

Menu 348

Chapter 348: I Want a...

Jason's surroundings, the shattered streets, began to slowly vanish.

No!

It wasn't vanishing!

But rather... being replaced!

Jason glanced around, and he knew instantly.

Everything before him was illusionary but also somewhat real; it was created by that locust using those 'rivers' and its own power. Now that the locust had been consumed by him, everything naturally reverted to its original state.

Despite having consumed the locust, Jason couldn't help but admire the creature's abilities.

Bizarre, silent.

Really hard to guard against.

Of course!

It really was delicious enough!

Even with the most simplistic cooking methods, the flavor of the other had been magnified to the extreme.

Jason, reminiscing on the delicacy of the 'food,' looked towards the text before him.

[Devouring Usurper (Juvenile. Critically Injured)!]

[Physical Strength, Energy, Wounds recover beyond expectations!]

[Satiety +88]

[Satiety: 88]

[Excitement of Feast +3]

[Excitement of Feast: 3]

...

"Usurper, huh?"

"It really is an apt name."

Jason commented.

He could easily imagine if the creature hadn't miscalculated and chosen a different target, it would certainly have stolen the other's life and taken everything that should belong to them.

Simply put, it would have thoroughly become the other person.

And the replaced person?

Could be considered 'dead.'

Even, from a certain perspective, this kind of replacement is more terrifying than death itself.

Think about it, your parents, wife, children, friends, become someone else's; they ignore you, smiling at that person, offering kinship, love, friendship, while you watch on the side, irate as you step forward to stop them, only to be treated as a lunatic. Then you are expelled, or even beaten, with fists, sticks, and clubs turning everything related to you into a tool to harm you.

What kind of feeling would that be?

A fate worse than death, perhaps?

Jason definitely didn't want to become that kind of person.

Therefore, his vigilance against the 'Usurper' reached an utmost level.

"Just a critically injured juvenile was able to make such a change to a city!"

"What about a mature entity?"

"Could it really change the world?"

Jason pondered how to deal with the 'Usurper.'

In the end, his gaze returned to [Protection Against Evil]!

[Protection Against Evil] is indeed effective against the 'Usurper.' This was certain! His previous encounter, disguised as Aiona, was enough proof!

But...

A specialist level [Protection Against Evil] still wasn't enough!

I must elevate [Protection Against Evil] to a higher level!

Master level!

Beyond Master level!

Jason clenched his fist in determination, setting a new goal for himself.

"35 points of satiety should be enough."

"But 8 points of Excitement of Feast... still 5 points short?"

Jason furrowed his brow.

Accumulating 5 points of Excitement of Feast was not an easy task.

And besides, he was not only after a Master level [Protection Against Evil].

There were higher levels too!

Meaning, 5 points of Excitement of Feast was just the foundation!

"Is there any way to accumulate a large amount of Excitement of Feast?" Jason couldn't help but wonder.

At the same time, he glanced at Evelyn.

With the death of the 'Usurper,' Evelyn had regained her Strength.

But Evelyn, trapped in self-doubt, paid no attention to this. She stood there, her figure somewhat unstable and even turning translucent as if about to dissolve at any moment.

Anyone could see that Evelyn's state was not good at this time.

Jason was no exception.

However, he was even more concerned about Giselle.

Would Giselle be alright?

"Don't worry, Giselle will be fine."

"I am the false one."

"She is the real one."

"When I disappear, she will wake up."

Evelyn said this with a calm tone.

Her eyes were fixed on Jason.

The next moment, her calm tone became excited.

"Why didn't I meet you first?"

"Why am I the false one?"

"Why didn't I notice these things earlier?"

There was reluctance, regret, but most of all, unwillingness to let go.

She looked at Jason.

Looked at this man she believed was destined for her.

Unwilling to let go.

She was Evelyn, the queen of Fishbone Street.

She would never hurt her sister Giselle.

She had made such a vow, perhaps it was false, but she believed it.

And if she believed it, then it was... truly real!

Whoo!

After a sighlike roar, Evelyn returned to her original fierce and wild demeanor. Although her figure grew even more unstable, she no longer cared.

"Can Jason promise me one thing?"

Evelyn looked at Jason and asked somewhat shyly.

Jason frowned, his first instinct was to refuse, but looking at the soon-to-dissolve Evelyn, he ultimately altered the words he had prepared.

"As long as it doesn't go against my principles, I can."

Jason replied.

"Are you afraid I'd drag you to get registered?"

"Who would register a marriage with a false existence anyway?"

Evelyn looked at Jason, jokingly making two retorts, but this teasing didn't come off as rude; instead, it had a forthright feeling to it.

Then, Evelyn pointed towards a rooftop not far away.

"Join me for a sunrise."

Having said this, Evelyn leaped up, landing on the roof, where she sat cross-legged looking eastwards.

Jason appeared behind Evelyn.

Watching a sunrise definitely did not violate his principles.

