

## **Menu 102**

Chapter 102: Melody

It was a mesmerizing melody.

Upon hearing it, one could not help but listen intently.

But for Peters, it was as dreadful as snakes and scorpions!

“Block your ears!”

After yelling at Jason, Peters tore off strips of his clothing to plug his ears, then turned around to quickly harness the horses to the carriage.

They had to leave immediately!

Otherwise, they would all die!

He had never imagined that he would encounter such a terrifying existence in Taor.

Or rather...

He had never imagined that such a terrifying existence was still alive!

According to rumors, the other party should have died.

It was precisely because of that death that the ending of the previous era had gradually begun, but... what now?

Doubts continuously emerged in Peters's mind.

But his actions became even swifter.

Jason was equally quick.

Pulling out an ice hockey mask from his chest, he put it on and walked straight out.

Peters's reaction told him that Taor was incredibly dangerous at this moment.

But...

The aroma of food kept penetrating his nose.

A sense of hunger rose from his stomach.

Spreading continuously.

Roaring non-stop.

All of this told him—

He,

could not give up,

these foods!

As for danger?

Where in the world could one gain without working?

Every opportunity, when wasn't it accompanied by danger?

If one always shrank away at the sign of danger, then one day there would be nowhere to retreat!

Moreover, he was already luckier than most people!

Jason glanced at his remaining 8-point satiety.

“Two and a half lives, huh?”

“That’s enough!”

With that thought, Jason also touched the unprocessed food, and the last bit of hesitation in his heart vanished without a trace.

The sound of footsteps made Peters look up.

Watching the determined and unyielding figure, the fake coachman evidently misunderstood something.

“Jason, come back!”

“It’s too late!”

“You can’t save them!”

Peters shouted loudly.

“Meet outside the city gate.”

With no time for further explanations, Jason sprinted towards the first place where the scent of food was coming from.

It was a shop some distance from the ‘Cat Hole Carriage Service’, seemingly a tailor’s shop. As Jason rushed in, he saw the ‘zombified’ customers and shop owner.

However, after firing a shot in the direction where the food scent was strongest, everything before him disappeared.

Just like inside the ‘Cat Hole Carriage Service’, the customers and shop owner in the tailor’s shop all lay unconscious.

Jason bent down to pick up a fist-sized cicada-like creature and put it into his pocket.

Such cicada-like creatures, which could invisibly affect people and draw them into 'dream-like hallucinations', were undoubtedly terrifying.

But as long as one could find where the real body was, the level of danger would plummet.

Because the main body of these cicada-like monsters had no attack power to speak of, and their defense was just average.

Simply put, as long as one could slightly resist this 'dream-like hallucination' and find the location of the cicada-like monster's main body, victory was yours.

And for Jason, this was really too simple.

The persistent aroma entering his nose clearly indicated to Jason where the food was!

The third one!

The fourth one!

On the street where 'Cat Hole Carriage Service' was located, Jason found four cicada-like monsters.

This brought a sense of satisfaction from the bottom of Jason's heart.

How could the taste of frying just one cicada compare to frying a whole pot?

After these cicada-like monsters perished, the unconscious people began to wake up one after another.

Waking up from the nightmare, they looked at each other in bewilderment.

Then, their gazes were involuntarily drawn to Jason.

With his tall, robust figure and the ice hockey mask, Jason was too eye-catching.

By this time, Peters had already rushed out with the carriage.

He looked at the people awakening from the nightmare with bewilderment in their eyes, sighing in his heart.

Because he knew that even though these people had woken up, the chances of them surviving were slim.

'Little bugs' were just an embellishment.

What was really at work was...

That person!

That person he thought of was enough to send shivers down his spine!

But as he watched the tall figure running ahead, Peters felt he should do something.

The next moment—

"Don't want to die!"

"Then run fast!"

A shrill voice echoed from Peters' mouth.



When this voice erupted, even Peters was a bit stunned.

Then, he chuckled mockingly at himself.

Indeed, a coward!

A weakling who just went with the flow!

It was only after being moved that he dared to impulsively shout.

And then—

“Run fast!”

“Head outside the city!”

As Peters urged his horse-drawn carriage to run towards the outskirts of Taor, he shouted at the top of his lungs.

Since he had already shouted once,

Why not see it through to the end?

Even if doing so was of no use, looking at the figure running ahead, he couldn't ignore it any longer and had no excuse not to act.

Previously, he could excuse himself with 'No one else is stepping forward, why should you?'

But now?

With no excuse to shirk responsibility, he might as well go all in!

Jason, thank you!

With gratitude from the bottom of his heart, Peters stood up from the driver's seat, one hand pulling the reins, the other drawing his short sword.

Exiting the city was not easy.

Then...

He would carve out a path for everyone!

'Cat Hole' black cat,

Entering the battle!

...

Some people hesitated, some frowned.

But there were always quick-witted ones among the people!

Indeed, those who could own a shop in the busier areas of Taor were certainly above average, and they quickly realized something was amiss.

Quiet!

Taor was too quiet!

Even though it was the afternoon, Taor should be bustling!

Instead of the current silence, there should be noise!

Immediately, these people no longer hesitated and began to run.

When one person took the lead, others followed.

Soon, everyone started running.

Jason did not pay attention to this; he turned and arrived at the most bustling street in Taor.

‘Escher Street’!

That was the name on the sign at the corner of the road.

And this street was filled with an aroma twice as intense as the one at ‘Char Carriage Firm’.

What surprised Jason even more was that this doubled intensity of the aroma was bursting out from a single point.

Undoubtedly, this must be a 'core'!

Naturally, the danger level was also skyrocketing.

In fact, as soon as Jason appeared at the mouth of this street, that low and soft melody that seemed to drop from the sky abruptly increased by several decibels. Even stuffing his ears had no effect.

Instantly, Jason, who was moving forward, stopped in his tracks.

His body stiffened as he stood there.

The breath of life completely dissipated at that moment.

With Jason's 'death,' the wonderful melody returned to normal.

But,

At the next moment!

Jason was revived!

He charged at the center of the street again.

This time, Jason's speed was much faster than before, like an arrow released from a bow, and an invisible momentum surged around him, as if commanding the charge of thousands of troops...

That's right!

Charge!

It was one of the secret techniques left by the old knight: Charge!

Although it was not fully mastered, it was enough.

In a breath, Jason reached the epicenter of the aroma, and unable to completely control the secret technique, he uncontrollably collided with the food explosion point.

Immediately, ripples layered through the air.

A cicada-like monster, almost human height, was knocked down by Jason, its back caving in from the tremendous impact, twitching a few times before falling silent.

The wonderful melody from the sky paused momentarily,

As if caught off guard by the scene before it.

The sound paused.

But Jason did not pause.

He scooped up the cicada-like monster and turned to run.