

Menu 350

Chapter 350: Contact, Confirm, Contain... Me? (2)

Page Three: Appetizer Pairing with Drink (Beverage).

[Appetizer Pairing]

[You have three choices:]

[1, Sweet Wine]

[2, Tart Wine]

[3, Sparkling Water]

[Choice 1, you will need to consume 5 points of satiety.]

[Choice 2, you will need to consume 5 points of satiety.]

[Choice 3, you will need to consume 6 points of satiety.]

(Note: Out of the three pairing drinks, you can only choose one. When you return after completing the main quest, the remaining two will become unavailable.)

...

New changes!

Jason focused on the noted content.

"I can't choose them all?"

"Only one out of three?"

Although he outright dismissed the so-called 'sweet wine' and 'tart wine', the fact that he couldn't choose them all still made him feel the incompleteness of life.

Having choices, it feels incomplete without having them all, right?

With such a sigh, Jason returned to Ter Street No. 19. He was still keeping the same posture he had when he left, wearing a hockey mask and sitting on a wooden crate with a broad-bladed, short-handled machete resting on his knees.

As for other items?

As 'The Squatter' had been consumed by him, when it completed the replacement and integration throughout Newdeth City, they disappeared without a trace.

Including his wallet, shotgun, grenades, and so on.

It made Jason uncomfortable.

Having no heavy weaponry by his side, he always felt an emptiness at the bottom of his heart.

But...

It was unrealistic to expect heavy weapons to appear out of nowhere at this time.

21:44

The one 'watching' over this place could tolerate him playing some small tricks, but would never allow such 'nonsensical' incidents to happen.

If they did occur, it would mean a direct confrontation.

And him now?

He was clearly no match for the opponent.

He had just closed his eyes, trying to find 'The Watcher'.

But to no avail.

There were only two possibilities.

Either the opponent was too much stronger than him, making him unable to detect anything.

Or the opponent's methods were too bizarre, making him unable to detect anything.

And either case was beyond his current ability to deal with.

Having gradually come to understand 'Mystical Side', Jason knew all too well how terrifying it could be when facing an unknown enemy from the 'Mystical Side'.

You couldn't even imagine where the attack would come from.

Jason absolutely did not want to face such a terrible situation.

So, he endured.

Pretending nothing was wrong, he stood up and picked up a bottle of water, sniffed it after twisting it open, and drank it all.

The cold water made Jason even more calm.

No rush.

No rush.

I will take it slow.

Let's talk after I finish all the dishes on the 'menu'!

The me who hasn't leveled up to the max in Novice Village will definitely not leave the village!

Jason silently told himself.

Then, he picked up the black notebook again.

Choice for appetizer pairing with drink (beverage): Sparkling Water!

After spending 6 points of satiety, more text began to appear in the notebook.

[Some foods are not meant to be enjoyed alone.]

[They need to be paired.]

[Even...]

[if they were hard to eat before!]

...

Following the usual text, a check mark appeared next to [Sparkling Water].

Then, the annotation—

[Background: Your experiences are numerous enough, complex and terrifying to the point that ordinary people can hardly believe. They also make it impossible for you to blend back into an ordinary life. You live in seclusion, but some rumors about you still arouse interest in certain individuals. They want to contact you, to verify your identity, and... to contain you!]

[Main Quest: Survive for 30 days, 0/30.]

[Temporary language acquired, will automatically disappear when leaving the instance]

[Clothing, appearance, and gear temporarily altered, will automatically restore when leaving the instance]

[Detection: no gunpowder weapons]

(Reminder: Please enjoy your appetizer pairing.)

...

As Jason recorded the text, the notebook abruptly closed.

He found himself in another unfamiliar world once again.

In view was an alley with dumpsters at the entrance, blocking most of the passage. The buildings on both sides rose so high, it not only made the alley seem narrower, but also the sky above.

Jason looked up at the gray-blue sky, no bigger than the size of a palm.

In that palm-sized patch of sky, an airplane glided smoothly by.

It was the airplane from his memory.

"Similar to the 'hometown' in my memory?"

Jason speculated.

Then, he examined himself.

He wore black jeans, the edges worn white, a black tracksuit top, and on his feet, a pair of matching sports shoes. Over his shoulders was a black backpack, which without checking, Jason could guess contained his mask and weapons.

Digging through his pockets and checking his backpack, Jason confirmed he had neither money nor identification on him.

Jason frowned.

This was no good sign for him.

After all, the background information had made it clear that someone was looking to "contain" him.

Under such circumstances, not having any identification or money was adding insult to injury.

Perhaps most of the time, identification could be ignored.

It could even become a clue for others to confirm and track him down.

But what about money?

He had to eat, after all.

Steal, rob, deceive?

With his abilities, such acts were easily manageable.

Yet his pride wouldn't allow him to stoop that low.

Begging?

The same.

"How should I obtain money?"

As Jason pondered, he was about to step out of the alley.

And at that moment—

Screech!

Amidst the screeching brakes, a black muscle car came to a stop at the mouth of the alley.

A squad of fully armed soldiers jumped out of the vehicle, their automatic weapons aimed at Jason.

Red dots began to appear on Jason's body.

Then, the sound of helicopter blades came from above.

A rope was lowered down.

One after another, elite troops began to rappel down.

They appeared behind Jason, their firearms also trained on him.

Next, Jason sensed vigilant eyes focusing on him from a distance.

Snipers!

Jason immediately confirmed.

But it wasn't over yet.

The helicopter that had dropped off the rappelling personnel hovered in place, a machine gun aboard training its sights on Jason from above.

Furthermore, figures emerged on the rooftops to both sides, their shoulders loaded with... rocket launchers?!

Jason blinked.

His vision, nearly four times that of an average person, allowed him to confirm that those figures were indeed carrying rocket launchers!

And not just one.

There were twelve on one side.

Both rooftops totaled... twenty-four.

If twenty-four rockets were launched simultaneously in such a narrow space, he'd have nowhere to run, not to mention the crossfire and the machine gun looming in the sky.

A complete entrapment!

Such a nightmarish beginning!

Jason mused inwardly.

But his expression remained calm.

His body unmoving, he only turned his head to glance at the elite troops behind him before resuming his nonchalant demeanor, looking straight ahead as if the squads of soldiers before him didn't exist.

Jason believed that since the other party had arranged such a formation without attacking from the start, they would surely send someone to talk to him.

Indeed, just as Jason had guessed.

About 5 seconds after the formation was set, another fully armed man stepped forward.

The man was about as tall as Jason, towering and imposing.

In his hand was a grenade launcher.

Without crossing the soldiers, he pointed the muzzle at Jason and then spoke,

"Mr. Jason, we mean no harm."

No harm?

It sounded like a joke to Jason, and he gestured with his hand to the surroundings.

However, merely this small gesture made the atmosphere tense; Jason could clearly feel the people around him breathing faster, their pupils dilating.

Especially the man with the grenade launcher, who stepped back even while holding the weapon.

The other side clearly had a significant advantage.

Yet the current situation made Jason feel as though he was the one with the upper hand.

This feeling was odd.

However, Jason did not intend to continue savoring it.

He smiled faintly and whispered softly—