

Menu 104

Chapter 104: Hey, Candy Distribution

Hiss!

Just as the gaze of the enormous figure on the light screen shifted their way, the two horses pulling the cart let out a series of neighs before collapsing helplessly to the ground, no longer responding to Peters's tugging in the slightest.

And then...

Peters's entire body trembled.

Cold sweat broke out all over his body.

He gripped his short sword tightly.

Panting, panting.

His heavy breathing couldn't be adjusted, and as Peters lifted his head to gaze at the giant figure behind him, merely catching sight of it out of the corner of his eye left his throat so dry he could not utter a word.

He wanted to warn Jason inside the carriage to be careful.

At least!

Don't come out!

Staying inside, there might still be a slim chance of survival.

But once he came out!

According to rumors about the other's temperament, it really might provoke a reckless strike from them!

But Peters's parched throat only allowed him to make hissing noises that weren't even coherent sentences.

However, that was enough to infuriate the colossal figure on the light screen.

The figure stared directly at Peters.

He snorted coldly.

Pfft!

Peters spat out a mouthful of blood and collapsed to the ground, fainting.

And in the last moment before his faint, he heard a sound—

Creak.

It was the sound of the carriage door opening.

It's over!

This was Peters's last thought before falling into unconsciousness.

The door of the carriage opened.

Jason, wearing a mask, slowly stepped down from the carriage.

It wasn't that he was putting on airs.

But rather, the pressure emanating from that massive figure forced him to walk slowly.

His feet firmly planted on the ground, Jason glanced at the fainted Peters before lifting his head, and suddenly, the enormous figure filled his field of vision.

The increasingly intense sense of oppression made his breathing unstable.

Jason's breathing became as labored as Peters's had been before.

The stark disparity in size was enough to make an ordinary person crumble.

Nervous?

Fear?

He felt both.

Jason experienced them all.

But that didn't stop him from choosing to confront the other.

Because Jason was well aware that he had already caught the other's attention.

Although he was behind the carriage earlier, as soon as the other's gaze fixed on him, Jason felt a heart palpitation instantly, much like when he was eyed by gunmen upon his first arrival in Nightless City.

Restrained, yet full of malice.

Back then, the gunmen's restraint was because of the old man.

Now, the other's restraint was due to the unknown and bizarre occurrence just moments before.

But the essence of the malice was the same.

Given the chance, they would all swallow him whole, bones and all.

Therefore, Jason walked down.

Escaping?

It would only make the other's malice grow stronger.

Who could guarantee that this wasn't just a test by the other?

As for really using the "bizarre" from just moments before to make the other apprehensive?

Jason had no such thought.

Not to mention that he didn't even know what that mysterious bizarre occurrence was, just the consequences of rashly touching any unfamiliar 'bizarre' were more than Jason could bear.

However, Jason didn't mind borrowing a bit of 'bizarre'.

After all, he possessed a 'bizarre' he was somewhat familiar with.

And that!

Was the confidence Jason had while standing before the giant figure on the light screen.

It was what he hoped would make the other reconsider.

Of course, if possible, Jason didn't wish to disturb that 'somewhat familiar' bizarre entity.

But reality is cruel!

Jason could clearly feel the other's fury.

An anger stemming from the audacity he showed by staring directly at them, disregarding their authority.

Boom!

The figure roared furiously, its voice like an explosion, causing ripples to spread across the light screen.

Then, a punch came smashing down!

Even though the fist was within the light screen, the feeling it gave Jason was as if it was smashing down on him directly.

Clearly, the moment the fist within the light screen truly came down, he would be crushed to a pulp.

Even under this strike, he would not die.

But the subsequent attacks?

After the satiety provided by the just ingested larval stage “Nightmare Worm” was depleted, he would die all the same.

To die once or several times.

If there was a choice, Jason would naturally choose...

Not to die!

Isn't it good to be alive?

Why must one die?

But sometimes, you really have no control over it.

Whoosh!

Staring at the huge figure on the screen, Jason took a deep breath, and his voice sounded from behind the mask—

“Do you, want some candy?”

As he said these words, Jason was recalling the Morson Circus in his mind, recalling that little girl, recalling that magnificent, vast, indescribable reflection.

Then, the meaning of the sound began to echo in his ears.

Hum!

The intense tinnitus appeared once again.

Blood continuously gushed from his nostrils, corners of his eyes, and ears.

Jason clenched his teeth, enduring the tremors in his body, refusing to cry out from the excruciating pain of his brain boiling.

And then...

He lifted his right hand laboriously and gave the giant figure on the screen the middle finger.

The giant figure that received Jason's middle finger gesture did not react at all.

The fist that was smashing down froze mid-air.

The giant body began to tremble.

Then, in a breath's time, the giant figure rapidly shrank and disappeared, and with it, the entire screen dissipated.

The pressure was gone.

Jason, who had been resurrected from death, stood there gasping for air.

There were many ways to die.

But the way he had just died was definitely one of the most painful ways Jason knew of.

Especially at this moment, more uncomprehensible, unstructured fragments of knowledge were tumbling in his mind, causing Jason intense headaches, forcing him to lean on the carriage to rest.

Then, when the headache temporarily subsided, a thought couldn't help but arise from the bottom of Jason's heart: If he continued a few more times, would that magnificent, vast, indescribable reflection "take special notice" of him?

It probably would, right?

Jason wasn't too sure.

Because he was certain that he could not guess the thoughts of that magnificent, vast, indescribable reflection with his own ideas.

However, there was one thing Jason could be certain of.

If it happened several more times, he would definitely be driven mad by those incomprehensible pieces of knowledge.

Was it possible to organize and categorize this knowledge into something he could understand?

Jason pondered.

However, Jason, who was only temporarily relieved of his headache, felt pain surge in his head again as he began to ponder.

Hiss!

Jason instinctively took a breath.

In order to alleviate such pain, Jason decided to divert his attention.

And what could be better than food?

Right by the roadside, Jason set up a pot, and a whole block of fat was melted inside it. When the oil began to sizzle, Jason carefully placed the only remaining larval stage “Nightmare Worm,” which had already been prepared, into the pot.

Sizzle!

In the pleasant sound, the “Nightmare Worm” quickly turned golden red.

The mix of oil and meaty aroma went straight up Jason’s nose.

After fishing out the thoroughly fried “Nightmare Worm,” Jason robustly sprinkled cumin and chili on it, disregarding the temperature, and bit into it.

Crunch!

Crunch!

The crisp sound was ceaseless. Compared to eating it raw, the “Nightmare Worm” was now crispy on the outside and soft inside, mixed with a hint of sweet juice, almost like a wafer with cream.

Uh, an enhanced version of ‘Crunchy Shark.’

Jason appraised.

[Consumed Nightmare Worm (Larval Stage)]

[Physical strength and energy moderately restored!]

[Satiety +3]

[Satiety: 12]

...

“The increase in satiety is the same as when eaten raw,”

“So cooking it doesn’t affect the satiety?”

“Or is it that...”

“A certain level of cooking skills is required?”

Jason speculated.

Then, Jason turned his head as if he had realized something.

Peters had awoken.

But Jason's gaze did not linger on Peters, instead, he looked towards a more distant place.