

## Menu 270

Chapter 270: Midnight Snack

Bansey was startled and instinctively tried to start the car.

Chug, sputter.

Chug, sputter.

After several attempts, the car failed to restart.

Cold sweat streamed down Bansey's face once again.

"I was just joking."

As he said this, he turned his head with an awkward yet polite smile, hoping to lighten the mood.

But when he turned his head, he realized that Jason and Edward, who should have been sitting in the backseat, had vanished without a trace, leaving only the open car doors on both sides.

Whoosh!

The cold wind blew, and Bansey shrank his neck.

He shouted in horror:

“Captain?”

“Your Excellency Jason?”

Sadly, aside from the wind, there was no response at all.

Moreover, this was a dark crossroads with no lights, pitch black outside.

The only car light too dimmed as the vehicle died.

“Stay calm!”

“Stay calm!”

“I need to stay calm!”

Bansey kept telling himself this silently while he recalled the words Edward had told him.

‘Don’t be afraid of these things, just shoot them, if the gun doesn’t work, use a hand grenade, if that doesn’t work, use a mortar, and if one mortar shell doesn’t do the job, use a whole base number.’

‘Level it, and it’ll be quiet.’

Then—

He pulled out his gun from his waist.

Pulled a ‘Typewriter’ from under the seat.

And from under the co-driver’s seat, he felt around and retrieved two hand grenades.

Next, turning around, he yanked a foldable mortar from underneath the backseat.

As a firepower specialist, it was normal for Bansey to have a submachine gun, hand grenades, and a mortar in the car.

Bansey, with the mortar on his shoulder, got out of the car. He first checked under the vehicle, and finding no one hanging there, he set up the mortar, then from the car's trunk, he lifted out a box of shells and placed it next to him.

He remembered his captain's teachings—

Bombard it with the mortar.

The wind howled past.

Footsteps emerged from the dark.

"Who's there?"

"Don't speak, and I will open fire!"

Bansey yelled toward the source of the footsteps.

"It's me."

Edward said as he approached, and when he saw the mortar set up on the ground, the special operations team leader's eyes twitched.

"Where did you get the mortar?"

Edward asked, about to walk over.

But Bansey directly raised the 'Typewriter's' muzzle.

"Halt!"

"How can you prove that you're the captain?"

Bansey asked.

He hadn't forgotten that in the biographical novels, these creatures could transform.

What if it was a transformed captain?

Bansey was extremely vigilant.

“What kind of proof do you want?”

Edward looked at his subordinate, amused, as he was about to say something, but Bansey spoke first.

“What’s your mother’s name?”

Bansey asked.

“I came from an orphanage, I don’t know.”

Edward looked at the gun muzzle and sighed before replying.

“Right, next question, what’s your lover’s name?”

Bansey nodded and continued.

“I’ve been single for 30 years, no lover.”

Edward frowned slightly but still answered.

“Hmm, why do you wear glasses?”

Bansey continued to question.

“Because, it makes me look cultured and more likable.”

Edward frowned but, looking at the gun barrel, held back and answered.

“You owe me 556 dollars...”

“Enough, I only owe you 443 dollars!”

This time Edward couldn’t hold back. He glared at Bansey and charged forward.

A threat from a gun muzzle?

In the face of money, death was ignored!

Edward snatched the 'Typewriter' from Bansey and landed a kick squarely on his behind.

The fact known only to the two of them, along with this familiar kick, immediately confirmed Edward's identity for Bansey.

"Captain!"

"Your sudden disappearance scared the hell out of me..."

Bansey explained.

"Don't worry."

"With you in this formation, those things won't appear at random."

"The mere sight of it will scare them off."

Edward said.



“Where is Sir Jason?”

Bansey asked.

“He went chasing after that guy.”

“I’m too slow; I couldn’t catch up.”

“We just need to wait patiently.”

As Edward spoke, his gaze rested on the car, and he lit a cigarette.

Bansey first nodded, but remained on high alert.

...

In the darkness, Jason strode forward.

With nearly four times the perception of an ordinary person, he was able to see in this dim light, although not as clearly as in broad daylight, but not by much.

However, most of the time, Jason preferred to use his nose.

Appearances might change.

But scents did not.

Especially the smell of 'food'.

It was sweet and fragrant.

Memorable.

Step, step, step.

Jason moved forward, occasionally changing direction.

He never took a wrong turn.

And the fleeing figure grew increasingly terrified.

This was not what it knew.

At this time, shouldn't the people in the car be trembling with fear while it fed on their scent of terror?

But why was this person not only unafraid but becoming more excited instead?

The difference from the information it had received made it subconsciously turn its head.

It looked back at Jason.

With a vision unlike that of ordinary people, in the shroud of darkness, it saw a huge shadow with crimson eyes open its gaping maw, slowly closing in.

Hungry!

So hungry!

I'm so hungry!

The monster's howl traveled through the air, that compelling hunger feeling not weakening the giant shadow but instead making it grow larger, inflating like a balloon until it enveloped the entire street.

And with it came a crushing presence!

Its body trembled slightly.

Pain spread throughout.

It was as if it had touched the Fierce Sun, causing stinging pain to its body!

No!

I can't stop!

If I stop...

I'll be eaten!

Its instincts told it what it should do at this moment.

Without hesitation, it started running again.

Faster than when it had seen the other power off the car.

This time, it did not hesitate any longer.

It ran towards a place.

Where some 'kin' gathered.

It had just left there.

So it knew very well that there were at least two there slower than itself!

Whew!

The swift run, the wind beside its ears, grew louder, and its shell weakened due to its extraordinary speed.

But it didn't care about that now.

Although switching shells came at a great cost, it was still better than true death, right?

Another turn.

The pressure behind it suddenly vanished.

But it didn't dare to look back, didn't dare to see.

Following its original plan, it straightly rushed towards the brightly lit end of the street.

That was the gathering place.

Once there...

It would be truly safe.

Without the niceties of knocking, it lifted a foot and kicked open the door.

Then, it stood frozen in place.

It saw that terrifying man.

It saw several shells unconscious at his feet.

It saw him wiping the corner of his mouth, smiling at it.

Finally, it heard his gentle voice.

“You’ve arrived, haven’t you?”