

Menu 88

Chapter 88: A Visit!

Jason looked up at the surveillance screens in the room.

Twenty screens completely covered the entire street, especially in front of the door, where the view was exceedingly clear.

Jason could distinctly see the person at the doorway.

And at first glance, he could confirm that the individual was not a 'postman,' even though they looked the part, holding a kraft paper bag in their arms.

Jason was once a 'postman.'

In fact, you could say he was one of Nightless City's top 'postmen.'

Thus, he was very familiar with the inner restlessness and anxiety 'postmen' felt during delivery.

But this person in the video?

Way too composed.

They stood there quietly, their gaze and facial expression showing no fluctuation or unease.

An impostor?

A wolf from the streets?

A thought flashed through Jason's mind as he reached for the Mark M1 in his hand.

Although he preferred the Winchester Brothers, under the circumstances where he couldn't replenish the number thirteen bullets, Jason chose the Mark M1 with more readily available ammunition.

Just as Jason was about to head out and raise his gun towards the door to let loose a burst, the so-called 'postman' at the door, seemingly suffering from muscle soreness from maintaining the same position for too long, transferred the kraft paper bag to his left hand.

In that moment of switching hands, the person opened their right hand with the palm facing the direction of the door.

Then, it naturally dropped back down.

Though it was fleeting, Jason still clearly saw the message written on the person's palm:

Deal!

“Deal?”

After a moment of perplexity, Jason narrowed his eyes.

Could this be the person the ‘big shot’ was waiting for?

Jason couldn’t be sure.

He hadn’t even figured out how to converse with the person.

They had arrived too quickly.

So quickly that it was completely beyond Jason’s expectations.

However, Jason did not make the other party wait long.

The more critical the moment, the more composed Jason was; he would never give the other person any reason to doubt because of a trivial delay.

Creak.

The door of 19 Ter Street opened just a crack.

“Hello, your package.”

Upon seeing the door open, the impostor ‘postman’ immediately placed the kraft paper bag on the ground in front of the door, then raised his hands and began stepping backward, one step at a time.

After retreating more than ten meters, he then turned and left.

The other party’s performance was even more cautious than a real ‘postman.’

This allowed Jason, who had been pondering how to engage in conversation, to breathe a sigh of relief.

Clearly, the other person had chosen a much more covert way of communicating.

Jason was more than happy with this.

As for what that method was?

Jason looked toward the kraft paper bag on the ground.

It was a kraft paper bag roughly 40 centimeters tall, 20 centimeters long, and about 10 centimeters wide; the opening was neatly folded and sealed, so the contents were not visible.

Also, there was no ticking sound.

Carefully picking up the kraft paper bag, Jason returned to the underground room.

Beneath the light, the kraft paper bag reflected its characteristic luster. After Jason checked the seal for any fuse-like attachments, he began to carefully unfold the bag.

Inside the kraft paper bag were a small key, a squarish box, and a folded piece of paper.

Without directly touching the paper, Jason used two sticks to 'pick' it out and lay it flat on a wooden crate.

There were two clear lines of text on the paper—

I have shown my sincerity.

Therefore, I wish to see the map.

...

No greeting, no signature, just those two lines.

“A map?”

Jason felt perplexed as he looked at the squarish box.

Undoubtedly, this was the ‘sincerity’ the other party had spoken of.

The box was made of wood, its surface smooth, devoid of any patterns, with just some wood grain showing, and it fit tightly together, leaving only a keyhole.

Still using two sticks he brought back from the shrubs, Jason 'picked up' the small key and inserted it into the keyhole.

Jason didn't need to turn the key.

Click!

The key turned on its own.

The wooden box immediately opened a crack.

Then...

A rich fragrance rushed to Jason's nose.

"What is this?!"

Jason widened his eyes in shock at the three eggs inside the box.

Two big, one small.

The big ones were like chicken eggs, while the small one was only the size of a pigeon's egg.

Someone actually delivered food to the door!

Unable to restrain himself, Jason muttered under his breath, then promptly took out the alcohol stove from the corner, set up the pot, and boiled water.

How could he let go of food that was already at his lips?

As for the map?

He'd think about it after eating.

After placing the three eggs in the boiling water and cooking them until they could be easily picked up, he took out the chicken eggs and then chose two cans of meat, without opening the lids, threw them directly into the boiling water.

After boiling for two or three minutes, he fished out the cans and poured the water into a jar next to him.

Upon opening the cans, a unique aroma of meat began to fill the air.

The meat, already tender and soft from the high heat, spread out at the bottom of the pot the moment it was poured in, and then the peeled eggs were put back into the pot, adding water to continue simmering.

After reducing the sauce on high heat, Jason began to eat right out of the pot.

The aroma of meat mixed with that of the eggs.

Soft and bouncy textures danced on the tip of his tongue.

He chewed with big bites.

His tongue, unafraid of the high temperature, not only allowed Jason to better taste the flavors but also sped up his eating pace.

[Swallowed Swagnum's Touch (Egg) x2!]

[Physical Strength and Energy moderately restored!]

[Fullness +2]

[Fullness: 5]

...

[Swallowed the Egg of Gaiac!]

[Physical Strength and Energy slightly restored!]

[Fullness +2]

[Fullness: 7]

...

“The two big ones are the eggs of Swagnu’s Touch?”

“The small one is the Egg of Aike?”

Jason looked at the information in front of him, confirming the names of the three types of food.

He was familiar with Swagnu's Touch; he had eaten it before.

Although it was half-baked when roasted, it tasted quite nice.

The taste of their eggs was also good.

He just wondered what a complete Swagnu's Touch would taste like on the grill, sprinkled with cumin and chili powder.

This was his first time eating the Egg of Gaiac.

But its similar soft-boiled texture was really nice.

If a 'Gaiac' hatched out of it, surely the meat would be even better?

Facing food, Jason, who couldn't fully control himself, took a good while before he pulled his thoughts back.

He'd 'eaten' the other party's goodwill.

Now here came the problem.

The map that the other party wanted...

Where could it come from?

It certainly wouldn't do to just draw one at random.

He didn't even know what kind of map the other party wanted; it was impossible for him to draw one.

And to renege on the deal?

Setting aside the 'big shot' who orchestrated all this and had his eye on the other party, just dealing with someone who could use 'Swagnu's Touch' and 'Egg of Aike' as a sign of sincerity was not to be trifled with.

So...

“Leave 19 Ter Street first!”

He didn’t dare to move about freely before because his strength was not sufficient.

Now?

Although he still couldn’t face that ‘big shot’ and the other party’s target, Jason was confident he could survive in District 26.

With this in mind, Jason made up his mind.

However, just as Jason was preparing to leave—

Rustle.

Rustle rustle.

A faint sound of friction came from above.

Picking up the Mac M1, Jason pushed aside the heavy curtain and walked out.

He raised the gun's muzzle and aimed in the direction from which the sound originated.

Then, he saw a piece of paper being pushed through the crack of the wooden boards that sealed a window.

It fluttered down slowly to his feet.

The lines were distinct, the markings clear.

It was unmistakably...

A map!