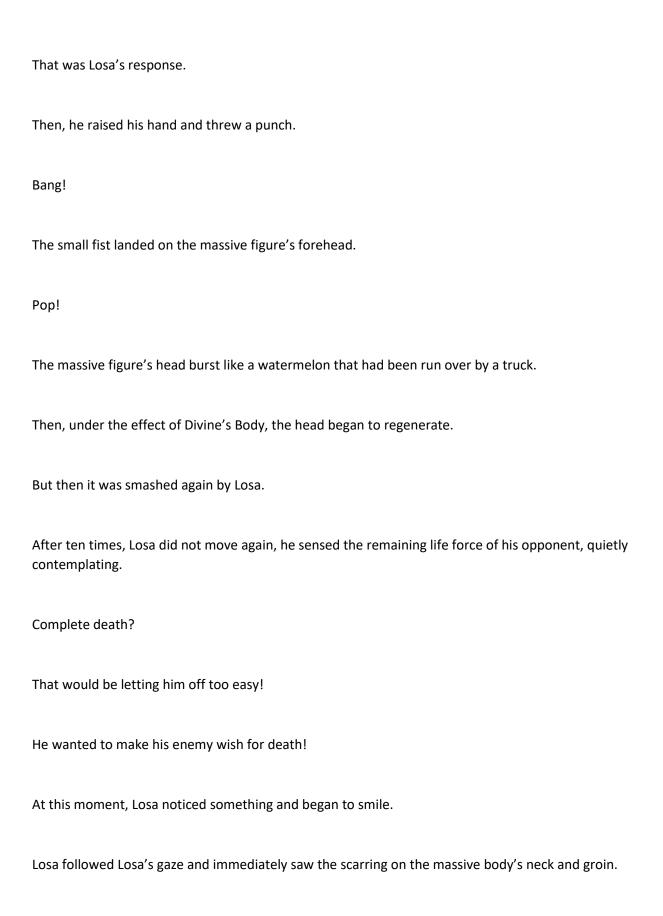
He had been prepared for a battle with the owner of the palace, the legendary 'Lord of the Underworld,' 'Destiny of the Dead,' 'protector of the shadows,' 'shepherd of the night.'
But
The opponent was dead.
No!
It wasn't right to say dead.
The opponent's body was there, but it was lifelessly performing its duties, like a puppet being manipulated.
No longer any agility, no consciousness.
Even when under attack, the response was by the book.
Even the counterattack was a beat too slow.
Black deathly aura surged towards Losa and Losa1 from all around.
Losa raised his hand.
Such black deathly aura froze instantly.
The figure inside stood still, bewildered.
It seemed not to have anticipated this at all.



