

Menu 28

Chapter 28: Like an Oath

When Jason rushed over to the accident site where the carriage overturned, the first thing that caught his eye was that shattered carriage.

The horse that was pulling the carriage was already in a pool of blood. Its upper body, including its skull, had long disappeared. The fractured parts were full of lacerated wounds.

Jason only needed to take one look, and the scene of a huge monster grabbing this horse in one fell swoop arose in his mind. It seemed like the monster had bitten off half of the horse's body and intended to swallow what it had in its mouth. But then, because it did not fancy the taste, it tossed the remaining part of the horse on the ground.

The taste was not to its liking?

Jason frowned.

And the next moment, after making a detour about the smashed up carriage, Jason saw a pool of blood and flesh on the ground. It was that kind that was chewed to bits, then vomited out on the ground.

Instinctively, Jason thought of Kurtz, the second constable who was killed in the line of duty.

What the other party encountered was the same as the horse in front of him.

But this was a greater tragedy.

For there was not even a full corpse left.

Sighing inwardly, Jason raised his head to look at the carriage.

The cabin of the carriage was completely shattered. There were four wheels at the start, but only one was left hanging from the cabin. The other three had long disappeared without a trace. If it were not for the miserable frame of the cabin that remained, as well as that one last wheel left hanging there, Jason believed that many people would not have been able to recognize this as a horse carriage.

Based on everything that could be seen on the scene, Jason began to sum things up.

First, this monster was extremely powerful. There was absolutely no way ordinary people could put up a fight against it.

Second, its physical size might be sufficiently huge, but it should possess a certain kind of means for it to stay hidden. This was why it could weave its way about the city without being discovered.

Third, it might have a voracious appetite but was still extremely stringent where food requirements were concerned.

Fourth, it had a considerable level of wisdom and was able to obey orders.

Jason cast a glance at Bondy, who was not very far away from him.

The sheriff was standing there with a gloomy expression. There was a bandage wrapped around his head, and blood had permeated through the layers of cloth, staining it red. With his body fully covered in dust, words alone were simply inadequate to speak of the sorry state he was in.

On the other hand, Tik, the constable who was maneuvering the carriage earlier on, had gone missing.

Where did he go?

Jason knew.

Earlier on, when he was at the Flayton Manor, he had learned the meaning of sentencing. Since then, Jason had understood why the other party would choose to target people with constable status.

It was like how Flayton was sentenced to death by fire. This was also a punishment.

Therefore, just like Panke, Kurtz, Joffe, and Tahr, the other party should also be someone dealing with the Kalina case.

No!

Wrong!

Given Bondy's experience, there was no way he would allow the other party to be in action together if he had known that the

"Avenger" was meting out punishments to all who were involved in the Kalina case.

But, since the very first case, up until now, that

"Avenger" had a clear purpose whenever he made a move. He had never dealt with anyone for no apparent reason.

Tik was tied up and taken.

That would mean to say, Tik should be involved in this case.

It was just that, they did not know what the connection was. That was all.

Perhaps...

This would be a breakthrough.

With these thoughts in mind, Jason cast his eyes on Bondy again.

He was not familiar with Tik.

Asking Bondy was the best solution if he wanted to know about anything.

But at the moment, this sheriff was not exactly in a condition suitable for conversation.

In fact, there was no need for any acute awareness at all. At the moment, anyone could see that the sheriff's eyes were smoldering with the flames of anger.

This was why the constables around them were all burying their heads and focusing on their tasks at hand. They were all hoping to find the slightest clue about Tik.

Jason could not help shaking his head, albeit in a most discreet manner.

There was a famous saying in the

“Sleepless City” that went:

“People without reason are scary, for they are a bunch of lunatics. But, people filled with rage are even scarier, for they are a bunch of violent lunatics.”

Jason fully agreed with this saying.

If given a choice, Jason was most unwilling to, or rather, would never want to talk to someone who was filled with anger.

But he had no choice. After all, his purpose in coming here was to look for the other party and to confirm that the latter was well.

And this would require them to hold a conversation.

Therefore, despite having a group of constables watch him with shock, surprise, or even a hint of admiration, Jason walked toward Bondy.

"Tik was bound and taken away."

This was what Bondy said straightaway, the moment Jason had walked over and stopped right beside him.

Then, without waiting for Jason to speak, this sheriff went on to say,

"Tik was not involved in this case."

"At that time, he was on vacation."

"So why did Tik still have to meet with such a mishap?"

It might seem as though Bondy was asking Jason these questions, yet it also seemed like Bondy was asking himself the same questions.

Then, the sheriff continued speaking, with his voice getting increasingly louder.

"Why was it Tik, and not me?"

"Why?"

"Why?"

Toward the end, Bondy was already shouting at the top of his lungs. And with all this shouting going on, Bondy's face became slightly distorted, causing him to look exceptionally scary.

Bondy could feel that the sheriff was beginning to exude a hint of a strange aura.

Jason was extremely sensitive when it came to such an aura.

Because it was so fresh in his memory!

He would never, ever be able to forget that gloomy and cold pressure that he felt right at the doorstep of the

"Moon Mask" Club!

Just as expected!

"I'm not the only one being targeted."

Jason thought to himself silently. Then, keeping Bondy at an eye-level range of vision, he enunciated his words distinctly,

“Because he’s related to the Kalina case, while you’re not.”

A clear answer. This aroused Bondy’s attention.

He stared at Jason.

"No!"

"He is not!"

"I..."

Bondy lifted his hands to grab hold of Jason. It was as though he had found an outlet to vent his anger. But Jason was a step faster in reacting. He dodged to the left to avoid Bondy’s grasp. And then, his left thumb pressed onto the pulps of fingertips of his index finger and middle finger, while his fourth finger and pinky finger curved into his palm. Next, he loosened the grip of his thumb and stretched his index and pinky fingers to straighten them. The pulps of the fingertips of his middle and ring fingers curved inwards, where his thumb moved over to press down on the first joint of these two fingers.

"Si oT Yn!"

Amidst the low and deep Graphical Reiterations, a layer of special force field enveloped Jason in his entirety. Then, Jason lifted his hands to pat Bondy's shoulder.

Tap!

A loud whine was heard after the sound of a crisp slap.

A dark shadow flew out of Bondy's body, and very quickly, it dissipated into thin air.

And Bondy, who was originally so angry that his face was distorted by rage, froze out of the momentary shock. His face had returned to normal, and his anger had long been appeased. But his mind simply could not forget the scene from earlier on.

This was why, when the sheriff cast his eyes at Jason, there was the element of shock—though more of it was helplessness.

He had verified that he had just met with a very special experience.

That was not simply a monster.

But in the real sense of the word...

The mysterious side!

"Just—just now?"

"That is, what is that?"

The sheriff was beginning to splutter incoherently.

It was not just the sheriff. The constables around him were even more at a loss.

When Jason walked toward Bondy, they silently kept a watchful eye on him, just in case. But they were completely not expecting to see such a magical scene.

The constables looked at each other and confirmed that what they saw was not an illusion.

Then, they all looked toward Jason in a dazed state. There were blank looks in their eyes.

Under the watchful eye of the crowd, Jason's expression remained unchanging. He looked around and suddenly felt a jolt in his chest as he recalled the message that his

"teacher", Dan, had written in the notebook. Then, Jason recited very softly.

"May you watch over the night, may you stay within the dark of the night, may there always be light in your heart—"

"Night watchman."

His voice was calm. But, under the watchful eye of the crowd, it sounded more like an oath.

The next moment.

The notebook, that he had placed within his arms and right before his heart, became hot—burning hot.