

## Menu 78

Chapter 78: Life is about running...

“

The flesh buds growing out of Taniel’s face twitched unconsciously.

However, when Jason looked at Taniel, those flesh buds instantly became sharp and straight, shooting out like arrows loosed from a bow.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!

The densely packed flesh buds came at Jason’s face, but he reacted in an instant, stepping out with his right foot.

Not only did he dodge the flesh buds, but the back of the wide-bladed, short-handled machete in his hand struck Taniel’s neck.

Crack!

A crisp sound rang out.

Taniel's eyes rolled back, and he collapsed straight to the ground.

The flesh buds that hit the ground writhed rapidly, resembling hordes of maggots.

Then, with a speed visible to the naked eye, they all withered away.

Yet, Taniel, who should have been unconscious on the ground, staggered to his feet.

With one hand, he pulled at his chin, and with the other, he tugged at his own tongue.

Then, he exerted force with both hands.

Immediately, Taniel's face turned purple, and veins bulged on his temples.

“sl oT Yn!”

“i!”

With a low tone in the Dufol Language, Jason raised his hand and pointed at Taniel.

An invisible “Protection Against Evil” force field enveloped Taniel in an instant.

Taniel, struggling with all his might to tear out his own tongue, shuddered and then went limp on the ground.

About a dozen seconds later, Taniel gradually came to his senses.

He looked at Jason standing there.

Then at himself lying on the ground.

Feeling the numbness on his tongue and the pain in his jaw.

The young teacher from Deer Academy couldn't help but ask:

"Did something infect and control me again?"

"Mm."

Jason nodded, cautiously maintaining the distance between them.

In fact, Jason hadn't truly touched Taniel since the beginning.

Because Jason wasn't sure if those 'flesh buds' had some other means of transmission.

He certainly didn't want a patch of maggots growing on his face.

Taniel, who hadn't noticed Jason's movements, skillfully took out several potions to alleviate and treat the pain.

However, as he applied the potion to his chin, he suddenly let out a cry of surprise.

"My skin seems to have become smoother!"

"All the dirt in my pores is gone!"

"But..."

"Why have my pores become so large?"

Taniel, taking out a small mirror from a pouch at his side, inspected himself carefully in the light of the setting sun and then shouted to Jason.

“Do you really not remember anything?”

Jason asked.

“I had that tongue plastered onto my face, and then...”

As Taniel spoke, his expression changed.

Clearly, he had begun to recall.

“I must have been infected by something on that tongue.”

“Maggots grew out of my face.”

“They could shoot out like arrows.”

“Then, the infected would pull out their own tongue, as a new source of infection.”

“Or maybe, the maggots were the source of infection.”

“Maggots, on my face... Ugh!”

Taniel, talking to himself, couldn't hold back any longer and started to vomit, bending over.

Meanwhile, Jason's gaze returned to Pea Street.

He had a guess as to what happened there.

Given Taniel's encounter, it was impossible for ordinary people on Pea Street to have survived.

Those 'flesh-bud' arrows were something no ordinary person could evade.

As for Sir Beta?

With such an event unfolding, the old Sir remaining 'out of touch' meant the situation probably wasn't good.

Of course, what was more important was—

Could this situation spread?

If it was just on Pea Street, it was still manageable.

If it spread beyond Pea Street, to the whole city of Lorde...

At that thought, Jason's heart sank.

After all, he had to stay in Lorde for at least one more day.

He had to stop this spread!

In an instant, Jason made up his mind.

At that moment, Bondi, informed by Finch, finally arrived with his men.

Two teams of twenty, along with two flatbed carts.

On them, boxes of explosives were neatly stacked.

“How is it?”

Bondi ran up to Jason and asked.

Jason, having expended significant physical strength using “Protection Against Evil,” didn’t say much. After pointing at Taniel, he let Bondi ask questions, while he himself picked up a bottle of spicy ‘Holy Water’ and chugged it down.

