

Menu 95

Chapter 95: Knocking Sound

Life Consultation!

When an average-looking middle-aged man suddenly goes “meow” at you, what would you do?

1. Pretend not to see.

2. Stare back angrily.

3. Go mad with joy.

...

Jason’s hand involuntarily tightened around the broad-blade, short-handled chopping knife, and it was only with immense willpower that he barely restrained himself from swinging the blade in his hand.

But his chest felt oppressively stuffy.

A bit dizzy in the head.

Feeling a bit nauseous in the stomach.

And wanting something sour in his mouth.

The deceased Dennise directly sprung behind Jason, revealing her eyes wide with terror as she stared at Peters, like she was witnessing a pervert, all the while muttering, "Is this the adult world? It's too terrible!"

Peters stiffened.

Then glared furiously at Dennise.

But immediately, the middle-aged carriage driver withdrew his gaze from the good-for-nothing ghost and focused on Jason.

Looking at Jason's expressionless face.

A wave of disappointment washed over Peters.

Did I guess wrong?

Yes.

How could that which should have long since faded still exist?

Who still remembers these things now?

After a self-deprecating smile, the middle-aged carriage driver said solemnly to Jason, “I apologize for the misunderstanding just now, it was very rude of me. When do we depart?”

After confirming there was no bizarre or unexpected change in the other party, Jason nodded.

“Right away.”

As he spoke, Jason began to pour the soup from the pot into a leather bag.

And it wasn’t until that moment that Jason suddenly remembered.

He had forgotten to make the jerky!

It must be because time was tight!

It was due to my impatience that I forgot it!

Moreover...

Isn't there still the soup?

Judging himself, Jason's hand became even steadier as he poured the soup, not spilling a drop.

"What do you need this soup for?"

Dennise asked curiously.

"This is 'Holy Water'."

"Indispensable for the Exorcism Ritual."

Jason said seriously.

The ghost girl's face stiffened, and then she showed an expression of 'I may not be well-read, but you can't fool me'.

Jason didn't explain any further.

Throughout the carriage ride that followed, Jason remained silent, and Dennise became quiet as well, no longer speaking.

Because they had arrived at Karl Town.

In the night, the buildings with their lights on twinkled like guiding lights.

At the town entrance, Sheriffs were patrolling, and after Peters showed his "Delin Coachman" credentials and his own, they were granted permission to pass.

"If you need a place to stay, you could go to the Emerald..."

"Nevermind."

"Some things happened there, if you want to stay overnight, you can seek lodging."

The leading Sheriff was introducing the town's inns just like any other day, but he stopped halfway through his words as if recalling something and then just slightly shook his head.

Jason keenly noticed Dennise shuddering upon hearing the word 'Emerald'.

Is it home?

Jason guessed.

After taking several deep breaths, Dennise then spoke to the coachman.

"Please go straight, then take a right at the first intersection; stop at the side after 20 meters."

Peters didn't respond.

The carriage proceeded in the direction Dennise had indicated.

Clip-clop, clip-clop.

The distinctive crisp sound of the wheels clashing with the gravel road.

When the sound ceased, the carriage had stopped in front of the Emerald Inn.

It was a three-story building, with a grass lawn at the front. Although autumn had set in, and the lawn was already yellowing, due to the meticulous care of the owner, it didn't look desolate but instead appeared to be brimming with a deep vitality, poised to thrive.

Dennise sat in the carriage, staring blankly at the lawn, looking at the inn in the distance.

The lawn had been tended by her.

She had once looked forward to seeing the lawn sprout again in spring.

But now?

She herself was about to be buried in the ground.

Why not transplant this patch of grass over my grave?

The ghost girl tried her best to cheer herself up in her own way.

But...

“^

Futile.

It gazed at the familiar inn in the distance, desire evident in its eyes, but what was more prominent was... timidity.

“You say...”

“Am I fit to go back?”

Dennise asked Jason.

Her voice involuntarily trembled.

Jason looked at Dennise, but he did not speak.

He wasn't accustomed to giving others advice.

He didn't believe he was qualified to give it, either.

After all, every person's choices required them to bear the consequences.

Under Jason's gaze, Dennise hung her head and then tried with all her might to force a smile.

Unfortunately...

The smile was terrible.

"I understand!"

"The dead should have the resolve of the dead, I..."

With that hideous smile, Dennise tried to express her stance, but just then, the door of the inn opened, and a middle-aged woman wearing a cloth skirt came out.

With the help of the light, Jason could see that her face bore a three-parts resemblance to Dennise.

Her eyes were red, her expression mournful.

When she came in front of the carriage, she bore the same ugly smile as Dennise.

“I’m sorry.”

“There are some issues at home.”

“We’re not open for business at the moment.”

With those words, she bowed apologetically.

Seeing her mother before her, Dennise could no longer contain her emotions and abruptly pushed the carriage door open.

“Mom...”

It called out, ready to rush toward her.

But at that moment, it suddenly remembered its identity as the deceased.

What would her mother's reaction be to seeing such a version of herself?

Trepidation surfaced once again.

But the carriage door was already agape.

Her mother could simply lift her head and see her.

It made a desperate attempt to hide.

And then...

It realized its body had become intangible.

An intangibility imperceptible to the common eye.

But Jason noticed, his perception more than double that of an average person, was enough for him to perceive Dennise's oddity.

"Invisibility?"

"No!"

"It's like an ability that's similar to invisibility but also like hiding."

As Jason observed the now static and faintly visible form of Dennise, he was forced to divert his attention quickly.

Because Dennise's mother had looked up and was staring right at him.

"You just now..."

"I'm a friend of Dennise's."

"I saw the newspaper."

"I've come to pay my respects."

Jason interrupted Dennise's mother, speaking earnestly.

"A friend of Dennise's?!"

Dennise's mother looked in astonishment at Jason, who had already stepped down from the carriage.

Tall, strong, with a resolute and mature visage, dressed appropriately, she found it hard to believe her foolish daughter could have such a friend.

"Please follow me."

That's what Dennise's mother said.

Then she led the way straight ahead.

Inside the inn, a funeral parlor had been arranged, with an older man sitting upright opposite Dennise's mother, flanked by two teenagers.

The resemblance in their brows indicated they were Dennise's father and brothers.

Seeing Jason enter, the family was surprised, especially after hearing that he was a friend of Dennise's, there to offer condolences. The father even said bluntly, "My daughter, who is lazy, lacks ambition, stays up all night, can't get up early, reverses her meals, and is clumsy, actually has a friend as steady, upright, and reliable as you. It's truly her honor."

Confronted with such direct words, Jason thought they were...

Very true!

So, he accepted them gracefully.

Just as Jason was preparing to complete the condolence process—

Thud!

Thud!

Thud!

A series of knocking sounds suddenly erupted.

The noise was coming from...

The coffin!