

## **Menu 85**

Chapter 85: Inheritance? Meat Pie!

The old baron's funeral was held at 10 Pea Street.

No more people attended.

Jason, Taniel, Bondi, Holle, and Finch were all present.

In the underground hall, the tents had been taken down.

There were two added gravestones.

One belonged to the old baron.

The other to his servant Eric.

Just as in life, even in death, Eric remained ever at the baron's side.

Not much was inscribed on the tombstones.

Besides their names, there was only a sentence: "Heroes who protected Lorde and his brave servant."

Bundles of fresh flowers were placed in front of both gravestones.

The first to offer flowers was Taniel, as the inheritor of 10 Pea Street.

Jason was the last one.

Two bunches of white chrysanthemums.

One bunch was placed in front of Eric's tombstone.

As he placed the other in front of the old baron's gravestone, Jason pulled 'Starshine' from his pocket and laid it next to the flowers.

By then, 'Starshine' had long lost its glimmer.

Its distinctive fragrance had also ceased to exist.

In the battle the night before, Jason had worn the mask for two reasons: firstly, to disguise his expression, and secondly, to take the opportunity to put 'Starshine' in his mouth.

Jason did not know the true purpose of 'Starshine'.

But at that time, other than 'eating' it, he had no other option.

During the battle outside Pea Street, the 14 points of satiety he had accumulated were completely exhausted after the continuous self-harming use of "Protection Against Evil."

He had absolutely no chance of victory against the mastermind's doppelganger or puppet.

Fortunately, 'Starshine' brought him 30 points of satiety and 2 points of Excitement of Feast.

After a bout of fighting, he was left with 3 points of satiety and 2 points of Excitement of Feast.

"Thank you,"

Jason said softly.

Not just because of 'Starshine'.

But also because of...

That book!

Jason had already perused the thick tome, which detailed many monsters' characteristics and plenty of knowledge from the Mystical Side—not the common sense type, but secrets and hidden lore, as well as...

Secret techniques!

Rituals!

Two secret techniques: Charge and Whirlwind Dance.

One ritual: Glory Strike.

This must have been all that the old baron passed on besides his own profession.

Jason did not know whether the old knight had made such preparations with a premonition or had done so while searching for a suitable heir.

In the end, 'Starshine' and this book were given to him.

He...

Could not be deemed a good heir.

In fact, he hardly qualified as an heir at all.

He was merely a 'fugitive' who happened to be at the right place at the right time.

However, there were some things that still needed to be done.

Jason stood up and turned to Taniel.

"This is the list and addresses you wanted."

"Do you really want to do this?"

"They wouldn't dare, would they?"

Taniel hesitated a bit.

“I don’t know.”

“So...”

“I’ll go confirm.”

Jason shook his head, took the list, and headed out.

“What list is that?”

Watching Jason’s back disappear, Finch quietly asked Taniel.

“It’s a list of people from the Mystical Side of Lorde.”

Taniel answered.

Finch looked stunned.

Taniel, meanwhile, turned to gaze at the baron's and Eric's gravestones and continued to speak slowly, "Previously, some bastard treated the baron's corpse as a trophy; Jason fears there might be other bastards who might do the same. So, he had me make a list of individuals from the Mystical Side of Lorde, and he's going to visit each one."

"All of them?"

Surprise filled Finch's face.

"All of them!"

Taniel nodded.

Afterward, silence fell in the underground hall.

About two or three minutes later, Bondi laughed.

"That's so Jason."

"A very fitting approach."

“Finch, Holle, we should get moving too.”

“Lorde really needs us now.”

After saying this, Bondi nodded to Taniel and left.

Finch and Holle nodded toward Taniel and quickly followed suit.

Suddenly, Taniel was the only one left in the entire hall.

The young teacher from Deer Academy’s eyes suddenly reddened.

He had been holding back while others were present.

Now, alone, his tears could no longer be contained.

“I’m sorry, Sir Beta.”



“It was I who failed to save you.”

“If only my professional level had been a bit higher...”

Low cries echoed in the underground hall for a long while.

When everything had settled, Taniel stood up.

After bowing to the tombstone once more, Taniel turned and walked away.

Taniel took out a scroll of ‘Closure Ceremony,’ tore it open, and an invisible force field immediately enveloped the entire hall.

Suddenly, the hall got isolated and protected.

Without ‘Whisper,’ normal people simply could not enter.

As for the ‘Secret Meeting’ venue?

The old knight was gone.

The Secret Meeting naturally ceased to exist as well.

Perhaps, someone will hold the 'Secret Meeting' again in the future.

But,

That is for later.

Now?

Squeak.

The door of the underground hall.

Slowly closed.

...

Jason, wearing a hockey mask, made the whole visiting process extremely smooth after using the wide-blade short-handle machete and the 'Winchester Brothers.'

Most people clearly assured they would not step foot on Pea Street or even the surrounding neighborhoods again.

As for the few who were hesitant, they encountered the 'persuasion' of either wide-blade short-handle machete or the 'Winchester Brothers.'

The result was satisfying for everyone.

Jason finished all his visits by sunset.

The skies once again darkened.

He was about to leave soon.

However, before leaving, Jason had one more thing to do.

He wanted to take a look at Lorde.

This Lorde, where the air is not so good, often feels cold and misty in the morning and night, what charm did it hold that made the old knight sacrifice his life to protect it?

He did not take a carriage.

He walked on foot instead.

Starting from the familiar Kensing Street, the central square.

Jason walked on step by step.

He saw patrolling officers more than anyone else along the way.

Every one of them greeted and saluted him.

He responded to each one.

The rest were probably late-shift workers, hurrying on their way.

Occasionally, there would be one or two drunkards lying on the streets, shouting loudly, then, windows above them would open swiftly, and unidentified liquids would douse them thoroughly before closing just as swiftly.

When the drunkards looked up in confusion and smacked their lips, they would curse even louder.

Everything was so ordinary.

Nothing to pay attention to.

From sunset to deep into the night.

Just before dawn, Jason walked back near the police station.

At this time, 'Anan's Eatery' had already set up shop.

The middle-aged owner set up the blackboard and saw Jason approaching at a glance.

"Buying dinner for the family again?"

“What do you need today?”

The owner asked with a beaming smile.

“The usual.”

“Five meat pies, two servings of pea soup, and one portion of pickled eel.”

Jason handed over 6 Copper Crooks.

As he received the food, he noticed that there was an extra meat pie, making it six in total.

He looked at the owner with confusion.

“That one’s on Sir Beta.”

“He’s treating you.”

“From today onwards, he’ll be treating the first three customers to a meat pie each day.”

“Do you know the story of Sir Beta?”

“Do you want to hear it? It’s quite exciting!”

The middle-aged owner looked like he wanted to whet the appetite, but his skills were sadly lacking.

But...

The meat pies were delicious.

As Jason stuffed the gifted meat pie into his mouth, he walked toward the corner of the street. As he turned into it, his figure vanished from sight, leaving only the muffled voice from chewing the food still audible—

“I know.”

“He was a hero.”