

## Menu 86

### Chapter 86: Discovery and Waiting

The meat pie in his mouth had just been swallowed.

Jason then realized that the street before his eyes had disappeared.

His clothing had changed once again, from black trousers, a white shirt, and a black vest, with a long black coat, into plain trousers and long sleeves.

Thinking of something, Jason subconsciously started to check.

The result allowed Jason to breathe a sigh of relief.

'The books given by the old gentleman, the hockey mask,' 'the wide-blade short-handle machete,' 'Winchester Brothers,' 'Beastmaster's Dagger,' 'Gravedigger's Dagger,' and so on were all present.

Most importantly, the strength he had acquired in the instance was still there.

Silently feeling the power in his body, Jason began to look around.

At this moment, he was sitting in a high-backed chair.

In front of him was a simple, round table draped with a dark tablecloth, on which silverware was set.

Then,

there was only greyness around him.

As if it were filled with fog, his perception, more than twice that of ordinary people, couldn't make out anything inside at all.

Moreover, he couldn't move.

Jason tried to stand up.

But it was mostly just a tendency, then he felt as if a mountain had been pressed upon him, making it impossible for him to budge.

His hands rested on the arms of the chair, and there was no way he could lift them; only the tips of his fingers could slightly raise.

One could say that apart from being able to twist his neck rather normally, Jason was completely bound to the chair.

Under such conditions, trying to investigate anything was extremely difficult.

In the end, Jason's gaze fell on the table in front of him.

The black notebook lay next to the cutlery.

Jason didn't need to turn it; the notebook opened on its own.

Below the previous text, there were new lines of text.

"The food has filled the stomach!"

"The hunger is gone!"

"One should feel happy!"

(Annotation: Primitive table manners, you lack grace but are very direct.)

...

The text paused here.

As Jason focused his attention again, more text started to appear.

“Main quest (completed)!”

“Hunting performance: good!”

“Cooking performance: average!”

“Combat performance: excellent!”

“Search performance: mediocre!”

“Comprehensive evaluation: good!”

(Annotation: Free teaching also has its rewards, as long as you are good enough.)

...

As Jason's gaze swept over, a faint glow began to flicker on the pages of this notebook.

Three cards rose from the glow, appearing in front of Jason.

The backs had no pattern, were completely black, and shone with a metallic luster.

"Choose one?"

While Jason was still guessing, all three cards turned over simultaneously.

The front of each card had an image.

They were, respectively: a tooth, a tongue, and a green skull.

Then text appeared.

"Tooth Enhancement: You can bite into harder foods without sustaining damage."

“Taste Enhancement: Your tongue will be able to discern more subtle flavors, and it will no longer fear high temperatures or freezing cold.”

“Poison Resistance Enhancement: Your digestive organs have undergone a special enhancement, meaning minor and secondary toxins in food will no longer affect you.”

...

After the text disappeared, Jason found “Tooth Enhancement,” “Taste Enhancement,” and “Poison Resistance Enhancement” in the Talent section, below “Hunter” and marked with ‘passive.’

Snap!

The black notebook closed on its own.

Once again the sensation of dizziness returned.

Everything before Jason’s eyes began to blur, and when his vision cleared again, he was back at 19 Ter Street in the Nightless City’s Zone 26.

In his hand was the black notebook, and around him were multiple monitors surveying the entire Ter Street.

On the monitors, three figures were approaching 19 Ter Street with alternating cover.

“The location has hardly changed.”

“I entered it...”

“Just for an instant!”

Jason, who had come to this conclusion, was not the least bit surprised.

If he could enter another real world, there was nothing he couldn't accept.

He picked up the black notebook in his hand.

This time, Jason opened the notebook very easily.

However, he could only see the first two pages.

The first page was the familiar 'Table Manners.'

Below the existing text, new text had already appeared:

"The first free is a matter of course."

[The second time?]

[You need to spend satiety points.]

[Yes/No, spend 5 satiety points to return?]

...

"Return?!"

Jason's grip on the notebook tightened.



In his eyes, a light as if tangible sparked in an instant.

He thought he was just a passerby, unable to return.

But now!

He could go back!

So...

There were things that needed to be done.

Like: cleaning up the old gentleman's grave.

To clean a grave, of course, some offerings were needed.

The best would be...

The head of the 'Shepherd'!

Huff, huff!

Jason adjusted his breathing, forcing himself to calm down.

He didn't return immediately because he was very clear about how strong the opposition was.

Just facing a doppelganger of his adversary, he had been hard-pressed.

If it were the original?

He would probably be crushed outright now.

"Wait for me."

"Wait for me to come back."

"I'll give you a surprise."

Jason said in a low voice, then turned to the second page.

[Appetizers]

[You have two choices:]

[1, Crabmeat Salad]

[2, Fried Meat Crispy Rolls]

[Choose 1, you need to use 6 satiety points.]

[Choose 2, you need to use 7 satiety points.]

(Note: Choose one, and after you complete the main quest and return, you can choose the remaining one.)

...

“A new world?”

Jason speculated.

Then, glancing at the remaining 3 satiety points and 2 Excitement of Feast, he closed the black notebook.

Even if it meant entering a new world, that was a concern for later.

What he needed now was to clean up the invaders.

...

Outside 19 Ter Street, Jason's car was still burning.

However, the fire had died down a lot.

Three silhouettes didn't choose to attack head-on, and after a careful check, the one holding a submachine gun signaled to the person on the left, who immediately circled around the side of the house.

Next, the leader signaled to another person.

Immediately, this person circled to the other side.

The leader himself crouched on the spot, quietly waiting.

He needed his subordinates to make an effective probe.

Then, he could secure victory in one fell swoop.

But as time ticked by.

Inside 19 Ter Street, there was neither a gunshot nor a scream.

Not even the slightest noise.

Staring at the silent 19 Ter Street, the leader frowned.

The adversary was trickier than imagined.

So he...

Naturally, was going to retreat.

He was only there to pick up easy spoils, not to lose his life.

As for the loss of two subordinates?

He could recruit more.

With the gun in his hand, there was no shortage of such men in Nightless City.

With this thought, the leader prepared to retreat.

He crouched in the bushes, retreating step by step.

But after only two steps back, the leader felt he bumped into something solid.

Instinctively, he looked back.

What the leader saw was a towering figure wearing a hockey mask, and above all... a raised machete.

The next moment—

The blade descended.

Thud!