

## Menu 46

Chapter 46: The Scarecrow

Fragrant!

A mild, delicate fragrance!

Jason lifted his legs and strode over to the place where the fragrance came from. That place was none other than the ruins of the Moon Mask Club.

After making a few steps on the ruins, Jason locked his eyes on a slab of rubble.

“Do we have a shovel?”

Jason shouted to the people behind him.

“Yes, we do!”

Finch drew a shovel from the side of the cannon carrier and ran over.

This shovel was prepared as a precautionary measure against the trouble that the cannon carrier might possibly encounter as it moved about. It was a military product in the truest sense. Not only was it light and convenient, but it was also extremely handy and useful. This was especially so for the left half of the shovel, which was so sharp that it could be used as a knife.

Upon receiving the shovel, Jason refused Finch's help and began to dig very carefully.

The rubble was rapidly cleared.

The carpet, that was placed on the original floor of the club, was also cleaned as a result.

Then, there was the shattered stone floor.

For every layer cleaned, the fragrance grew a bit stronger.

By now, that fragrance, that was heading in his direction in whiffs and puffs, was telling Jason that food was about to appear before him.

He no longer chose to use the shovel. Instead, Jason began using his bare hands to move the shattered slabs of stone flooring.

When a piece of the stone floorboard, that was considered to be pretty much intact, was shifted away, a palm-sized box appeared in front of Jason.

Like the stone flooring, this wooden box was long broken, so much to the extent that there was no need for Jason to open up the box to see what was contained within it.

It was a...

Scarecrow!

It was a scarecrow that had been fragmented into many pieces during the explosion. When it was perfectly intact in its entirety, it should have had hands and legs, as well as the structure of a head.

The fragrance was coming from this crushed scarecrow.

Jason carefully picked up the broken scarecrow, with a touch of hesitance appearing on his face.

“Do I want to eat grass?”

But, immediately, such hesitation disappeared.

“It smells so good; I’m sure it will taste just as good.”

“I can boil it for a while in some holy water, and then dip it in some sauce. Shouldn’t be a problem.”

With a decision in mind, Jason hesitated no more. He directly loaded the scarecrow into the kraft paper bag that he always had with him wherever he went.

Then, he went to Bondy, who had also come to the ruins and was carrying out a site investigation.

There were some matters that entailed professional insight, so he needed to seek Bondy’s opinion.

“Phweet-phweet!”

While whistling a lighthearted tune, the man marched forward amidst the dense forest.

But that lighthearted whistle of his suddenly came to a halt, and his footsteps also came to a pause, along with his entire being.

Though his whistle immediately returned to normal, and his footsteps also became light again, his face that was obscured by the shadow of the darkness, revealing a hint of surprise and twisted resentment.

“Ho-ho.”

“Jason, Jason.”

“You’re really one amazing apprentice!”

“The black sheep should really dance for you.”

“You’re truly worthy of a”

Zoom!

It was a sound like a singing aria being interrupted by something sharp slashing through the air.

A bolt suddenly appeared from a distance.

The moment a sound was heard, this bolt had bored a hole through the man’s body and pinned him right onto the trunk of the tree behind him.

The man lowered his head to look at his wound. Then he could not help laughing.

“Dan, you are still so sharp and fast.”

These words were barely said, and the man simply fell straight onto the ground.

Fresh blood oozed from his body and invaded the surrounding land.

Instantly, the surrounding verdure wilted and withered right away, as though they had met with lethal poison.

And such wilting and withering was rapidly spreading.

But the next moment, a potion fell from the sky and stopped all this.

Crack!

A test tube fell to the ground and was directly smashed into pieces.

A crystal-clear fluid rapidly neutralized the blood in that corpse.

The wilting and withering verdure did not undergo regeneration, but the poison that was spreading was brought under control.

A figure appeared soundlessly, right next to the corpse.

After a quick examination of the dead body, this figure raised his hand and waved.

Whoosh!

Flames spewed out in a great surge and covered the corpse.