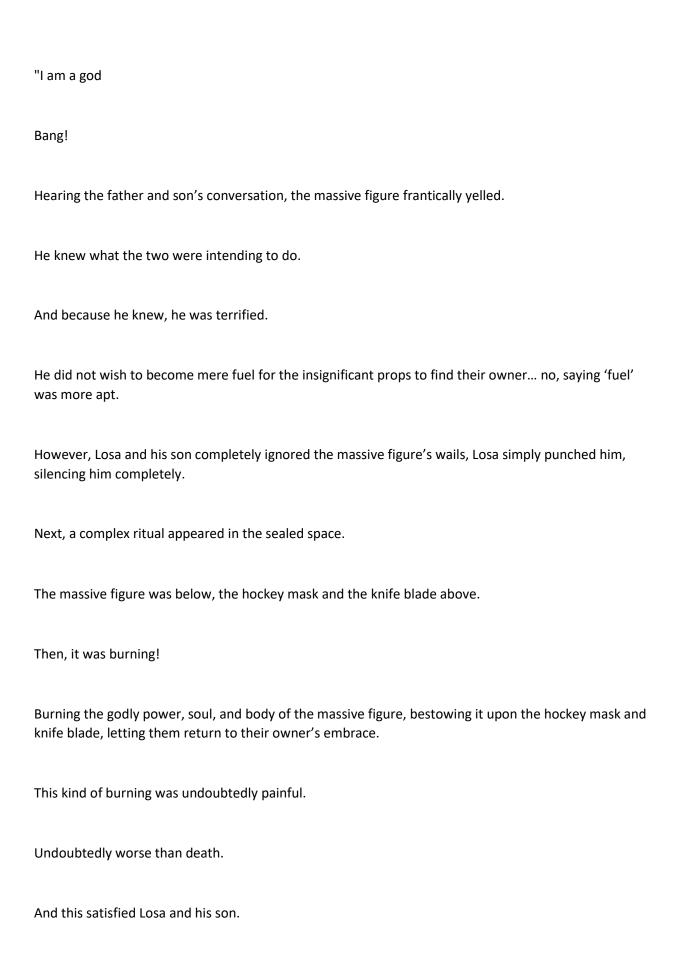


However, he soon breathed a sigh of relief.
He was not skilled in combat.
Now that Jason was gone, it was better, but the words Jason had left with made the massive figure frown.
But quickly, only a cold sneer remained.
"Coming back?"
"Although I don't know how you left here."
"But by the time you return, I will have completely mastered this body and familiarized myself with battle skills!"
"When that time comes hmph!"
A cold snort, and the massive figure brimmed with brutal murderous intent.
He certainly hadn't forgotten what Jason had done to him.
Devoured his flesh.
Cut his throat.
And

Made him the God of the Unilateral!
Even though the Divine's Body would regenerate, it was unforgivable!
"Next time, I'll definitely crush you
The massive figure swore with a curse.
But before he could finish, a door silently appeared behind him.
Two figures walked out of the door without any hesitation, their legs kicking straight at the back of the massive figure's head.
Compared to the massive figure, the two figures were utterly inconsequential, such a kick should not have been effective, but contrary to expectations, after those two kicks, the massive figure not only fell heavily to the ground but also was engulfed in dizziness, unable to get up at all.
Losa gloomily approached the massive figure.
Making the other's eyes see him.
And the moment the massive figure saw Losa, he exclaimed.
"Losa!"
Full of panic.
Full of fear.
"Very good."



Then, he looked at the hockey mask and knife blade that Losa had picked up.
"Is it the friend of Losa, a young man called Jason?"
"Such a good kid!"
"Well done."
Losa didn't skimp on his praise.
"Yeah, much stronger than his previous bad friends, Losa has found a good friend this time."
Losa was also happy for his brother.
Then, the father and son exchanged glances, Losa with a Bizarre smile, spoke towards the massive figure.
"We can't let Jason's precious items be lost because of some guy, we should send them back to Jason, and luckily these two items are full of longing for their owner, here we also have a perfect sacrifice."
"Of course!"
Losa nodded in agreement.
"No!"
"You can't do this!"



When the last wail vanished, the massive figure turned to ash, and the hockey mask and knife blade disappeared.
The father and son looked at each other.
No smiles.
Nor relief.
Only discontent.
"Father, can time be reversed?"
After a moment of silence, Losa suddenly asked.
"Time reversal? Impossible!"
Losa answered with certainty.
A look of disappointment appeared in Losa's eyes.
"But
"We can return to the past!"
Losa paused and then said.
Immediately, Losa's eyes lit up.

After exchanging another glance, the father and son disappeared on the spot.
The sealed space they were in disappeared as well.
Or rather
Collapsed!
An unanticipatedRoute Collapse.
Just as suddenly as it had appeared.
Its disappearance was also sudden.
It seemed, everything was as if it never existed.
But just before the space completely collapsed, a large, strong figure appeared here.
As soon as he appeared, his overbearing and extremely powerful aura impacted against the collapsing space, causing the collapse to stall.
Waves of fluctuations emanated from this figure.
Chapter 938: People Always Need to Leave Themselves a Way Out!_4
Ripples formed, striking in all directions.
"Jason's scent!"



