

## Menu 267

Chapter 267: Communication about 'Food'

"I don't know."

"Mika is very good at hiding."

"I was curious once, but seeing how stable they transport 'ingredients,' I did not delve deeper."

"However, I know of several of their contact points and two secret bases."

Hannibal answered.

Jason wasn't surprised by this response.

If Mika had been so easy to catch, Edward would not have been at his wits' end.

Similarly, if Hannibal had not prepared anything, he would not be worthy of being called a 'hunter.'

Jason was fairly certain that when he encountered Dadas, Hannibal had guessed what Mika had intended to do.



In fact, that was the case.

In the next moment, Hannibal said,

“Mika probably wants to create chaos, not just in Newdeth City but also in ‘St. Mungo’s Academy.’”

“After all, the graduates from there can all be considered elites.”

“Destroying these elites means the future of Newdeth City is gone.”

“Hmm.”

Jason nodded in agreement with this statement.

Then, Jason continued to ask.

“In the ‘Defense of Decheng,’ did the Ghost Squad rebel because of those bizarre phenomena?”

“Not at all!”



Hannibal shook his head with certainty.

He explained to Jason,

“The ‘Defense of Decheng’ happened during the ‘Thirty-Three Days’ Siege,’ and all the anomalies were happening on the main battlefield; nearby battlefields were quite calm.”

“It must have been earlier.”

“Or perhaps...”

“Some other affair. Who knows?”

“The ‘Silver Federation’ is far from as pure and great as they claim to be.”

With that, Hannibal let out a cold laugh.

Jason subconsciously thought of Councilor Davide.

Not to mention Decheng.



Has Newdeth City really changed?

Jason thought, resting his elbows on his knees.

“What do you think about ‘food’?”

“Is it related to the ‘bizarre’?”

“Or has it...”

“Always existed since ancient times?”

Jason asked.

Having finally made contact with someone who truly ‘understood food’ and who was amicable, Jason naturally needed a clear answer.

“They have always existed since ancient times!”



“However, not as stealthily as now.”

“Since the inception of gunpowder, their numbers began to plummet, but...”

“The emergence of those ‘bizarre’ events has once again led to a surge in their numbers.”

“In my previous hunts, after the ‘Lanqiao Standoff’ in October PY81 with the appearance of a huge phantom, the numbers of these ‘foods’ had doubled. Before, it took a long time to track and locate one, but after the ‘Thank You Ear Siege’ in June PY84, these ‘foods’ began to blend into cities.”

Hannibal did not disappoint Jason, and he provided the answers Jason had hoped to know.

“Hiding in the city, mingling among the crowd?”

Jason murmured to himself.

“Yes.”

“They appear in ways that are difficult for ordinary people to comprehend.”



“But mostly, they are fond of fresh blood, fear, and death.”

“Therefore, there are traces to follow.”

“Moreover, their tastes make them powerful and also drive them mad—this differs from the ‘food’ I initially hunted; I believe they’ve been influenced by the ‘bizarre.’”

Hannibal said.

“What about the Mystical Side?”

“Does Newdeth City still have the Mystical Side?”

Jason asked eagerly.

But this time, Hannibal shook his head.

“No.”



“Not just Newdeth City. The entire ‘Silver Federation’ lacks any records of the Mystical Side—I think someone deliberately erased these; the high echelons of the ‘Silver Federation’ are adept at such things.”

“The ‘Black Stone Alliance’ is no different.”

Hannibal’s face was covered with an obvious sneer and mockery.

Jason had no argument against this.

He had seen it before, hadn’t he?

Things that threatened oneself and could not be used had to be destroyed.

Moreover, the rise of gunpowder was the most direct strike against the “Mystical Side.”

Afterwards, Jason and Hannibal had a pleasant conversation.

Or rather, an exchange.



The two had a simple yet profound discussion on how to hunt “food.”

“I’ve now found some traces of ‘food.’

“They’re much smarter than before, but they always leave traces.”

“Would you like to take a look?”

Hannibal extended an invitation to Jason.

“Sure.”

Jason nodded immediately.

He rarely refused anything related to ‘food’ and matters concerning ‘food.’

The two made their way to the bedroom.

Unlike other bedrooms.



In Hannibal's room, aside from a bed, there were photos, cut-out newspapers, and numerous records covering the walls.

Jason glanced over and saw reports that had been in the newspapers: "The Ripper Under Nightfall" and "The Echoes of the Hanged."

However, unlike the reports in the newspapers,

The details here were much more thorough in Hannibal's room.

Not just records of the victims, but also of the killers.

For "The Ripper Under Nightfall" there were some clear records about the culprit: Height 180-185cm, physically strong, left-handed, knew some fighting techniques, skilled with knives, accustomed to blood, speculated to be a doctor or butcher, had a private carriage or car, lived alone in an urban area.

"Are you interested in him?"

Hannibal asked.

"I'm interested in any 'food,'"



Jason said with a smile.

“This is a cunning one; I’ve been tracking him for nearly six weeks now.”

“But he hasn’t slipped up yet.”

“These clues are only approximate.”

“However, much stronger than he is.”

Hannibal said regretfully, while pointing at the wall where “The Echoes of the Hanged” hung.

Compared to “The Ripper Under Nightfall,” there were far fewer records for “The Echoes of the Hanged;” in fact, it was almost none.

There was only this: Gender likely male?

Even just this sentence, Hannibal had placed a question mark behind it.



“This individual is the most cunning ‘food’ I’ve ever seen. Not a single clue left at the scene, and no pattern to the crimes. They are indiscriminate of time, location, or the gender and age of the victims. Aside from all being hanged, there are basically no commonalities. Even the gender described here is a speculation,”

Hannibal spoke of this ‘food’ without any discouragement but rather with excitement.

So did Jason.

Then, he turned his gaze to the wall directly opposite the head of the bed in the bedroom.

Unlike other walls crammed with clippings, there was only one drawing here—

A vast, lurking figure shrouded in mist occupied ninety percent of the canvas, while countless tiny figures below it were panicking, distressed, screaming, bowing, or shooting guns.

But to no avail.

It just kept moving forward.

Without any hesitation.



“Is that the original colossal wraith?”

Jason speculated.

“Yes.”

Hannibal nodded.

Then, Jason fixed his gaze on the immense figure for a good ten seconds before he let out a long breath and said:

“How exquisitely delicious it must be!”

Hannibal, who had been waiting for Jason’s answer, immediately laughed.

Indeed, he was worthy of the king to whom he had sworn loyalty.

In the king’s eyes, any strong, Bizarre existence was just another dish.



And him?

He would cook it well.

The two, speaking the same language, immediately stood in front of the bed and began discussing and speculating on this delicious 'food.'

It wasn't until a sneeze came from outside again that Jason had to excuse himself.

Hannibal looked surprised and bewildered.

"You're leaving?"