

Menu 91

Chapter 91: Taking a Ride

The clear voice entered Jason's ears.

Jason paused in his steps.

He was not someone who liked to meddle in others' affairs.

Only...

The faint scent that teased his nostrils made him a bit concerned.

Turning around, Jason tiptoed and carefully approached the bathroom.

Easily, Jason identified the source of the voice.

The other party had no intention of hiding.

Or rather, the other party believed they were sufficiently concealed.

But for Jason, whose perception was more than twice that of an ordinary person, it was 'clearly visible'.

In the innermost stall of the bathroom, which had no door, a creature with a squat and thin body, resembling a monkey but with a protruding mouth like a crocodile and full of sharp teeth, was gnawing on a cat.

The creature gnawed carefully and quickly.

Not only was the sound very faint, but there was little blood scattered; with each opening of its mouth, it swallowed flesh and bones together, chewed a few times, then opened its mouth again to continue feasting.

A rather sizable house cat.

After four or five bites, only some skin and fur remained.

Jason silently observed the entire feeding process.

There was nothing he could do for the already dead cat, but as for the creature, Jason, smelling the increasingly strong scent, had only thoughts of frying, boiling, and various other cooking methods in his mind.

Clearly, the recent feeding had made this creature even more delicious.

After standing still for a moment, as the creature began to lick its paws, Jason slowly stepped out.

“Squeak!”

The creature saw Jason, opened its mouth to emit a sharp scream, and lunged, its sharp claws reaching for Jason’s eyes.

With a slight lean back, Jason easily dodged the swipe, and then, his right hand grabbed the creature’s throat, his thumb and forefinger twisting forcefully.

Crack!

Amid the crisp sound of bones being misaligned, the creature that had bared its teeth fiercely a moment earlier slumped in Jason’s grasp, quickly succumbing to asphyxiation.

Unlike at ‘Lorde’, when he relied on firearms, as Jason’s attributes continuously grew and “Barehanded Combat” reached Proficiency Level, facing some relatively small or normal creatures, he didn’t need firearms at all.

Jason could clearly feel the progress of his own strength.

Involuntarily, the corners of Jason’s mouth curled up.

But the moment he thought of the sudden sense of oppression on Pea Street, Jason immediately shook his head and put away the pride that had just appeared.

Pride?

What right did he have to be proud?

He was still far from it.

Opening a box, he wrapped up the food with a change of clothes, placed it inside the box, and Jason picked up the box and walked downstairs.

The layout downstairs was similar to the second floor.

Only the position of the stairs was replaced with the main entrance.

There was also a small living room near the entrance, with a round tea table and small stools.

Two elderly men with graying hair, dressed nicely, were enjoying afternoon tea around the table, most likely black tea with added milk and honey. The two-layer cake stand had cookies on the top layer and

some small fruit on the bottom. Seeing Jason come down, the two old men, obviously familiar with him, greeted him warmly.

“Good afternoon, young Jason!”

“Good afternoon.”

“Heard from Kraul that you’re heading to ‘Hans’ port?”

“It’s quite a distance; you’d better start early.”

“Public carriages are too slow; you should hire a travel carriage.”

“No, the train is the fastest.”

“Sadly, there’s no railway in Jedanrun, and the closest one is in ‘Golsai’.”

After Jason greeted them, the two elders immediately started talking, each interrupting the other with their remarks.

From their words, Jason silently took note of the information revealed.

Trains were now available here, but the railway tracks must be limited and couldn't cover all towns.

Therefore, travel carriages were still the first choice for long journeys.

And...

That orphanage director, Kraul, must have quite the loose tongue.

Thinking to himself, Jason nodded to the elders and prepared to leave.

Just as the elders said, 'Hans' port was not close; it would be best for him to start early.

"Don't worry."

"I'll keep your room available for you."

"Hans' port is a nice place."

“Young people should go out and venture more.”

One of the elders, clearly the landlord here, gave Jason a definitive assurance, followed by encouraging words.

The other elder, seemingly not to be outdone, began speaking the moment his friend finished.

“Jason, if you’re looking to hire a travel carriage, you can go to my carriage shop.”

