

Menu 941

Chapter 941: Full of Doubts

Jason chose [Seafood Puff Pastry].

According to previous experiences, the fullness required to enter the duplicate world generally determines the difficulty, benefits, and so on of the duplicate.

The benefits require personal exploration, with various variables.

But the overall initial difficulty is certain.

Thus, Jason chose the side dish that required the lowest fullness after changes among [Seafood Puff Pastry], [Cheese Ham], and [Tomato Cheese Chicken Chop].

As for trying out the one that required the highest fullness consumption?

That's unthinkable!

After the [Creamy Mushroom Soup], various changes that occurred in the black notebook had made Jason, already cautious, even more vigilant.

Under such wariness, he couldn't possibly take risks.

Especially when there are options.

Life in Nightless City had already made Jason as steady as an old dog.

And then, surviving while holding out!

Next, seeking victory while living!

Staying alive is the top priority.

Only by staying alive can you seek other things.

[The side dish, it's the prelude to the main course.]

[But now it has changed!]

[It retains everything originally.]

[Yet it is different.]

[Reminder: Be cautious of seafood allergies]

...

Following the usual text, a checkmark appeared after [Seafood Puff Pastry].

Then, comes the annotation—

[Background:; Remote suburb, empty streets, abandoned hospital, school, desolate temple, everywhere with lingering footsteps, everywhere with whispers—As a locally known Exorcist, you engage with all these, under the gaze of common people who are either astonished, fearful, or perplexed, completing exorcism after exorcism...]

[Main Mission: Complete 33 exorcisms (0/33)]

[Gain temporary language, disappears automatically when leaving the duplicate]

[Clothes, appearance, equipment temporarily change, automatically recover when leaving the duplicate]

[Detection of no gunpowder weapons]

(Prompt: Please enjoy your appetizer—Seafood Puff Pastry!)

...

Exorcist?

Exorcist?

Jason, looking at the background introduction, unconsciously conjured up some images in his mind.

There are the two brothers hunting demons together, known as the Deadly Duo.

There are also husband and wife performing exorcisms together, in a relatively scientific manner.

And there is charging into battle alone, known as the Pile Driver.

Which kind is he?

Thinking this, Jason's saliva began to unconsciously secrete.

His thoughts cleared gradually, leaving only one idea—

Are those... tasty?

He was a little hungry.

Gurgling!

Amid the growling of his stomach, the scene before Jason shifted.

When everything halted, he found himself in a 'low' room.

The room wasn't truly low, just somewhat so for Jason who was over 2 meters tall, almost like he could touch the cement ceiling by lifting his hand and standing on his toes.

The cement was smoothed out well, a hanging light with a round, white shade hung down, meaning Jason had to tilt his head to pass it unobstructed.

The furniture in the room was even simpler, a black two-seater sofa, a glass coffee table, on the table was a tea set with four cups and a pitcher; beside the sofa was a 1-meter hallway.

At the end of the hallway, there were a coat rack, shoe cabinet, and a door.

Directly opposite the shoe cabinet was a washroom.

Jason turned his head, behind him was a desk, chair, and behind the chair was... a cot.

All four windows were wide open, facing the desk, sofa, and coffee table.

The afternoon sun blazed in, with the cicadas' chirping intensifying the glare of the sunlight.

This was all that Jason could see.

"Not bad."

The simple decor and sunlight were all to Jason's liking.

He walked around to the back of the desk, sat straight down, and began searching throughout the desk.

This was the only place in the room that appeared to contain things.

The desk was large and spacious, could even be used as a bed, on it there was a desk lamp and two notebooks, three pens, with the notebooks having no records, all blank pages, and the pens were black, blue, and red one of each.

The desk had drawers on both sides.

Left from top to bottom, five drawers.

On the right, there was one drawer, the rest of the space was a cabinet door, which when opened, revealed his mask and Broad Blade Cleaver.

He touched the mask and blade with his hand, and the corner of Jason's mouth twitched up.

Having familiar items in an unfamiliar environment, it really relaxed his mood.

Then, he started checking the drawers.

The five drawers on the left yielded nothing.

In the right drawer, he found a wallet and keys, inside the wallet was an ID card.

"Are ID photos always this ugly?"

Looking at the fierce, goosebump-inducing picture on the ID card, Jason frowned.

He was merely rugged looking, why was the picture so frightening.

Inside the wallet were three 100 RMB, two 50 RMB notes, and some change totaling to 31, adding up to 431 RMB.

There was only one key, evidently for here.

"Is this all?"

Jason frowned.

The information before his eyes was even less than expected.

At once, he stood up to search the entire room again.

Quickly, Jason made a discovery.

Under the double sofa, Jason found a box.

A matte material, square, fitting snugly under the sofa, leaving no doubt that much care had gone into choosing the box, the perfect size so even sitting on the sofa one wouldn't feel uncomfortable, if Jason hadn't lifted the sofa to check, it would have been impossible to spot.

He took the box out, it had a combination lock.

Jason listened close to confirm there were no mechanisms inside, then sniffed it, also not detecting any pungent smells like gunpowder or the scent of 'food', and opened the box straightforwardly.

Chapter 942: Perplexing Doubts_2

Slap!

The fragile latch broke apart instantly.

After Jason opened the box, everything inside was laid bare.

A pistol, two full magazines.

Three grenades, and two stacks of cash.

Compared to the previous 431 yuan, these two stacks of 100 yuan bills added up to 20,000 yuan.

"This?"

"Is the Exorcist planning an escape?"

Jason raised an eyebrow.

Weapons or a large amount of cash alone would be conspicuous enough.

But the two together made Jason think of 'escape'.

How could one escape without money and weapons?

Of course, a getaway vehicle was also necessary.

Soon, Jason found a remote car key and a palm-sized notebook in the next layer of the box.

He casually put the car key in his pocket, then placed the weapons and cash back under the sofa, unchanged, and walked back to the desk with the small notebook.

He was currently lacking more information.

Without a doubt, this notebook was the best introduction.

Indeed, it was—

QM198.1.1, Sunny

I completed the Mentor's initial training and became an 'Apprentice' Exorcist. As long as I complete three exorcism missions with the Mentor, I can become an official Exorcist. I'm looking forward to it.

However, the buddies who joined me all failed.

They couldn't become Exorcists and had to join logistics. The idea of fighting side by side with them is now gone.

...

QM198.1.15, Cloudy

I and my Mentor exorcised a ghost that was about to turn into an Evil Spirit.

With the Mentor there, it was easy, and the Evil Spirit was shattered by 'salt bullets'. Everything returned to normal.

I received my share of the reward, bought local drinks, and planned to have a big drink with the buddies in logistics—the drinks were expensive, and I spent all my earnings, but the feeling of drinking together is just too good.

...

QM198.1.22, Breezy

It was an emergency mission, but with the Mentor there, everything was thrilling but safe.