Tens of thousands of Bone Dragons silently appeared, their bone wings stretched thousands of meters, Black Armored Knights on their backs patrolling the area, and behind them, an endless Undead Army.
Boundless.
Innumerable.
At the center of the Undead Army, inside a palace made entirely of shadows, Dennise sat irritably on a soft sofa.
Still not found!
Jason was clearly located using the Sage's Stone!
Why haven't we found Jason yet!
"Your Majesty, the Queen."
"Please calm your anger!"
"Prince Jason's scent is indeed here, Prince Jason has been here, he just left, we just have to continue searching, and we will certainly find him."
From the shadows, Lederma came out, persuading his queen.
As the Prime Minister, this was his duty.
When the Queen was happy, he was happy.
When the Queen was angry, he was angry.

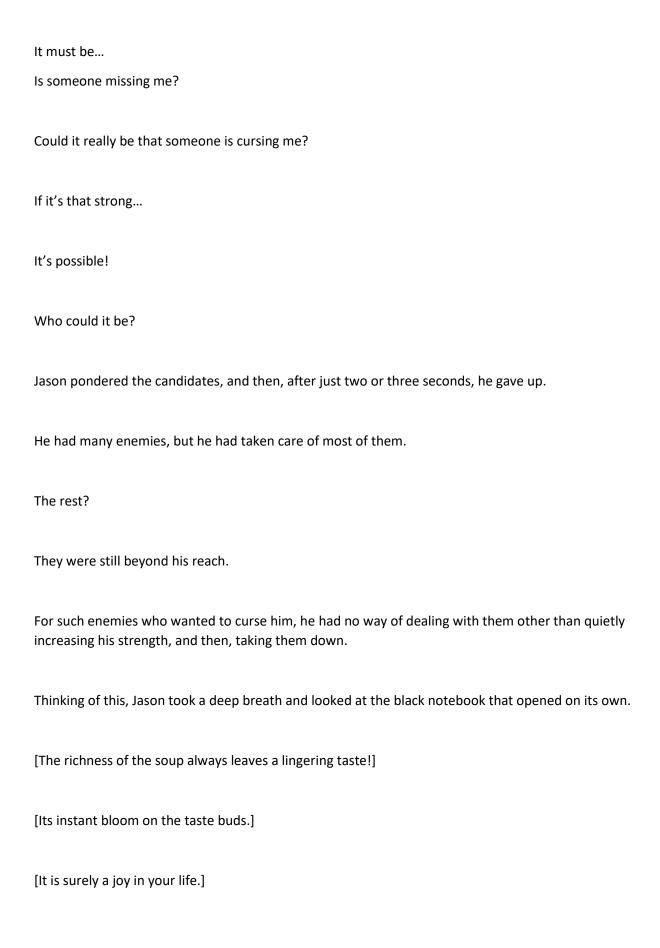
When the Queen was sad, he was sad.
What about governing the realm of the Undead?
Although they had the power to establish a nation no, a dynasty long ago, they follow the will of the Queen, never staying in one place.
"Alright."
"Continue searching for Jason."
Dennise nodded.
At her command, countless Undead set out again.
In the darkness deeper than black, clusters of Soul Fire illuminated everything.
Any beings sensing the presence of this army hurriedly avoided them.
They, they, they observed this army in horror and uttered with trembling voices—
"Undead disaster!"
"Yes, yes
"The Disaster Queen!"

