

## Menu 73

Chapter 73: Duke

The monster was picky!

When Tike was abducted, the juvenile 'Harken' spit out the half horse it had eaten.

Similarly, in the previous incidents where officers had gone missing or been killed, the person who served as Kultz's 'decoy' must have been vomited up as well.

Alive 'food' was not eaten, yet it went for the dead?

Unless, 'Harken' was a scavenger.

And this was possible, but it needed confirmation.

But an even more crucial point, if the monstrous 'Harken' didn't eat those bodies, then the remaining creatures kept by Kultz couldn't have possibly left so little of the 'missing corpses'!

The size of the 'Tricksters' and 'Noose Hangers' dictated their appetite.

Even in large numbers, they couldn't consume hundreds of bodies in a short time.

'Submariner'?

It was large in size, but most of the time it maintained a normal state.

'Gossamer Hound' and 'Kmeta' were also not big eaters.

So...

Someone was scheming!

Or rather, someone was misleading him!

They gave him a reason.

But where were the real 'missing bodies'?

As Jason thought this, he looked towards Bondi.

"I have a doubt that needs verification,"

“Wait for me a moment.”

“Finch, the carriage.”

Having said this, Jason shouted directly at the young man.

“Understood, Lord Jason.”

The young man accustomed to driving for Jason immediately ran outside.

Jason then inconspicuously signaled ‘be careful’ to Bondi before hurriedly leaving.

The Sheriff became alert unconsciously.

“Temporarily seal off the scene!”

“Keep the necessary watchmen, everyone else leave.”

Bondi issued the orders.

Suddenly, everyone acted accordingly.

Ferrymon came over and quietly asked:

“Don’t we need some explosives?”

“I am a qualified grenadier!”

While saying that, Ferrymon mimed a throwing motion.

“Ferrymon, you are a dentist.”

Bondi reminded his advisor.

“Are you doubting my part-time skills?”

Ferrymon asked seriously.

“No, no, not at all!”

“I’m not doubting your part-time skills.”

“I just haven’t seen you pull a tooth.”

Bondi waved his hand and walked away, swearing he’d never let Ferrymon touch his teeth, but indeed, to be safe, they should get some explosives.

...

“Lord Jason, where shall we go?”

Finch asked as he jumped onto the driver’s seat.

“Pea Street,”

Jason replied.

Among the people Jason knew, the only one who might have knowledge of ‘Harken’ was that old Duke.

As for Taniel?

Jason had questioned him.

But Taniel clearly didn't know about such creatures and couldn't give an answer.

As for whether the old Duke would answer his questions,

or rather, if the goodwill the old Duke had shown was a façade,

Jason hadn't considered that at all.

Because...

There was no need!

If everything just now was 'The Planner's' doing,

then his current actions had already been observed; once 'The Planner' realized his scheme had been uncovered, they would definitely act.

Therefore, it was improbable for him to truly reach Pea Street.

Moreover, if the other party acted, it would indirectly prove that the old Duke had little to do with this affair, although the Duke's displayed goodwill was still questionable.

But if he really did arrive at Pea Street smoothly?

That would be the worst-case scenario.

Either The Planner is that old nobleman,

or someone who completely disregards the old nobleman.

And no matter which it was, Jason would choose to turn around and leave.

Then...

He would file a formal complaint!

Clatter, clatter.

With the sound of wheels, the distance to Pea Street was getting closer and closer.

Jason grew more and more vigilant.

After checking all the ammunition in his firearms, Jason placed a broad-bladed short-handled machete on his knee, and then, he took out the new hockey mask that the old nobleman had given him.

Jason's palm caressed the new hockey mask.

There was no difference in shape from the original, but the material was somewhat better.

As he slowly picked up the hockey mask, just as Jason was about to fit it over his face, the carriage suddenly came to a halt.

"Lord Jason, someone has blocked the road!"



Finch's voice arose.

Then came an unfamiliar voice.

"I'm sorry, Lord Jason."

"I had no choice but to stop your carriage."

"I hope to have a talk with you."

The stranger spoke politely.

Jason's mouth quirked into a smile.

He put away the broad-bladed short-handled machete, casually placed the hockey mask beside him, and said directly, "You may."

With Jason's consent, a spruce man appeared at the carriage door.

The stranger was wearing gold-rimmed glasses, a top hat made of silk upon his head, a white shirt, a beige vest, covered by a blue-black coat, matching beige trousers, and leather shoes that didn't have a single speck of dirt on them, reflecting a faint leather sheen.

In his hand was a walking stick.

Although he had received Jason's permission, the man did not directly open the door, but instead shifted the walking stick from being held in his right hand to resting under his left armpit.

Then, with his freed right hand, he knocked on the carriage door.

Thump, thump-thump.

A rhythmic knocking.

Neither hurried nor delayed.

After that, the man took a step back, waiting for Jason to open the door.

When Jason did open the door, the sudden visitor took off his hat, placed it to his left to cover the walking stick, and offered a slight bow.

"I apologize for the intrusion."

"It is truly regrettable."

"May we talk inside the carriage?"

As he spoke, he looked into the carriage, waiting for Jason's gesture.

When Jason nodded again, the man stepped up into the carriage.

"I am Duke!"

"I thought my careful arrangement was perfect, but unexpectedly you saw right through it."

"Indeed, you are worthy of being the 'Night Watcher'."

Upon entering the carriage and sitting down, Duke said this quite straightforwardly.

In his words, there was an obvious flattery.

But Jason's vigilance did not relax at all.

Whether it was Duke's previous display of courtesy or the current praise, Jason saw it all as a disguise. Only a fool would actually believe that someone who could quickly dispose of a bunch of bodies for a disguise was a gentleman.

Therefore, Jason remained calm.

He looked at Duke and suddenly asked,

"What does 'Harken' eat?"

"Harken loves to eat meat, but it must be high-quality meat, especially during the juvenile and growth phases, it's very picky," Duke replied almost instinctively.

Then, with a slap to his forehead, he exclaimed,

"That's right."

“I did indeed overlook that. I didn’t consider that Kultz, this ‘up-and-coming Beast Tamer,’ would have a juvenile ‘Harken’!”

Duke responded with a smile on his face and a trace of regret in his eyes.

It seemed he truly regretted that particular oversight.

But, Jason’s eyes were filled with a coldness.

Duke was lying.

Because, on Duke, Jason smelled the scent that belonged to...

‘Harken’!

Intense,

and fragrant!