

## Menu 155

### Chapter 155: A Bit of Understanding

The metal chain was light to hold; even with the addition of the green gemstone pendant, it didn't have much weight.

But the rich aroma that lingered had Jason swallowing his saliva continuously.

Even so, Jason did not forget to carefully wash it with clean water.

After confirming there was nothing else on it, he finally took off the green gemstone pendant and put the metal chain into his mouth.

The richness of the milk flavor burst out instantly!

It was a bit like milk flakes!

But it was many times richer than milk flakes.

Jason squinted his eyes contentedly in a moment.

[Swallowed a very small amount of composite food essence]

[Physical Strength, Energy moderately restored]

[Satiety+4]

[Satiety: 13]

...

With the food in hand, Jason ignored the text in front of him, spat out the now 'tasteless' necklace, and then put the green gemstone in his mouth.

A slight bitterness, yet accompanied by a faint sweetness.

Chocolate flavor?

Pursing his lips, Jason tasted the flavor and subconsciously pressed the gemstone between his tongue and the roof of his mouth.

Then,

a cool sweetness flowed out instantly.

Liqueur-filled chocolate!

Jason's eyes lit up.

But this taste lasted only for about two or three seconds before it vanished.

The shiny green gemstone had lost all its color.

It was almost like ordinary glass.

However, Jason welcomed a substantial gain.

[Swallowed 'Soul Calming Heart (Replica)']

[Physical Strength, Energy greatly restored]

[Satiety+25]

[Satiety: 38]

[Excitement of Feast+1]

[Excitement of Feast: 2]

...

A necklace named 'Soul Calming Heart' brought Jason 29 points of satiety and 1 point of Excitement of Feast.

It not only completely reversed the previous consumption but also left a surplus.

More importantly, this 'Soul Calming Heart' necklace was just a replica.

And the replica was already so powerful.

What would the genuine article be like?

As he thought about it, Jason's saliva started to flow.

However, the next moment, Jason sharply inhaled.

Slurp.

He sucked back the drool, and he was instantly alert again.

A replica was owned by such an enemy.

Who would possess the genuine article?

Or more precisely, what kind of strength would the owner of the genuine article possess?

If it hadn't been for his early detection of the 'aroma' and his strategic planning, the battle situation would have been incredibly complex, perhaps even completely reversed.

"'Immortal' characteristics must be hidden as much as possible,"

"In most battles, conventional methods should be used to resolve the conflict,"

“So...”

“Strength must be increased!”

As Jason summed up, he reloaded cartridge number 13 into the ‘Winchester Brothers’ chamber and then picked up the two MF92s.

When all the weapons were back on his person and the feeling of security returned, Jason began to clean up the battlefield.

The secret room in front of him was not large.

But it had quite a few rooms.

The place where he stood was the entrance hall, with a straight corridor behind it. Rooms on both sides of the corridor, and at the end, there was a door.

The rooms on both sides of the corridor had long been empty; everyone was in the main hall.

And that was exactly what Jason had hoped to see.

He knew very well after clearing so many contact points of the 'Erosion Guild', everyone would definitely be gathered here.

It wasn't hard to guess.

Because, as a 'secret chamber' hidden underground, apart from being a secret meeting place, Jason couldn't think of anything else.

Jason searched every room in the hall and along the corridor.

He found nothing noteworthy.

Not just the lack of coins or the like.

He couldn't even find a piece of paper with writing on it.

Subconsciously, Jason looked toward the small door.

He didn't touch it directly.

From the hall, he picked up the sword of the 'Erosion Guild' harbor Sanctuary's manager and the sword of the Sanctuary Bishop, tossing the latter towards the door first.

Clang!

Sparks flew on impact, the sword was knocked away, and the door made a crisp metallic sound but did not budge an inch.

There were no trigger traps on the door.

Jason confirmed this, yet he did not let his guard down; he was more than willing to be ten times more cautious when it came to the "Mystical Side."

Because you never know how dangerous a door, seemingly ordinary and freely accessible to others, could be for you.

Beyond the door lay a dragon?

It wasn't out of the realm of possibility.



Jason, holding another long sword, gently pushed the door open with the tip.

Squeak!

The door opened.

A room as large as three basketball courts appeared before Jason.

In the center of the room was a structure over half a person tall, with a stone base and a large flower-like top that was connected in the middle by a stone column.

After probing the floor with the tip of his sword, Jason stepped into the room.

He approached the structure carefully.

Before he even got close, a strong smell of blood assaulted his senses.

Jason's brow furrowed slightly.

In an instant, he guessed what it was.

A container!

Or to be precise, a container for sacrificial use.

As for what it contained?

Given the modus operandi of the “Excitement of Feast,” what could be inside?

Everyone could guess.

Jason moved closer to the container.

After a detailed inspection, nothing unusual was found.

The entire container was very clean, one might say it was spotless.

Yet, even so, the pungent smell of blood was relentless.

Especially upon close inspection, even Jason, with nearly twice the physical strength of an average person, felt faint, which gave some idea of how many people had been “sacrificed” here.

What kind of despair had the sacrificed faced before their death?

Jason found himself instinctively pondering this.

Low pleas and cries seemed to echo in his ears.

Rage was futile.

Struggle was futile.

There was only...

Death that refused to come.

Pain and blood, along with their uncontrollable lives, became the chips to please some mysterious entity.

The crisp sound of the chips falling would make that inexplicable being guffaw.

But,

Jason could not laugh.

This was not funny at all.

“Guarding through the night, dwelling in darkness, with a heart of light...”

Jason softly recited the Night Watcher’s creed to himself.

At that moment, he suddenly had a deeper understanding of the “Night Watcher.”

He seemed to know why some chose to become “Night Watchers.”

Not much insight.

Still quite superficial.

But for Jason at that moment,

It was enough.

“May your souls...”

“Rest in peace.”

Jason whispered.

Then, he turned around.

Jason was ready to leave.

He had no desire to stay here any longer.

But just as Jason turned around, he suddenly spotted a “clock” in a corner of the wall.

The clock was not large.

Only the size of a palm.

It was fixed on a wooden stand.

“What is this...”

Jason was still guessing when—

Ding, ding-ding.

The clock suddenly began to ring.

And just ten seconds later, familiar footsteps appeared.

Tap, tap, tap.

The footsteps were hurried, carrying a hint of panic.

Then,

Gerard appeared before Jason.

His hair, mussed by the wind and split in all directions, and his solemn face did not relax until he saw Jason unharmed.

Many words were held back in Gerard's heart.

He simply offered Jason a smile.

"Need a midnight snack?"