Those damn officials hid the truth until the end, letting a ghost grow almost enough to transform into a Fierce Spirit. If we were any later, there definitely would have been big trouble.

But, the rewards are really generous.

Maybe that's why the Mentor is willing to work with the officials?

I bought more drinks and had a gathering with the buddies.

This time there was quite a surplus, and I bought some cigars too.

Those guys yelled in excitement, got scolded by the dorm manager, but later, old Tom joined in after work, and then, we were all scolded by Miss Jing and punished to clean the toilets.

...

QM198.1.29, Sunny

This was my last mission led by the Mentor before becoming an Exorcist, as always, simple. The Mentor is truly powerful, effortlessly dealing with two Evil Spirits.

Our rewards were even more generous.

Because it was another commission from the officials.

I brought back more drinks, cigars, and enough delicious pastries—the cooking skills of Miss Jing... are indescribable. Although the ingredients are great, but the outcome always gives me the feeling that the ingredients have died in vain.

...

QM198.2.1, Sunny

Today is the day I became an Exorcist.

Everyone is congratulating me, and I'm very happy.

Miss Jing made me a feast—as always, it did not taste good.

Old Tom secretly brought drinks and tastier food at midnight, and everyone partied again, getting caught by Miss Jing and continuing the punishment of cleaning toilets.

...

QM198.2.5, Sunny

First solo mission, not difficult, just a common ghost.

...

QM198.2.7, Sunny

Second solo mission, still a common ghost.

...

QM198.2.11, Windy

Third solo mission, still a common ghost. Am I destined to become a ghostbuster?

...

QM198.5.1, Sunny

After exorcising 50 ghosts, I finally encountered a being worthy of being called an opponent—a Ghoul.

The challenge was greater than I imagined.

But I still completed it.

A Ghoul's teeth and claws can be exchanged for more rewards, I can eat well and finally don't have to endure Miss Jing's cooking anymore.

...

QM198.7.5, Rainy

I got hurt.

Almost, I thought I was going to die.

If it weren't for the timely rescue, I would have died at the hands of that Evil Spirit.

The Mentor handled it with ease, but when I faced it alone, I realized how far behind I still was.

Miss Jing is not gentle enough when treating the wounded, and the food is still hard to swallow.

...

QM198.9.1, Sunny

Truly a disastrous day, just as I had recovered from my injuries, I was injured again.

Evil Spirit again.

But this time, I didn't send out a distress signal, I completed the exorcism alone, just... my injuries were even more severe.

Miss Jing's attitude became even stricter.

But I heard it, Miss Jing's soft crying in the hallway.

She's like a strict mother, not very gentle, but I know Miss Jing wholeheartedly means well for us.

Of course, the fact that her cooking is bad is also true.

...

QM198.9.5, Sunny

Old Tom came to drink with me in the middle of the night, rambling on and on.

He talked about a man's responsibility.

Then, about cherishing life.

Basically, he wanted me to be more careful in the future to avoid getting hurt again, but as an Exorcist, facing monsters, how can one not get hurt?

However, I still thanked old Tom and tipped him off that Miss Jing had found out he was bringing drinks to visit me.

In the end, old Tom's pitiful screams after being beaten by Miss Jing awoke everyone.

...

QM199.2.1, Sunny.

It's been a year since I became an Exorcist.

I've pretty much been lying in infirmary for half of it.

But my strength has visibly grown, as the Mentor says, I've been through the test of life and death and have made great progress.

Chapter 943: Deep Doubts (3)

But, I believe it was the several potions given to me by my mentor that worked.

QM199.4.4, cloudy

Today is the mentor's Birthday, and we prepared gifts to await mentor's return—every year at this time, everyone is at their happiest.

But...

This year what we got was dreadful news.

Our mentor had fallen.

Sacrificed after an attack by some kind of monster.

To this, everyone was in disbelief.

Even more so, I couldn't believe that the mentor who could handle two Evil Spirits without a scratch would die on an ordinary mission.

I need to investigate!

I must seek out the truth!

QM199.5.5, rain

A month has passed, no clues to be found.

But I will not give up!

QM199.10.26, overcast

Someone sent me a secret letter, claiming to know something about the mentor.

I sprung into action immediately.

QM199.10.27, heavy rain

A trap!

It was all a trap!

I got ambushed!

I had an ominous premonition!

I hope everyone is okay!

QM199.10.29, heavy rain

After regaining my ability to move, I immediately returned to the camp.

My bad feeling was confirmed!

The camp had been attacked.

QM199.11.2, overcast

Using connections I made with officials, I gathered old Tom, Miss Jean, and everyone else's bodies and buried them all in the public cemetery.

At that moment, my Xin died.

Because my home was gone.

For the rest of my life, I have but one goal: vengeance!

QM199.11.6, overcast

I fell ill.

Injured and not yet recovered, I lay in bed, expecting to die.

QM199.11.7, cloudy

I've recovered!

Miraculously recovered!

I don't know what happened, but I know I need to continue my quest for revenge!

QM200.1.3, snow

Things are not going well.

Still, I have not found any leads.

But now, someone is watching me.

Seems like someone is interested in how quickly I recovered?

Or...

Are these people my enemies?

QM200.4.4, rain

On the mentor's memorial day, I went to the graveyard.

I was ambushed again.

The eleventh time in these past months.

I have gotten used to it.

What are those people trying to do?

Experiment?

Test out the rumors?

QM200.4.5, rain

Yet another Pyrrhic victory.

I was severely injured.

Death seemed to approach once again.

But I survived, yet again.

QM200.7.2, windy

It has been a week since the last attack, which inexplicably stopped?

What happened?

QM200.10.29, windy

On everyone's memorial day, I came to the graveyard again.

No attack.

But, in front of Miss Jean's tombstone lay a letter.

Want to know the truth?

Go here!

Looking forward to your investigation.

The letter contained a map, marking a narrow country, with a red pen so striking it seemed almost glaring.

QM200.11.1, sunny

The attacks have reemerged!

Again!

It seems like they are trying to stop me from going there!

I must go!

QM200.11.19, snow

I have finally arrived.

But where should I start?

I tried to contact the local Exorcists.

But the exorcists' camp here has already deteriorated, turning into a regular bar.

QM200.12.12, snow

No progress in the investigation.

But, I won't give up.

I'll always find a clue.

QM201.8.6, torrential rain

Finally!

I have found a clue!

But...

I'm about to die!

Not the usual feeling.

But actual death.

So this is it, coming...

...

The diary abruptly ends here.

Jason frowned, looking at the last page with sloppy...no, not sloppy, but utterly frenzied handwriting, tensing the muscles in his upright body.

The handwriting was indeed mad, even frightening.

Just by looking at it, one could feel the hysteria within.

"What happened?"

Jason pondered what the person or the owner of this diary had encountered to end up this way.

According to the beginning of the diary, the person was a well-trained Exorcist.

Possessing considerable strength, his will was Tenacious, and he had some secret techniques for protection.

