

Menu 96

Chapter 96: Anomalies

The sudden noise left Dennise's parents and siblings frozen.

Fear appeared on their faces.

But it vanished in an instant.

All that remained was...

Expectation.

It was the expectation of regaining a 'treasure' once lost.

Two youths were eager to try, seemingly wanting to open the coffin to see their sister, while Dennise's father walked decisively towards the coffin.

Dennise's mother, on the other hand, began to murmur to herself:

"They all say fools live long lives."

“How could you possibly die so suddenly?”

“Are you unwilling to miss the feast of the autumn harvest?”

“Are you worried about the pocket money hidden under your pillow?”

“Are you thinking about the biography novel you haven’t finished reading?”

“I was planning to burn it for you.”

“Now...”

“No need.”

Jason watched this family.

Without a doubt, they loved Dennise.

To them, the deceased Dennise was still their daughter, sister, an important family member.

But,

some things

are irreversible.

Moreover, he knew exactly where Dennise was.

The body in the coffin...

Would not be Dennise.

Whether infected by evil or controlled by the Bizarre, neither was a good thing.

At least, not for the family of Dennise in front of him.

“Wait a minute.”

Jason spoke up, slightly tipping his hat.

He reached the coffin before Dennise's father, standing in front of the family.

Then...

Jason gazed at Dennise.

Yes, he looked directly at Dennise, who had once again become visible.

After Jason entered the inn's lobby, Dennise not only followed him in, but she also returned to her room while Jason talked with her parents and retrieved the pocket money from under her pillow.

Even if it had died.

There were still some things it had to take back.

Did the dead need money?

So what?

It was rightfully hers.

An undead girl loving money, so what?

How else to read novels?

In the undead girl's mind, letting Jason handle everything while she quietly watched her parents and siblings before leaving, then finding a graveyard to peacefully spend her afterlife was the plan.

Of course, she would work regularly and buy novels.

Since the undead do not need to eat or drink, this greatly reduced her expenses, and she only needed to maintain her reading habits.

Thinking this way, Dennise felt life as an undead might also be beautiful.

But the noise inside the coffin broke Dennise's plans.

She knew better than anyone that the one in the coffin was not her.

She had to stop her parents and siblings.

But how to explain her state?

However, the inner bond to her family made it impossible for her to stand by idly.

Dennise herself did not realize she had revealed her form, and directly said:

“Wait!”

Upon speaking out, Dennise came to her senses.

But it was too late.

Her parents and brothers turned around and looked at her.

“Dennise!”

“Sister!”

“Sis!”

Dennise’s family members rushed up to her. Her parents wanted to embrace their daughter but hesitated until the youngest brother hugged Dennise, confirming she was not air, then they did not hesitate to embrace their daughter.

Dennise stiffened, but then naturally extended her arms to hug her parents and siblings.

Then, she saw Jason point towards the door.

“There’s something I want to talk to you about.”

“Leave this to Jason.”

Dennise said so.

“Okay.”

Dennise’s mother nodded repeatedly.

Dennise's father and brothers exchanged glances before her father, acting as their spokesperson, asked, "Do you need help?"

"No need."

Jason shook his head.

After watching Dennise's family temporarily leave, Jason turned to face the coffin that was still making incessant knocking sounds.

The knocking was now several times louder than before.

The strength had naturally increased.

But this coffin was far sturdier than he had imagined.

It was not only made entirely of solid wood but also reinforced with metal at key points. He was familiar with the material of the wood—it was the same kind used in the carriages that could withstand a considerable degree of attack.

Clearly, this coffin was expensive.

Something ordinary families could never afford.

And Dennise's parents had chosen this coffin out of guilt and... perhaps a last attempt to 'protect' Dennise?

Jason couldn't help but think as he regarded the hefty coffin.

He then glanced around and directly pushed the coffin to the backyard.

Next...

He picked up a kerosene lamp and poured its oil onto the coffin.

As for opening the coffin and fighting the monster inside?

Jason wouldn't consider it unless the creature had the ability to 'open' the coffin by itself.

Besides, the inn was not short of kerosene lamps.

Near the bar, a row of kerosene lamps hung, clearly prepared for every guest entering a room.

Jason poured over the coffin ten times before he finally picked up a box of matches.

He didn't ignite it right away.

Because Dennise had come back and extended her hand to him.

"I'll do it myself."

Dennise said, biting her teeth and gathering her courage.

"Do you know what you're doing?" Jason asked.

Although Jason was new to the Mystical Side, he still knew some knowledge.

A deceased's body is quite significant to the spirit, and in some cases, it is an inseparable part of them.

Simply put, if the body is burned, the ghost will also be reduced to ashes.

“I know.”

“Burning myself.”

Dennise nodded firmly.

After Jason gave Dennise a long look, he handed over the matchbox.

The spectral girl trembled as she pulled out a match and turned to look at Jason.

“Do I have any other choices?”

“I think I might still be able to save it.”

“Why don’t you do it?”

By the end, the ghost’s voice had taken on a crying tone, yet it was with these utterly timid words that she struck the match alight.

Hiss!

Flame appeared on the match head, illuminating the ghost girl's pale face.

She closed her eyes with a jerk and threw the match out.

Then...

She threw it askew.

The match fell to the ground.

Fortunately, there were traces of kerosene on the ground too.

Whoosh!

The flame quickly crawled along, and when it reached the coffin soaked in kerosene, it instantly shot up over a meter high.

The solid wood might resist chopping from swords and shooting from muskets, but against pure flames, it had no means of defense, leaving only one function: to serve as kindling.

The unknown monster inside the coffin let out a wail.

After the sharp, piercing sound echoed for several seconds, as Dennise's body was incinerated, it fell silent.

And Dennise...

Not only did she not disappear, but she didn't even feel the slightest weakness.

On the contrary, she felt more spirited than ever!

"Eh?"

"I'm okay?"

"Am I really okay?"

After asking herself three times, Dennise couldn't help but burst out laughing.

However,

Jason frowned.