

Menu 357

Chapter 357: Anything You Want... The Kitchen? (2)

Finally, when the pace at which the food appeared couldn't keep up with Jason again, Jason was thoroughly infuriated.

"Not enough! Not enough!"

"More! More!"

"I still want!"

Jason roared loudly.

With such a roar, a huge shadowy figure appeared behind Jason, its blood-red eyes scanning the surroundings, and its gaping maw letting out a series of roars.

Hungry!

So hungry!

Despite having consumed a lot of food, Jason, now insatiable, didn't hesitate anymore.

Crack!

He snapped off a table leg in front of him and sucked it into his mouth.

The sweet taste of food spread across his taste buds, prompting Jason, without any hesitation, to break off another table leg.

Then came the tabletop.

And then?

Another table.

Once the tables were finished, there were plates.

After the plates, there were pillars.

Once the pillars were consumed, there were the walls.

The entire kitchen was his hunting ground.

Crack!

Crack!

The sounds of breaking, sucking, and chewing were incessant.

The whole room began to shake.

As if terrified.

Trembling... incessantly.

It kept changing, becoming a bedroom, a classroom, an infirmary, an exhibition room, a swimming pool, etc., manifesting various creatures, but to no avail.

Jason faced everything that appeared here with only one way to deal with them—

With his stomach, he would restrain these bzarrities.

With his gastric juices, he would cleanse these bizzarrities.

And then, perfectly contain them!

...

The abandoned underground tunnel, located in a remote area, didn't attract much attention, nor did anyone pass through it.

It only drew in certain types of individuals.

For instance: vagrants.

Hosea was among them.

As a somewhat incompetent vagrant, Hosea didn't have the capability to compete with younger and stronger vagrants for territory, nor did he want to.

After all, he only needed the identity of a vagrant, not the reality of one.

However, to make his pretense convincing, he had no choice but to live like a real vagrant.

This made life quite hard for the not-so-young Hosea.

Thus, an abandoned tunnel, unnoticed by other vagrants, was perfect for him.

He needed to use this place to recuperate and plan his next steps.

"After this job, I'll retire, go back to my hometown and live out my years."

Hosea, hunching his body, rubbed his grizzled hair and slowly walked towards the underground tunnel.

Upon entering the abandoned tunnel, Hosea sensed something was off.

The entire tunnel was excessively clean.

Such white walls, not even the tunnels in the city center could achieve, let alone this obviously deserted one, which should have been dirty and disheveled.

But the ground before him was impeccably clean.

It didn't resemble an underground tunnel at all.

More like... a corridor!

Furthermore...

The place was astonishingly quiet.

Although age had weakened Hosea, it had endowed him with experience he'd never had when he was younger.

Subconsciously, Hosea decided to leave this place.

There were many other places to rest.

There was no need to risk staying in such a bizarre place.

With that thought, Hosea hastened his steps.

But, at that very next moment—

Crack!

Amid the sounds of tearing and snapping, a huge crack appeared on the white wall.

It ran across the entire corridor.

Such noise made Hosea involuntarily stop in his tracks.

Because, on the stairs in front of him, a similar crack had appeared.

It was more than two meters wide, and he couldn't possibly step across it.

No way forward.

Hosea immediately turned to look.

The previously white walls, now filled with grotesque, large cracks, kept producing more and more cracks along the corridor.

Crack! Crack!

Sounds similar to walls and ground shattering became one continuous noise.

Hosea scrambled toward a larger, seemingly stable piece of ground.

"Is this, is this an earthquake?"

Hosea looked around in panic.

A sound like whimpering echoed in his ears.

But upon listening closely, it sounded more like pleading.

Yet, before Hosea could make it out completely, the cracks in the corridor grew denser and finally, as the fractured lines spread and overlapped...

Boom!

The entire underground corridor collapsed.

It gave way completely, as if overwhelmed.

Without any resistance, as though it had been drained of its last breath of life.

Hosea watched the corridor collapse before his eyes.

The spot where he stood was right at the edge of the collapse; just two steps forward would have buried him in the rubble.

And just as Hosea breathed a sigh of relief, an angry roar came from the ruins of the collapsed corridor—

"Just like that?!"

"I haven't had my fill yet?!"

"Food!"

"I want more food!"

"Bring me more food!"

Accompanying the angry roar, Hosea saw a tall, muscular figure rise from the debris, infuriated, kicking at the remains of the walls.

Bang!

Boom!

The kick was powerful, causing the already unstable and newly collapsed corridor to begin collapsing once more.

But the tall figure didn't care at all.

After cursing several times and without paying any regard to Hosea's gaze, he shouldered his backpack and left.

"Who was that?"

"What did he do?"

"Did he bring down the entire corridor?"

One question after another arose in Hosea's mind.

However, when the last question appeared, Hosea shook his head.

How could that be?

How could a normal person do such a thing without dynamite, without explosives?

Could they possibly use their teeth?

With a self-mocking answer in mind, Hosea stood up, ready to leave.

A collapse like this would quickly draw attention.

However, he did not wish to be noticed.

Unfortunately, just as Hosea had crawled less than 10 meters away, several black muscle cars appeared in front of him, and seeing the fully armed soldiers jumping from the vehicles, Hosea wisely stopped in his tracks. When the barrels of their guns pointed at him, Hosea immediately raised his hands high.

"I'm just a bystander!"

"This has nothing to do with me!"

"Please believe me!"

Hosea used his exquisite acting skills to display all the attributes of an innocent person who had just encountered an accident.

Then...

Edmund knocked him out.

A gunstock struck the back of Hosea's neck, and watching Hosea fall unconscious, Edmund took no chances.

"Search thoroughly, then bring him back to base for interrogation,"

Edmund ordered.

"Yes, sir."

A member of the action team immediately restrained Hosea and threw him into the vehicle.

Everyone began to search the scene.

But Edmund appeared grave.

As a seasoned Class C member, he had never encountered continuous 'anomalies' within a single day.

In fact, not even in a week.

Even two 'anomalies' within a month would be of concern.

But three times in a day...

"A disaster?"

Edmund muttered to himself.

Then, he recorded this intuitive feeling.

It wasn't a habit, but a necessity for a Class C member.

"Perhaps those researchers, experts, might find some clues."

That was what Edmund thought.

He joined the search team.

While the Class C members led the action team to clear the corridor's ruins, Jason had already run beyond the search perimeter.

Hosea knew something was wrong.

Jason, who had dealt with 'the Fridge' before, was even more aware of how quickly the organization reacted.

Therefore, he chose as secluded a path as possible.

Jason was avoiding surveillance cameras.

Similarly, certain others were also avoiding surveillance.

When Jason passed through an unnamed alley, he saw two groups standing face to face, with representatives of each holding black cases, making an exchange.

Upon Jason's arrival, both groups were startled.

The representatives reacted quickly, and once they verified that Jason was neither from their side nor the opposing side, they immediately raised a hand—

"Kill him!"