Such a person shouldn't become maddened.

Unless...

He saw some entity that shouldn't be looked upon?

Or heard some secrets that shouldn't be known?

Jason analyzed it combining his own knowledge.

However, almost immediately, his gaze drifted towards the door.

A few seconds later, a knock on the door echoed.

Thud, thud, thud.

An almost panicked voice came through—

"Excuse me, is this the 'Mask X Cleaver X Flesh' firm?"

Chapter 944: Delivered to Your Door!

Mask X Cleaver X Meat?

Jason was taken aback when he heard this name, then he smirked.

The mask was worn on my face.

The cleaver was held in my hand.

Meat?

Of course, it was my favorite.

I wished I could chew it at all times.

What a great name!

Jason thought to himself, placing his diary next to the cabinet where the mask and cleaver were kept, then stood up and walked towards the door.

The door opened outward.

As Jason pushed the door, the person standing outside suddenly felt overshadowed by a shadow. When they looked up and saw Jason's rugged face, which was actually horrifying, they were startled and retreated in fear.

"Don't, don't come any closer!"

The person said this, then their feet slipped, and they collapsed on the ground, their whole body leaning against the iron railing of the stairs, their head desperately thrown back, as if trying to distance themselves as much as possible from Jason.

Even as the typically neat Mediterranean hairstyle that should have circled around the top of the head, fluttered in the sunlight and breeze amidst such movement.

Jason frowned.

The person in front of him was a middle-aged man, with a face resembling those near his hometown, unremarkable features due to balding, which made him seem prematurely aged. His clothes, however, were clean, and so were his shoes, obviously they had been wiped clean recently.

However, in the person's panic, their clothes were already in disarray and had become dirty.

"Are you looking for me?"

Jason turned his head and pointed to the sign hanging beside the door.

It was called a sign, but in reality, it was just a crude 'posting

Under the wooden door number 'Silver-11-101' was an A4 paper taped on with transparent tape, on which was written: Mask X Cleaver X Meat.

The handwriting was the same as that in the notebook.

It must have been written by him.

Jason thought this, his gaze returning to the middle-aged man.

At this time, the middle-aged man finally calmed down.

The person stood up in a flustered manner, apologetically saying,

"Sorry, sorry."

"It's just that Master Jason, you are so unexpected."

The person addressed him as 'Master', which Jason found slightly awkward.

Such a designation always reminded him of some well-known tricksters back in his hometown who had no real skills.

"You may call me Mister or Sir."

Jason emphasized.

"Understood, Mister Jason, Sir."

The person bowed as they spoke, apologizing again, then, as they straightened up, they took out a white handkerchief to wipe the sweat from their forehead, and deftly wound their fluttering hair back atop their head.

Without a mirror, just by feel, they perfectly circled the hair around the top of their head.

Jason couldn't help but take a second look.

After all, such skill was truly honed through countless practices; without a decade of experience, it was impossible to reach this level.

"I am Ichiro Sakajo."

The person sensed Jason's gaze but maintained their composure as they produced a business card.

Jason took the business card.

The white paper business card read 'ToRei Productions - Director - Ichiro Sakajo'.

Below that was a mobile number and a landline number, and the back of the card was blank.

As Jason took the business card, this middle-aged man named Ichiro Sakajo began speaking—

"Please, Sir Jason, save me, I really have been tormented enough!"

"Every time I fall asleep, that woman's subordinate appears!"

"I have hidden in temples and shrines, but none of it worked, in the end, it was a Master who recommended me to come to you!"

Having said all this in one breath, he looked expectantly at Jason.

By now, Jason could clearly see the person's bloodshot eyes and dark circles.

Undoubtedly, the person really hadn't had proper rest for a long time.

Moreover, the lack of rest over such a long period had affected their logic and aesthetics.

Their speech was disordered, and they completely misunderstood his rough appearance.

"Come in and talk in detail."

Jason said, stepping aside.

Ichiro Sakajo, looking at Jason's bear-like stature, cautiously approached the door while retracting his neck.

"Excuse me."

After saying this, the person truly entered.

However, they only stayed near the hallway.

Because there were no slippers.

Seeing the person looking bewildered, Jason waved his hand, indicating it was alright.

"Come in directly."

Jason said.

"No, no."

"That would be too presumptuous."

"I'll stay right here."

Saying this, the person, standing straight, continued to recount what exactly had happened in the hallway.

As a slightly famous director in the industry, Ichiro Sakajo had always been known for his diligent work, not only having midnight discussions about scripts with actresses but also with actors.

Then, for a scene in a film, Ichiro Sakajo specifically took the crew to a remote scenic area for location shooting.

It was purely for realism, definitely not because the businesses in the area had given a 'please do so fee'.

Nor was it to avoid the hassle of being tracked by paparazzi about the script.

Heaven as the cover, earth as the bed, also had its own appeal.

Under the night breezes, counting stars, humming softly, it always sparked creativity, didn't it?

And with activity, comes dehydration.

Dehydration makes one want to drink.

The businesses in the scenic area were very well-prepared.

They had a full range of tea equipment.

The tea was high-quality green tea.

And the water for brewing tea was spring water.

Sweaty Ichiro Sakajo poured the tea into the cup and was about to drink it all in one gulp when—

A woman's face appeared in the teacup.

Chapter 945: Delivered to Your Door! (2)

This is a very beautiful woman with hair draped over her shoulders, distinct facial contours, fair skin, and a trace of nobility between her brows, obviously not of ordinary human origin.

She is far superior to the actress who just rehearsed the script with him.

The more he looked, the more he liked her.

The more he watched, the more obsessed he became.

Just like that, his mind was about to immerse in it.

By the time he came back to his senses, he didn't know when the tea in his cup had disappeared, and the girl on the water surface had vanished without a trace.

Only an empty teacup remained.

Ichiro Sakajo was disconsolately lost.

Having no choice, to reminisce about the girl just now, he went back to rehearse the script with the actress again.

After all, 'work' always helps people forget.

But afterward, he always thought of this girl, and no matter how busy he was with the script, it was in vain.

Days went by, one after another.

When the shooting was completed, Ichiro Sakajo once again experienced the beauty of nature with the actress, and then, he fell asleep. In his dream, he saw the girl he had been longing for.

He was overjoyed and was about to express his admiration to the girl.

Then...

Three armored and imposing minions appeared beside the girl, brandishing their sheathed long swords at him.

They whipped him furiously.

Smack, crack.

He woke up from the pain.

Upon waking, Ichiro Sakajo discovered in horror, his body was bruised all over.

Even more terrifying, every night thereafter, he was whipped by the three minions of the girl.

No matter how much he pleaded or apologized, it was useless.

Whipping!

Continuous, relentless whipping!

Just two days in, he couldn't take it anymore.

He sought out a high monk, to no avail.

He then found a priest, also to no avail.

However, the high monk informed him about Jason's reputation.

'That is the person who can save you.'

The high monk said this earnestly and sincerely.

