

## Menu 23

### Chapter 23: The Moon Mask

Rhode in the evening, about to bid farewell to the hustle and bustle of the day.

Looking at Kensing Street, shops had begun their preparations to close for the day. The same goes for the pubs that had had been maintaining their tradition. It is important to know that, even though some of the recent events in Rhode had been covered up, rumors had still managed to spread.

The speed of pedestrians and carriages are rapidly decreasing.

However, some places that didn't care still remained brightly lit.

For example...

Moon Mask!

This was a mysterious club that was located behind Kensing Street.

In order to enter, not only was it extremely expensive, but you would also need referrals.

At the same time, both privacy and security could be guaranteed.

Two brawny men in gray-black coats with bulging waists stood clearly at the club door, deterring those who wanted to sneak a peek inside the club.

Moreover, the two were not ostentatious.

The two had icy-cold expressions and sharp eyes, and their palms, fingertips, and joints were covered in rough calluses.

Obviously, these were two good players who were both proficient in terms of firearm usage and in melee combat.

This was a guard who was specially arranged by the club after recent events.

Of course, the club did not rely on just these two guards to continue running their business openly, despite the incidents.

In the shadows, on the top of this three-and-a-half story building, a thin man was squatting in the shadows. He held a well-made, extremely rare cavalry rifle and looked over the entire block.

No wind or grass could hide from his watchful eyes.

With the ground and rifle in his hand, this secret sentry was sure to take out any potential enemies.

As for a large number or more powerful enemies?

The secret sentry sneered, and his gaze began to turn to the mouth box beside his feet.

Just opening the lid slightly, you could immediately see a row of ten bombs with fuses, round black bombs, and small artillery shells. They were all neatly arranged inside the box.

This secret sentry was looking forward to playing against the legendary monster.

Because...

This was the only opportunity he could think of to step into the mysterious side!

Otherwise, even if the owner of this club made a high bid, it was impossible to hire him.

"Unfortunately, I couldn't work with those dirty thugs."

"Otherwise, I wouldn't need to resort to this much effort."

"As soon as I realized the consequences, I would be faced with the upright sheriff Bondy for using my identity as a wanted criminal to face the immortal monster." This secret sentry couldn't help but sigh.

"Once I enter the mysterious side, I will definitely make you..."

This secret sentry couldn't help but fantasize about the situation after he had mastered the strange and powerful power. His whole body couldn't help but tremble. Then, with some violent twitching, he began to foam at his mouth.

After a few seconds, the secret sentry collapsed, and there was no longer any sound.

The two strong men guarding the door were no exceptions.

Alas, they died even earlier than the secret sentry.

"Hush!"

"Nightfall. Nightfall is here."

"The black lamb starts dancing."

"He's coming, he's coming."

"Quickly go to sleep."

"Quickly go to sleep."

In a brisk whistle, a man in a large cloak that completely covered his face appeared in front of the club's door. He stepped over the body and pushed the door open.

The melodious music came to an abrupt end.

The bright lights went out at the same time.

The deep darkness was like an invisible mouth that swallowed the entire club instantly.

Dull.

Withering.

Then... everything went back to normal.

The sound of music could be heard again.

The lights also came back on.

But...

There were no longer any voices.

The dead bodies fell to the ground like weeds, with calm faces. It was as if they were asleep.

"Hush!"

"Sleep!"

The whistling sound could be heard again, and the man turned away slowly. His smile was hidden in the shadows.

Soon, his silhouette disappeared at the end of the street.

Suddenly, the moment the man left, the police carriage rushed to the scene. Jason and Bondy jumped from the carriage, looked at the two guards who fell at the door, and their expressions that had suddenly changed.

"Too late!"

Jason frowned.

When he was about to tell this discovery to Bondy, he suddenly thought,

"Since the person related to Kalina has retaliated against Mr. Flayton, will this person also retaliate against the Moon Mask?"

The answer was a resounding

"Yes".

At the same time, Jason also had a reaction, and this was also within the plans of the other party.

Killing Mr. Flayton was not only a punishment, but it was also to lure the enemy away from the base.

Using the identity of Mr. Flayton, as long as it concerned death, it would most definitely have attracted most of Rhode's police. Once the police force in Rhode City had been distracted, the other party could safely do whatever they had planned to do.

There was no longer a need to worry about the patrol officers, let alone worry about causing unnecessary trouble after an accident.

"I hope that the people in the Croaker Mine, Bottomline Vault Street, and others will be able to catch up."

Jason thought as he quickly walked toward the door of the club.

Sheriff Bondy followed closely behind him with a revolver.

When Jason pushed open the door of the club, his pupils shrank.

Dozens of people seemed to be asleep. They were lying in the hall, but there were no traces of undulations on their chests. The lights shone on these people's faces, and a feeling of coldness surfaced in Jason's heart as if he were being watched by a poisonous snake hiding in the bushes. An inexplicable pressure rose.

Jason twisted his neck and shoulders uncomfortably.

Then, he suddenly saw that Bondy was doing the same thing as him.

It was not just an illusion!

Jason instantly trembled.

In the next moment, there was a shallow moaning in his ears.

It was a sound he had never heard before.

He didn't understand the meaning of it at all.

He could only feel his scalp tingling.

He could only feel irritability rising from the bottom of his heart.

Jason just wanted to yell and kill everyone around him.

In fact, he was preparing to do so.

But at that moment, the book in his arms that was recorded in graphical reiterations began to jitter.

Suddenly, Jason woke up.

He realized that he had raised his legs and was preparing to step into the club, just as the sheriff was.

Jason pulled the sheriff back quickly.

It wasn't until about five to six meters away from the gate that Jason finally stopped.

And that cold and heavy air disappeared.

Phew.

Jason couldn't help but heave a sigh of relief. Looking into the club suspiciously, the lights were bright and the music was melodious; this should have made it a very attractive and comfortable place. But in the eyes of Jason, it was a dead place. After going through the experience earlier, he would rather stay outside in the fading darkness than step into the club.

"What... what was that just now?"

"Is there anything inside?"

The sheriff, who had just woken up, asked in a dry voice.

Jason didn't know what was inside.

But Jason was not planning to hide anything from the sheriff.

Just as he was about to speak, the bodies in the club had suddenly begun to change.

They did not struggle.

They did not growl.

They were still lying there, as usual, only now they had their necks turned and were facing the door. They were all staring at Jason.

And then...

They began to smile sheepishly.