“You know, ‘Delin Carriage Shop’.”

“Tell them you’re a friend of old Delin, and those young men will know what to do.”

Having said that, old Delin pulled out a business card from his pocket and handed it to Jason.

“Thank you.”

Facing the elder’s kindness, Jason showed no intention of refusal. After taking the business card and sincerely giving thanks, he then turned to leave.

“Let’s hope young Jason has a smooth journey.”

“Of course, he will; he’s so outstanding.”

“Have you seen the latest serial, ‘The Disappearing Cat’?”

“I heard it’s adapted from true events in Jedanrun, truly frightening.”

“How could that be possible? I know that author; he’s just a fatso who drinks and eats everywhere under the guise of ‘research.’ There’s no way he could have encountered something so terrifying.”

As Jason walked away, the chatter from within the apartments behind him gradually faded into inaudibility.

However, maybe it would be a good idea to read the newspapers more often!

Jason thought to himself as he glanced at the box in his hand labeled ‘food’.

Then, Jason quickened his pace.

He wasn't familiar with Tel.

But someone definitely was.

Without going too far, Jason stopped at an intersection, flagging down a public carriage directly.

"To 'Delin Cab Co.'"

Jason said so.

"Alright, 3 Tel."

The coachman replied.

Jason took out his wallet, pulled out a banknote worth 5, and immediately saw the coachman's troubled face. Then, as he took out four coins from his wallet, he could clearly see the coachman's sigh of relief.

When he handed the coins to the coachman, the coachman carefully picked up three of them.

Clearly, 1 coin equaled 1 Tel.

“Please get in.”

The coachman said.

The coach was much smaller than Lorde’s public carriages, and not nearly as packed—it only had one person inside, cloaked in a black robe.

Jason gave the other person a quick once-over, then sat down at the farthest spot, directly across from them.

When it came to strangers, not only would Jason not strike up a conversation, but his inner vigilance would only make him grip his weapon tighter.

But the other person didn’t feel the same way.

Upon seeing Jason sit down, the figure immediately turned and initiated conversation:

“Hello there, fellow traveler by fate.”

“Would you need a fortune told?”

“I am a Diviner.”

The robed person inquired.

“No, thank you.”

Jason curtly refused.

“Aren’t you curious how I knew you are a traveler about to embark?”

The Diviner said, feigning mystery.

I just said ‘Delin Cab Co.’

And there’s the box by my feet.

Both of which give it away.

Jason thought to himself, then took a glance at the box beside him.

Immediately, the Diviner let out a sheepish laugh.

But just as swiftly, the figure spoke up again:

“I am a Diviner.”

“I know many things that the ordinary do not.”

“You seem to be a very knowledgeable person yourself.”

“How about a game?”

“I ask you a question, and if you can’t answer, you give me 1 Tel. If you ask me something I can’t answer, I give you 5 Tel. How does that sound?”

“Fine,”

Jason said.

“How many people are in Delin?”

The Diviner asked.

“I don’t know.”

Jason honestly shook his head, and then took out 1 Tel.

“Your turn.”

The Diviner, taking the 1 Tel, spoke with a hint of smugness in his voice.

“What creature walks on four legs in the morning, two legs at noon, and three legs in the evening?”

Jason asked.

The Diviner hesitated.

After a good half-minute, the Diviner shook his head.

“I don’t know.”

While saying this, he handed Jason 5 Tel, then immediately asked, “What kind of creature is it?”

“I don’t know either.”

Jason handed back 1 of the 5 Tel to the Diviner.

Watching his change revert back to 4 Tel, Jason couldn’t help but feel his mood lighten. He put the coins into his wallet and looked up at the still puzzled Diviner.

“Sorry, this is my stop!”

Snapping back to reality, the Diviner knocked on the carriage and leapt out of the coach.

“Sir, you still have...”

“This is my stop!”

“I want to get off here!”

With such emphatic tone, the Diviner quickly walked away, his hurried steps as if he were being chased by a monster.

Jason smiled and leaned back comfortably.

The feeling of having a carriage to oneself...

Truly delightful.