

Menu 115

Chapter 115: Looks Like an Easy Target...?

Malice like knives and swords.

Sharpness, piercing pain.

Jason slightly narrowed his eyes while scanning those who believed they were well hidden, wearing insincere smiles, just like those seemingly innocent people he saw in the Nightless City.

Usually timid.

But when there was profit to be made, they would pounce like jackals, clamping down and not letting go until they had viciously torn a piece of flesh from you.

The earlier Jason, encountering such people, was always at a loss, even losing out twice.

And now?

He knew exactly what he should do.

“It’s so hot in Hans Port.”

Jason said this.

As he spoke, he took off his coat.

Hidden beneath the coat, a wide-bladed hatchet, ‘Winchester Brothers,’ MF92, UZ submachine gun, and Mark M1 were all revealed.

Suddenly, the atmosphere congealed.

Malice receded like the tide.

Gerard looked at his cousin, full of weapons, with some surprise.

Then he smiled.

The master of the port did not think there was anything excessive about it.

After all, he felt no affection for these relatives either.

If it hadn't been for his mother's insistence, he would not have invited any of them, with the exception of his cousin.

In his memory, these people were just individuals with names, barely remembered, some he had only just heard of.

Dennise also wore a look of surprise.

However, the motivation of the girl from the afterlife was different.

She was curious about how Jason managed to hide so many weapons on his body.

Wasn't it uncomfortable?

And...

What about when he went to the bathroom?

Subconsciously, the girl from the afterlife wanted to ask aloud.

But seeing Jason's glance, full of an intimidating air, she prudently shut her mouth.

Well, no asking now.

She would inquire quietly later.

The girl from the afterlife thought to herself.

Afterward, everything became quite peaceful.

After some simple exchange of pleasantries and introductions, everyone dispersed.

Gerard, with Jason and Dennise in tow, walked towards their respective rooms.

They were located on the fourth floor within the five-story main building, the fifth floor of which belonged to Gerard; his mother had already moved to another residence.

The first floor housed the servant's quarters, including those for male and female butlers and guards.

The second was for guest rooms, filled with relatives.

The third housed a banquet hall where Gerard's wedding would take place.

The fourth floor was reserved for important guests, a status that now applied to Jason and Dennise's accommodations.

"This room is yours, Jason."

"Dennise, your room is next door."

Gerard introduced, and then, while Dennise was distracted, he whispered to Jason, "Pay attention to the small door in the room."

Then, he flashed a knowing smile between men.

"You guys rest for a bit."

"At dinner time, I'll have the Butler call you."

After speaking, Gerard headed towards the fifth floor.

As he ascended the stairs, Gerard gave Jason an encouraging gesture.

Jason raised an eyebrow and turned to enter his room.

Big!

That was Jason's first impression, followed by: Opulence!

Under the huge crystal chandelier in the spacious hall, there stood coffee tables, sofas, and a neat fireplace without a speck of dust, with a painting of a sailing ship above it.

Stepping on the thick carpet gave the sensation that one might sink into it.

At the entrance, there was a shoe cabinet and a coat rack.

After hanging up his coat, Jason checked the room bit by bit.

The hall, bedroom, study, separate bathroom, and one room was an entertainment room with a pool table and a liquor cabinet.

Gerard's mentioned small door was in the bedroom.

Before Jason could open the door to inspect it, it swung open.

An exhilarated Dennise ran in.

"Hey!"

"Your bedroom is even bigger than mine?"

"But the wardrobe isn't as big as mine!"

"And the view is really nice, too!"

"From here, you can actually see the beachfront!"

Dennise ran around Jason's bedroom carefreely.

Jason grabbed the back of Dennise's neck in one swift motion.

"Go back to your room."

"Without my permission, you're not allowed over here."

"And..."

"Write to your parents again to inform them that you're safe."

Having said that, Jason threw Dennise away and then forcefully shut the bedroom door and locked it.

After pondering for a moment, he also moved the nightstand over, propping it against the door.

Once all this was done, Jason heard knocking at the door.

"Jason, let's go to the beach together!"

"It's so beautiful there!"

The vibrant voice of Dennise rang out.

“I’m not going.”

Jason said briskly and turned to walk towards the study in the guest room.

He had discovered many books there while exploring earlier.

Not expecting to find any secret techniques or rare accounts, Jason merely needed some books that ordinary people could read, as he needed them to understand this world better.

After several more knocks on the door, there was no further sound.

Meanwhile, Dennise’s cheerful footsteps echoed in the hallway.

Clearly, Jason’s rejection hadn’t dampened the spirit of the deceased girl.

Or maybe it had.

But...

She just forgot about it the moment she turned her head.

At this moment, all that remained was her anticipation for the seafront.

Declining the company of the guard, Dennise hopped happily towards the beach.

When the sand filled her shoes, Dennise readily took them off and walked barefoot on the beach, her footprints soon trailing along the sands, many disappearing into the sea.

Her joyful laughter was a constant presence along the afternoon beach, accompanied by the waves.

“Castle~ Castle~”

Dennise had long wanted to build a castle on the sand.

Unfortunately, she was too poor to afford the travel expenses.

However, even if she could afford it, she would probably have spent it on novels anyway.

Therefore, Dennise cherished this 'free' opportunity immensely.

And so, she carefully constructed her castle.

However, it was clear that Dennise lacked the talent for it. She wanted a castle with a spire, but no matter how she tried, what she built resembled a squat cylinder.

Dennise crouched there, lips involuntarily puckering in disappointment.

She had tried her hardest.

Yet she had not succeeded.

She had even planned to show it off to Jason.

But such a castle would surely...

While Dennise was contemplating how to make changes, a foot abruptly stomped down, instantly turning the ugly castle into a pile of sand.

The owner of the foot slowly retracted it.

With arms crossed, they looked down disdainfully at Dennise crouched on the ground.

“Sorry about that.”

“Didn’t see you playing with the sand here.”

With an apology devoid of sincerity, the person laughed lightly.

The two women following behind also started to mock her.

“How childish, still playing with sand at her age.”

“Look at that ugly straw hat, she must have woven it herself.”

“And that cloth skirt and hemp shoes, who knows how long she’s worn them.”

“I really don’t know how she got into Lord Gerard’s mansion, to even be housed on the fourth floor.”

Amidst their malicious words, jealousy was apparent.

Dennise looked at the three individuals.

She seemed to remember them.

They were apparently Jason’s relatives.

Jason disliked them immensely.

Dennise slowly stood up, and the three girls immediately surrounded her.

They didn’t want it to end just there.

Coincidentally, neither did Dennise.

Creak, creak.

Amidst the groaning of bones, Dennise's body twisted continuously, her intact figure distorting with each breath until it became fragmented, the white dress drenched in blood.

Her head drooped slightly, her bound hair coming undone and cascading in front of her, revealing only one bloodshot eye as she stared intently at the three.