

Menu 93

Chapter 93: Remembered?

Was I happy too soon?

The young Dennise was startled.

Jason's response was so different from what she had imagined that she forgot what to say next.

About a second or two later, she stammered awkwardly:

"Your car is really hot..."

Phew!

Jason rolled down the car window beside him, and the cold autumn night wind blew straight in.

Dennise's hair was sent flying by the wind.

At this moment, the girl's heart was as disordered as her hair.

The person before her...

Must be sick?

She judged so and decided not to speak another word to Jason for the rest of the journey.

Unexpectedly, as Jason casually closed the window, he handed her a newspaper.

What does this mean?

The girl took the newspaper, puzzled.

“The Disappearing Cat”?

She had read it and thought it was well-written; it’s just that rumors said the author often went on field trips in name, but in reality, was a king of hiatus due to an upset stomach.

“The House of Fortune-telling Welcomes You”?

She knew this one too and had even visited the House of Fortune-telling. A bunch of nonsense-talking guys, they charged a hefty fee and weren’t accurate. At least, she wanted to find her ideal person, but none of those guys could predict it.

What was even more irritating was that after some of them finished fortune-telling, they actually told her to beware of bad luck.

Clearly, it was a scam!

She, Dennise, wasn't fooled!

"Yesterday's circus performance was a disaster!"

A circus performance?

Has it already been performed?

Why don't I remember?

Wasn't I supposed to watch the performance and then miss my time for the public coach ride?

Doubt appeared in Dennise's eyes.

Then, she continued reading.

‘Yesterday’s circus was enjoyable and grandiose. Had it not been for the lion that went berserk and hurt people in the end, we would have given a round of applause! But now all we can do is mourn the brave town girl, Dennise...’

A lion?

An attack?

Me?

Dennise sat stunned in her chair as if struck by Thunder Strike.

At the same time, some memories she didn’t want to recall slowly emerged in her mind.

After saving pocket money for three months, she planned to go to Jedanlan to see a circus act, and then, to buy back a long-coveted trinket as an autumn harvest gift.

But because of the fortune-telling at the House of Fortune-telling, she had to wait until winter for this gift.

However, the circus was wonderful, and the little girl sitting next to her even shared a malt candy with her.

But then...

Disaster struck!

During the circus's finale, the lion that was supposed to jump through the ring of fire suddenly went mad, opening its great bloody mouth and pouncing towards her direction.

She collapsed in fear.

The little girl next to her was even more frightened.

At that time, she didn't know what came over her, but she pushed the little girl away.

Then, then...

"Am I dead?"

Dennise looked up, staring blankly at Jason with a hoarse voice, she asked.

Jason didn't answer, nor did he show any reaction.

He just glanced at the newspaper.

There, in the illustration, was a body covered with a white cloth.

"So..."

"I'm dead."

Dennise murmured to herself, her once vibrant face becoming gloomy, her breath quickly turned Cold, and her intact body became mutilated and bloody.

"Why?"

"Why did I die?"

“Why!”

Dennise questioned Jason, who was close at hand, her face quickly twisted into something ferocious and terrifying, her eyes revealing a longing for life and... disgust.

Especially when she looked at Jason, there was a sense of bloodthirst and violence.

Then...

Slap!

Jason raised his hand and slapped Dennise across the face.

Dennise was dumbfounded by the slap.

I was slapped?

I’m dead and yet I was slapped?

I was dead, and he was alive. He should be afraid of me, yet he dared to hit me?

While Dennise was still doubting her undead existence,

Jason, having just slapped her, drew back his hand for another slap.

Smack!

This time it was even louder.

And his hand had not yet been lowered.

Seeing Jason's hand poised to strike again, Dennise shouted loudly:

"Wait!"

With both hands covering her cheeks, Dennise looked in terror at the tall, strong man with a calm face before her, and she seemed to understand a bit why Jason had said she was happy too soon.

"Are you an Exorcist?"

Dennise asked, uneasy.

In her mind, biographies she had read before began to reemerge.

Ordinary people would be scared witless upon seeing the undead, only the exorcists in those biographies would disregard the fear of the undead.

And every Exorcist was cruel and merciless.

For the undead, they wouldn't show mercy and let a single one go.

But what comforted Dennise was Jason's shake of the head.

"No."

"I am a..."

"Night Watcher."

That was Jason's response.

Immediately, Dennise, who had just relaxed, became anxious again.

Night Watcher?

It seemed to be an existence that the undead cared about more than an Exorcist.

But looking at the indifferent Jason, Dennise didn't dare to ask.

Jason, on the other hand, maintained his silence once again.

The atmosphere became tense, making Dennise increasingly restless.

For the first time, she discovered that the undead seemed even more useless than she had imagined.

She couldn't pass through walls, become invisible, move objects out of thin air, and didn't have even the slightest supernatural ability. Moreover, she could be hit.

This was even worse than when she was alive.

At least when she was alive, she didn't have to be hit, did she?

At most, she would just oversleep in the morning or stay up late at night, and get a few nagging remarks from her parents.

What's the use of being undead like this?

Dennise asked herself.

Of course, there was no answer.

She was already a dead person.

Although she insisted on using "she" instead of "it."

Perhaps it was just a matter of getting used to it.

With time, it would become second nature.

Unable to bear the silence any longer, Dennise tentatively opened her mouth to ask:

“Did you realize I was undead from the start?”

“And then, you were worried that I might cause an accident and disturb the peace?”

“So you prepared to prevent it in advance by letting me get into the car?”

As Dennise asked, she saw Jason looking at her with a strange expression.

That look seemed like...

Pity?

What are you pitying me for?

Even if you can hit me, I am still an undead!

I have the dignity of the undead!

Just as Dennise was about to state this, she saw Jason suddenly pull out a broad-bladed, short-handled machete, and then, he produced a gun with a very large muzzle, larger than any she had ever seen before.

But what frightened Dennise the most was...

Jason's gaze.

It was like the excited look of a carnivorous animal when hunting.

"I'm sorry!"

"I was wrong!"

"Please don't eat me!"

Dennise sat up straight, speaking very quickly.

But Jason didn't pay any attention to Dennise and just jumped out of the car after pushing the door open.

The next moment,

A fierce roar suddenly erupted!

In the midst of the roar, Dennise was stunned for a moment as more memories started flooding back—

She remembered!

Why she was standing there waiting for this carriage!

She was, seemingly, a...

Bait?