So, Ichiro Sakajo came to the 'Mask X Machete X Meat' office, seeking help.

"Please save me."

"I am in too much pain!"

"I'd rather die than endure such whipping every day!"

Ichiro Sakajo sobbed uncontrollably.

Jason nodded.

"Mm, then go die."

Ichiro Sakajo: ???

How is this different from what I imagined?

Could it be...

Right!

Instantly remembering something, Ichiro Sakajo immediately pulled out an envelope from his inner pocket, bowed, and handed it to Jason with both hands.

"This is your payment!"

Immediately, Jason's attention was drawn.

The envelope was thick.

But, that's not the point.

The point is, a faint scent of 'food' was on the envelope.

Moreover, more importantly, a faint scent of 'food' leaked out as Ichiro Sakajo pulled out the envelope.

"What's inside your lining?"

Jason asked directly.

Hearing this, Ichiro Sakajo was not the least bit panicked.

On the contrary, the middle-aged man's face lit up with joy.

"As expected from someone recommended by Master Tongshou Temple, you found it right away!"

While saying this, the other party pulled out the object in his chest.

It was a thickly wrapped item.

After unraveling the silk cloth layer by layer, a small teacup was revealed.

To call it a teacup, it was more like a tea bowl.

Only 5cm in diameter and 3cm in height, the entire piece was white with beautiful crackle patterns, resembling a Ru ware bowl, but not quite like it, and Jason, with no further research, couldn't judge.

However, the faint fragrance on it was something Jason couldn't mistake.

He took the small tea bowl and sniffed it under his nose.

It smelled a bit like milk.

Suppressing the urge to lick it, Jason's gaze turned to Ichiro Sakajo.

The director immediately knelt down cleanly when Jason looked over.

"Please."

He said with the most sincere tone.

Jason frowned, a bit troubled.

If it were in Nightless City at this moment, he would have slain this obviously 'dreggy' man with one stroke of his blade.

Unfortunately, this isn't Nightless City, but a replica world.

Especially since he was posing as an Exorcist.

Then... What should an Exorcist do in this situation?

Jason thought.

Although he had skimmed through what might be 'his own' diary, there wasn't a detailed account of how an Exorcist should accept missions, and Jason didn't know the entire process of the mission.

Whether to take the money directly or after completing the task, or if a deposit was necessary.

As an 'Exorcist', Jason didn't want to reveal any flaws over such trivial matters.

Losing a horseshoe nail could cost a battle.

And Jason's silence made Ichiro Sakajo misunderstand.

This kneeling supervisor spoke louder and with more sincerity.

"I know what I did before was wrong, I am a scum!"

"But I swear! As long as you are willing to help me, I will become a good person!"

"I will be pure-hearted and help those I can help!"

"I will dedicate myself fully and create the best work!"

"Then, I will become a good father, a good husband!"

Amid the loud oath of the other party, the envelope was held up even higher.

Jason slightly frowned and took the envelope.

The other's words gave him room to reconsider.

Emergency was a good excuse.

That's what Jason thought.

After Jason took the envelope, the supervisor respectfully bowed deeply.

"Thank you so much!"

After expressing thanks again, the other party stood up, turned around and left.

He moved fast, as if afraid that Jason would call him back, like a gust of wind rushing out the door, then gently and steadily closed the door for Jason.

When closing the door, the face carried a smile of relief.

Jason glanced at the closed door, then looked at the envelope and tea bowl in his hand.

The envelope contained banknotes, thirty in total.

3000 yuan.

But compared to the teacup, this money was not that tempting.

Jason sniffed and sat on the sofa, carefully observing the 'food' in his hand.

Then, he was about to eat this food in one bite.

However, just as his tongue was about to touch the tea bowl, Jason suddenly thought of something.

He took the kettle from the coffee table and poured water into the teacup.

He wanted to see the girl in the teacup.

Of course, it was nothing inappropriate.

Jason just purely wanted to eat her.

He wanted to see because of the teacup, the other existed.

Or because of her, the teacup existed.

If it's the former, it's nothing to hesitate about, just eat it in one bite.

But if it's the latter?

Then it turns from a snack into a fine meal.

The water slowly poured into the tea bowl.

When the water reached two-thirds of the tea bowl, Jason saw the girl inside.

Just as the client described, very beautiful.

Fair skin, delicate features.

Black and lush hair.

The kind that catches your eye immediately.

The girl in the tea bowl maintained a slight smile.

Until she saw Jason.

An uncontrollable pause.

Then...

There was no more then.

Jason lifted the tea bowl and drank it all.

[Swallowing the girl's water in the cup]

[Physical strength, energy, minor injury recovery!]

[Fullness +1]

[Fullness: 1015]

...

The usual fullness alert as before.

1 point of fullness wasn't surprising for Jason.

It matched the fragrance emanating from the tea bowl.

But the eyes that Jason used to look at the tea bowl shone brightly.

Because!

The fragrance of the tea bowl did not disappear!

After he poured in water, drank it all, and gained 1 fullness point, the fragrance of the tea bowl did not dissipate, in fact... it wasn't even reduced.

Endless?!

Inexhaustible?!

Limitless?!

Immediately, such words appeared in Jason's mind.

He subconsciously poured water into the tea bowl again.

The girl appeared slightly dazed again in front of Jason.

Then, drink.

Pour water.

Drink.

Pour water.

Drink.

Three times in a row, the fragrance of the tea bowl remained unchanged.

Instantly, a smile appeared on Jason's face.

He poured water again.

And this time, just as she appeared, the girl shouted loudly—

"Wait!"

"Don't come over!"

"Help!"

Chapter 946: The Vow That Shouldn't Be Ignored!

Screams, sharp and abnormal.

As if they would tear the eardrums apart.

Even in the chawan, layers of ripples were stirred up.

Beneath the layers upon layers of ripples, that beautiful face became unbelievably bizarre.

Jason frowned slightly.

It was not the appearance of the other that caused this, but he could sense a slight discomfort in his body when the girl in the chawan screamed.

However, it wasn't serious.

With his physical condition, he just needed to take a deep breath, and he was completely recovered.

Without a doubt, this was 'food' putting up resistance.

Jason had no further thoughts about this, was he not going to allow the food to resist a little when he was about to consume it?

He wasn't an unreasonable person.

Thus, he picked up the chawan and once again drank in one gulp.

Then, he continued to pour water.

This time, no figure appeared in the chawan.

But inside the room, a chill began to emerge.

As soon as this trace of chill appeared, it rapidly expanded. Even though it was the height of summer, the room suddenly became as cold as a refrigerator set to quick-freeze mode, the entire room turned exceedingly cold.

Then... the sound of wind.

Whoo!

From weak to strong.

In a flash, it turned into a chilly wind.

A light mist clung to the windows.

Instantly, the sunlight was blocked out.

The entire room dimmed.

But then, it brightened again immediately.

However, not with warm sunshine.

