

Menu 69

Chapter 69: The Correct Way to Read

The face was smeared with blood, and the features were so fierce that the original appearance could not be discerned.

But the more it was like that, the more it instilled fear.

The young Finch was momentarily intimidated.

Jason, however, raised his 'Winchester Brothers' gun, while Bondi was also ready to pull the trigger of his revolver.

But just at that moment—

Slip.

The face plastered on the glass, as if it had been there too long, began to slide down as if running out of strength.

And halfway down, it just dissipated into smoke.

If it weren't for the residual bloodstains on the glass, no one would believe that a face had been there moments before.

Bondi was stunned.

Instinctively, the Sheriff turned his head to look at Jason.

Jason, on the other hand, walked toward the window.

But,

he had only taken one step.

"Aaahhhhhhhhh!"

"There's a dead person!"

A shrill scream erupted from the street below.

Bondi and Finch turned and ran downstairs.

Jason, however, did not act immediately, but followed the original plan and walked to the window, sniffing slightly.

There was no smell of food... no, no 'mystical' scent.

"What was that just now?"

Jason stood before the window, looking through the glass at the scene below, now under martial law directed by Bondi.

From his angle, he could clearly see a person facedown and sprawling on the ground.

Jason looked around and up.

After confirming there was nothing worthy of attention, he turned and went downstairs.

By the time Jason exited the police dormitory, the sprawled body had been turned over, but everyone who saw the face of the corpse gasped in shock.

Because...

The corpse had no facial skin!

The person's face had been completely 'peeled' off, leaving only the flesh.

Almost subconsciously, Jason thought of the face that had been pressed against his window.

Bondi and Finch undoubtedly thought the same, both turning to look at Jason simultaneously.

Jason didn't speak but crouched down to examine the body.

The clothes were tattered, their fabric unrecognizable.

There were no shoes, and the feet were covered in mud.

The build was average, but the muscles were firm, suggesting regular exercise.

The palms showed calluses at the base of the thumb and forefinger, likely from handling firearms.

Unfortunately...

The most important feature, the face, was gone.

“Was that face on my window his?”

“If so...

“Why do it?”

“To intimidate? To warn?”

Jason pondered.

But he didn't have the slightest clue.

He could not fathom the perpetrator's motive.

Intimidation, warnings—it didn't stand up!

Because, he was very clear that after the previous explosion, those attracted by the 'Hulk Potion' from the Mystical Side would definitely not use such simple methods to intimidate or warn.

As for the local Mystical Side individuals in Lorde?

Even less likely.

Those people knew just as well that such tactics wouldn't scare him, instead, it would bring trouble upon themselves.

"How is it?"

Bondi came up and whispered.

"I don't have any leads for the time being."

"Proceed with your method first."

Jason spoke truthfully.

He wasn't one to show off, especially at a time that could be a matter of life or death.

"Alright, leave it to me."

Bondi nodded and began to arrange for personnel to survey and search for the origin of the corpse.

Jason then returned to room 305 to wait for news.

Leaving professional tasks to the professionals.

Was undoubtedly the best choice.

However, upon returning to the room and seeing the residue of bloodstains on the window glass, Jason furrowed his brow.

He wasn't sure if it would be a clue, of course, nor was he sure if it carried the potential of 'surveillance'.

Therefore—

Whoosh!

He drew the curtains.

Then, he picked up the spoils that Finch had collected, the trade items returned by Taniel, and walked straight out of the room, heading toward room 303.

Room 303, Holle's office-cum-bachelor pad.

At this time, Holle had clearly received Bondi's order and was preparing to leave.

"Let me use your office."

Jason said as he pointed to his own room.

Holle, who had worked with Jason more than once, immediately understood.

The detective used gestures to ask Jason if he needed to deal with anything.

Jason waved his hand.

“Understood.”

Holle nodded at once and then, opening the door, ran downstairs.

Just as Jason was willing to trust in their professionalism, they also believed that Jason could handle things related to the ‘Mystical Side.’

As for Jason wanting to use the room?

No problem at all.

After all, there’s nothing shameful in a middle-aged bachelor’s dorm.

Except for...

The smell being a bit strong and somewhat choking.

Jason opened the window and ventilated for a few minutes before he walked into Room 303.

There was no significant difference from Room 305.

There was just an additional filing cabinet.

After scanning the filing cabinet, Jason pulled out a chair, didn't touch any documents on the desk, and began to organize his spoils of war and trading items.

The trading items given by Taniel were easy to organize.

Because, apart from the Gold Crooks, it was a 'Mystical Side' common knowledge book.

Although this young teacher from Deer Academy wanted to trade for more monster corpses, the previous set of trades had already cleared out everyone's stock at this 'gathering.'

Want more?

That would have to wait until next time.

Taniel had given a total of 55 Gold Crooks, a lot more than Jason had expected, evidently Taniel's 'trading Talent' was at play.

After counting, Jason put all the Gold Crooks into his purse.

At this moment, he had a total of 71 Gold Crooks, 12 Silver Crooks, and 14 Copper Crooks, without any Copper Corners.

Looking at the bulging purse, Jason felt a sense of satisfaction.

However, he knew all too well that the Gold Crooks in the purse wouldn't keep him safe.

"This money should be able to buy some ingredients."

Jason thought so.

The person to buy from?

Who else but Taniel could be better for that?

With this thought in mind, Jason picked up the 'Mystical Side' common knowledge book given by the other party.

Yes, given.

According to the other party, such books were precious to ordinary people, but not so valuable to those of the Mystical Side, as they all knew these things. What they cared more about were Secret Techniques, rituals, and everything related to the Power System.

But to Jason, it was invaluable.

Because these were the common knowledge he lacked.

As he flipped through the book in his hands.

Jason also opened the bag of spoils collected by Finch.

Inside were various weapon and tool Fragments.

Though broken, a perceptive person could still sense a hint of their unusualness.

Before broken, these weapons and tools had 'mystical materials' incorporated into them, making them class Secret Technique weapons and tools of no insubstantial value.

And now?

Jason took out a Fragment and placed it lightly to his lips.

A sensation of deliciousness bloomed on the tip of his tongue.

A bit like snails.

Yeah, braised with chili.

Slightly spicy.

Then, he flipped a page of the book.

Next, another Fragment to taste.

This one was like beef marrow.

Also braised and flavorful.

Also a little spicy.

Was it because of the 'explosion' processing?

Jason couldn't help but think.

And seemingly, it wasn't just an illusion; Jason found that his reading speed significantly increased as the taste of food blossomed on his tongue.

Could this be my correct way to read?

Such a thought involuntarily sprang up in Jason's mind, but he temporarily set aside the book.

Because he had already heard Finch's familiar footsteps.

Thump, thump, thump.

Clearly aware of Jason's room change, Finch knocked directly on Room 303's door.

“Come in.”

As Jason spoke, Finch pushed the door and entered.

Upon entering, the young man blurted out:

“We’ve identified the body.”

“It’s...”

“Tike.”