

## Menu 87

### Chapter 87: Intimidation

Nightless City's 26th District, Ter Street.

Like jackals and vultures that had caught the scent of decay, people gathered, hidden in the shadows, eyeing number 19 with covetous intent.

They were waiting for the outcome of the probe by the three individuals before them.

If that trio succeeded, the rest would swarm in to share the spoils.

The trio would take a considerable share of the loot.

This was the rule in Nightless City.

Of course, rules are meant to be broken, which is also a famous saying in Nightless City.

As for when to break them, that would depend on what the spoils were.

If they failed?

The onlookers would continue to lurk, watching number 19, seeking the next opportunity.

In the 26th District of Nightless City, patience was needed for a harvest.

Therefore, everyone there witnessed the next scene—

Under the illumination of blazing flames, a tall figure with a hockey mask, one hand wielding a broad-bladed cleaver, the other dragging the leader of the earlier trio by the leg, stepped out from the bushes step by step.

The gushing blood was enough to illustrate the state of the foe's death.

Dragging along, the blood watered the broken road, following the cracked lines to deepen the color within.

Bang!

The body was thrown into the still-burning wreckage of a car, causing the already diminished flames to surge once again.

Foul-smelling grease carried plumes of thick smoke that billowed up into the skies above Nightless City.

The onlookers changed their expressions upon smelling this stench.

Then, they watched Jason turn back, pushing open the door, dragging out the other two corpses, and tossing them into the fire.

The flames grew even more fierce.

They licked up to more than half a person's height.

Jason simply stood there, his left hand holding his trophy, his eyes hidden behind the mask scanning the surroundings before he raised his right hand, clenched his fist, showed his thumb and slowly slid it across his throat.

Afterward, he turned and went back inside number 19.

The door was shut firmly.

The faces of the hidden onlookers changed again.

Shortly after, some decisively retreated.

They had come to loot amidst the chaos, not to gamble with their lives.

That guy in the hockey mask obviously wasn't someone to mess with; they didn't want to risk their lives.

The remaining few?

Vexed and unwilling.

They decided to wait a little longer and see.

Some left, some stayed.

Ter Street number 19 once again fell into silence after a brief disturbance, leaving only the sound of the flames burning.

Back in the room, Jason was well aware of what those outside would do.

He knew he wouldn't be disturbed for the time being.

Want to be left completely undisturbed?

For the folks in Nightless City, a simple act of intimidation wasn't enough.

Jason started to set spike traps again.

Then, he began to inspect the entirety of Ter Street number 19.

For the time following, he would surely stay there.

Safety was naturally his first priority.

Climbing the dilapidated staircase, the second floor of Ter Street number 19 came into view immediately.

It was as broken-down as the first floor.

Loose floorboards, worn-out furniture that was barely usable.

Especially the staircase leading to the third floor, which had become a glaring gap, wide open for anyone to enter or exit.

The spots where the original windows of the first and second floors had been were also only crudely boarded up with wood planks after the glass had long shattered, with the wind howling through them.

The spot where the previous two intruders had broken in now bore a sizable breach.

After visually inspecting the area, Jason used wooden floorboards and the steel spikes intended for traps to reseal the two windows on the spot.

To block the stairway leading to the third floor, Jason used the remaining broken furniture from the second floor and several uprooted wooden floorboards to barricade it.

With Jason's modifications, the second floor was almost non-existent, but the entire house now offered a certain sense of security.

His gaze swept the area, and after confirming that there were no oversights except for the two points he had intentionally left unsealed, Jason returned to the basement to take stock of their recent spoils of war.

The most valuable of course was the submachine gun: a Mark M1, with a magazine capacity of 32 rounds, an effective range of 100 meters, steel folding stock, front grip, and a distinctively side-inserted magazine.

It could be considered one of the Nightless City's signature firearms.

Just like the MF92 pistol.

The two remaining pistols included one MF92 and another homemade single-shot pistol that needed to be reloaded after each firing, which, due to its rough workmanship, appeared very unreliable.

However, Jason still placed it on the crate.

He wouldn't use it himself, but it could be traded for some essential supplies.

Of course, that would at least be after leaving District 26.

The rest of the spoils included a full magazine for the Mark M1x1, half a magazine of bullets for the MF92 model, and... a K2 grenade.

The K2 grenade was an unexpected bonus.

For Jason, who suffered from a severe lack of firepower, there was no hesitation in slipping the K2 grenade into his pocket.

Next, Jason picked up the last of their finds: chewing gum.

It was also found on the leader of the group.

The green packaging was intact, and the mint flavor was distinctly discernible.

On one side of the bottom of the package, a large number 15 was written.

This chewing gum came from District 15.

In fact, most of the daily supplies Jason came across were from District 15, with a small part from District 14.

The latter were usually high-end goods, which he had only seen in the old man's office.

Like cigars.

"Does District 26 also have a supply channel from District 15?"

Jason paused, then realized what it implied.



Even if District 26 didn't have a channel for supplies from District 15, the way the 'big shots' of District 16 did things, they would lay out a supply channel from District 16 to District 26.

It would just be that the selling price might be a little higher.

But for now, that didn't concern him.

Because the canned food and bottled water stored here were enough for him to live on for two weeks.

If he conserved it, three to four weeks were not impossible.

"That is to say, according to that 'big shot's' plans, this operation is supposed to last at least two weeks," Jason thought silently.

This was good news for Jason.

He had at least two more weeks as a buffer.

Two weeks might not seem long to others,

but for Jason, it was enough.

He ran his fingers gently over the black notebook's cover.

"Since there are creatures like 'Svagnu's Touch' here, there must be other kinds of food that can replenish my satiety."

"The only concern is how to find that food, and..."

"Not to act out of line or oddly."

At this thought, Jason's brow furrowed.

Because it wasn't a simple matter.

Whether it was searching for food or maintaining a normal, unblinking state.

After all, he knew nothing about the Mystical Side of the Nightless City.

Of course, he couldn't just do nothing.

Waiting here wasn't going to bring food to his doorstep.

Just as Jason was considering how to find food—

Thump, thump thump!

“Hello, postal service.”