The fiery sensation rose from his stomach, and Jason felt revitalized.

“Does the spicy one work better than the regular?”

Jason, surprised, noticed the difference between the two.

“

Bondi approached with a grim expression.



“We absolutely can’t let this kind of thing spread!”

The Sheriff said decisively.

Then, pointing to two flatbed horse carts, he asked:

“Are these bombs enough?”

“If they’re not, I’ll call for more.”

Obviously, after several collaborations with Jason, Bondi had already learned one truth—

When facing the ‘bizarre’ and ‘mystical,’ there’s nothing that bombs can’t solve!

If they can’t solve it...

Then it’s because there aren’t enough bombs!

“Call for some more.”

“And kerosene.”

“The cannons from before, best to call for them as well.”

Jason said.

“Leave it to me.”

Bondi immediately turned to arrange for the needed bombs, kerosene, and cannons.

But before the Sheriff could truly leave,

a troop suddenly appeared on both sides of the street, completely blocking off the street and Pea Street.

Each member of the troop was burly and tall, with a fierce presence. They wore uniform black leather armor and trousers made of soft leather; each had a long sword or a short knife and a revolver at their waist, and they held rifles of various designs in their hands.

Bayonets were attached to the rifles, and with the advance of the formation, cold flashes sparkled under the setting sun.

Step, step-step!

The synchronized footsteps brought considerable pressure.

Detectives and officers like Finch couldn't help raising their guns.

"Don't move!"

Bondi shouted loudly.

Then he ran directly towards the troops.

Is it the army?

Jason guessed uncertainly.

Although the troops looked like the army, the distribution of weapons was uneven, which was completely different from the standardized concept of an army.

“It’s the ‘Mercenaries’ of His Honor the Mayor’s Special Advisor!”

Taniel said softly.

On the word ‘Mercenaries,’ Taniel stressed the pronunciation.

Mercenaries?

The Special Advisor has ‘Mercenaries’?

A look of confusion flashed through Jason’s eyes.

Meanwhile, a middle-aged man in a black coat and gray pants had already walked over to Bondi.

With a smile, the man took off his hat, held it to his chest, and saluted Jason.

“Thank you, Mr. Jason, for all you’ve done for Lorde.”

“However, please leave the rest to us.”

“After all...”

“When it comes to dealing with the ‘Secret Cultivation Association,’ we are the professionals!”

The man said, and without waiting for Jason’s reply, he waved to the Mercenaries behind him.

Suddenly, these Mercenaries moved in an orderly formation into Pea Street.

Jason frowned as he watched the Mercenaries enter Pea Street, but his mind lingered on the term the man had just mentioned:

Secret Cultivation Association!

At the same time, Jason noticed that Taniel’s face had turned pale.

“It’s actually the Secret Cultivation Association!”

“Jason, how about we go on a vacation to another city?”

“I’ll cover travel and lodging expenses!”

Taniel spoke very quickly.

Clearly, Taniel knew something.

Something that scared him stiff.

However, Jason did not ask.

Based on his ‘Night Watcher’ identity, he should also be aware of this organization.

Taniel may act clueless most of the time, but Jason absolutely would not risk asking.

Details determine success or failure.

Taniel may act clueless.

But other people do not.

Jason's gaze swept towards the shadows around him.

A fair number of people had gathered within.

Jason was certain of their identities, as they were all from the Mystical Side who had attended the meeting the night before.

He had already detected the scent of the food he had purchased among these individuals.

"Because of the oddity on Pea Street, has everyone gathered here?"

"Wait a minute?"

"Everyone?"

"Something's not right!"

The scene before him inexplicably reminded Jason of the 'Moon Mask Club,' which had once been set up to attract numerous individuals from the Mystical Side.

Could it be...

Instinctively, a bad association appeared in Jason's mind.

"Run!"

Without hesitation, Jason yelled and turned to run.