Rather, it was a ghastly, pale green ghost fire.

Cold and bone-chilling.

Casting light on Jason's rugged face, it immediately made him appear extremely fierce.

Especially when Jason opened his mouth.

Whoo!

Another gust of wind.

Much louder than the previous chilly gale.

The air in the whole room flowed towards that open mouth.

Including the three ghost fires flickering in front of Jason, which entered his mouth first.

Then, they were swallowed whole.

Jason didn't like to do it this way.

He wanted to savor each bite of food, but these three highly active ghost fires, once entering his mouth, instantly lost their vitality, turning into what felt like marshmallows - fluffy at first but then tense, before reaching the stomach.

Not that marshmallows don't taste good.

How could food possibly not be delicious?

It's just that, seeing the ghost fires leap, Jason thought he'd be eating popping candy.

[Consumed small ghost fire (X3)]

[Physical Strength, Energy, Minor injuries recovered slightly!]

[Satiety +3 (X3)]

[Satiety: 1028]

...

Smacking his lips, Jason savored the sweet taste.

Then, he poured water again.

The girl in the chawan still did not appear.

Ghost fires did, though.

But as soon as the three pale green ghost fires appeared, they turned into three armored figures.

The armor was that of ancient samurai, very complete, and the faceplates even bore fierce green faces with sharp teeth.

The deep eye sockets gleamed with the color of the ghost fires from before.

The three ghost fires turned into samurai, wordlessly drew their long swords from their waists, and charged at Jason.

Jason frowned.

The three ghost fires turned into samurai were not strong, nor troublesome.

It was just that the ghost fires that turned into samurai no longer had the 'flavor' of food.

This was somewhat unacceptable to Jason.

Therefore, facing the chopping swords, Jason did not hesitate to strike.

His fist, covered with the aura of [Protection Against Evil], struck the three samurai swiftly before their swords could even touch him, and in an instant, the three ghost fires turned into samurai dissipated into ash.

Nothing was left behind.

Not to mention food.

Jason glanced around and continued pouring water into the chawan.

This time, the girl in the chawan appeared again.

"We can talk."

"Mm."

Jason nodded and drained the chawan in one gulp.

"I didn't mean to offend you."

"Mm."

Jason nodded again, continuing to drink in one gulp.

"I had no choice just now, I'm a pitiable person too."

"Mm."

Jason still nodded, still drinking all in one gulp.

"Please let me go."

"Mm."

The girl in the chawan continued to plead, and Jason once again drank it all in a single gulp.

On the fifth time, after Jason continued to pour water into the cup, the girl appeared again.

This time, the girl did not speak but rather frowned doubtfully at Jason.

"Are you brushing me off?"

The girl asked.

Then, without giving Jason a chance to lift his cup.

Crack!

The chawan shattered directly.

Water flowed all over the table from the broken chawan.

The aroma of the food dissipated.

The water that could provide satiety turned into normal water.

Looking at the shattered chawan and the water on the table, Jason twitched his nostrils, confirming this information.

"Did you figure it out?"

Jason was still thinking that he could have another ten or so cups because the girl in the chawan seemed rather unintelligent.

But who knew, she suddenly became aware.

She cleanly severed the connection with the chawan.

"Have you recovered from the initial shock?"

Jason recalled the expression of the girl in the chawan when she first saw him.

It was surprise and fear.

"Has she seen me before? Or is it simply from sensing my aura that she gauged my strength?"

Jason pondered.

If it's because of the aura, it suggests that the girl in the chawan is stronger than expected, with some special strength, and should taste more 'delicious.'

But this is unrealistic!

If the girl in the chawan really had such an ability, she probably would have run away the first time she saw him, and everything that followed would not have happened.

Thinking back now, it seems a bit like...

A probe!

She was trying to test him through her words and actions!

Chapter 947: The Oath That Should Never Be Ignored! (2)

That means the girl in the teacup knows the current him.

As an exorcist with a small reputation in the area, that's pretty normal.

But...

Don't forget this diary!

Recall 'his diary'!

Full of traces arranged by someone else.

It's filled with pursuits, secret investigations, revenge, and the like.

If it were Jason himself, if he really went through all this and sought revenge, he would certainly do so covertly, and not so 'ostentatiously'.

Even ordinary people could find their way to him.

"Indeed more troublesome than I thought!"

Jason was skeptical about the real use of this diary before.

After all, who writes diaries seriously!

Who can write down their innermost thoughts in a diary?

What's written cannot be called innermost thoughts.

Maybe, Jason is judging others by his own standard.

'He' might have other purposes in doing this.

For example: to lure the snake out of the hole.

And according to the end of the diary, 'he' did quite well.

He really drew out the person behind the scenes.

Unfortunately, he also died.

Of course, in Jason's cognition, this 'death' needed to be questioned, just as the content recorded in the notebook, the habitually cautious Jason did not fully believe in what was written in the diary.

Even though, this is the only information he could get in touch with.

But isn't it precisely because of this that 'forgery' seems more valuable?

Thinking of this, Jason's gaze shifted to his main mission.

[Complete 33 exorcisms (0/33)]

...

The incident with the girl in the teacup was not counted as an exorcism.

This is another proof that the other party voluntarily gave up.

It also informed Jason that only a complete elimination would count as a successful 'exorcism'.

But what Jason was more concerned about was the fundamental aspect of the 'main mission'.

No time limits!

In the past tasks, there were time restrictions, more or less.

But this time, in the [Seafood Puff Pastry Box] sub-world, there are no time limits at all.

For Jason, who is in the sub-world, the absence of time limits is really the best news.

Not only can he use more time to plan and gain higher rewards.

Just taking more time to study and practice secret techniques is exciting enough.

Unfortunately, it wasn't like this from the start.

If the time for [Table Manners] at the beginning was without time limits like this, Jason naturally wouldn't be so wary, at most just a bit suspicious, but now after experiencing many sub-worlds, when suddenly there are no limits, Jason's first reaction is to be on alert.

Jason doesn't believe in pie falling from the sky.

As far as he is concerned, if pie falls from the sky, there is only one possibility—

A trap!

Thinking back to the changes in the 'black notebook' after [Creamy Mushroom Soup], Jason stayed silent.

What happened after I left?

Or...

Did something irreversible happen because of me?

To the extent that the 'black notebook' had to make corresponding changes.

And this absence of time limits is to... hold me back?

Reaching this conclusion, Jason couldn't help but lightly tap his fingers on the desk.

He always felt, this conclusion was too one-sided.

He was still missing a key point.

But the information is too scant now.

Scant to the extent that he couldn't make a correct deduction.

Just like the sub-world in front of him.

Eventually, Jason stood up and walked towards the door outside of the room.

He needed to find a newspaper or bring in a TV to understand this world faster.

Of course!

And to patrol!

He needed to patrol around!

He needed to confirm the safety of his surroundings!

Keep in mind, he now has 20 points of Excitement of Feast!