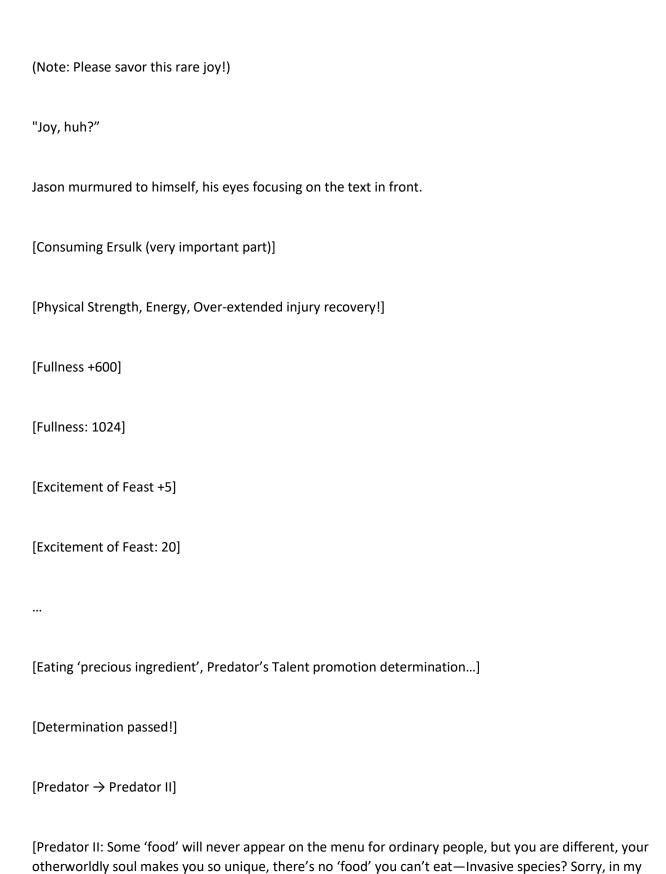
At a time when all beings hastily avoided, in a place between dream and reality.
A fleet was ready to set sail.
Giselle stood there timidly, looking at this haphazardly assembled fleet.
"Can they really fly?"
"Of course!"
"And, they're not just able to fly!"
"They can also travel through dreams!"
"That's the key to finding Jason!"
Evelyn replied.
"Should we tell others?"
The kind Giselle asked.
But immediately, she cried out in pain, clutching her head and squatting down.
It was Evelyn inside her body who had hit her.
"Whom do you want to tell?"

they will surely tell others, those guys have never forgotten to search for Jason, so, only we can know, you don't want those little fairies pestering Jason, do you?"
Evelyn spoke irritably.
"Um."
Giselle weakly nodded.
"Then let's set off!"
"Find Jason!"
"Bring him back to 'Watchdog Pastry House' and live a happy life together!"
With that declaration, Evelyn, controlling the body of the female pastry chef, stepped into the warship.
Then, amid roaring sounds.
The fleet took off.
The next moment, they vanished into the void.
No!
Into the dream!
They advanced in a unique way, searching.

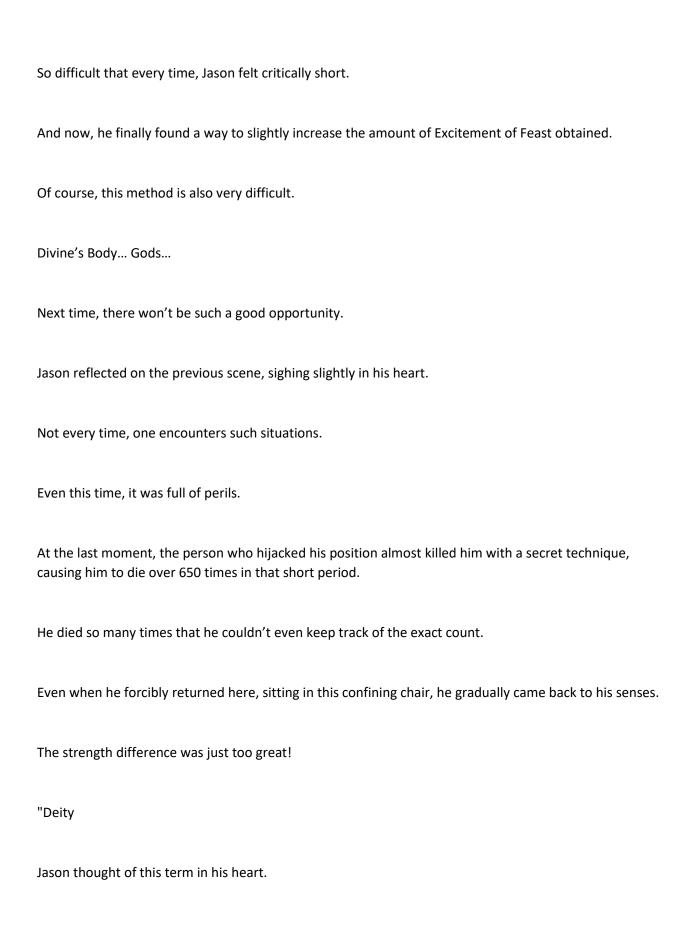
"Jason is ours, no one can intervene, even if you only tell 'Cloak,' 'Bedding No.1,' and 'Bedding No.2,' but

