

Menu 137

Chapter 137: Infinite Ingenious Uses

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Crash!

Wooden wall fragments scattered in all directions.

Jason, having dragged Raymond out of the room, pressed him to the ground before Raymond could react.

Thud!

Raymond's head hit the ground, his eyes rolled back, and he passed out.

Jason let go of his right hand and, without even glancing at the deeply indented forehead and cheeks of Raymond due to the excessive pressure, headed straight towards the smell of food.

Very soon, the 'Hunter' rifle and the box of special bullets were found.

The bullets had a sweet, rich aroma.

The 'Hunter' rifle smelled fainter.

Smelling the deliciousness so close, Jason's mood immediately brightened, despite having just gone through an explosion and a gunshot.

However, his vigilance against the descendant of the Aymodun Duke increased.

Both the explosion and the gunshot had been too sudden.

So sudden that Jason hardly had any time to prepare.

The instant explosion had cost him 3 satiety points.

The gunshot also cost 3 satiety points.

Comparing with the explosion by 'Lorde,' Jason gradually deduced a pattern: Death was calculated by the instant, not by the method of death.

That meant, whether he was beheaded or at the center of an explosion, that instant would require 3 satiety points to heal.

But!

If time dragged on, the consumption of satiety points would be significantly higher.

Like the last time with the explosion in front of 'Lorde' on Pea Street, he had ignited the explosives, and the continuous explosions had extended his time of death, so the consumption of satiety points had increased exponentially.

"In the future, avoid ways of death like beheading as much as possible."

"Once the opponent has a hobby of collecting heads as trophies..."

At this thought, Jason quickly shook his head.

He didn't want to see that situation.

Or rather, even if he encountered such a situation,

he would have to hold on a bit longer.

Therefore, food became important.

Picking up the 'Hunter' rifle, Jason sucked on the barrel.

A wisp of sweetness entered Jason's mouth from the barrel.

The once dark and sturdy barrel, having lost its sweetness, quickly became dull.

"The sweetness is a bit like chewing gum."

"But without texture."

"Slightly lacking."

Jason commented, and then looked at the five bullets inside the box.

Why eat the 'Hunter' rifle before the bullets?

Deliciousness should always be saved for the last.

It's like the potato and beef over rice in the school cafeteria; when most of the rice mixed with potato is eaten, that's when the essence is reached: a bit of beef, a bit of potato, a small amount of rice, well mixed in a ratio of 1:1:2, put into the mouth, it brings an additional satisfaction to the stomach.

At this moment, one must beware of the natural enemy that could affect the pleasure of dining —

Ginger!

Ginger is an unpredictable force, just like the cafeteria ladies.

The former are unpredictable, like phantoms.

The latter with a flick of their hand, could ruin everything.

So Jason was very careful when eating, he meticulously inspected the five bullets, confirming they were not filled with gunpowder, before he took one and placed it in his mouth.

The unique sweet taste spread across his tongue.

Chocolate?!

Jason's eyes lit up.

Then, he bit down instinctively.

Crack!

Amidst the crisp sound, a milky flavor emerged.

Milk chocolate?!

Jason was overjoyed and promptly tossed the remaining four bullets into his mouth.

The rich cocoa and creamy flavors raised Jason's mood another notch.

Especially upon seeing his satiety level rise again—

[Consumed a small amount of food (low-quality)!]

[Physical strength, energy slightly restored!]

[Satiety +2!]

[Satiety: 17]

...

[Consumed essence of a substantial Wanderer!]

[Physical strength, experience greatly restored]

[Satiety +8]

[Satiety: 25]

...

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“Chocolate-flavored Wanderer of the jungle?”

Jason stared at the prompt in front of him, silently jotting down the name of this creature to add to his menu.

Since it could be made into bullets, that meant there was no small number of them.

But how difficult would it be to capture one?

If the difficulty was moderate, he believed he could effectively reduce the range of activities of these creatures.

Of course, at this moment, Jason harbored another thought in his heart.

Where was the military factory belonging to the descendant of Duke Aymodun?

He was eager to observe it for himself.

Thinking this, Jason lowered his head to look at Raymond, who was still unconscious, and picked him up in one hand.

He didn't wake him up.

Jason didn't think of himself as skilled in interrogation.

Therefore, he planned to hand Raymond over to little Reed.

However, just as Jason had stepped out of the street, a weak stream of Dufol Language reached his ears.

Spoken at an extremely fast pace.

Jason didn't have time to recognize it.

Then everything before his eyes turned black.

Not the darkness of unconsciousness!

But because his eyes had lost their vision!

Secret technique!

There were other enemies nearby!

A chill ran through Jason's heart, and then, with his perception over three times greater than an ordinary person's, he clearly heard a succession of footsteps.

Judging by the footsteps, there were about ten people.

Heavy steps, likely individuals of robust build.

There was the breeze of blades cutting through the air, blades held in their hands.

Also, a faint smell of gunpowder, likely flintlock guns as well.

Temporarily unable to see, Jason swiftly used his ears and nose in their stead; however, they could only act as substitutes and couldn't truly replace his eyes. At least, Jason was now unable to locate the person who had used the secret technique.

The foe must have been lurking nearby all along, revealing not a hint of noise.

Then, after suddenly attacking Jason, they had hidden themselves once more.

Throughout this, they still didn't make a sound, likely another secret technique.

Jason, with thoughts rapidly colliding in his mind, slowly gripped the knife's handle.

Then...

He stabbed Raymond, who he was holding, with his knife.

Not a vital spot.

Just the arm.

The sudden pain caused Raymond to let out a scream.

"Ah!"

But in the next moment, Raymond's screams were abruptly cut off.

Because Jason's knife was now pressed against his throat.

“If you want to live, help me look around and find that hidden guy!” Jason said rapidly.

Raymond was a bit stupefied.

To continue like this after being blinded...?

But Raymond’s reaction was swift. Being a sniper, his vision was naturally sharp, and almost in a single breath, he located the target person Jason was talking about.

Raymond wanted to play some tricks.

But the muzzles raised by those people on the opposite side had him covered as well.

Tell the truth, die later.

Lie, die immediately.

Raymond knew very well what to choose.

“15 meters to your right front!” shouted Raymond.

And at the same moment as the shout—

Bang bang bang!

The attackers unexpectedly pulled their triggers.

Jason used Raymond as a shield in front of himself.

Thud, thud-thud.

Bullets hit Raymond’s body one after another, causing his body to tremble repeatedly, his face showing disbelief as if he couldn’t fathom that Jason not only used him as eyes but also as a shield.

Then Raymond realized he had been too naive.

In addition to being eyes and a shield, he was also being used as a large projectile weapon.

Whoosh!

Accompanied by a whooshing sound, Raymond was hurled by Jason into the group of attackers.

As the foes stumbled, Jason charged toward the position Raymond had indicated.

Then,

BiBi!