

Menu 56

Chapter 56: I, Jason, Have the Perfect Technique for Making Money

Garden Pea Street, located in the south of Rhode City, was a small marketplace.

Unlike the shops that lined the length of Kensing street, the majority of the shops here were mobile vendors.

And, compared to the wide Kensing Street, Garden Pea Street was much narrower. It was very difficult for carriages to pass through here normally.

So Jason jumped out of the carriage at the street entrance of Garden Pea Street.

“Jason, be careful.”

Bondy whispered.

“All right.”

Jason nodded in response. Then he closed the door behind him and to Finch, who was serving as a coachman driving the carriage, he bade, “Be mindful of safety on the road.”

“Understood, My Lordship, Jason.”

The young man assured.

Snap!

Clip-clop-clop.

Finch jogged the reins, and the carriage soon disappeared into the night.

Jason stood rooted to the ground and watched the carriage disappear before he looked toward Garden Pea Street.

By this time, the vendors, who had set up stalls, had basically closed for the day.

But there were still many people carrying large bundles or pushing their carts as they walked along this street. Unlike ordinary vendors, the majority of these people were strong and bulky and were armed with weapons. Even if there were one or two weaker and thinner ones, they also exuded a strange vibe that made people feel that they were not people to be trifled with.

Jason stood in the shadows, obscured from view. He remained silent and composed as he observed the surroundings.

Until Daniel appeared.

This teacher from Deer College was pushing a cart as he looked around him.

Clearly, he was looking for Jason.

“Over here.”

Jason spoke out to remind him.

Daniel immediately followed the voice and found Jason.

“Look,”

“The mask you wanted.”

As though he was presenting a treasure, Daniel took out an ice hockey mask.

This was a standard ice hockey mask. There were many neat, small holes all over the forehead and cheeks area, as well as a splash of red between the eyes.

Jason picked up the mask and put it on right away.

After some slight adjustment, a hidden sense of comfort appeared, once again.

It calmed him down instantly.

Daniel, who was standing in front of Jason, had frozen in shock because he had never discovered before that Jason would be such a suitable fit for the ice hockey mask.

“Your cloak.”

Daniel handed over the cloak.

Cloaks were not cheap to start with. They had to be smooth to the touch and should not cause even a hint of a burden when draped over the wearer’s body. More importantly, there were two linings at the two shoulders to simply prevent people from having a clear view of the wearer’s body type.

After adjusting the “Winchester Brothers” and his two other weapons, the MF92 and UZ submachine gun, Jason quietly waited for Daniel to change into his outfit.

It was the same cloak he wore, but his mask was that of a clown.

“How do I look?”

“I fell in love with clowns after watching my first clown performance when I was a child.”

“A pity...”

“I don’t have the talent to be a comedian.”

Daniel pointed at the red nose on his mask.

Jason looked at him without making any comment.

After all, from his point of view, a clown was not purely a comedian.

“Why so serious?”

Jason unconsciously muttered under his breath.

“What?”

Daniel did not seem to fully understand what Jason meant.

On the other hand, Jason silently shook his head and walked straight out of the shadows. He turned in the direction of Garden Pea Street and headed toward it.

“Why so serious?”

Daniel stood in his original spot as he repeated this line.

For some unknown reason, he liked this line.

He felt that he should be a good fit for this line.

After all, once upon a time, he had wanted to be a comedian.

However, the very next moment, upon seeing that Jason had already gone far, he immediately pushed his cart to catch up with Jason.

“Wait for me!”

Daniel shouted.

Rumble-rumble.

The wheels of his cart rotated at high speed. With a tall, strong figure walking forward in large strides, and a tall, thin figure speedily chasing up from behind, these two figures attracted the people around to look at them, albeit unconsciously.

However, upon having a clear view of that clown mask, they hurriedly tore their eyes away.

At most, their gazes would remain a second or two on that strange ice hockey mask.

“Guards?”

“Very familiar with Daniel.”

Jason thought. Then he looked at Number 10, Garden Pea Street, which was close at hand.

This was a three-story building with an exterior that looked no different from the surrounding buildings. Though the windows were very clean, they still bore the traces of age.

At the moment, the second and third floors were lit.

Jason could even see people walking around with food on the second floor.

It was just that...

There was no sound of footsteps.

Jason, who was twice more perceptive than an average person, was very sure that what he was seeing should be a kind of existence that was similar to phantoms.

And as a venue for a secret assembly of the mysterious side, it was very normal to have these.