And at this moment, Jason, who had returned to Nightless City, suddenly felt an itch in his nose.
He sneezed uncontrollably.
Achoo!
Achoo!
Achoo!
Three times, loud and clear.
Chapter 939: Transformation!
Sitting in that dimly lit restaurant, his own sneeze still echoed in his ears, Jason was stunned.
The feeling of being confined to the high-backed chair still lingered.
Just like before.
"Do I have a cold?"
Jason thought subconsciously.
But then he denied it.
With his current constitution, it was impossible for him to catch a cold.





terms, they are just endangered species waiting to be eaten! And as you venture further on the path of hunting, you will make better use of the talents you possess; Effect: When you consume 'extraordinary food', you not only gain corresponding fullness, you can complete some incredible feats with fullness, and your gained fullness will slightly increase.]
This is what appeared after Jason fiercely devoured the brain matter of an enormous body.
A large amount of Fullness and Excitement of Feast, this was expected.
But the 'precious ingredient' promoting his foundational [Predator] to advance was unexpected to Jason.
"Slightly increased fullness?"
Jason looked at the introduction for [Predator II Talent], with no confusion.
It can simply be understood that the same food, which provided 10 points of fullness in [Predator], now provides 11 points of fullness in [Predator II].
Naturally, this is cause for surprise!
But the real surprise is what comes after this message.
The first promotion of [Predator] is related to fullness, what about next?
Could it be related to the Excitement of Feast?
It's incredibly difficult to obtain the Excitement of Feast.



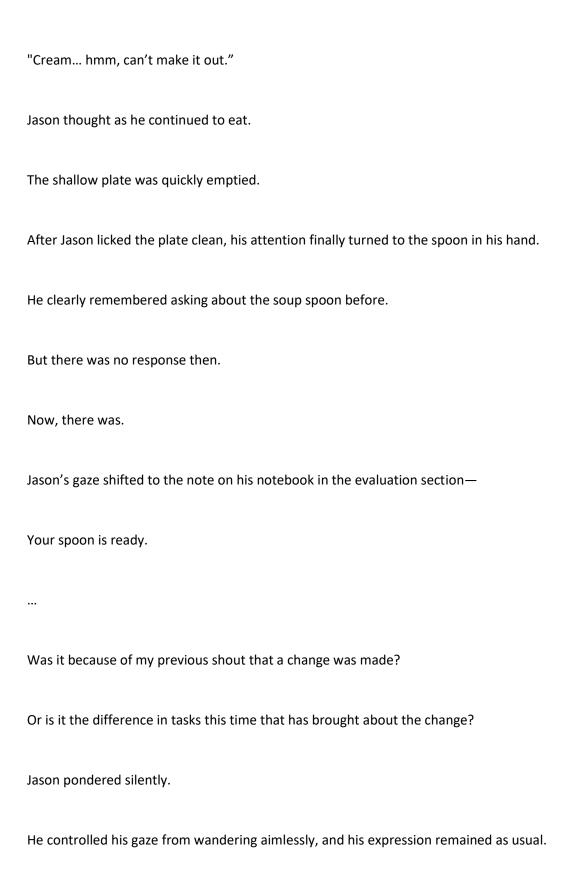
He once again recognized the gap between himself and such beings.
Let alone the deities he knew of.
Even those pseudo-gods, demigods, he was far from being their opponent.
I still need, to keep getting stronger!
Phew!
Jason took a deep breath, his eyes becoming even more resolute.
Setbacks?
Naturally, they existed.
Defeat?
There was a bit of that too.
But he already had a goal.
And Jason had a very good habit, once he set a goal, he would pursue it.
Stubborn?
Defiant?

