

## Menu 214

Chapter 214: Starting without a Dog...

Who would enjoy a life under surveillance?

No one.

And what kind of despair and pain must a person have gone through to calmly say, “Good morning, good afternoon, good evening,” after discovering they’re being watched?

Jason didn’t know these things.

But after finding out he was being watched, Jason simply couldn’t remain calm.

He sat there wearing a mask, a broad-bladed hatchet resting on his knees, his notebook flipped open to the second page.

He directly chose the “Fried Meat Crispy Rolls.”

After depleting his fullness at 7 a.m., more content appeared in the notebook.

“A black cloth covered my eyes.”

“But the aroma...”

“Still hit my nose strongly.”

“Reminder: After a cold appetizer, what comes next is hot, it’s a bit scalding”

...

Then, a checkmark appeared behind the appetizer “Fried Meat Crispy Rolls.”

A note subsequently appeared—

“Background: Tortured by post-traumatic stress disorder after suffering from injuries, you not only spent your entire allowance on treatment but also insisted on leaving the veteran’s hospital. With ragged clothes, draped in a blanket, pushing a cart through this familiar yet strange city, it has changed a lot in three years. The old legends still survive, and the new? They are gradually spreading...”

“Main Mission: Gain city recognition within 60 days.”

“Temporary language acquired, automatically disappears upon leaving the instance”

“Clothing, appearance, equipment temporarily changed, automatically restored upon exiting the instance”

“No gunpowder weapons detected”

(Tip: Please enjoy your appetizer on the hot plate)

...

After Jason had seen everything clearly, the notebook closed itself.

Just like before, he was thrust into an unfamiliar world.

Jason immediately checked himself.

A greyish brown coat that was relatively clean, but the cuffs and elbows were worn and faded, revealing the white knitted parts.

Dark blue jeans, it was not clear if they were clean, and the belt was only partially there, with the front part missing, only enough to tuck into the buckle, capped by a camouflaged T-shirt with holes and a black blanket on his back, which covered most of his back and protected against the chilly morning breeze. ❖

Huff.

Jason opened his mouth, and white breath came out.

He looked down at the cart in front of him, a few plastic bottles, several cans, a number of papers, and then...

...his hockey mask, broad-bladed hatchet at the very bottom.

He reached out, his index finger threading through the gaps in the cart's wire, touching his mask and hatchet, bringing an immediate sense of comfort.

"Homeless."

Although there was no proof, Jason very easily confirmed his own identity.

This appearance, unless one is blind, is easy to recognize.

"Gain the recognition of the city within 60 days?"

Looking at the description of the main mission, Jason frowned.

The range of this recognition was a bit broad.

Or rather, the recognition of a city.

Is it the city itself?

Or the people within the city?

The latter was something Jason could understand.

But if it was the former?

The city is conscious!

Before even considering how to gain the recognition of a city with consciousness,

just the existence of such a city was enough to give Jason the chills.

A city that has gained consciousness.

Then...

What are the people living in this city?

Cells?

Or bacteria?

Jason shook his head, pushing such thoughts aside for the moment as he began to survey his surroundings.

At this moment, he should be in a city park.

The extinguished streetlights and the slightly rising sun told Jason the approximate time.

The bench behind him, then, must have been his bed the night before.

The ground scattered with several newspapers that served as his 'bedding.'

Jason bent down to pick them up, sitting on the bench as he flipped through the newspapers.

To become familiar with an unfamiliar place, Jason had quite the experience.

Gathering relevant information was the first step.

But the content of the newspapers made Jason frown.

"Woman's Serial Disappearance Case!"

"Jack the Ripper at Nightfall!"

"The Echoes of the Hanged!"

...

A series of cases, Jason flipped through the other sections, entertainment, current events news as well, but similar case news dominated most of it.

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Jason glanced at the date.

Considering the wear on the newspaper, it definitely wasn't from the last day or two.

"Need to find the latest newspaper to check."

Jason thought to himself, stood up, and started pushing his trolley out.

You wouldn't find fresh newspapers in the central park.

Those there were only early risers doing morning exercises.

Males and females.

Mostly elderly people advanced in age.



Therefore, when a young person appeared, they undoubtedly attracted attention.

Especially when this young person was also a good-looking woman.

She wore a blue collared suit, tending towards business attire but with a hint of casual style, a black, gray, and white plaid wool scarf wrapped around her neck, small leather shoes with heels that were not high.

On her back, she carried a black leather backpack.

At this moment, she was quietly asking the exercising elderly folk with a photo in her hand.

Upon seeing Jason look this way, the lady immediately called out:

“Hello, please wait a second.”

Jason furrowed his brow.

He didn't want to invite any trouble for the time being.

Subconsciously, Jason was ready to leave.

But as the lady approached, a faint, sweet scent reached Jason's nose.

Instinctively, Jason stopped in his tracks.

He turned around, his gaze falling on the woman's backpack.

Baked honey biscuits?

No, that's not right.

They smelled a bit like molded cakes.

Made with plenty of egg batter and sugar.

Just out of the oven.

They would probably be very soft and crumbly on bite.

The lady who had hurried to Jason's front noticed his gaze and immediately opened her backpack to take out a steaming paper bag.

"If you don't mind, please take it."

"I made these myself."

"I am Giselle, a pastry chef."

The lady introduced herself and then handed over the paper bag.

Jason raised his hand and accepted the paper bag.

"Jason, homeless."

"I have no money at the moment, but I will pay you back when I do."

Jason never accepted charity without cause.

Even if it was food.

“No need, no need.”

“If you see the girl in the photo,”

“please inform me.”

“She’s my sister and has been missing for three days now, and I am very worried about her.”

The pastry chef said, pulling out a photograph.

There were two people in the photograph, standing closely together, smiling at the camera.

One was the pastry chef herself, and the other was a girl a bit younger than her. Their facial features were alike, it was clear they were sisters, and the lady hadn’t lied.

“All right,”

Jason nodded.

“Thank you so much,”

said the pastry chef as she handed a piece of paper with an address and a contact number to Jason and moved on to another person, continuing a similar conversation as she had with Jason.

At the same time, she handed out another small package of pastries and a piece of paper.

Without a doubt, the piece of paper with the address and contact number Jason held was not the first, and it wouldn't be the last.

Under Jason's watchful eye a moment ago, the female pastry chef had given this piece of paper to quite a few people.

Was she not cautious enough due to her extreme urgency and worry?

Jason watched her retreat and thought silently.

Then he found a sheltered spot and opened the paper bag.

The aroma was overwhelming.

What a fine breakfast,

Jason thought.

And just at that moment—

“Tsk tsk, look everyone, even a homeless man is entitled to eat pastries now, isn’t he?”