

Menu 324

Chapter 324: Food delivered to your mouth... Delicious!

The corners of his mouth turned up slightly, there was no laughter, but he was indeed smiling.

"Jason, what are you smiling at?"

The female pastry chef asked subconsciously.

"I'm appreciating the 'food's' deliciousness."

With that, Jason jumped off the carriage and said to the female pastry chef, "Stay on the carriage; do not come down."

Without waiting for the pastry chef to respond, he strode toward the veterans' station.

The closer he got, the more uncontrollable the smile on Jason's face became.

Similarly, the fragrance grew increasingly stronger.

He'd thought it was just an appetizer, but it turned out to be a feast!

Gulp.

Jason swallowed saliva, restraining his hunger. Once again, he reminded himself, 'waiting will make the food tastier,' then his gaze shifted to the three people in front of the veterans' station.

The three were not strangers; he had seen them around Old Tedi before.

Clearly, these were the people Old Tedi had sent to scout out the veterans' station.

"Lord Jason."

The man at the head gestured to Jason.

Then, after Jason nodded in response, the three of them sprang into action.

In fact, if they hadn't seen Jason, they would have already entered the veterans' station.

The veterans' station, as the name suggests, would give you some idea.

It is a club.

Serving retired veterans.

Of course, ordinary soldiers are not qualified to enter, at least not unless they are officers of lieutenant rank or above.

From the exterior, there is no significant difference from a veterans' hospital.

Just that one is in pure white, and the other is in a warmer tone of pale yellow.

Creak!

The door was pushed open.

The three members of the Prus Family walked in, one after another, in single file.

The first one took out a yellow gem and began to mutter under his breath.

The second man was holding two assault rifles.

A grenade appeared in the hands of the third person.

Clearly, the Prus Family had long adapted to how to integrate the 'Mystical Side' into the world of gunpowder.

Thump, thump thump.

Creak, creak.

The sound of boots on the floorboards inside the door made an overburdened noise, and the man at the front did not stop his Dufol language, while the second and third persons looked to either side.

The entire hall of the veterans' station was empty.

Around the ping-pong tables and pool tables, paddles and cues were scattered all over, and several newspapers that should have been adhered to the floor were lifted at the edges by the wind that poured in when the door opened and wrapped around those unoccupied chairs.

"Clear!"

"Clear!"

The second and third men declared in succession.

The first man did not stop his Dufol language, gesturing with one hand holding the yellow gemstone and signaling the other two to continue the inspection.

But at the very moment the two others were about to move, the light on the radio on the distant table suddenly turned on.

Crackle!

Squeak!

A sharp crackling noise abruptly rose, exceeding the decibel level endurable by ordinary people, causing the second and third men to show pain on their faces and for the first man's Dufol language to momentarily stop.

Although it was just a momentary stop,

The invisible force field immediately revealed a flaw.

"Hee hee!"

A child's laugh sounded.

The voice came from deep within the corridor on the side of the hall.

Along with the laughter, there were also bursts of light footsteps.

Obviously, the child who had laughed was approaching this place.

The lead member of the Prus Family suddenly changed color. Sensing some inexplicable fear beginning to erode his mind, he immediately shouted, "Retreat! Retreat!"

The second and third men immediately backed away.

The first man also turned and ran.

But—

Bang!

The door that should have been open behind them was closed so suddenly.

Not just closed, but three tendrils as thick as index fingers dropped from the ceiling and silently wrapped around the necks of the three men, abruptly tightening.

Crack.

In the crisp sound, accompanied by the gasping for air, silence once again took over.

...

Jason followed the three members of the Prus Family into the veterans' station.

But when he passed through the door, the three men who were supposed to be in front of him disappeared without a trace.

He was met by an empty hall.

There were ping-pong tables and pool tables.

The ground was covered with scattered newspapers; the tables and chairs were in disarray, with many tables holding bottles of alcohol.

Most of them were newly opened bottles.

A few still had half left.

It was evident that the people from the veterans' station had a particular fondness for alcohol.

Just as Jason was checking, the power light on the radio on a nearby table suddenly lit up. Just when the piercing sound of electricity was about to erupt, Jason raised his hand and fired a shot.

Bang!

At less than 10 meters' distance, the shotgun's power was exerted to the utmost.

Immediately, the radio was blown to smithereens.

"Hee hee!"

The child's laughter echoed from a distant room, along with footsteps, as though it was coming from the end of the corridor toward this place.

Jason threw a grenade with the flick of his hand.

Ding!

The pin fell to the ground, and the grenade flew deep into the corridor.

The footsteps that were supposed to be approaching turned into a rapid retreat.

But—

Boom!

As the grenade exploded and shrapnel scattered, all became quiet again.