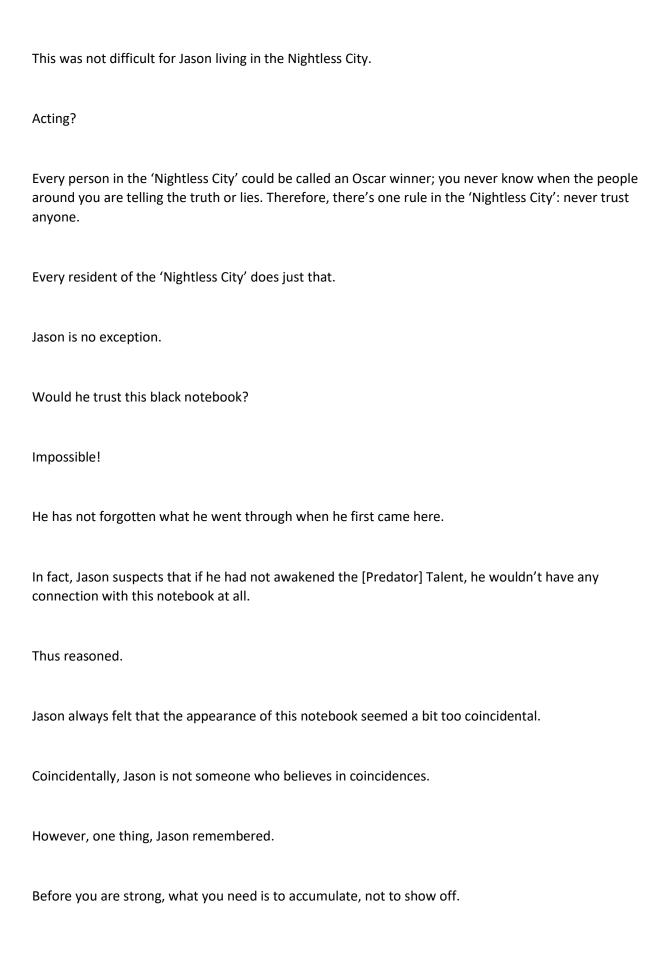
Others wouldn't turn back until they hit the wall!
And Jason?
Even if he hit the wall, he wouldn't turn back!
He would break through the wall and forge his own path.
In front of him, the text on the notebook emerged one by one—
[Main Mission: Excellent!]
[Hunting Performance: Perfect!]
[Cooking Performance: Mediocre!]
[Combat Performance: Excellent!]
[Search Performance: Mediocre!]
[Overall Assessment: Nearly Excellent!]
(Note: Your soup spoon is ready.)
Similar to the performance with 'Beef Soup (Clear Soup)', only the main mission and hunting performances have been swapped.

"To dominate and win the championship is not considered perfect, just excellent?"
"How do I achieve perfect?"
"Surely I can't just flip the table at the start and take down all the Hundred Major Families, right?"
Jason pondered, his gaze fixed on the continuously flickering notebook.
A card mingling black iron and bronze color appeared again.
It had a pattern of [Stomach] on the front.
Jason had seen this pattern before; it was the pattern for [Stomach Strengthening].
And when the card flipped over, it confirmed Jason's memory.
[Stomach Strengthening!]
[Detection: Talent Stomach Strengthening already owned, determination for second strengthening in progress]
Chapter 940: Change!_2
[Judgment passed!]
[Gastrointestinal Enhancement II: Your digestive organs have been enhanced twice, allowing you to break down and absorb food faster and more efficiently. You can eat more and faster than before!]

