

Menu 94

Chapter 94: Meat, Stew and Roast

Why did Jason let Dennise get on the carriage?

Of course, it was because of the ‘food’ scent clinging to Dennise.

As for why Dennise would hail the carriage?

Jason had a clear idea in his mind.

After all, one of the ‘food’ scents on them came from his own box.

Jason did not know if these monsters had created the incident of the circus lion attacking people yesterday, or if it was all just an accident, but he knew one thing—he was hungry!

Bang!

Click-click!

Bang!

The Winchester Brothers' muzzle spat out volleys of bullets, closely following the carriage, and those monsters that Jason had seen before in the washroom, low to the ground, skinny like monkeys, with protruding mouths and crocodile-like sharp teeth, were blown away.

But more of the similar monsters swarmed in.

Through the carriage window, Dennise witnessed the scene and subconsciously covered her mouth.

It thought Jason was done for.

However,

It soon widened its eyes in shock.

Facing the tide of monsters rushing toward him, Jason calmly pulled the trigger.

Instantly, the monsters were struck down in droves by the deluge of bullets.

When the bullets in the Winchester Brothers ran out, the broad-bladed, short-handled machete blossomed with its own cold glow in the night.

There were no specific moves.

Just chopping!

Although straightforward, it was extremely effective.

Every time, a monster would hit the ground.

And the monsters?

Each of their lunges missed.

With nearly two and a half times the perception of a normal person, Jason's vision and hearing had reached a level unattainable by the average person. Combined with the 'well-trained' effect from the Proficiency Level Barehanded Combat, in this melee, Jason was like a foreseer, dodging effectively every time the monsters lunged at him.

Even if he could not fully evade, he would only be grazed lightly.

Then,

The hand raised, the blade fell!

A fatal blow!

Five in a row, aside from a few scratches, posed no threat to Jason at all.

Click, click.

Jason flicked the blood off the machete, pulled out the number 13 bullets, and one by one reloaded them into the Winchester Brothers' chamber, his eyes scanning the surroundings.

And he signaled to Peters not to come any closer.

Coachman Peters had stopped the carriage at the sound of gunfire, drawn his short sword, and was about to offer assistance, but he froze in place the moment he hopped down.

Compared to the undead Dennise, Peters could immediately see how mighty the combat power Jason displayed was.

Each chop was simple, swift, clear.

Each chop was a fatal blow.

With the least cost, he inflicted maximum damage...

No!

It wasn't about minimizing cost; he was utterly indifferent to his own safety, only aiming to kill the enemy!

The Griffin camp?

Feeling the unique 'do-or-die' vibe from Jason, Peters was puzzled.

The Jason before him didn't seem like someone from the Griffin camp, but rather...

Bear Tower!

Those wild bears from Bear Tower were the ones who reveled in such battles, which was why they were daunting; and for the same reason, they were the first to fall.

Seeing Jason's gesture, out of respect for a warrior, Peters did not take another step forward but merely stood guard around the carriage.

The night wind howled past.

With a Winchester in one hand and a broad-bladed, short-handled machete in the other, Jason stood there like a statue.

Dennise inside the carriage held her mouth tight, daring not to breathe loudly.

It wanted to warn Jason that these monsters had a leader.

It had been enslaved by that leader to go up against Jason before.

Yet it also worried that making a sound would distract Jason.

And so, it could only silently pray for Jason.

Whoo!

The autumn wind grew stronger.

Withered leaves were picked up.

Spinning.

Twirling.

Passing by Jason, swirling around him, or blowing toward the surroundings.

Jason pointed his blade downward, listening intently.

Coachman Peters gripped his short sword tighter.

He felt uneasy.

It seemed something was getting closer.

But it was 'invisible.'

Only a vague sense could be felt.

This made Peters experience a tension he hadn't felt in a long time.

And then—

“sl oT Yn!”

A mystic language never heard before, it rumbled like a muffled thunderstorm.

Ahhh!

A wretched scream as a phantom emerged from the whirlwind of leaves.

It was a creature with the size of a house cat, short limbs, and its body flanked by membranous glides connecting the front to the hind legs, resembling a lizard. The moment it made contact with the special force field of “Protection Against Evil,” several specters burst forth from its body and vanished into thin air.

Meanwhile, the creature convulsed slightly, ready to flip over and flee.

Jason raised his hand and slashed with his knife.

Pfft!

The wide-bladed, short-handled machete chopped down on the creature's head, putting an abrupt end to it.

Afterward, Jason began clearing the battlefield, despite his fatigue.

A total of seven monsters previously seen in the restroom, along with the one in the box, made it eight.

There was also a bizarre-looking monster; judging by the friction between the blade and its neck, the flesh seemed firm and likely tasted excellent.

Saliva involuntarily secreted within Jason's mouth.

His weary body made him feel all the more famished.

"Start a fire, set up the pot, get the grill ready," Jason instructed.

Travel?

Of course, he needed to press on.

But, meals were not to be delayed.

Especially food that he'd obtained on his own, filled with joy and promising to make the journey ahead all the more pleasant.

So why not enjoy a meal first?

Peters sheathed his short sword, steering the carriage off the road and laying down the charcoal basin, iron pot, and grill with practiced ease, expertly igniting the fire.

By then, Jason had already cleaned the eight scrawny creatures, chopped them up, and tossed the pieces into the boiling pot.

The pot lacked neither scallions, ginger, garlic, nor Sichuan peppercorns and star anise.

There were also potatoes and radishes.

The thick soup bubbled, with the bright white and red potatoes and radishes tumbling within.

Clear and appetizing hues heightened Jason's craving for food.

Yet he endured, for on the grill, the subsequent creature was impaled whole on an iron spit, constantly rotated, seasoned with salt and cumin from time to time. Jason held a small bowl of fat in his hand, brushing a layer onto the meat every few minutes.

When the aroma of charcoal blended with the fat filled the air, Jason, unable to resist any longer, began to feast voraciously.

The meat in the pot, soaked in broth, tender.

The meat on the spit, rubbed with fat, crisp.

Between tenderness and crispiness, the flavor of the meat was maximized.

"[Consumed 8 Kababa Beasts!]"

"[Significant recovery of physical strength and vitality!]"

"[Satiety +8]"

“[Satiety: 9]”

...

“[Consumed Rondo (Juvenile)]”

“[Moderate recovery of physical strength and vitality!]”

“[Satiety +3]”

“[Satiety: 12]”

...

Injuries, physical strength, and vitality recovered rapidly.

The mere 1 point of satiety once left had returned to double digits.

This shift swiftly improved Jason's mood.

Dennise seemed to have noticed this and quietly approached.

"Just like that, it's resolved?" she asked incredulously.

In her memories, it wasn't so easy; the lizard-like monster was vicious. Facing it, she couldn't even think of resisting, let alone make any superfluous movement.

"We are different," Jason nodded and replied.

Dennise paused momentarily.

Then, she quickly shook her head.

It wasn't that she didn't acknowledge this fact.

She was merely trying to calm herself down, to not forget what she'd initially wanted to ask.

"No!"

“That’s not it!”

“I mean, you actually eat monsters!” Dennise exclaimed with wide eyes fixed on Jason.

Under such gaze, Jason smiled.

He enunciated slowly:

“This is...”

“Purification!”

Then, Jason looked towards his coachman.

The latter was also watching Jason.

After a moment of mutual gaze, Coachman Peters suddenly spoke—

“Meow!”