

Menu 159

Chapter 159: The Extremely Troublesome 'Abandonment Sect'

Gerard had prepared a soup for Jason's night snack.

Shredded coconut meat, giant crabs, and a special kind of seahorse.

The latter was Jason's favorite 'food'.

"Decaying seahorse."

"A sort of little monster near Hans Port."

"Omnivorous, their juices cause skin to fester upon contact."

"Not scary individually, but in groups, they used to be a major headache for the fishermen at Hans Port. Then I sent someone to exterminate them and made them into...dried seahorses."

"Just like 'Panacea', they are deeply coveted by some nobility."

Gerard explained.

Jason nodded and took a sip of the soup.

Sweet, without any fishy taste.

He swallowed over a dozen seahorses whole.

Chewing them up, skin, bones, and all.

Crunch, crunch.

With a crispy sound, the corners of Jason's mouth turned up.

[You have consumed a large amount of decaying seahorses!]

[Physical strength, energy slightly restored]

[Satiety +1]

[Satiety: 39]

...

Although the satiety wasn't much,

Jason showed no dissatisfaction.

'Food' had already been brought to his lips, what more could he want?

Dennise felt the same.

Squinting her eyes, she picked up the rib soup, gulped down the soup in one go, then danced around with a rib in her mouth.

Then, quite naturally, her eyes shifted to the dried little fish in front of Peters.

About 100 dried little fish lay on a huge porcelain plate, as big as a basin.

The dried fish were neatly arranged in a triangle.

The one on top was clearly specially made by the chef at 111 Duron Street.

It was glowing with a golden hue.

The aroma was exceedingly tempting.

Peters stroked the plate with his hand, a look of satisfaction and intoxication on his ordinary face.

“I’ve fulfilled a dream of a lifetime!”

He murmured softly.

Then,

A hand reached out and took the topmost dried fish.

Crack, crack.

Amidst the crisp sound, Peters turned his head to see Dennise, who was chewing on the dried fish.

“This taste is okay.”

“But, I still prefer to eat bones.”

“The kind with meat on the big bones.”

Dennise, facing Peters’s gaze, gave a serious evaluation.

The taste is okay.

It’s okay.

Okay.

Okay...

Peters felt as if he had lost the most important thing in his life, a feeling he last experienced when he was forced to leave ‘Cat Hole’. But this time...

It was even more intense.

Instinctively, Peters's hand grasped his short sword.

He took a deep breath.

"Draw your sword."

"We shall determine who is better, and decide life and death!"

The 'Cat Hole' Swordsman spoke slowly.

Dennise scratched her head.

She looked around.

Then, raising her hand, she pointed at herself.

"Me?"

“Yes!”

“You, the bastard who ate my little dried fish!”

“Do you have any idea that you just destroyed the dream of my life!”

“I challenge you to a duel!”

The ‘Cat Hole’ Swordsman seemed composed as he nodded, but when he spoke again, he could no longer contain his emotions and burst out shouting, his voice breaking into a sob.

Dennise paused, stunned.

It was the first time she had seen a middle-aged man so moved over little dried fish.

Immediately afterward, Dennise stood up and bowed formally.

“I apologize!”

“I didn’t realize that little dried fish was so important to you.”

“I just thought that the food on this table was for everyone to share freely.”

When a mistake is made, it must be corrected.

It's not about noble sentiments.

But rather, it's the basic essence of being human.

Dennise remembered her mother's words well.

As for whether the deceased count as people?

Dennise considered herself one.

She ate and drank, lazed in bed, read novels, sunbathed, played in the sand, raised snails, and raised insects. In what way was she not human?

It's just that she had grown a bit accustomed to referring to herself as 'it'.

But what of it?

She knew she was a good girl.

Facing Dennise, who was bowing in apology, Peters slumped down in defeat.

A dull aura began to emanate from the 'Cat Hole' swordsman.

He couldn't possibly fight with a little girl.

And drawing his sword was even more out of the question.

He still had his own honor.

He had just really been in a rage.

And now?

The 'Cat Hole' swordsman, having calmed down, was just silently lamenting in his heart.

My dream,

shattered.

Gerard, who was sitting next to Jason, waved at the chef.

“Just like you did just now,”

“bring him another,” Gerard instructed.

Peters was stunned.

He stared blankly at Gerard until another luxurious dish of tiny dried fish was brought before him, at which point he snapped back to reality.

“I won’t say thank you!”

The ‘Cat Hole’ swordsman, filled with gratitude, turned his head away as if he hadn’t glanced at Gerard at all.

Then, he stealthily looked at Gerard again.

Seeing that Gerard had no reaction aside from a simple smile, he immediately turned his head back.

And then?

He reached out his hand, inching closer to the plate.

Once his fingers touched the edge of the plate, he swiftly snatched the top dried fish and stuffed it into his mouth like lightning striking before you can cover your ears.

Crunch, crunch.

A sensation of bliss began to spread in the heart of the 'Cat Hole' swordsman.

He felt that at this moment, even if he were to die immediately, he would die without any regrets.

Just then, Gerard said with a smile:

“Don’t mention it.”

He then gestured for the chef to serve the ‘Cat Hole’ swordsman another dish.

When yet another serving of dried fish appeared before him, the ‘Cat Hole’ swordsman began to seriously question his life.

He looked at Gerard.

He pursed his lips and finally, with his head lowered, said:

“I’m sorry.”

“Before, even though I knew that your overthrowing of the school wasn’t entirely wrong, I couldn’t face my own heart, persistently seeing you as my enemy.”

“Now, I can finally face my heart.”

The ‘Cat Hole’ swordsman said this as he continued to shove dried fish into his mouth.

The dried fish taste so good!

Indeed, facing one's heart sincerely makes food taste even better!

Yet, faced with the 'Cat Hole' swordsman's gratitude, Gerard was somewhat lost in thought.

Overthrowing the school...

That was his initial goal.

The goal had been achieved.

But the ideal had not been realized.

The school disappeared, and the old nobility began to fall.

Yet, the so-called new nobility emerged.

Is the New Federation really different from the old Federation?

No.

It's just a change of name after all.

What should be done?

Gerard, lost in thought, suddenly smiled and shook his head.

What use is it to think about this now?

First, let's get through the immediate crisis.

The Revival Society, the Abandonment Sect, the Erosion Society, the Federation.

Each is extremely difficult to deal with.

Especially the Federation controlled by his old friend, which is truly terrifying.

Now uniting...

Even with Gerard's tenacity, he felt an almost suffocating pressure.

And just as Gerard was contemplating how to deal with the situation, the previously departed Reed rushed into Duron Street number 111, mad as a hatter.

This usually etiquette-conscious manservant now lacked any semblance of decorum. He hadn't even approached the holiday cottage when his shouting could already be heard —

"My lord, the Abandonment Sect has been annihilated!"