

## Menu 67

Chapter 67: The Name of Beauty and Poetry...

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The flame sprouted at the head of the match.

Among the specks of light, it suddenly expanded.

Once the fuse was lit, it hissed like spitting sparks

Hiss, hiss.

And then—

Boom!

A huge fireball tumbled into the night sky, the ground trembled continuously, and the entire Pea Street was as lit as daytime.

The massive shockwave tore apart everything around.

Not just the stony ground, but also those attackers who had converged upon them.

Not a single person escaped.

Because they were all too greedy.

Each of them couldn't wait to be closest to the carriage.

Each of them couldn't wait to capture Jason themselves.

Each of them couldn't wait to be the ultimate beneficiary.

So,

Death arrived as expected.

Like the night wind sweeping over a decaying reed bed, amidst the flurry, only futile struggles remained.

Wailing, groaning.

It echoed on the outermost perimeter.

They were the lucky ones.

But,

They were also the unlucky ones.

Death, at times, really is the best relief.

However, at this moment, no one cared about them.

“Sir Jason!”

Inside No. 10 Pea Street, Finch yelled out as he rushed out.

The young man knew that some folks had set their sights on Jason.

And Jason had long been prepared.

Only...

Finch could never have imagined that Jason would use such a method.

The closer he got to the explosion site, the more the young man's heart sank.

Those on the outermost had already lost arms and legs.

What about those closer?

Or rather...

The center of the explosion?

Sorrow surfaced on the young man's face.

Whoosh!

A gust of wind howled.

Sir Beta's figure arrived at the street entrance ahead of everyone.

The old baronet twitched at the sight of the scene's traces.

Cruel!

Too cruel!

To use oneself as bait, to wipe out most of the guys in one fell swoop!

This was simply...

The spitting image of 'Dan'!

No!

This young 'Night Watcher' apprentice was destined to be an even fiercer existence than 'Dan'.

Because...

This guy is immortal!

The old baronet's gaze was fixed on the explosion's center, shrouded in dust and smoke.

Step, step-step!

From within the dust, footsteps sounded, and a blurry figure slowly emerged.

"Finch, did you get the thing I asked you to fetch?"

Jason's voice rang out.

Finch, whose eyes were already red and almost crying, was stunned.

It wasn't just Finch; the crowd that had rushed out at the sound of the explosion was also stunned.

Every one of them was in disbelief!

They couldn't believe that a flesh-and-blood person could survive the recent explosion.

And even seemed...

Uninjured?!

What kind of being could achieve such a feat?

All sorts of absurd, preposterous answers made each person involved in the gathering feel their scalp tingle.

But not Taniel!

This young teacher from Deer Academy wore a face full of thick joy.

His friend was alright!

Immediately, Taniel yanked off his cloak and threw it forcefully towards the shadow in the dust.

“Catch.”

Taniel shouted loudly.

He certainly didn’t want his friend caught in any embarrassing situation.

Taniel’s actions and shouts woke the people from the Mystical Side around him.

They looked at each other and then uniformly turned around.

Some walked backwards.

Others scattered and left.

Either way, none of them wanted to make that figure feel embarrassed.

Because...

The cost of embarrassing the other party was something they couldn’t afford.



Wrapped in Taniel's cloak, with the hood pulled low, Jason emerged.

He first took his wallet, weapon, water skin, and so on from Finch's hands.

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When Jason decided on the plan, he had temporarily placed all potentially damaging items in the room at 10 Pea Street, save for the set of clothes he wore and some substitutes utilized for authenticity. The most valuable thing on Jason's person was that very set of clothes—gifted by the old baronet.

“Ja, Jason Your Excellency...”

“Are you all right?”

Finch was clearly in great shock; even at this point, he stammered as he spoke.

“I'm fine.”

“Help me clean up the battlefield.”

Jason said to Finch.

“Okay.”

Finch immediately nodded, deftly pulled out gloves, put them on, and started to move.

Jason, on the other hand, walked towards the old baronet.

“Baronet, may I borrow a set of clothes?”

Jason asked.

Despite wearing Taniel’s cloak, it still felt chilly when the wind blew.

“Eric, help Jason find a suitable suit of clothes.”

Now that his name had been revealed, there was no need to conceal it any longer, and the old baronet began to call him directly by his name.

“Also.”

“Could you help me find an ice hockey mask, too?”

Jason made another request.

Although it was strange why Jason would make such an odd request, the old baronet did not refuse.

An ice hockey mask was nothing to fuss over.

Could it be used for relentless killing?

And compared to this rather peculiar request,

The old baronet was more concerned about Jason’s ‘Undying’ Talent.

Even stronger than he had imagined!

It almost involuntarily reminded him of certain monsters from the rumors.

In fact, it wasn't just him who thought this way.

With his superhuman perception, the old baronet could clearly hear the conversations of those around him—

'Phoenix'

'Hydra'

In the conversation, these two entities were relentless.

The old baronet couldn't help but sigh in his heart:

"Is the 'Hulk Potion' really that powerful?"

...

"Jason Your Excellency, if you need anything, just call out to me."

“I’ll be right outside the door.”

The old baronet’s servant, Eric, said this.

“Alright.”

Jason responded in this manner.

Then, at the moment he closed the door, the normally composed Jason began to tremble all over, sweat instantly soaked his entire cloak, even his face started to twist slightly.

Pain!

Pain as if his bones were shattering!

Satiation could heal fatal injuries, but...

It couldn’t alleviate the pain.

Simply put, Jason truly endured the explosion and then ‘resurrected’ himself.

And not just once.

It was three times!

The words that healed the fatal injuries flashed before his eyes three times!

This left Jason with only 2 points of satiation from the original 11.

He was bearing unspeakable pain and massive consumption.

But Jason still wore a smile.

Because...

He was alive once more.

That was enough.

“Those coveting the ‘Hulk Potion’ should remain quiet for quite a while.”

“Next...”

“The missing corpses!”

After changing into new clothes and donning the mask, Jason’s mind replayed the scene at the graveyard.

The disappeared corpses always made him feel uneasy.

It wasn’t as straightforward as the Moon Mask club.

But it loomed over one’s heart like a shadow.

Therefore, Jason had no intention of resting; he tidied up his gear and stepped out the door.

Outside the door, Taniel and Eric were having a low conversation.

To say it was a conversation was putting it generously; it was more like Taniel rambling to himself:

'Tell me, for a man who doesn't die like Jason, wouldn't his blood be very valuable?'

'Should be worth more than Mummy Powder, right?'

'If you add Jason's blood to the Elixir of Life, wouldn't it become a special reinforced version?'

Noticing Jason step through the door, Taniel wisely stopped the topic and prepared to make a cheeky comment to lighten the mood, but seeing Jason's unflinching gaze, the young teacher from Deer Academy understood immediately.

"I didn't mean it!"

"I just can't keep my mouth shut!"

"Let me treat you to a meal to make amends!"

Standing straight, Taniel spoke very quickly, yet clearly, "I happened to have booked a table at Lorde's famous 'Starry Sky' restaurant, where their signature dish is very popular."

"Signature dish?"



Jason asked subconsciously.

Taniel nodded repeatedly, saying:

“Yes, the signature dish!”

“It has a beautiful, poetic name...”

“Gazing at the Starry Sky!”