A tendril as thick as a finger quietly appeared behind Jason, wrapping towards his neck, but before it could touch Jason's neck, it was caught by Jason who had already smelled the faint scent and seized it in his hand.

Grabbing the vine with his left hand, Jason wrapped it around his wrist several times and then pulled down with force.

Rip!

Like the sound of tearing fabric, the three-meter-long vine was pulled down.

A large hole appeared in the ceiling as if the vine had been growing there.

Whoosh, whoosh!

The open window behind the door blew a cold wind into the hall.

In the pitch-black ceiling, the sound of the wind echoed.

It was as if an invisible monster lurked there, ready to choose someone to devour.

Jason, however, glanced around and began collecting the newspapers on the ground, as well as the ceiling pieces that had just fallen.

Newspapers below, wooden planks above, lit with a flick of a lighter.

A makeshift fire appeared.

Then?

After rinsing the torn vines with some liquor, Jason broke off a chair leg to act as an iron bar, and wrapped the vines, as thick as a finger, around it, starting to grill.

Before long, the scent of plants began to permeate the hall.

Although there were no seasonings, the rinse with spirits gave the vines a hint of spiciness.

They were crispy to the bite, somewhat like grilled seaweed.

Amidst the crisp crunching sounds,

The whooshing of the wind continued.

Jason furrowed his brow.

Hot food being chilled by the cold wind truly detracted from its deliciousness.

He stood up and walked to the door, raising his hand to... close it.

Then, he handily pulled over a table to barricade the door.

No one would escape!

Everything was his!

Jason wore a smile, but the great hall grew even more silent.

All that remained were the crackling of the flames and the sound of chewing.

[Devouring the touch of a dark coconut!]

[Medium recovery of physical strength and energy!]

[Fullness +2]

...

Squeak, squeak.

A figure in a wheelchair appeared at the other end of the hall.

They wheeled themselves slowly towards Jason.

The face was unclear, but their mouth emitted an unpleasant gasping.

It sounded like they were gasping for air.

But it was more like a struggle.

A struggle on the verge of death.

However, their voice still reached him.

"What is equality?"

"What is equality?"

"What is equality?"

The other seemed to question Jason repeatedly.

As the questions were asked, the gasping disappeared, replaced by a roaring sound, like the ferocious growling of a wild beast.

Bang!

The shotgun's muzzle flared.

The growling stopped abruptly.

The figure sitting in the wheelchair looked dumbfounded at their body, riddled with holes, disbelief in their eyes.

Then—

Bang, bang bang!

A series of shots from the shotgun.

The massive impact of the bullets forced the figure in the wheelchair, about to enter the hall, violently back.

The figure was not willing to give up.

They wanted to struggle.

But it was futile.

Having memorized the Griffin Shooting Technique, Jason fired the shots and then threw a grenade, which landed perfectly in the figure's lap and detonated.

Boom!

The wheelchair and the figure on it were blown to pieces.

"Under the muzzle, all beings are equal."

Jason spoke indifferently, his gaze turning to the hole in the ceiling.

After blowing the figure in the wheelchair to bits, he smelled a richer scent emanating from that hole.

Logically, there should be a second floor above the ceiling of the first floor.

But what he saw from his vantage point was purely pitch-black.

The 'food' was amidst it.

That being the case,

What else was there to say?

Jason walked to the alcohol he had collected, neatly stacked on a table, each bottle sealed, with a strip of newspaper sticking out as a wick.

After lighting it, Jason threw these improvised cocktails into the dark hole.

One bottle, two bottles, three bottles...

At first, the dark hole swallowed these Molotov cocktails without a spark.

Yet, as time passed,

As Jason threw in more Molotov cocktails, flames began to emerge.

And once the flames appeared, the darkness was consumed.

A monster, over a meter tall and covered with vines, was revealed in the darkness.

It frantically slapped at the flames on its body with its vines.

But the more it slapped, the more fiercely the flames blazed.

Next, it rolled out of the dark hole.

Bang!

With a thud, it fell at Jason's feet.

But Jason didn't even glance at the creature.

The scent had already informed him.

What was real.

What was false.

He slightly turned his head, and a vine with spikes brushed past his cheek.

Jason grabbed the vine and pulled sharply.

As if pulling back a curtain,

The entire ceiling came crashing down.

The real 'food' appeared before Jason for the first time.

It was a sphere the size of a water tank, hanging at the top of the veteran station, with vines spreading from it in all directions. At the ends of the vines hung people who had been strangled, including three from the Prus family and veterans from the veteran station, resembling festive banners hanging in a house during celebrations.

But there was no joy.

Only death!

Roar!

The exposed 'food' was immensely enraged.

It let out a furious roar, its tentacle-like vines dropping their prey, wildly dancing above Jason's head, then shot toward him like arrows leaving a bow.

Jason remained calm and raised one finger—

Yi!