

Menu 101

Chapter 101: Black Cat

Livid mortis, Jason had seen it before.

More than once, in fact.

But!

This was the first time he had seen it on a 'living' person!

According to common sense, this was impossible.

Yet, if corpses could 'come back to life,' what else was impossible?

Without a hint of panic, Jason just sat there quietly in his seat, silently listening as the fat boss, blooming with corpse spots before his eyes, recounted everything about the 'Morson Circus.'

Starting from Morson making his fortune from a bag of gold he stumbled upon by accident, to bullying dwarves within his circus—it seemed like the fat boss knew everything there was to know about Morson.

And as he described Morson more and more, the corpse spots on the fat boss's face also increased.

Until...

Decay!

Pieces of rotten flesh just fell from his face, dropping onto the table, falling into the teacup.

The fat boss, with half of his face rotten, seemingly felt thirsty and casually picked up the cup of tea from the table and drained it. Naturally, the rotten flesh from the teacup that belonged to him was swallowed down by him.

He didn't just swallow it directly but chewed several times before swallowing.

Then, as if the fat boss had discovered an incomparable delicacy, he tore a strip of rotten flesh from his face and extended it towards Jason, saying, "Tastes good, you want to try?"

Jason looked at the rotten flesh that was close at hand.

The stench of decay had already reached his nose.

But Jason was completely indifferent.

Not only was his heart undisturbed, but he also felt like laughing a bit.

Because...

He smelled food.

Beneath the covering stench of decay, the scent of food became increasingly distinct.

He just stared at the fat boss.

Then, unhurriedly, he took out the 'Winchester Brothers' and aimed at the empty space beside him, pulling the trigger.

Bang!

The cluster of bullets fired from the muzzle, like stones thrown into a lake, created ripples. And then the scene before him shattered instantaneously!

The fat boss, who had been holding the rotten flesh, was already fast asleep on the table.

The busy workers were also sprawled out here and there, having succumbed to sleep.

After scanning the room, Jason then looked to the position beside him.

There was a... cicada!

A cicada the size of a fist was curled up at that moment, emitting an enticing fragrance.

Deep-fried!

Upon seeing the cicada, the first thing that popped into Jason's mind were the cooking methods.

What could be more delicious than deep-fried cicadas?

Naturally, with a bit of cumin and chili powder sprinkled on top.

However, now was not the time.

Jason, with considerable willpower, restrained his appetite, then picked up this unexpected food and stuffed it into his pocket before heading towards the backyard.

There is no hatred without reason.

Nor is there love without reason.

Similarly, there is also no 'attack' without reason.

Everything has its cause.

In the backyard, next to the parked carriage, Coachman Peters was confronting a person dressed in a gray-black cloak.

"I can't go back," Peters said.

"My sword will never be drawn against innocent people."

Peters shook his head.

A simple sentence, but it directly struck a nerve in the person wearing the cloak.

“Innocent people?”

“You call those people innocent?”

“Have you forgotten how ‘Cat Hole’ was destroyed?” the cloaked person yelled angrily.

This person grabbed Peters by the collar and shouted even louder:

“Do I need to remind you?”

“It was bombarded continuously with more than a hundred cannons for several hours.”

“That place we called ‘home’ was obliterated right before our eyes, and even the ‘Black Cat’ herself died in that battle trying to protect us.”

“And you?”

“You, the damn successor appointed by ‘Black Cat’, turned into a coward!”

With anger reaching its peak, the man punched Peters in the face.

Bang!

Peters collapsed to the ground.

Then, with no intention of getting up, he just lay there flat, suggesting he would absolutely not fight back.

“Get up!”

“Coward!”

“Draw your sword, I want to duel with you!”

“I want to take back the title of ‘Black Cat’!”

The man drew his short sword.

But Peters remained as he was before.

This fueled the man's rage to its limit, and he thrust the short sword straight at Peters' throat.

Both swift and fierce.

However, just as the tip of the sword touched Peters' throat, it stopped.

The man, sword in hand and eyes hidden beneath the hood of his hat, glared at Peters.

Looking at Peters, who was the picture of calm, the man's anger peaked. He was about to stab his short sword to the side, but at that moment, he felt as if he noticed something.

Just now,

his "little bug" had lost contact.

Subconsciously, the man looked towards the front hall.

A tall, robust figure entered his view.

Step, step step.

Watching the leisurely pace, the man already furious to the extreme, instantly found a better target to vent his anger.

Whoosh!

Agile as a cat, the man flipped over and landed behind Jason, his short sword piercing straight toward Jason's back.

"Stop!"

Peters, who had just appeared serene, flipped to his feet and roared.

But it had no effect whatsoever.

On the contrary, after hearing Peters' words, the man's short sword sped up even more.

Ignoring the short sword aimed at his back, Jason drew his broad-bladed short-handled cleaver and turned with a slash.

The man with the short sword flipped over with agility and dodged Jason's slash, and then, he thrust his sword again toward Jason's back.

Jason?

He remained the same.

Given that he was sufficiently well-fed, against an opponent who was faster and more agile than himself, Jason would certainly not choose a second mode of combat.

The man with the short sword flipped over once more with agility.

However, this time, the man with the short sword did not attack Jason again.

Instead, after creating some distance, he observed Jason with a look of doubtful astonishment.

Tall, robust.

A reckless fighting style.

That's right!

It must be...

“‘Bear Tower’!”

“I didn’t expect someone from ‘Bear Tower’ to have survived.”

“Peters...”

“Is this your plan?”

The man with the short sword said with certainty.

A plan?

What plan do I have?

How come I don’t know about it?

Peters was taken aback.

But before Peters could even speak, the man with the short sword went on, “I admit we’ve chosen different paths, but I don’t think your choice is better than mine. I will continue down my path, and you? Keep the title of ‘Black Cat’ for yourself—I certainly won’t recognize it!”

Then, the man with the short sword turned to look at Jason.

“Sorry, warrior of Bear Tower!”

“I apologize for my rashness!”

“I hope that the next time we meet, we can share a drink in happiness, let the ‘little bug’ be compensation.”

After speaking, the man with the short sword leapt up to the big tree in the courtyard and, with a few bounds, completely disappeared from sight.

Jason was left there, frowning.

'Bear Tower'!

He heard the term once again.

"He..."

"Is he crazy?"

After a moment of silence, Jason asked.

"No."

"He's just young and overthinking," replied Peters, shaking his head.

Then, the two fell into silence.

Neither Jason nor Peters were talkative.

About a minute or two later, Peters thought he ought to say something.

But just as Peters was about to speak, Jason's nostrils began to flare repeatedly.

Peters was stunned.

The next moment!

A faint sound reached Peters' ears.

Suddenly, the coachman with the concealed identity's face went pale.