Having agreed, Jason would not go back on his word.

"Jason, do you think there is a difference between the real world and the world before our eyes?"

Evelyn asked.

"Yes, the real world is crueler and more terrifying."

Jason nodded in response.

Evelyn turned with a huff, looking at Jason as if to blame him for his realism.

"I am about to die; can't you lie to me?"

Evelyn stressed.

"I'll try my best."

Jason frowned slightly, nodding again.

"Then let's continue!"

Evelyn said, clearing her throat before she continued to ask—

"What about food?"

"Just as delicious."

"Which is the furthest place you have been?"

"A place called Nightless City."

"Is it wonderful there?"

"It is a paradise for scum, villains, and criminals, a forbidden zone for ordinary people. If possible, ordinary people are better off never going there in their lives."

"Do you hate it there?"

"If I could, I would definitely blow it up."

"Jason?"

"Hmm?"

"Give me a special funeral, an extraordinary one. I don't want to die in silence, just plain and fades away."

"Okay."

"Jason?"

"Hmm?"

"I..."

The voice suddenly stopped.

The sun, at that moment, leaped above the horizon.

Evelyn had passed away with the wind.

The morning breeze fluttered Jason's clothes as he gazed at the sunrise in the distance, silent and speechless.

And the entire block also completely awoke at this moment.

"Ah! There was a gas explosion!"

"The whole street is destroyed!"

"Look at Dr. Hannibal; he's fainted!"

"Call an ambulance!"

"Hurry, call an ambulance!"

...

The awakened city became incredibly noisy.

But any noise would become quiet and solemn in one place.

A few days earlier, the gas explosion on Sausage Street miraculously caused only minor injuries to most residents, but the young daughter of Watchdog Pastry House, Evelyn, was unfortunately among the fatalities.

Everyone expressed their sorrow for the young girl's tragedy.

Today, they gathered here to see the girl off on her last journey.

"Giselle and sister Evelyn are so pitiful. They have been without parents since they were little, and the older sister always took care of the younger. When the older sister fell into a continuous coma after an accident, the younger sister took care of her, relying on the pastry shop to sustain the medical expenses."

"Now that the younger sister has died, what will Giselle do?"

"Alas, it's really pitiful."

Sighs arose among the crowd.

People silently offered bouquets.

However, their gazes involuntarily drifted towards the side of the cemetery.

There a tall figure in a black suit was standing, seemingly here for the funeral, but not joining them, instead watching from afar. Although the day was clear, he held up a black umbrella, his face expressionless but his eyes carried a hint of sadness mixed with an inexplicable calm.

Who is this person?

Feels so mysterious, and a bit terrifying.

No words needed.

No superfluous actions either.

The attendees of Evelyn's funeral were involuntarily drawn to this vision of Jason.

Even as they were preparing to leave, some would still turn back to look at Jason.

And just at that moment, Jason moved.

He strode towards Evelyn's gravestone.

Looking at the one engraved with her name.

Looking at the one carved with the dates, PY68.9 to PY87.1.

He bowed slightly.

Then, in a lowered voice, he said—

"The organization will not forget you!"

This muted voice, just right, reached the ears of those who had just left.

The attendees of the funeral paused in their steps.

The organization?

What organization?

They looked at each other in shock, but when they searched for Jason's figure, he had already disappeared without a trace.

Only an open umbrella lay quietly in front of the gravestone.

The wind blew.

The open umbrella tumbled slightly, hugging the gravestone even tighter.

As if snuggling.

In the sunlight, the shadow of the gravestone and the umbrella stretched out long, very long.

...

Newdeth City Hospital.

In room 141.

Suddenly, laughter broke out.

Giselle, who had been in a coma for years, had woken up.

She woke up laughing.

"Hahaha, Jason is so funny!"

"No wonder he's the man I set my eyes on!"

She laughed like this.

"Evelyn, as a girl, you can't talk like this."

The timid voice of the female pastry chef Rou Rou suddenly echoed from Giselle's mouth.

"I know, I know."

"But don't you think Jason is very interesting?"

The wild voice also came from Giselle's mouth.

The timid voice hesitated for a moment before finally nodding in agreement.

"Yes, he is interesting."

"That's settled then!"

The wild voice laughed again.

Then, she threw off the covers, and dressed in patient garb, stepped down from the bed, heading towards the hospital exit with large strides, mumbling to herself, "Nightless City, Nightless City... stay put there, I will find you!"

"Evelyn, is it really alright for us to leave like this?"

The voice of the female pastry chef came up again.

"Don't you want to see Jason sooner?"

Evelyn countered.

The female pastry chef fell silent.

Of course, she wanted to see Jason.

As soon as possible.

"What should we do?"

The female pastry chef asked.

Evelyn didn't respond directly but turned to walk towards Peapod Alley, looking at the familiar garage door. She grinned with a wild smile on her face.

"Fishbone Street,' your queen has returned!"