

Menu 111

Chapter 111: Wanted

Dennise wore a wide-brimmed straw hat, and the cloth dress she had on was the same one Jason had seen her in before; her shoes were also made of hemp, and in her hands, she carried a leather suitcase.

However, on one side of the suitcase was a mark of Pudding.

Upon seeing Jason again, Dennise waved her arms with a lively smile on her face.

Although she was a deceased, there was an inexplicable sense of vitality about her.

No!

It wasn't just vitality, but rather a robust, abundant energy that came with an inexplicable urge to tear at furniture.

Looking at Dennise, Jason's brow furrowed deeply.

She shouldn't have appeared here.

In Jason's mind, she was supposed to have already gone to the Federation's capital, Golsai, with his parents and siblings by now.

"You're not happy?"

Dennise blinked, and then, with a sense of bravado, said, "I went to the trouble of leading those uniformed guys into Buma Town for you, and you're not happy to see me?"

"Those uniformed guys?"

Jason raised an eyebrow.

Immediately after, Jason thought of something and turned his head to look at Peters.

"Did you use your actual appearance?"

Jason asked.

"Yes."

Peters paused for a moment, then nodded with a bitter expression, saying, "I have an ordinary look, the kind you forget as soon as you see it, so I didn't disguise myself..."

The 'Cat Hole' Swordsman wanted to explain.

But he could only get halfway through his sentence before he stopped.

Because the 'Cat Hole' Swordsman knew that no excuse could cover up his carelessness.

A peaceful life had long dulled his once vigilant heart.

Sigh.

Taking a deep breath, Peters spoke again:

"Don't worry!"

"I won't involve you."

"I'm leaving immediately."

"And..."

“Please, Jason, take the carriage and horses to any cartage at Hans Port; they’ll return them to Boss Delin.”

Having said that, the ‘Cat Hole’ Swordsman prepared to turn and leave.

“I’ve done too many deliveries for others.”

“I don’t like it.”

“Take responsibility for your own stuff.”

Jason said.

He was speaking the truth; he hated the job of a ‘postman’, just as he detested Nightless City.

If he could, he would never do deliveries for anyone else again.

Not in Nightless City, nor anywhere else.

Peters, about to turn away, stopped in his tracks, looking at Jason with a moved expression on his face.

He knew Jason was concerned for his safety.

That was why he had said that.

Men don't wear their concern on their sleeves; they only offer their support through actions.

Even against the encirclement of the entire Federation.

Even if it's a matter of life and death.

They would still choose to support.

This is the romance of men!

Unconsciously, the 'Cat Hole' Swordsman's eyes reddened with emotion.

He had never thought that after such a brief interaction, Jason would go to such lengths for him.

To live and die together!

This was treating him not just as a friend...no, as a partner!

A partner in battle!

Unconsciously Peters clenched his fist tightly.

"I understand."

The 'Cat Hole' Swordsman said so.

You understand again?

Jason glanced at Peters and said no more.

Because he knew anything he said now would be too late.

Since the Federation had already sent people after him, it meant that the commander who took over from Taor had learned everything there was to know about Peters.

That naturally included him, who had hired Peters.

Whether Peters left or not, Jason had already been targeted.

The ones Dennise had “tricked” into Buma Town were just a fraction of the force, a minuscule part compared to the entire Griffin Alliance.

Jason was fairly certain that as soon as he set foot in Hans Port, he would receive a ‘courteous invitation’ from the local Federation forces.

To prove this point was not difficult.

“Dennise.”

Jason spoke.

“Ah?”

Dennise responded foolishly.

To this moment, the undead girl still had no idea what had happened.

She just felt that after she announced that bit of news, the mood around Jason and Peters changed and became different from hers.

Isn't it a good thing to have led the pursuers to that terrifying place?

Why so serious?

With confusion filling her heart, Dennise listened to Jason's next arrangements.

"Go to the notice board in Hans Port and see if there's a wanted notice for Peters."

"Remember!"

"Conceal yourself well."

Jason instructed.

“Okay.”

Dennise nodded naively and took off running towards Hans Port.

“She’ll be okay, right?”

Peters asked.

“She will.”

Jason said confidently.

He was certain that Dennise would complete this task well.

He had seen her ability to conceal herself almost like invisibility.

Enough to deceive most people.

As for the remaining few?

Whether she was hidden or not didn't matter.

Because, he would encounter them sooner or later.

Rather than meet them in unfavorable circumstances, it was better to take the initiative.

"Do you have a place nearby where you can hide?"

Jason turned and asked Peters.

"No."

"But for a cat."

"Any place can be a hiding spot."

Peters, guessing what his companion was planning, laughed.

“Take care of these things.”

“If they’re lost, you’ll owe compensation.”

Jason gestured towards the horses and the carriage, then, after packing up his own belongings, he strode off toward Hans Port.

“Be careful!”

Peters shouted after Jason’s retreating figure.

Jason didn’t reply, but continued striding forward.

The ‘Cat Hole’ Swordsman stood there watching Jason’s back.

Just as firm as when he had seen him in Taor.

Determined!

Resolute!

The heart of the 'Cat Hole' Swordsman, which had been wavering before, began to settle at this moment.

Maybe with his indecisive nature, it was just temporary.

But!

Sometimes, temporary is enough!

Watching that retreating figure, Peters put his hands to his mouth and let out a low—

“Meowww!”

“Meowww!”

“Meowww!”

Each sound varied in pitch but was incredibly prolonged.

Like a horn.

Like a war drum.

Jason heard such cat calls and couldn't help but frown.

That sound was too conspicuous!

It might very well reveal them!

Therefore, he raised his arm and waved it, signaling for Peters to stop.

From Peters's angle, it was a response from his partner.

He stopped.

Suppressing his desire to fight alongside his companion, he turned and led the carriage back the way they had come, to a ravine they had passed earlier—a very suitable place to hide, and he needed to get there quickly.

Then...

He would do some other things.

Hopefully,

They would be useful!

...

Jason hadn't been walking for long before he saw Dennise hurrying towards him, clutching her straw hat.

"Run, run!"

"Peters is wanted!"

The out-of-breath Dennise arrived, speaking hurriedly.

Jason could even feel Dennise's breath; it wasn't foul, nor was it sweet, just like an ordinary person's, as if she were alive.

The 'person' favored by 'Xin'.

Jason thought silently, then asked:

"Is there one for me?"

"No."

After thinking for a moment, Dennise answered.

Jason nodded.

Then, he just stood there, waiting quietly.

Some things...

In the wilderness, are better handled there.