[Protection Against Evil] needs to upgrade from the Unparalleled level to the Transcendent level, which requires 80 points of fullness and 20 points of Excitement of Feast!

He has them all now!

But!

The word Transcendent made Jason even more cautious.

He couldn't guarantee that [Protection Against Evil] reaching the Transcendent level wouldn't cause any particular changes, and as a newcomer who had yet to understand everything, he naturally needed to be cautious.

...

Ichiro Sakajo returned to his office awaiting anxiously.

Across him was a man dressed in a white hunting garment, with flat and long sleeves, draped over red hakama. His hair wasn't tied up, draping over his shoulders and revealing a somewhat handsome face.

"Master, how did it go?"

Ichiro Sakajo asked cautiously.

The man with the handsome face gave a muted laugh.

"It's done!"

"The traces of the Evil Spirit left on your body have vanished!"

After hearing such an answer, Ichiro Sakajo breathed a sigh of relief.

Then, the supervisor bowed respectfully and said,

"I appreciate your help, my lord, but as for Master Tongshou Temple..."

While speaking, the supervisor showed a perfectly timed trace of nervousness.

"Don't worry."

"He won't say anything."

"Or rather..."

"He couldn't possibly know."

The handsome man said and stood up.

His tall figure well surpassed Ichiro Sakajo, yet it didn't seem abrupt, especially his movements, which exuded an indescribable elegance.

Ichiro Sakajo was mesmerized.

"Aren't you staying for a while?"

"We've prepared the finest tuna for dinner!"

Ichiro Sakajo said.

"No need."

The handsome man said and then vanished from Ichiro Sakajo's sight.

Staring in the direction where the figure had disappeared, the supervisor swallowed hard.

He had some ideas.

But this man was not like those minor actors, someone he could manipulate at will.

"What a pity!"

Ichiro Sakajo sighed.

Then, he picked up the phone beside him.

"Hello, it's me."

"Uh-huh."

"Arrange something for me tonight—of course, the best!"

Ichiro Sakajo said, revealing a knowing smile that only men would understand.

As for the promises made to Jason?

The oath taken?

Only a fool would believe those!

It was just a trick to deceive that big oaf!

However, he should still be grateful to that oaf, for he truly helped resolve that incredibly troublesome matter.

Moreover, through this incident, he had formed a connection with that distinguished person.

It couldn't be better!

After this...

He would surely rise to great heights, wouldn't he?

Although he realized that in this affair, he was more than likely just a pawn.

But to be a pawn for that distinguished person...was a tremendous honor!

With this thought, Ichiro Sakajo smiled.

Then he thought of Jason again.

Although he tried to think of him with disdain, the supervisor was still quite afraid of Jason, not just because of his sturdy physique and fierce look, but also because of his power that transcended the mundane.

But, he had the protection of that distinguished person.

Nothing could go wrong!

With this thought, Ichiro Sakajo started humming a tune.

But just then, he suddenly shuddered.

Cold!

Instinctively, Ichiro Sakajo went to turn off the air conditioning.

But, turning his head, Ichiro Sakajo realized that the air conditioner wasn't on at all.

'I'm not fond of air conditioners, these devices that go against nature.'

That was what the distinguished person said when they met.

Naturally, he needed to abide by it.

So, the air conditioner hadn't been on at all.

Then...

Ichiro Sakajo suddenly thought of something.

Whoosh!

At the same moment, a chilly wind blew from behind him.

The supervisor immediately stiffened.

He swallowed nervously.

And then... he ran like the wind!

Look back?

What a joke!

Running was the first priority at a time like this!

Who would be so bold as to look back!

Curiosity?

Curiosity killed the cat!

Ichiro Sakajo ran with all his might, but it was still not fast enough.

For the presence behind him, it was just too slow.

A slender samurai sword pierced through his chest.

Before Ichiro Sakajo could even lower his head, the samurai sword was withdrawn, sweeping across his neck.

Pfft!

Blood gushed out from his chest cavity.

His head rolled to the ground, coming to a stop at the feet of a samurai suit of armor.

Then, the suit of armor picked up the head, turned into a ghostly flame, and disappeared without a trace.

Leaving behind only a headless corpse, continuing to bleed out.

Bright red, glaring.

Chapter 948: The Familiar City, The Strangers

Walking out from the office of "Mask X Machete X Flesh," one only needs to walk down the metallic stairs to see the second-hand electronics store across the street.

"Rock Electronics."

The store sign was like a light box, white as its background color, with black letters.

Its corners were already worn, but it still worked and the owner hadn't replaced it.

Two old washing machines and televisions were set up on both sides of the entrance. Paired with the decrepit sign, there was no sense of incongruity.

The shopkeeper was an elderly man, sitting sideways in a chair inside the store, watching a television placed at the entrance.

The television was a very old color set with a built-in antenna and a convex screen; its display full of snowflakes. Yet the old man was thoroughly engrossed, patting his thigh, clicking his tongue, and staring at the television screen fixated on a pair of legs.

"Good afternoon, Jason."

"Do you need anything?"

The old man greeted Jason in a very natural and enthusiastic manner.

Acquaintance?

Jason frowned secretly.

Meeting acquaintances was what he worried about the most right now.

Having no memories of 'himself,' he could only choose a vague nod.

"I need a television," Jason said.

"A television?"

"Of course! For a single guy like you, even if it's just to ward off loneliness, you should've gotten one by now!"

"How about this one?"

The shopkeeper pointed to the television he was watching and said with a smile, "Received it a week ago, eighty percent new, comes with an antenna, can securely receive five TV channels, and..."

As he spoke, the shopkeeper lowered his voice.

"It's a great match for your profession!"

"Huh?"

Jason looked with surprise at the shopkeeper who eagerly leaned in, cloaked in mystery.

"The former owner said strange things happen with this TV—an inexplicable well appears, and a long-haired woman in white comes out of the well, then slowly climbs out of the TV."

The shopkeeper's voice was hushed, feigning a creepy tone.

As he spoke, the shopkeeper also posed, hands in front of his chest, fluttering up and down, whispering continuously: "I so hate, I so hate..."

Jason merely shrugged his nostrils.

Not a single scent of food.

Thus, Jason looked at the shopkeeper, who was feigning mystery and horror, with a blank expression.

Being stared at by a burly man over 2 meters tall, with a rough-looking face, was absolutely not a pleasant experience.

The shopkeeper felt this too.

Quickly, he started to chuckle dryly under Jason's gaze.

"I heard it from the previous customer," he explained.

"Where is that customer?"

While asking, Jason examined the television in front of him.

For Jason, such a TV was indeed an antique, but learning to tune it and the like couldn't be simpler, because the rotary buttons on it already said everything.

"I don't know."

"Speaking of which, he didn't seem to be from Silver-11 district."

"I've never seen him before."

"Doesn't matter, the paperwork is complete, and there's a department store receipt. There's definitely no issue with the TV's origins."