Taking his eyes away, Jason looked at what was before him.

A small fence gate was blocking the way.

It was made of iron and had many red, rusty spots.

The door was not locked, but it was shut.

On the left gatepost, there was a suspended handle—this was an old-fashioned doorbell.

Jason did not act rashly. He turned to look at Daniel.

“Leave this to me.”

Daniel said. Then he pulled the handle.

With a rhythm of one slow pull, followed by two fast tugs, Daniel repeated this set twice in a row. Then the metal fence in front of them automatically opened.

Crack!

Together, with the opening of the fence, the doors of the building, that were across a small flower bed, also opened.

Daniel pushed the cart and went straight in.

Jason followed behind him.

Along the way, the path seemed clear and unobstructed.

They went through doors, corridors, big halls, and then...

They came to a stairway that was rotating downwards.

It was that kind of stairway where both sides were staircases, with the middle part made into even ground.

Apparently, the organizers here had taken into consideration that there would be people like Daniel turning up, pushing their carts along with them.

They walked down a hundred steps or so.

A wooden door blocked the way ahead of them.

Daniel did not need Jason to open his mouth. He went up and knocked on the door.

Knock, knock-knock!

“Beard, hair, nails.”

After knocking on the door, Daniel cited a strange code.

The next moment, the door opened.

And with the opening of the door, Jason’s ears could instantly hear a flurry of mixed voices.

“Looking to buy the claws of a grinner?”

“Asking to buy the tongue of a paradoxical being?”

“Asking to buy the tentacle of a submariner?”

All seemed to be stuff that he had eaten before.

All tasted very good at that.

Then, Jason's nose, hidden behind the mask, suddenly began to twitch.

He...

Detected the aroma of food.

It was an aroma that had smells belonging to a grinner, a paradoxical being, and also a submariner. And it also carried a smell that he was not familiar with.

But...

It was all so fragrant!

The edges of Jason's mouth curved slightly upwards.

His face that was hidden behind the ice did not mind revealing a smile.

“What do you think?”

“Isn’t it surprising?”

“When I first came here, I was also very surprised.”

“Garden Pea Marketplace is definitely not like any of those that ordinary people on the ground often see.”

“It’s underground!”

“This is the real Garden Pea Marketplace!”

Daniel looked at Jason beside him, who was clearly a little dazed, and could not help laughing.

“Yes.”

“I’m somewhat surprised.”

“I had not expected to see so many...”

His voice gradually faded away as Jason had already taken a big step forward to walk in.

The underground hall inside was evidently large enough and took on a squarish layout. Jason stood at the door and looked, and he could easily see thirty to forty stalls.

Right in the middle of the building, there was a huge tent, and there was a very big signboard hanging on the outside this huge tent:

1. One complete coat of hair of the grinner (5 grams of gold)
2. One venom sac of the Aikeze Lizard (20 grams of gold)
3. One complete wing bone of Domera (20 grams of gold)
4. 1500 strands of Kemetia hair (50 grams of gold)
5. Details of the Moon Mask Club (No official information required) (200 grams of gold)

(Note: With the exception of No. 5, additional amount paid for Nos. 1 to 4 are welcomed. All and sundry would be turned into good account—"Sir Beta")

“That is the requirement of the organizer that I was telling you about. Sir Beta has always been very generous.”

Daniel said as he brought his cart to a stop and removed the binding ropes on top of it. Then, he pulled out a banner.

“Panacea—developed with mummy powder!”

“Two grams of gold for one serving!”

With the appearance of the banner, many people flocked over to Daniel’s booth.

“One and only fixed price!”

“No, no, no!”

“No bargaining, please. Thank you!”

Daniel said as he looked at Jason, who was next to him and then said, "You can roam around first. We will have to wait until midnight for the open communication segment. I can lend you a few grams of gold if you need some."

"No, I don't need them."

Jason declined his offer.

Through that big signboard and the peddlers all around the area, he roughly knew the pricing of commodities.

He could not even afford the hair of the grinner with his total asset worth of 4 grams of gold, 9 grams of silver, and 9 grams of copper.

If he wanted to replenish his Satiety, he would need a great amount of gold here.

Fortunately, there was still a pretty good opportunity right ahead of him.

Jason's eyes were locked on the fifth option on that big signboard, especially on the note stating that there was no need for official information.

Then he walked toward the tent.

So what if he did not have any gold?

He...

He still...

He still could...

He still could sell him himself.