Gurgle! Gurgle!
Watching the second enhancement appear, Jason's thoughts were interrupted by a bout of growling from his stomach.
Hungry!
Jason felt he could eat ten cows right now, one with each bite.
Especially when an extreme buttery flavor emerged, Jason was almost red-eyed with hunger. On the dining table in front of him, a metal plate with flared edges and a shallow bottom appeared, its flared edges being two sizes larger than a 10-jin watermelon, yet the shallow bottom was only two fingers deep.
A rich white was blooming in the plate, and a long-handled metal soup spoon was overturned, resting on the edge of the plate.
As the sense of constraint vanished after an hour, Jason picked up the spoon.
He scooped up a spoonful and put it in his mouth.
When the salty and creamy flavor began to burst on his taste buds, Jason's eyes lit up.
When the bits of mushroom that were soft and chewy with a hint of crispiness appeared, Jason's eyes brightened even further.
"Mushrooms chopped and deep-fried no, there's no taste of oil, not sautéing either, it's roasted!"

"The whole mushrooms dried out, and after roasting, chopped up!"



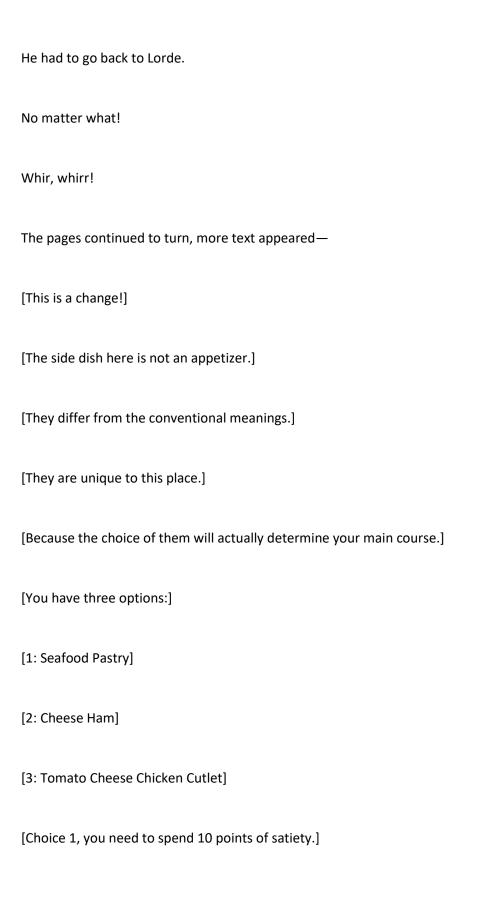


Now he is doing just that.
Facing Lorde's unknown existence, wanting to avenge the old knight, he needs to build up strength.
Facing the unknown existence of the Nightless City, wanting to break free from manipulation, he still needs to build up strength.
Facing the unknown existence after the 'notebook', wanting to find out if it's a coincidence, he continues to need to build up strength.
All in all, he's still too weak.
But, everything is going to get better!
[Tasted an 'Almost Excellent' level 'Creamy Mushroom Soup'!]
[Physical Strength, Spirit, and injuries fully recovered!]
[Attribute points +0.1]

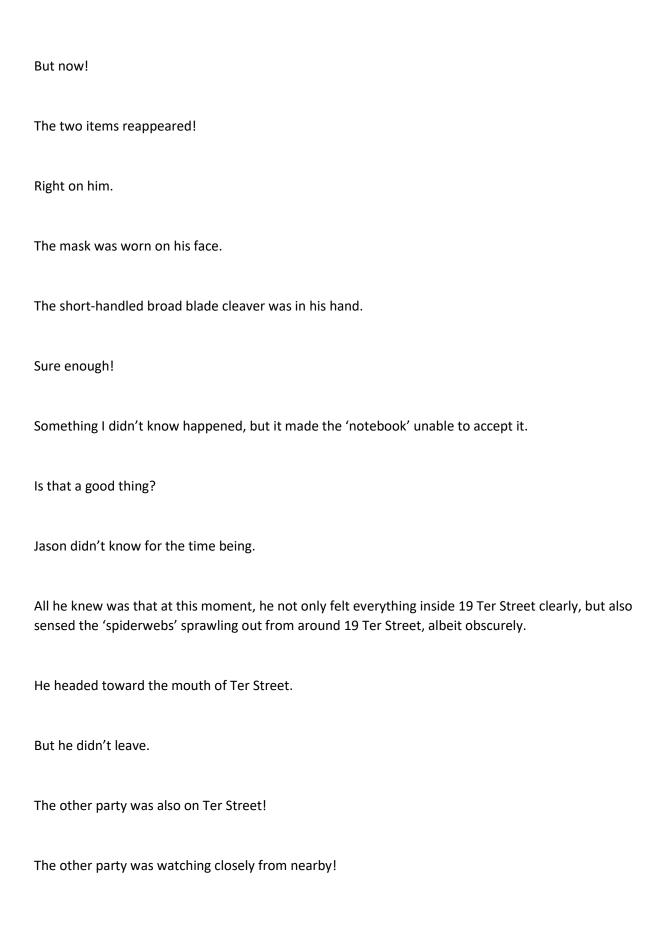
With familiarity increased, Jason's attributes have now changed to—
Strength: 6.5, Agility: 5.7, Constitution: 6.8, Spirit: 4.5, Perception: 8.1