The shopkeeper pondered but quickly shook his head.

"How much?"

Jason asked after a check.

"200."

The shopkeeper named a price.

"100."

Jason made a counteroffer.

Instantly, the shopkeeper jumped up from his chair.

That spry response definitely was not typical of a white-haired old man.

"How could you do this?"

"Never heard of slashing the price in half before... wait, wait!"

"Don't go!"

Jason paid no mind to the shopkeeper's clamor and turned to leave.

"120!"

"It has to be at least 120!"

"I took it in for 110!"

The shopkeeper blocked Jason, explaining rapidly.

Jason halted, his gaze shifting to a radio inside the store, and finally settling on it.

"120 is okay, and it comes with that," Jason pointed to the radio that was playing news with good sound quality.

"No way! Absolutely not!"

"I can't... We can talk about it."

"Really, let's talk!"

Seeing Jason about to leave again, the shopkeeper interjected once more.

Eventually, Jason acquired a second-hand television and a second-hand radio for the price of 125.

It must have been a price that struck at the shopkeeper's heart.

Using his perception, eight times that of normal people, Jason listened to the shopkeeper's heartbeat while deciding on his offer.

Watching Jason lift the television and radio, the shopkeeper shook his head.

Despite his burly appearance, why was he so good at bargaining?

Shouldn't he have just not haggled and let me make a tidy profit?

As the shopkeeper pondered, he suddenly saw two figures and immediately ducked back into the store.

Urashima briskly followed behind his superior, the officer Ryosuke.

Watching the man's rapid stride, Urashima couldn't help but sigh.

As a senior, this man was not quite up to par; to this day, he hadn't really learned much.

As an officer, he was even less adequate, always acting solo, without mobilizing the proper strength.

Just like with the present case.

The rather famous supervisor, Ichiro Sakajo, was murdered.

Moreover, his head was missing.

According to the investigation, the last person he met was a man named Jason.

The man lived at Silver-11-101 and owned an exorcism agency called "Mask X Machete X Flesh."

Following procedure, he should be the one to come here to inquire and make a record for a man named Jason, not Ryosuke, who was in charge.

Chapter 949: The Familiar City, The Strangers (2)

But how could he, a mere patrol officer, refuse Ryosuke, who is a managing officer?

He hoped that no significant chaos would break out.

Every time Urashima thought of what his superior had done in the past, he couldn't help but pray.

However, things still turned out to be somewhat unexpected.

Ryosuke stopped walking when he was still two meters away from Jason.

Dangerous guy!

When Ryosuke saw Jason, a tremor emanated from deep within him.

It was a feeling he only got when facing a very few individuals.

But among those few, none could evoke such a strong sensation in him as he felt now.

How many people had this guy killed?

Ten?

Twenty?

Ryosuke thought this as his hand instinctively went to his waist.

That's where the gun was.

However, Ryosuke did not draw his weapon.

He was very clear; facing someone like Jason, once guns were drawn, it was truly a fight to the death.

And him?

He wasn't confident in facing Jason.

Even with a gun in hand.

Thinking this, Ryosuke lowered his hand.

If it's pointless, then no need to make futile efforts.

Trying to intimidate a tiger with a stick only serves to anger it.

With that thought, Ryosuke spoke directly.

"I am Detective Ryosuke. I'd like us to talk about Ichiro Sakajo—he's been murdered."

While Ryosuke said this, he continued to stare into Jason's eyes.

However, what made Ryosuke frown was that Jason's eyes were very calm, showing no ripples.

Neither surprise nor panic.

Very bland.

As if it's none of his concern.

Or as if everything was expected.

In fact, that was the case.

Who would believe a scoundrel's oath?

Other people might.

But Jason?

Definitely not.

For Jason, if a scoundrel's oaths were trustworthy, then Thunder Clap wouldn't happen out of the blue.

Are you taking oaths while I get drenched?

Jason wouldn't be such an innocent fool.

As for the death of Ichiro Sakajo?

Jason could guess it was probably the work of that girl in the teahouse.

Given how the other party has subconsciously reacted, she wouldn't sit by and do nothing.

"What do you know?"

Ryosuke stared at Jason and asked.

"I don't know anything."

"I've been here the whole time."

"If you don't believe, you can ask."

Jason answered.

Ryosuke gave Urashima a look, and the young detective immediately sprang into action.

During this time, Jason and Ryosuke didn't just stand by the roadside.

The two walked to the building below "Mask X Machete X Flesh" office, Polar Bear Café.

"What would you like to drink? My treat."

Ryosuke said.

Immediately, Jason took another look at this middle-aged police officer.

Short hair, a lean face with a bit of rigidity as if he had been injured, making his face appear quite fierce, standing straight, seemingly slim but with significant explosive power. Even sitting, his back maintained an optimal posture for exertion.

If Jason hadn't seen his identification, he would have found it hard to believe that someone like Ryosuke could be a police officer.

He seemed more like a thug.

No!

A desperado!

Moreover, some of his habits were also similar to the desperadoes Jason knew.

Even, Jason could smell a hint of Nightless City on him.

Though faint, it was indeed there.

Of course, that was as far as sizing up went.

What Jason was more concerned about was the other's offer... a treat.

"First, ten caramel lattes and twenty scoops of ice cream with pancakes as the base."

Jason's gaze swept over the cafe's signboard menu and he naturally said.

Ryosuke was startled.

So was the cafe owner.

But immediately, the cafe owner sprang into action.

His movements were swift and proficient.

Ryosuke's rigid face became even more rigid.

He always felt that he might have just misspoken.

"Overeating isn't good."

Ryosuke said so.

"True, that's why I usually only eat till seventy percent full."

Jason nodded, his gaze once again returning to the cafe's female owner... and the signboard menu behind her.

"Got steak?"

"Fry me ten portions, seventy percent done."

Jason said.

"Alright, customer."

The female owner replied with a smile.

Although her fluffy, curly hair covered the corners of her eyes and most of her nose, her smile bloomed beautifully when her lips turned up.

Beneath such a smile, even her all-black attire, filled with a sense of gloom, seemed to brighten up.

Ryosuke's face, however, stiffened even more.

This middle-aged detective wanted to say something more, but wisely chose to shut up upon seeing Jason excitedly eyeing the cafe's photo menu.

In fact, Ryosuke couldn't help but want to get up and leave.

He could now be certain that Jason had absolutely nothing to do with Ichiro Sakajo's death.

After all, no murderer would 'extort' a meal from a cop like Jason did... well, just a meal, only a meal.

Ryosuke touched his wallet, silently reminding himself.

While the owner was preparing, Urashima came back.

"Sir, I've investigated clearly!"

"Mr. Jason has been at Silver-11 district all along!"

"Owners of the octopus balls shop, sticky rice balls shop, imagawayaki shop, and taiyaki shop on the street can all vouch for Mr. Jason!"

Urashima replied earnestly.

"Got it."

Hearing his subordinate's report, Ryosuke felt somewhat disheartened.

