

Menu 47

Chapter 47: Look Like or Not?

The noodles were not dried up or shriveled, nor were they difficult to chew at all. On the contrary, they were not only very chewy, they even had a little crispiness to their texture, especially when combined with the taste of the meat broth. The taste could even bring a shine to Jason's eyes.

A mouthful of noodles.

A mouthful of soup.

Even if there were no actual toppings in a true sense, the taste was still extremely delightful when matched with some pepper, vinegar, and a little garlic shoots.

[Devouring the Kirchen elves (Crush)!]

[Moderate recovery of physical strength and vigor!]

[Satiety +4]

[Satiety: 6]

“Kirchen elves?”

Looking at the unfamiliar name, Jason, who had fully recovered his physical strength and vigor, raised a brow in response.

He could be sure that the name of this monster was not found in his copy of the “Certificate of Night Watchman”.

Likewise, including that amorphous, monster-like creature previously, there was no information about it as well.

The feeling of knowing only the name of something without any specific details about it was just like the feeling one would have when someone started off by saying, “Hey, let me tell you something,” and then stopping there without saying anything else.

This was a feeling so terrible that it was beyond what words could describe.

“Have to get more food... No, it’s information about monsters.”

“This is the consciousness of a night watchman.”

“And also...”

“Satiety!”

Jason watched as the number of Satiety points increased again, reaching a Satiety of 6.

He did not mind accumulating some Satiety at all.

But only on the premise where it was safe enough.

Like the current situation he found himself in, all the more he would want to use Satiety to exchange for greater strength. But at the moment, his skills had reached a bottleneck where he needed the excitement of food.

“Learn some new skills?”

“But the acquisition of a skill requires me to undergo a process, unless...”

“It’s a skill like the graphical reiterations and protection from evil!”

Thinking about this made Jason increasingly look forward to that secret assembly, where he might possibly find something rewarding.

And before that?

Once again, Jason took out the “Certificate of Night Watchman”.

He had read through all the contents written in this book before.

But Jason did not mind reading it a few more times to reinforce his memory.

After all, this was the only book that could keep him linked to the mysterious side.

The kerosene lamp in the room was adjusted brighter.

Gradually, the only sound that could be heard was that of someone flipping the pages of a book.

Early in the morning, around the corner of the street, “Yanan Food Store” was timely set up for business.

The crippled boss finished setting up the blackboard that was filled with names and prices of food dishes. Then he moved on to combing his thinning hair. In order to make his hair appear a little thicker, he had to loosen the strands to fluff up his hair. Unfortunately, his hair was simply much too little. Even though he had backcombed as much hair as possible, the smooth scalp beneath his hair could still be seen emitting a shiny light.

What was especially terrible was that the dew in the early autumn mist quickly wet this head of sparse hair, causing the hairs to completely collapse and stick to the scalp. This made his hair seem even more sparse than it originally was.

And by this time, Jason had walked to the front of the stall.

After casting a glance at the boss, who was still trying to tidy up his hair, he fixed his gaze on the blackboard.

The menu today was no different from yesterday.

Except that the grilled herring was changed to fried herring.

The garden pea soup was changed to flowering tea, which had an additional special mention that this tea was homemade.

The price remained the same though.

However, other than the salted eel, Jason did not intend to order according to yesterday's breakfast again.

He made his decision very quickly.

“Five sandwiches, two flowering teas, and one salted eel.”

Jason said as he passed 6 grams of copper over to the boss.

“You’re buying breakfast for your family again?”

“What a dutiful brother. Your younger siblings must be very blessed.”

The boss said as he handed Jason the food.

Jason received the food with an expressionless face and turned around to walk away. But, after taking two steps forward, he suddenly turned around, flashed a smile, and said something that was of great pertinence. “You should buy a hat!”

“A hat?”

“I don’t need a hat!”

“I’m not bald!”

“It’s just that my hair is a little thin!”

The boss said as he pointed to the sparse hair on his head with a very serious, and even a little proud, look. But by this time, Jason had long made it past the corner of the street and was done with his first sandwich.

The ham was salty, the egg was still warm, and the vegetables were fresh enough.

Generally speaking, the sandwich was quite good.

Though it was nothing too surprising or amazing, it was still considered value for money.

The flowering tea had a faint sweetness and made a good combination with the sandwich.

As for the salted eel, it was still as good as yesterday.

“It did maintain its standard of good breakfast!”

With such an evaluation, Jason walked into the police dormitory.

At this time of the day, the constables and detectives, who were up early, had made their way downstairs.

“Good morning, Your Lordship, Mr. Jason!”

When they saw Jason, they were quick to greet him respectfully.

The several battles had long allowed them to understand how powerful and mysterious this young man, who was standing right before them, was. Especially the latter, which was even more awe-inspiring.

What they were most thankful about was the fact that Jason was on their side.

“Good morning!”

Jason responded to their greetings one by one.

And then, when he reached the stairwell on the third floor, he saw Bondy.

Apparently, the sheriff was just done with another sleepless night.

Not only was his hair in a mess, he even sported bloodshot eyes and the expression on his face seemed to carry a hint of tension.

And he was obviously waiting for Jason there.

Undoubtedly, the excavation of the club should have reaped a new discovery.

Or...

Met with some other issues.

Judging from the other party's expression, it was obviously the latter.

In fact, after entering Jason's room, the sheriff immediately opened his mouth to speak.

"We found a few corpses in the original cellar of the club."

"They included the person-in-charge of the club, the waiters, guards, and guests."

“The corpses also included quite a handful of guys who had been wanted for a long time.”

“And also...”

“My four subordinates...”

Having spoken up until this point, there was a tremble in Bondy’s voice.

The sheriff lowered his head slightly, for he did not wish to let Jason see his look at that very moment.

Jason did not rush him. He just waited quietly for Bondy to adjust his emotions.

About a couple of seconds later, Bondy was back to normal.

The sheriff then went on to say, “It’s very normal to dig during the first half of the night after you have left.”

“Everything went very well.”

“But, just a while ago, when it was almost daybreak, a black carriage suddenly appeared!”

“I don’t know when it appeared. The men on duty also did not notice it. When I got back my senses, it was already right before me. And then a man with a black cloak draped over him came down the carriage. He waved at the corpses, which then seemed to come alive. Shakily, they stood up and walked toward the carriage.”

“The corpses walked to the carriage?”

Jason frowned.

“That’s right!”

“The corpses walked over to where the carriage was!”

“It did seem like this was what happened!”

Bondy nodded his head vigorously, seemingly afraid that Jason might not understand him. He stood up right away and started imitating those corpses. He walked toward the door of the room, one shaky step at a time, one wobbly step at a time.

That posture of his was truly a striking resemblance.

It could even be taken as absolutely lifelike.

Even though Jason had never seen how a corpse walked, looking at the sheriff that very moment, Jason was subconsciously convinced that this was the exact posture a corpse would have when it was walking.

Then, the sheriff suddenly looked back and bared his teeth at Jason. He broke into an eerie smile and asked.

“You think...”

“Do I look like a corpse, or not?”

Bang!