This is a substantial increase from when he first entered the instance.
"Continue! Continue!"
"Keep growing stronger!"
Jason told himself silently in his heart.
His gaze, however, was firmly locked on the black notebook.
The words on it began to change.
[Surprises are always hidden in every dish.]
[But surprise also means change.]
[Not just the dish itself, but also the Taster!]
[Unable to return to the 'Thick Soup' world!]
(Note: 'Crab Meat Salad', 'Fried Meat Crisp Rolls', 'Sparkling Water', 'Beef Soup' worlds cannot be returned to!)
The words on the notebook made Jason frown deeply.
"Cannot return?"

He was taken aback.
This was the first time he had encountered such a situation.
Even in the worlds of 'Bubbly Water' and 'Beef Soup' that had been drastically changed before, he could still return, albeit at a higher cost.
But now, return was impossible!
And it was a chain reaction of impossibilities!
Had something happened that even the 'notebook' couldn't stop?
Or
Had he lost control?
Thinking this, Jason narrowed his eyes.
However, he immediately realized that this action was somewhat obvious.
He flipped through the black notebook again right away.
He was using this behavior to mask himself.
Yet, when he saw that the world of 'Dining Etiquette' belonging to 'Lorde' was still accessible, Jason truly sighed in relief.
At that moment, Jason's expression of relief was genuine.



[Choice 2, you need to spend 11 points of satiety.]
[Choice 3, you need to spend 12 points of satiety.]
(Note: Out of the three special side dishes, you can only pick two.)
Change?
Jason frowned subconsciously.
Ever since he had returned from the world of 'Creamy Mushroom Soup,' the notebook in front of him seemed to be ever changing.
What exactly had happened there?
Jason wondered.
Then, instead of deciding which world to enter right away, he went back to 19 Ter Street first.
He needed to test himself again.
And the instant he returned, Jason noticed his hockey mask and the short-handled broad blade cleaver.
In the final battle before, he could not account for these two beloved items.
So, another reason Jason frowned when he discovered he couldn't return was because of these two items.



Truly like a spider!
They put out so many threads and then silently watched the prey struggle in the 'spiderweb,' while hiding in the dark corners, gradually depleting the prey's physical strength.
What's next?
A lethal strike!
Jason closed his eyes.
The temporary +0.3 perception given by [Blind Fighting] allowed him to grasp the ends of the 'spiderwebs' even more accurately.
But that was as far as it went.
What was inside?
Who was inside?
How many people were inside?
Jason knew none of that.
Jason stood up from the wooden crate, he pretended to move around, circling inside 19 Ter Street, while at the same time, observing the outside—this was a quality every resident of 'Nightless City' should have, not at all abrupt.
Even if Jason's patrol was a bit too frequent, it was the same.

After all this, Jason returned to the wooden crate, pulled over a blanket, and pretended to sleep. With the cover of the blanket, he covertly flipped open the black notebook, just as before.
He chose