

Menu 50

Chapter 50: All the Same!

The anguished cry rang out from the mouth of the “corpse”.

But...

It was not just from one place.

Jason could hear that there was also such a cry near the Moon Mask.

Then, he looked on as the man right before his eyes began to...

Air-dry!

His face and body began withering at a speed that was visible to the naked eye.

After a mere dozen breaths or so, he became an existence that was just like a dried corpse.

And then.

Snap!

A crackling sound rang aloud, and the entire corpse shattered into pieces.

“This... this...”

Finch, who had come running back, was staring with widened eyes. He was rendered completely speechless.

More than once, the young constable had witnessed the bizarreness of the mysterious side. But every single time a new situation arose, he would always feel a sort of soul-stirring heartquake.

Bondy, Hall, and the others were no exception as well.

However, Bondy, on the other hand, reacted quickly.

“You guys, seal off the scene!”

“Finch, return to the police station to investigate.”

“Hall, you will go to the Moon Mask Club to investigate!”

Bondy instructed them in an orderly manner.

“Yes, sir!”

After a concerted response, the crowd hurriedly got into the act.

But Jason crouched down instead, and then, from the remains of the dried-up corpse, he retrieved a leather pouch.

The pouch was about the size of a normal person’s palm, with a thickness that was no more than 5 centimeters. It had a leather strap so that its bearer could carry it on a belt, or simply use that leather strap as a belt to hang it around the waist.

The leather was soft to the touch. Under the sunlight, it had a soft luster. It was clearly a pouch of prime quality.

But Jason was concerned about the contents of the bag, instead.

Because...

He could detect the faint aroma of food coming from the bag.

Very faint.

But it really existed.

Without hesitation, Jason checked the pouch quickly. After confirming that it posed no danger to him, he opened the pouch.

When he had a clear view of what was inside the pouch, Jason's pupils shrank.

There were two items inside the pouch.

One was a light red potion that was contained in a test-tube, and it was exuding the faint aroma of food.

Though this item was amazing, what truly surprised Jason was the other item...

A dagger!

This dagger was made of some kind of bone, and the size of its handle was at most big enough to accommodate the thumb, index finger, and middle finger pinched around it. But its blade was welded into a strange arc, giving off a vibe that it was very sharp.

Its design was exactly the same as that of a dagger of a beast tamer!

And when Jason picked up this dagger, the following words immediately flashed before his eyes.

[No ten years' worth of time buried in a tomb!]

[Had been in contact with a spirit with a resentment!]

[Attained novice level for Graphical Reiterations!]

[Owned a "dagger of a grave keeper"!]

[Determined that prerequisite of "grave keeper" had not been completed. Unable to be inaugurated!]

Seeing the text before him, Jason's narrowed eyes started flashing cold light.

Daggers of the same model.

Were the keys to be inaugurated into a “Profession”.

Jason would definitely not believe anyone who was to say that there was no connection involved.

But there were certain areas that did not make sense.

The dagger of a beast tamer came from Kurtz.

The other party was a disciple of the people from the mysterious side—the ones who came up with the layout of the Moon Mask Club.

And the person who owned this dagger of a grave keeper should, supposedly, share a deep relationship with the other party.

It should not be difficult if the other party wanted the so-called Kirchen elves. It simply did not need to be so complicated. In other words...

The other party was simply coming at him?

Such speculation made Jason’s heart sink.

He was aware that the revenge of that person from the mysterious side would come very quickly. But he had not expected it to be so soon.

It had only been a day!

No!

If he were to do the mathematics carefully, it was only from last midnight until this early morning, that meant that it had only been half a day's time.

A rush of pressure made Jason breathe much faster.

So...

He took out the other tube of potion that was giving off the faint aroma of food and pulled out the cork.

Gulp, gulp.

Burp.

It was kind of sweet and carbonated. And, if it was chilled with ice, it would taste even better.

Unwittingly, Jason gave an evaluation of the food.

[Taking Herke's remedy (Excellent)!]

[Substantial recovery of physical strength and vigor!]

[Satiety +3]

[Satiety: 9]

"Able to increase Satiety..."

"Just as I've expected: it's food!"

"Potions can also increase Satiety. Is it because there are certain 'ingredients' added in?"

Jason could not help speculating.

Then, his eyes glowed radiantly.

He found another channel to increase Satiety and Excitement of Feeding.

It was not purely food!

“Drinks” were fine, too!

Then...

He thought of someone who seemed to be good at making potions.

And they happened to have arranged a meeting tonight.

“Quite a good agreement!”

Jason silently thought to himself.

The sun rose completely, dispelling the mist enshrouding Rhode. The people went to work and opened their shops as usual. The streets were as prosperous and bustling as ever.

Even if a certain part of the Kensing Street had been sealed off, people would, at most, just ask a few questions out of curiosity.

After all, there would not be any food falling from the sky, even if he were to stand here and keep watch.

At this point in time, Jason had run another round of check on the Moon Mask Club. After confirming that all danger was completely removed following the death of that grave keeper, he returned to the singles dormitory at the police station.

Over here, Finch was working together with a few other young constables to clear the shattered bits of dried-up corpses from the corner.

“A grave keeper... is he able to manipulate corpses?”

“What’s with that carriage?”

“Was it a spirit carriage?”

There were questions continuously churning inside Jason’s mind.

But he could not find any answers at all.

Once again, he felt his lack of knowledge of the mysterious side.

In the meantime, he was increasingly looking forward to the secret assembly that was going to take place at night.

“Hopefully, I will be able to find some useful knowledge.”

Such thoughts were running through Jason’s mind as he made his way upstairs to Room 305.

He was holding onto a kraft paper bag that contained sausages, oil dregs, beets, and bread—these were purchases from “Fire-Passing Food Store”. After “Yanan Food Store” had closed after its morning operating hours, there was a plump lady taking over that spot.

The same as Yanan, this was a mobile food store. The pricing and management policies of “Fire-Passing Food Store” was the same as “Yanan Food Store”, and both places sold quality products and had cheap prices, thus making them more approachable.

Of course, this was also a shop that Finch recommended to Jason.

Tearing the bread apart, Jason put in the beets, oil dregs, and sausages, one after the other.

The sausages were not sliced but cut into smaller parts.

This would be more reflective of the heaviness of the meat.

In reality, it was also the same.

Especially when the crispy oil dregs start to fill the mouth, a sense of happiness would also start to fill one's heart.

As for the beets—as the name suggested, they had a similar effect to sugar.

But it was very mild.

And after they had been processed into pickled form, they had the crunchiness of carrots.

Some beets, coupled with oil dregs was considered a delicacy by the standards of the commoners.

“Based on a normal person’s meal capacity, one serving would probably cost around 2 grams of copper.”

“I spent a total of 12 grams of copper on food.”

“Earlier in the day, I spent 12 grams of copper on two meals for breakfast, newspapers, and mushrooms. I also gave Finch 2 copper dimes.”

“I still have 4 grams of gold, 4 grams of silver, and 9 grams of copper.”

Jason was calculating his assets.

He was definitely not trying to calculate what he could eat at the restaurant!

He was preparing the expenses for that night’s secret assembly.

Knowledge was expensive, no matter where it came from.

The mysterious side?

Jason did not think it would be an exception.

And at this point in time, there was a burst of hurried footsteps sounding out along the corridor. These footsteps were heading straight for 305.

However, the moment he arrived at the doorstep of Jason's place, the other party stopped in his tracks.

Very politely, he raised his hands and knocked on the door.

Knock!

Tok-tok!