

## **Menu 309**

Chapter 309: First Contact

As black as ink, hunger roared to the skies.

The surging breath exploded, roaring toward the eight directions in the west.

Creeeak, creeeak.

The artificial light sources above 'Fishbone Street' were swaying from side to side as sparks of electricity flickered into existence.

In the flickering light, a gigantic monster with blood-red eyes and a gaping maw appeared and vanished before everyone's eyes in a flash.

It was merely a moment.

But everyone shuddered.

The smiling waiters' faces had frozen over.

The dancing girls' steps became stiff.

The accordionist's fingers halted in their tracks.

The children who had been running and laughing stood still, none daring to move.

Instinct was telling them—

Don't move!

If they did...

They would be eaten!

Yet fear drove them to run.

Contradictory commands issued from their brains.

Causing their bodies to exhibit a ridiculous lack of coordination.

But no one around them could laugh.

They looked at each other, sharing only an inexplicable sense of the bizarre.

Then—

“Don’t eat me!”

“Don’t eat me!”

A figure in ‘Fishbone Street’ sprinted toward the depths of the alley, tears streaming down their face, stumbling after just a few steps before falling to the ground, then quickly scrambling up to continue running.

But after less than 10 meters, they were pinned to the ground by several guards.

The figure struggled.

But there was no technique, only instinctive flailing.

While struggling, they kept shouting.

“Don’t eat me!”

Without a doubt, such struggling was futile.

The guards easily locked up the person who had dared to offend Her Majesty the Queen in shackles.

They didn’t take him back to Her Majesty the Queen.

Instead, following the gestures of the Guard Captain, they threw the individual into a prison cell.

As for what happened next?

Everything was left to the Captain.

The middle-aged man who had previously greeted Jason’s group at the sentry post watched his subordinates take the offender away.

This middle-aged man’s face retained a chilling aura, tinged with murderous intent.

“Those damned fools.”

He cursed inwardly.

He knew well how the offender had appeared.

And this only made his already firm decision all the more resolute.

However, there was still one thing left to deal with at this moment.

The man by Her Majesty the Queen’s side!

The Guard Captain looked at Jason, who was standing in front of a grill, his eyes filled with wariness.

He had never imagined that a veteran could possess such strength.

He had felt that terrifying sensation.

The ensuing sense of powerlessness and fear, he had felt that too.

As the Guard Captain, his instincts urged him to keep Her Majesty the Queen away from such a man.

He was far too dangerous.

So, he walked straight over there.

He waved his hand at the bewildered waiters, dancers, accordion player, and 'children.'

Then, with a smile, he explained to Jason's group:

"We are preparing for a celebration."

"This was an unsuccessful rehearsal."

"Please forgive us."

Saying so, the Guard Captain bowed deeply.

Immediately, the female pastry chef subconsciously returned the gesture.

And just then, the Guard Captain stepped aside, evading such a formality.

Griffin watched this scene, his eyes flickering.

He was certain now that there was something unusual about the female pastry chef.

Without question, everything that had happened was for the female pastry chef.

It was definitely not just for the bounty of 550,000!

Because he had recognized who the middle-aged man before him was.

Dorothee, the Sheriff of 'Fishbone Street.'

Aside from a few overlords, the most powerful man on 'Fishbone Street,' such a man would definitely not demean himself for a mere 550,000.

And who could make such a person smile pleasantly, even bow and scrape? What kind of person would that be?

The children of those overlords?

Not a chance!

Don't mention the children of those overlords!

Even the overlords themselves would find it hard to get someone to do this.

But besides these overlords, could Fishbone Street have an even higher authority?

Impossible!

If there was a higher authority, why would there be any struggle on Fishbone Street?

Griffin speculated.

Then, with hands behind his back, he gestured to Edward and Bansey and turned his gaze to Jason.

When things were unclear, naturally they had to unite against outsiders.

Jason was an indispensable part of their fighting force, so naturally, he was to be brought into... what?

Crack, crunch.

Slathered in copious sauce, Jason showed no qualms about the cooked meat on the bone, stuffing it into his mouth and chewing with big bites.

Amidst the crisp sounds, he couldn't help but laugh.

Seeing this, Griffin couldn't help the twitch of his mouth.

Are you still eating at a time like this?

Are you the reincarnation of gluttony?

Do you plan to eat until the end of the world?

Griffin yelled in his heart, but outwardly he stepped forward calmly, shielding the female pastry chef behind him, just as Edward and Bansey did.

Griffin could clearly sense that the Fishbone Street sheriff's gaze was a bit off.

Edward and Bansey also noticed it, placed their hands on their gun handles, and flanked to the left and right, placing the female pastry chef under a 'full frontal defense' protective stance.

Dorothee saw this and found it amusing inside.

Do you really think you could act as His Majesty's defense?

But then he thought again.

Could this be what His Majesty wanted?

With this in mind, Dorothee immediately changed his mind.

"Everybody, I have other matters to attend to, so I shall take my leave."

“If you need anything, please notify the guards.”

“They will help you handle it.”

After speaking, Dorothee turned and left.

This scene left Griffin, Edward, and Bansey somewhat perplexed.

The three of them exchanged glances before their eyes once again fell on Jason.

And then...

They saw Hannibal take more meat out of the refrigerator on the side, skewer it, and start grilling it just for Jason.

“Hey, hey, this is Fishbone Street!”

“We’re not here for a picnic!”

“Can we please be serious for a moment?”

“Show some dignity, will you?”

Griffin couldn't help but mutter his complaints.

Hannibal believed Griffin had a point, so instead of grilling in batches, he took out all the meat and grilled it at once.

With ample ingredients and seasoning, Hannibal's cooking skills were fully showcased.

The aroma made Edward and Bansey involuntarily stop in their tracks.

You should know they hadn't had a satisfying dinner.

However, they both swallowed their saliva and did not fight Jason for the food.

It wasn't that they didn't want to.

It was that they didn't dare.

There was no doubt that such waiting was torture.

The only consolation was that Jason ate quickly enough.

Edward and Bansey never thought they would one day be thankful for Jason's quick eating.

After the last skewer of grilled meat was consumed, Jason took the handkerchief Hannibal passed to him.

"Thank you."

"It was delicious."

Jason complimented.

"Happy to serve you,"

Hannibal accepted the praise, took off his apron, and made a welcoming gesture.

Jason took a step forward.

He still remembered his target, 'Fishbone Street 233'.

The female pastry chef quickly followed, wedging herself between Jason and Hannibal, using her presence to separate them.

Then, she pretended to carefully count the street numbers.

"221, 222, 22... Hmm?"

Just as the female pastry chef was about to count to number 223, a squad of guards blocked their path.

"Sorry, this half of the street is temporarily closed to the public,"

the guard politely told the female pastry chef.

"Why?"

she asked subconsciously.

“Because...”

Before the guard could finish, a burst of flame erupted from number 223.

And then—

Boom!

In the massive explosion, several figures dashed out, heading straight for Jason and his party.