

## Menu 200

### Chapter 200: The Importance of Orange

Amidst the roaring, four figures appeared simultaneously on the distant beach.

Gazing at the four figures, Leon's eyes filled with sheer delight, and the swordsman from Cat Hole shouted out loud:

"Hume, little brother!"

"Beanpole Allen!"

"Shaggy Newt!"

"Fatty Tigor!"

Their advance halted for a moment, and the rising momentum came to a pause.

Tigor, stout of build and with a head like a tiger's, turned to look at the three companions beside him.

"Can I just not save him?"

“Sure.”

“Definitely.”

“Agreed.”

The three concurred with Tigor’s words and turned to leave.

However, Raymond raised his hand, sweeping the four into the encirclement as well.

“Hey, long time no see!”

“Hume, little brother!”

“Was it Peters who asked you to find me?” Leon immediately asked in excitement upon seeing his approaching junior.

“I am the senior brother!”

“You are the junior brother!”

The little cat roared in anger, correcting the error in Leon's words.

"Junior brother, although Cat Hole is no more, we must not muddle our seniority. I am your senio..."

Smack!

The little cat quickly grabbed his scabbard and struck Leon's face with it.

Leon tumbled and fell onto the beach.

"Hehe."

"Waste of space."

"Trash."

The lanky Allen snickered coldly.

The disheveled Newt spoke with folded arms.

The tiger-headed Tigor added a word.

And it was not over yet.

The three of them continued, each adding his own taunt.

“Indeed, only fit to be bait.”

“Not even competent as bait.”

“To think it took so long to lure these guys out.”

Bait?

Pulling his face out of the sand, Leon looked at the four in bewilderment.

“You all saw me a long time ago?”

“And then...”

“Used me as bait?”

Leon pointed at himself.

“Hmm.”

“Yes.”

“Correct.”

Allen, Newt, and Tigor each confirmed with a word.

Then, the three pointed at Hume.

“It was his idea.”

“Hume, little brother, for you to do this, as your senior brother, I am truly...”

Smack!

Before Leon could finish, the little cat had jumped onto Leon's back.

"I am the senior brother!"

"I am the senior brother!"

"I am the senior brother!"

With each declaration, the little cat hopped once.

After three hops, Leon was buried back into the sand.

Whoosh!

Having done all this, the little cat finally seemed to have vented his frustration, and then, he turned his head to look at Raymond.

“The recent abnormalities at the port, they are your doing, aren’t they, fellow from the New Federation?”

The little cat fixated on Raymond.

Outnumbered by the enemy, to gain a sliver of a winning chance, naturally, one must...

Behead!

Take out the enemy leader first.

Only then is there hope.

With this thought, the little cat’s gaze became exceedingly sharp and dangerous.

The giant-like Simmons stepped forward to stand in front of his captain.

While the captain’s marksmanship was admirable, his close combat abilities were not strong.

Raymond, however, smiled and gave a wave of his hand.

Stepping past Simmons, he walked directly up to the little cat.

“You know Peters?” Raymond asked.

“Peters?”

“You know Peters?”

The little cat regarded Raymond suspiciously.

Although Peters was a good-for-nothing, he surely wouldn't have had dealings with people from the New Federation.

“I don't recognize them.”

“But if you were Peters's junior.”

“Then, we are one of our own.”



Raymond said with a smile.

As the junior of Prince Jason's coachman, naturally, he was one of their own.

"As for the New Federation?"

"That is one of my identities."

"I had to don a disguise in order to gather some information."

"Alright, we need to leave now."

"The port patrol isn't stupid; they'll soon notice the abnormality here."

With those words, Raymond raised his hand.

The members of Dennise's living group began to withdraw.

The little kitten did not stop them.

Their strength and power were beyond his expectations.

If they could avoid battle, it was naturally for the best.

Yet skepticism still lingered on his face.

Since when did his worthless senior brother have such influence?

Impossible.

Then, the little kitten saw Raymond halt for a moment as he was leaving.

Indeed, my senior brother couldn't possibly have such influence!

They were still going to fight!

The little kitten gripped his short sword tightly.

But Raymond bore no malice.

“A great battle is about to happen.”

“If you’re preparing to join the fight, then get ready.”

“The enemy comes from an unexpected place.”

Without even turning his head, Raymond continued on his way after speaking.

Leaving the five people on the beach behind.

“Isn’t Peters a coachman?”

“Does a coachman have that much clout?”

Leon lifted his head, full of confusion.

“No.”

“Impossible.”

“It’s an illusion.”

Allen, Newt, and Tegor all nodded in agreement.

Meanwhile, Peters, basking under the sun at the base of Hans Port’s city wall, kept sneezing.

Achoo! Achoo!

“Didn’t Hume say he was going to buy dried fish?”

“How come he’s been gone all day and still hasn’t returned?”

Peters wondered with confusion.

But he soon broke into laughter.

“Heh heh.”

“Good thing I’ve stashed away quite a bit.”

Peters reached into his pocket, took out a piece of dried fish, put it in his mouth, turned around to bask in the sun in a more comfortable position, and chewed on the fish. R

Content, and lazy.

In the reflection of the sunlight, it seemed as though a faint glow appeared around Peters.

Under the glow, the basking Peters seemed just like a real cat.

Orange-colored.

Fat.

And lazy.

...

The sun reached its highest point in the sky, then set.

The moon began to rise.

'Fort Swallow', Jason counted the time in silence.

At the same time, he recalled the key points of 'Blair Exorcism Technique' in his mind.

Similar to the 'Charles Burning Technique'.

'Blair Exorcism Technique' is also a secret technique that doesn't require hand gestures or the Dufol Language for casting.

Of course, that is when being cast by a single person.

If multiple people are casting it, it still requires some hand signals and the Dufol Language.

The reason for multiple people casting is to ensure the effect of 'Blair Exorcism Technique' and to share the consumption.

Although not as draining as 'Protection Against Evil', 'Blair Exorcism Technique' still has a considerable consumption.

However, for Jason, it was no matter at all.

On the contrary, this would make up for the awkward situation where Jason would use up all his physical strength in a single use.

Even a 'Proficiency Level' 'Protection Against Evil' with 'Seal Imprint Replication' would be the same.

Jason, who suffered from a severe lack of firepower, not only hoarded weapons and ammunition but also began to incorporate secret techniques into his life list.

Watching the moon rise high.

Jason took out the auxiliary potion.

He uncorked the bottle and drank it down in one gulp.

Sweet.

Cool.

And fizzy.

Sprite?

As Jason smacked his lips, trying to identify the taste, the scenery before him suddenly changed.