

## Menu 122

Chapter 122: Bone Broth Noodles Pre-Ordering...

You're too ugly!

Too ugly!

Ugly!

Ugly!

...

Dennise's crisp voice echoed through the embassy hall, as the knight within the giant painting had his hand frozen midair, and the air itself seemed to solidify at this moment.

Huff, huff.

Heavy breathing rose as the knight's body trembled repeatedly, and blood sprayed from his blurred face as if he were spewing blood.

Then, in anger, he drew his long sword, about to stab Dennise from within the painting.

But a broad-bladed, short-handled machete was faster.

Schlick!

A top-down slash directly split the giant painting in two.

The knight's figure in the painting trembled a few times, then lost its liveliness.

But,

it wasn't over.

The attendants standing behind the knight caught fire at this moment. They raised their heads, looking over the canvas at Jason and Dennise hiding behind him, as grimaces gradually emerged within their hollow eyes.

Then, they reached out their hands.

Schlick, schlick.

They were like air currents, yet pitch black.

As if they were branches, or perhaps vines.

As soon as these hands appeared, they surged toward Jason and Dennise in layers upon layers.

Bang!

Creak, creak!

Bang!

The Winchester Brothers fired two shots in succession, but the bullets passed right through these hands, utterly ineffective. Without hesitation, Jason released the grip of his gun and rapidly completed a hand seal, about to activate "Protection Against Evil".

Whoosh!

Flame!

A fierce red flame appeared out of nowhere over the pitch-black hands.

Sss!

In an instant, all the hands were scorched.

Along with that giant oil painting.

Tap, tap tap.

Gerard walked over, with flames still burning on his left palm. Even at a slight distance, Jason could still feel the high temperature of the flame.

But, to Gerard, it seemed to be non-existent.

“One of the secret techniques I have mastered.”

“If you want to learn, I’ll teach you afterward,” Gerard said with a smile to his cousin. Then he looked down at the ashes on the ground and his face instantaneously darkened.

He certainly recognized what had just transpired.

A Painting Charm!

A favorite trick of marsh witches.

To seal an Evil Spirit within a painting, lure ordinary people inside, and use them as nourishment.

However, a normal Painting Charm is not adept at attacking, yet this Painting Charm...

Bowing his head, Gerard was deep in thought.

The surrounding attendants had already encircled the place, and after confirming Gerard was unharmed, they began to search around.

Perhaps the chances of finding an enemy were slim.

But it was better than doing nothing at all.

Gerard, regaining his composure, started explaining to Jason.

“This is a Painting Charm,”

“Capable of luring others.”

“But this is the first time I’ve seen someone able to resist its lure, and even make it backfire on the charmer!”

As he spoke, Gerard looked at Dennise, admiration flashing continuously in his eyes.

Dennise just scratched the back of her head, unsure how to respond.

She was nothing but a skeletal frame, where was the need to resist its temptation?

If she wasn’t worried about not being able to beat it, she would’ve torn that painting apart long ago.

Jason, seeing Dennise’s reaction, began to guess.

Painting Charm, skilled in beguiling the mind, should typically be immensely powerful.

Unfortunately, it chose the wrong target.

The dead don't have a heart.

Though Dennise was not like the ordinary dead.

Some truths remained the same.

Toxins, illusions, ineffective against her.

Having confirmed this, Jason turned his head to look at Gerard.

"You want to ask who hung this painting up here?"

"It was me."

"About five years ago, I hung it up here."

"The person in the painting... is also me."

Gerard didn't wait for Jason to ask and simply said it outright.

"That was after a hunt when the artist captured my likeness."

"The protection on that hunt was not bad."

"I hunted down an Earth Dragon and a Flying Dragon... What is it, Jason?"

While Gerard was speaking, he noticed his cousin swallowing repeatedly.

"It's nothing."

"I didn't eat much dinner, I'm a bit hungry."

"Are the Earth Dragon and Flying Dragon also in your collection room?"

Jason asked, hopeful.

“How could that be!”

“Their sizes are too large!”

“Apart from the useful materials, only the bones were left, which I’ve collected and stored in the collection room!”

Bone broth noodles!

Garnished with some green onion, coriander, and topped with a couple of poached eggs!

Unconsciously, Jason’s thoughts drifted far away.

Gerard, seeing his cousin preoccupied, felt a tightening in his heart.

The influence caused by Taor was greater than he had imagined!

Damn ‘new maggots’!

The ruler of Hans Port blamed all these anomalies on the Federation government, and had already resolved to invite several 'Mystical Side' doctors to treat his cousin as soon as possible.

Because he was very clear.

The longer such matters were dragged out, the less advantageous it became.

"Jason, do you need to rest for a while?"

Gerard asked with concern, then gave Dennise a look.

He signaled to Dennise to take Jason to the carriage to rest.

Dennise saw it, but... didn't understand.

Jason briskly waved his hand.

"It's alright."

"I'm very curious about what's happening here."

Of course, Jason couldn't leave.

Because the scent of food was becoming increasingly rich.

The next moment, 'Fort Swallow's key figure Dres and a young man came out.

They appeared to walk shoulder to shoulder, but in reality, Dres was a step behind the young man.

The young man was dressed in a deep blue coat, a red vest, a white shirt, and trousers the same color as the coat. Two white socks secured his trouser legs up to his calves, and his black leather shoes were clean and shining.

As they approached, a fragrance wafted over.

It wasn't just the smell of perfume.

There was also the scent of face powder.

Hmm...

Jason took a serious look, noting that the other party had also applied lipstick.

Beneath the intense mix of scents, the aroma of the food seemed to be obscured.

It faded with the wind's breath.

"It's not him."

"But he was in contact with the food just now."

"Is it that Carol Klara?"

Jason speculated.

But the Duke's eldest son, having been apprised of what had just happened, cried out in alarm.

"Good heavens!"

“The painting actually hid a Painted Creature?!”

The Duke’s eldest son pulled out a handkerchief to cover his mouth, his face showing horror, then he furrowed his brows and asked, “Lord Gerard, do you know how it appeared here?”

Such words caused Jason to frown in secret.

It seemed as if he was accusing Gerard.

Although the embassy had seen such incidents and Gerard bore some negligence, the other party, having resided here for some time, clearly had more suspicion.

However, ‘Fort Swallow,’ which was keen on the union, shouldn’t speak like this.

While waiting just now, Dennise ran about erratically, and Jason had been listening to a more detailed introduction of ‘Fort Swallow’ from Gerard.

As Jason was puzzled, a smell of blood suddenly filled the air.

Everyone looked towards the direction from which the scent of blood was emanating—

Blood was streaming continuously from the nose of the Duke's son.

The white handkerchief had already turned red.

Blood began to flow from his eyes and ears as well.

But he was completely unaware.

Clutching the bloodied handkerchief and with a face covered in blood, he revealed a restrained smile.

"Is there something wrong with me?"