This is your 70% full?

Then, he quickly walked to the counter.

"Do you need anything else?"

"You can directly tell me."

The female owner responded with a smile.

"No, I'd like to check out."

Ryosuke took out his wallet.

If I stay any longer, I'd really end up staying here to wash dishes.

The smell of the dishwashing detergent... It's just unbearable.

"The total comes to 271 yuan."

The female owner announced the price.

"Is there no discount?"

Ryosuke, holding his wallet, struggled to ask.

"No."

"If you don't have enough cash, you can withdraw money; there's a bank nearby."

The female owner pointed outside with a smile.

Only her eyes, covered by the hair, sparkled with an inexplicable glow.

Even the hair couldn't hide it.

Ryosuke knew this kind of glow well.

It was a vigilant glow!

Was she worried about him... dining and dashing?

How could that be!

I, Ryosuke, would definitely not do such a thing.

"No need."

Ryosuke spoke solemnly, then turned his head to look at Urashima.

"Urashima, you pay first. When I get my paycheck, I'll pay you back."

After speaking, Ryosuke strode out.

Even as he passed by Jason, he didn't stop; on the contrary, he walked even faster.

The female owner glanced at Ryosuke's retreating figure, then her gaze locked onto the bewildered Urashima.

"Customer?"

"Is there a problem?"

"Do I need to call the police?"

The owner hinted suggestively to Urashima.

"No need, I'll... I'll pay, is there an invoice?"

Urashima subconsciously wanted to say he was a police officer, but he felt it would be embarrassing to say, so he abruptly swallowed his words, then started to struggle.

Like a fish out of water, he opened his mouth, gasping for air.

But...

There was no oxygen.

Only pain.

Urashima also felt the pain for his wallet.

As a bachelor, he needed to save money to get married.

Thus, an invoice was a must.

It was the proof of Ryosuke borrowing money.

He wasn't worried that Ryosuke would fail to return the money, as his senior and superior, Ryosuke was creditworthy in this regard; he was just worried it might not be his turn.

Exactly.

Ryosuke was the sort of man living paycheck to paycheck.

Payday was repayment day.

Instantly drained.

Therefore, constant reminders were necessary.

"Yes."

The owner said.

This made Urashima sigh in relief.

Unlike Ryosuke's departure, Urashima bowed to Jason before leaving.

Then, it was time for the owner to serve the dishes.

Coffee, ice cream, steak.

Jason ate with great enjoyment.

Skills?

Not bad.

At least much better than his own.

Watching Jason devour his meal, the owner sat directly opposite Jason and asked with a familiar tone—

"How about the thing you promised me?"

Chapter 950: The Missing Sister

"How is the matter you promised me going?"

Hearing the café owner's words like this, Jason continued to eat voraciously on the surface, but deep down, he was quickly contemplating.

Another acquaintance!

And one even more troublesome than the owner of the appliance store!

Clearly, the owner of the appliance store was merely a nodding acquaintance, not familiar with his 'identity'.

But what about the female owner in front of him?

She should be quite familiar.

Not just from the words just now, but also because they were neighbors living one above the other.

How should he respond so as not to reveal any flaws?

Jason's thoughts were racing, yet his eating pace was getting even faster.

Delay!

Or rather, to wait.

Although not the best choice, it was Jason's safest bet.

Fortunately, the food in front of him made this 'excuse' seem quite legitimate and reasonable.

Watching Jason eating mouthful by mouthful, the female café owner frowned, unconsciously opened her mouth to speak, but ultimately said nothing and just turned back to the bar. She then took out a piece of paper from a drawer on the side of the bar and approached again.

She placed the paper on the table and stared at Jason.

The paper was filled with text, essentially stating that Jason accepted the commission from café owner Hui Lijing to find her sister Hui Lixiang, and as a reward, the second floor of White Bear Café would be rented to Jason free of charge for one year.

At the bottom were signatures and handprints from both parties.

"You're not thinking of welching, are you?"

The female owner asked, staring intently at Jason.

"Information!"

"I need more information!"

Jason said, chewing his food with his speech slightly unclear.

He did not go along with the question.

Without knowing the specifics, going along with the owner's words would only make him fall into her rhythm, something that Jason definitely did not want to happen.

Therefore, Jason started counter-asking.

This made Hui Lijing frown.

"I've told you everything I know!"

The female owner emphasized.

"But that doesn't prevent me from asking again."

Jason replied.

The woman's frown deepened.

"Do you suspect I have something to do with my sister's disappearance?"

Hui Lijing raised her voice a notch, sounding very angry.

This scene seemed strangely familiar.

Similar settings, similar situations, which made Jason instinctively think of the female pastry chef.

However, even if he was feeling nostalgic inside, Jason remained wisely silent at this moment.

At this time, saying anything was redundant, and it was better to let Hui Lijing come to her own conclusions.

After all, what one comes to realize on their own is what they will acknowledge and prefer to see.

Whether or not the sister's disappearance had anything to do with her, Hui Lijing would show some form of reaction at this time.

This was one of the little tricks Jason had learned in Nightless City.

Or rather, a necessary survival skill.

There, every resident of Nightless City had similar skills, it was just the way they manifested them that varied—some habitually used words, others actions, and many simply with a look or expression could pressure someone into divulging more information.

Jason?

As a 'postman', he did not need to do so.

He just had to do his job well and then, keep silent.

Those employers would always end up revealing more on their own.

Of course, most of the time, he definitely would not stare at someone's hairline.

Although doing so might yield more information, more likely it would result in facing a barrage head-on.

At this moment, Jason chose silence.

After several quick breaths, Hui Lijing calmed down.

"I knew it, choosing you was a terrible mistake, if I still had my detective license, I could have conducted the investigation myself, without needing you at all."

The female owner glared at Jason before speaking.

However, immediately after, she spoke again.

"My sister is the former owner of the White Bear Café, 23 years old, an extremely annoying person who would stop at nothing to get money, and, with a pretty face, very popular amongst some men. At her peak, she dated 11 boyfriends at once. She saved up for the White Bear Café with her own schemes once she reached adulthood."

"Our relationship is very bad, especially since my sister dropped out of high school and ran away from home; for nearly two years, we had no contact. Afterward, me becoming a detective after fulfilling my dream of becoming a barista, we gradually got back in touch. She had a wide network and could always procure some difficult-to-find information, especially evidence of men's infidelity."

"Later, I would occasionally come here to gather information, which my sister would sell to me at a 9.99% discount from the market price, and then take a 0.01% handling fee."

"About two weeks ago, my sister disappeared. I started investigating using every means I could think of, but it wasn't going well, I found nothing, and I don't even know where she disappeared."

"Then you appeared, I must have been out of my mind, thinking that my sister might have encountered something out of the ordinary, that's why I commissioned you."

As she spoke, Hui Lijing glared at Jason, her cheeks puffing up round and angry, like an annoyed pufferfish.