

Menu 241

Chapter 241: New Discoveries

Ed glanced behind him, and Davide noticed.

But he just smirked disdainfully.

He had seen such petty tricks too often on his prey.

At first, he would be fooled.

But now?

Absolutely not.

However, that didn't stop him from continuing to toy with his prey.

Swirling his wine glass, Davide lowered his head, looked at the receptionist, and spoke in a slowed voice,

"Someone just broke in."

“It’s not the first time.”

“And every time, the outcome is the same...”

“I end up with some new collectibles.”

“Very unique collectibles.”

As Davide spoke, he sipped his red wine lightly and then eagerly watched the receptionist, hoping to see fear in her eyes, on her face.

He relished such fear.

Especially when he was carefully, bit by bit, slicing open those soft bodies, the sense of terror in the other person excited him, delighted him, and made him shiver all over.

However, he had been recently warned by his father.

He could no longer hunt recklessly.

Such an obstinate and cowardly old man.

Davide thought about his father.

Full of contempt and mockery.

In his view, his father had great power yet had no idea how to use it, still abiding by some rules.

How foolish!

Rules?

They were made to be broken!

Just like him.

He had just agreed with his father, then turned around and captured another prey.

And it was top-notch prey.

Look at that defiant expression.

Even after being exposed, he still stubbornly observed the area behind him. It was really quite good.

Much more interesting than the previous prey.

“Let’s play a game, shall we?”

“I’ll give you ten minutes to run away.”

“Then, I’ll come looking for you.”

“If you can stay hidden from me for 30 minutes, I’ll let you go. How about that?”

Davide said.

Let go?

Of course, he would never let go.

He would just give the prey a fierce surprise when they emerged after 30 minutes.

Should he smash the left leg first?

Or would it be better to smash the right leg?

Davide pondered, the anticipation truly making him impatient.

However, he was still telling himself to be patient, to wait.

This patience mixed with urgency was activating something in his body even more.

This activation signified...

Aroma!

A strong aroma filled the modest living room.

Jason took a deep breath.

He was completely intoxicated.

A meal of considerable quality.

Jason evaluated.

And the hissing inhalation finally awakened Davide.

He didn't turn around, nor did he spin, but instead threw the wine glass from his hand towards the side from where the noise was coming and sprinted forward.

At the same time, his hand reached toward his waist, ready to draw his gun.

Without a doubt, Davide had considerable experience.

But Jason's experience was even richer.

Unable to contain his hunger and letting out a hissing breath, Jason had quietly shifted a step, and the wine glass with its liquid brushed past Jason's shoulder.

Smash!

It crashed against the wall nearby, producing a crisp sound.

And Davide, who had just stood up and taken a step, was grabbed by the head by Jason's lifting hand.

Jason's broad palm directly covered the back of Davide's head, while his thick fingers hooked onto Davide's crown, then with a forceful grip, Davide was lifted up.

Then?

Face down, he was 'pressed' to the ground by Jason.

Bang!

Once.

Bang!

Twice.

Bang!

Three times.

With the continuous impacts, little Davide quickly lost his strength to resist.

At the same time, the scent within his body became even more intense.

And just as little Davide's consciousness began to blur, the unconscious elf opened his mouth wide, as if something was about to spurt out. Jason flipped his wrist, and little Davide's mouth was aimed to the side.

Vomit!

A sour and stinky liquid mixed with leftover scraps erupted forth.

The telephone operator, who had not yet reacted, was sprayed thoroughly, her face completely covered.

It wasn't Jason's intention to do this.

It was just an instinctive reaction.

Then, the telephone operator paused, touched the sticky substance on her face, and even sniffed it.

And then...

"Ahhhh!"

The telephone operator, who had been slumped on the floor a moment earlier, suddenly sprung up with a mad scream and raced towards what seemed to be the restroom.

Meanwhile, little Davide continued to vomit.

Vomit!

Vomit, vomit!

After continuous vomiting, when his stomach seemed almost empty, suddenly something that looked like jelly was expelled.

It was palm-sized, a bit translucent and gelatinous in appearance, resembling jelly.

Without limbs or features, it could only move slowly on the ground.

But,

now that the 'shell' was gone, the rich scent could no longer be hidden.

Jason grabbed the large jelly-like creature without hesitation, completely ignoring the 'food's struggle, the acidic corrosion, and then grabbed a bottle of red wine and started to rinse the creature with it.

"How do you cook jelly?"

As Jason rinsed, he pondered.

Then, before he could come up with an answer, his body acted on its own.

He tossed the 'jelly' into his mouth without hesitation.

Slippery, cool.

Slightly sweet.

Chewing it was pleasantly crisp.

[You have consumed 'Pusack Elf'!]

[Physical Strength, Energy (Injuries) greatly recovered to the maximum extent!]

[Satiety +12]

[Satiety: 73]

...

Jason originally had a satiety level of 67, but when he burst into this place, even though he was careful, he still suffered two fatal injuries under the massive firepower coverage, consuming 6 points of satiety.

However, after consuming the 'Pusack Elf,' everything was compensated for, and there was even a slight gain.

Not just in terms of satiety.

But also in terms of 'food.'

It was his first encounter with 'food' that 'parasitized' within a human body.

No!

It can't simply be called parasitism!

What if... the 'food' was born from little Davide's body?

If that were really the case!

Could it be recycled?

Jason lowered his head and looked at little Davide, whom he had casually thrown onto the pile of vomit. His eyes couldn't help but blaze with excitement.

But Jason remained rational.

He knew that this was just speculation.

Without any reliable information, there were no conclusions to be drawn.

So, he simply made a mental note of it, without taking any action.

At that moment, familiar footsteps sounded from the other end of the corridor.

Edward, Bansey, the female pastry chef, and Griffin rushed in.

Although they were somewhat disheveled, there were no injuries on them.

Bansey, the most innocent, looked up at Jason, who stood beside little Davide, with the purest admiration in his eyes.

Griffin was also simple.

Pure flattery.

Nothing but flattery.

Edward, however, was tinged with complexity.

He was increasingly baffled as to why the military would let such a person leave the army and return to the city.

He had witnessed firsthand the scene where one stood against a hundred, under the premise of gunpowder weapons.

Therefore, he knew full well that if such a person were to lose control... it would be a catastrophe!

What the hell is going on in the heads of the military's high command?

Edward couldn't help but curse.

But the most special was the female pastry chef.

Her gaze was calm, even somewhat matter-of-fact.

As if, everything should be this way.

Jason's eyes turned to the female pastry chef, but his brows furrowed slightly.

"Who are you?"