Amidst the blazing flames, the corpse was set on fire.

A middle-aged man, donning a leather armor with a pair of swords slung behind his back and a hooded cloak draped on the outside, was visible under the illumination of the firelight.

“Another puppet...”

“The shepherd!”

The middle-aged man gave a cold snort, and then, he turned around to look in the direction of Rhode.

“Just fooling around.”

This was what the middle-aged man said. But the phlegmatic countenance was becoming gentle, and the corners of his mouth were starting to reveal a hint of a smile that seemed to be hard to miss.

The next moment, the middle-aged man waved again.

Suddenly, the flames disappeared.

And at the same time, the figure of the middle-aged man also disappeared without a trace.

‘I can confirm that the explosion that just happened was beyond the power of what a single bomb should have!’

‘That amount of power was supposed to be possible only when more than a dozen bombs exploded at the same time.’

‘What’s more, I have conducted some on-site investigations and found that there are many areas of the club that showed signs of an explosion, and these were from the inside, not from the outside!’



After returning to the singles' dormitory, Jason sat by the stove, still musing about Bondy's words from a while ago.

He was not concerned about the matter of the club having a bomb in its vicinity.

For a place like this, it was common sense to have some weapons in its possession. This was similar to how a repairman always kept a wrench close at hand. It was nothing surprising at all.

If otherwise, Jason would have found it strange.

What truly bothered him was

"When attacking from the outside, the power of gunpowder weapons is greatly reduced. And attacking from the inside... No, no, no, I should not put it across like that!"

"I should say that only items that have been evaluated as belongings of the Moon Mask Club can give play to the due effect. If not, the item can only unleash one-tenth of its power, or even less a tenth."

"All of this is achieved by relying on it?"

Subconsciously, Jason looked at the scarecrow in the metal pot, which was fully boiled in the holy water.

The scattered, messy lines rolling about the soup reminded Jason of noodles.

Soup noodles were pretty good.

If there were some toppings, it would be even better.

The fragrance coming from the pot was making Jason fall into a reverie of thoughts.

Even to the extent where he had to exert some great perseverance in order to pull his wandering thoughts back on the right track.

“Something’s not quite right.”

“If it could be done to such a degree, the fragrance should, by right, be much stronger. It should be even stronger than that of the monster, Herke and not like this, where it’s hovering between a submariner and a Kemetia.”

Jason quickly shook his head.

Having gone through so many rounds of food comparisons, he had long sorted out the comparison between the concentration of the fragrance of foods and the strength of the foods in their own right.

The more fragrant a food was, the stronger it was.

On the contrary, if the food was of a much weaker caliber, then it would have a milder fragrance.

“So...”

“It’s most likely that it’s a ritual of a certain kind of combination.”

With this in mind, Jason could not help but whisper to himself.

“A profession that has formed a system of its own, a secret technique that’s inherited, a wide variety of rituals...”

It was very obvious that the power of the mysterious side was far more complex and bizarre than what he had ever imagined.

This was especially so, for a rookie like Jason.

He could not even differentiate what he had seen from the earlier scene, whether it was making use of the power of “Profession”, or whether it was an unmethodical power that was independent of “Profession”.

However, either way, Jason still had more to look forward to regarding the secret assembly that he would be attending the next day.

He expected himself to be able to gain even more understanding over there. He wanted to know everything about the mysterious side.

Knowledge and rumors alike, there would be no discrimination.

It would be best if there was information specifically about the Moon Mask Club.

Although the Moon Mask Club had already become a pile of ruins, Jason did not find that the matter could be concluded as a finished event.

Because, from the start, until the end, the figure who had arranged all this was not directing anything at him.

Instead, it was all about dealing with his teacher.

Jason?

He was just an incidental occurrence along the way.

It was just that... that was only before.

Now?

The other party should have noticed him.

What was the other party going to do next?

And as for him...

What should he do to deal with the situation?

A sense of urgency and crisis made Jason pick up his bowl.

The next moment

Slurp, slurp.