

## Menu 110

### Chapter 110: Reunion at Hans Port

A brief yet enriching sleep left Jason brimming with energy.

He awoke just before dawn, stretched briefly, and once more opened the book Sir Lorde had given him.

This book contained not only information on monsters, secret techniques, and rituals but also a wealth of knowledge and some secrets, essentially a compact encyclopedia of the “Mystical Side” of Lorde.

To face future challenges with greater ease upon his return, Jason did not skimp on time spent reading.

And reading was always a pleasure.

Pleasurable times, however, are fleeting.

As daylight brightened and Peters had replenished their supplies of food and water, Jason, clutching his book, mounted the carriage.

Watching the distant village recede, Jason carefully removed his clothes and leapt off the carriage.

The charge of practice resumed once again.

The situation was much like the previous day.

This time, however, Jason was even harsher on himself.

Because the “Holy Water (broth)” and “Holy Oil (fats)” had been completely depleted.

While the recovery of physical strength and spirit might not be as swift as consuming food directly, the difference between a slow recovery and no recovery at all is profound.

By nightfall, Jason was truly exhausted.

He only left a sliver of energy, just in case.

“Have something to eat.”

“This is the smoked meat I bought in the village.”

“They prepared it for the ‘Harvest Festival’.”

By the campfire, Peters handed over a bowl.

It was a simple meal: rice porridge with smoked meat.

Once the white rice boiled, a bit of smoked meat was added, lending both saltiness and a meaty flavor.

Their staple was the dry food roasting over the campfire.

Corn mixed with bran.

Also purchased from the previous village, they became even crisper after heating on the fire, the porridge softened the dry cakes, preventing them from scratching the throat, also infusing them with hints of salt and meat.

Yet, these were foods that only the lower-class citizens could indulge in during festivals.

Most of the time, bran and wild vegetables were their main sustenance.

Corn was a rarity.

This was all shared with Jason while Peters cooked.

Peters, who ought to have been accustomed to silence, had a reflective look on his face while discussing these matters.

Then, with a shake of his head and a sigh, Peters went to fetch the corn cakes.

At that moment, Jason asked.

“Do you know of monsters like the ‘Nightmare Worm’?”

“Or any similar creatures, do you know of them?”

Jason queried while taking another two corn cakes and serving himself another bowl of porridge.

Jason, already suffering from a lack of firepower, was also unwittingly developing a fullness deficiency.

Whenever he saw his fullness level drop to a single digit, he felt restless.

Especially after running out of “Holy Water” and “Holy Oil,” this fullness deficiency manifested itself even more intensely.

For instance, he was now feeling very hungry.

He wanted to eat more.

“The ‘Nightmare Worm’ is an insect bred using somniferous plants, possessing no offense capability and very low defense, but it can pull people into nightmares through its song. I don’t know how they first appeared, but they became one of the guardians of ‘Cat Hole’ after being discovered by the faction’s previous manager; later, with ‘Cat Hole’s’ destruction, they were bred again by the ‘Revival Society’.”

“As for similar monsters?”

“There are many!”

“The ‘Many-Mouthed Bird,’ ‘Human Face Spider,’ ‘Two-Headed Snake,’ ‘Exploding Mushroom,’ ‘Bomb Pepper,’ ‘Big Bone Swamp Serpent,’ and so on, probably dozens of types.”

Peters didn’t hold back, informing Jason of everything.

This ‘Cat Hole’ Swordsman, who counted monsters on his fingers, failed to notice Jason covertly swallowing his saliva.

“Are any of these creatures present on the way to ‘Hans Port’?”

Jason asked immediately.

Then, he took two more corn cakes and served another bowl of porridge.

“No!”

“Most have been tamed by factions and turned into guardians.”

“But with the extinction of those factions, these guardians have also dispersed. Perhaps someone in the Federation keeps them, but that’s beyond my knowledge.”

“If they are wild, they might exist, but you’d need to venture into the wild lands to find them.”

Peters spoke the truth.

“Is that so?”

Jason felt somewhat disappointed.

He had been hoping to go hunting along the way, which would not only fill his belly but also allow him to complete the 'Night Watcher's' advancement. Knowing from Peters's recent account, the last unfulfilled condition for advancing as a 'Night Watcher': to hunt ten different creatures and be well acquainted with their characteristics, had now become 9/10.

Feeling utterly disappointed, Jason once again reached out for two corn cakes and ladled himself a bowl of porridge.

"However..."

"I know of a rumor."

"But I can't confirm whether it's true or false."

Peters suddenly remembered something but cautioned Jason before sharing it.

"What rumor?"

Jason pressed.

Subsequently, he took the last corn cake in his hand and poured the last of the porridge into his bowl.

“Sea monster!”

“There are rumors of a sea monster at ‘Hans’ Port!”

“Some say it’s a gigantic octopus.”

“Others say it’s a terrifying crocodile.”

“And there are those who say...”

“It’s a dragon!”

Peters related the rumor he knew with utter concentration, and then, he saw Jason trembling all over, swallowing saliva incessantly.

“What’s the matter?”



Peters asked in surprise.

He certainly didn't think Jason, the 'Bärsturm' warrior, was afraid.

Could something have happened?

"Nothing."

"Just a bit hungry."

Jason responded like that and climbed onto the carriage.

Peters looked down at the empty pot and the vanished corn cakes, sinking into deep thought.

He had only eaten a bowl.

He hadn't touched a single corn cake.

Was this what his teacher once said about focusing on food during meals and not talking?

After stirring the campfire a bit, Peters believed his teacher was right.

The journey continued.

With the rumor Peters spoke of, Jason felt even more anticipation for 'Hans' Port.

Their pace was quickening.

One reason was the increasing urgency of time.

The other was Jason's growing familiarity with 'Charge,' which allowed him to sprint great distances at even faster speeds. Peters had no choice but to spur his horse to catch up, although in the end, Jason still fell down, albeit with control, and he wasn't far from mastering it completely now.

When the scent of seawater began to mix with the wind, Jason knew he was getting close to 'Hans' Port.

By noon on the 25th, Jason heard the sound of the waves and saw the port city come into view.

Sheets of white sails merged into one against the azure sea.

Colored rooftops arranged in a haphazard yet harmonious manner lined the foreground.

Seagulls soared over the tall lighthouse.

As the warm sea breeze blew, their pleasing calls followed.

The chill of autumn was instantly dispelled.

“What a delightful city.”

“The Federation’s jewel: Hans Port!”

Peters exclaimed.

Jason did not disagree. Having not seen the sea for a long time, he was captivated, and just as he was about to enter Hans Port to make use of the ample time and taste some local specialties,

an unexpected person appeared before Jason.

Or rather,

an unexpected deceased.

“Good afternoon, Jason~”