

Menu 34

Chapter 34: Time for Counter-attack

The early autumn sun has risen high.

The sun shone on the city, and the cool air from the night dissipated quickly. The temperature was starting to rise rapidly. Many workers outside had chosen shirtless tops to counter the heat, while the gentlemen merely unbuttoned their coats for the sake of their image. However, they still chose to travel within places that were as cool as possible, or they would simply travel in a carriage while opening the window.

In the police station, there was no exception to such high temperatures. Except for... the interrogation room.

Tik's wife had always felt cold air surrounding her.

Cold!

A chill from the bottom of her heart made her curl up even more and shiver uncontrollably.

The flames of the oil lamp that was on the table began to flicker.

It was as if it were being controlled by an invisible palm.

Tik's wife was afraid to look at it.

She was afraid to see things that should not be seen.

She was afraid to see things that should not exist.

"Kalina."

"She is dead."

"SHE IS DEAD."

Tik's wife murmured.

She must have been hoping that she could use her words to comfort herself.

Unfortunately, these words were useless.

Instead, they only made her more terrified.

Whew!

Suddenly, a breath of cold air blew through her ears.

The breath carried with it a strong fragrance.

It was a floral scent.

The fragrant scent of roses.

This scent stirred a memory within her.

Because it was...

Kalina's favorite floral scent.

Kalina always kept on her a sachet full of rose petals.

This was her scent.

She was coming.

She was already here.

“Arghhh!”

Tik’s wife screamed, crawled out from under the table, and then headed toward the door.

But a hand grabbed hold of her. The grip was very strong. She couldn’t move at all. Subconsciously, Tik’s wife had wanted to use her other foot to kick the aggressor away, but there was nothing.

Not only was there nothing, but...

Nobody was behind her.

It was empty, and there was nobody.

But her feet were still being grabbed.

Tik's wife broke down within seconds.

"Let me go."

"Let me go."

"I didn't do it on purpose."

She stopped struggling. Instead, she simply slumped there and seemed to be repeating the same sentences helplessly.

She did not see that the door had opened.

The moment the door opened, Jason rushed in and began pulling the trigger.

The MF92's bullet blasted out. Behind Tik's wife, there should have been nothing there, but suddenly, there were ripples, and then... bloodstains appeared.

Immediately after, a monster, with a height of around 1.5 meters, that had silver-colored, nearly-transparent hair, began to appear.

The other party had a baboon-like head, with protruding tusks. It seemed to have strong arms, and it had red cheeks.

The creatures roared.

Although the MF92's bullets had managed to hit the opponent before, not only did it not cause any substantial damage, it also agitated the opponent, who roared fiercely at Jason.

Bang!

Click, click.

Bang!

Click, click.

There was loud gunfire, crisp lever loading. One sound came after another, one shot came after another.

With every shot, the monster would take a step back, while Jason would confidently take a step forward.

After three shots, the opponent had already retreated into a corner.

Jason did not stop and continued pulling the trigger.

In front of the interrogation room door, Finch, who was pacing around, grabbed Tik's wife and pulled her out. At the same time, bombs were thrown into the interrogation room, one after the other.

The bombs' fuses had not been ignited.

"Jason!"

The sheriff shouted loudly.

Jason stepped back quickly.

Click, click.

Bang!

After the lever was loaded, the last bullet hit the monster.

Then, a fuse bomb, that was about to burn out, flew out of the sheriff's hand.

"Get down!"

The sheriff shouted.

The police officers in the corridor retreated.

Jason, who had been leading the situation, was no exception.

Boom!

Boom, boom!

The whole explosion made the very grounds of the police station shake, and cracks began to appear on the solid walls of the interrogation room.

A more-intense scent began to surface.

Jason felt refreshed after smelling the scent.

Although the monster exuded the smell of food, they would have a strong fragrance only after they had been killed.

Jason had come to this conclusion based on his past experiences.

Smoke and dust began to scatter, and the sheriff, who was holding the revolver, along with Finch, began to cautiously approach the room.

“Is it over?”

The sheriff asked softly.

After seeing Jason nod, the sheriff was relieved. When Jason had informed him about the imminent arrival of danger, he had been startled.

He had not expected that the Avenger would come so fast and so suddenly.

Based on his expectations, the Avenger would only have come after the fall of night.

Fortunately, everything had been cleanly settled.

If something unexpected had happened to Tik's wife while she was held custody at the police station...

He would have been too embarrassed to stay in his current position.

"Thank you."

Bondy said, thanking him sincerely.

"There's no need."

"We are just helping each other out."

Jason said, shaking his head.

After discovering the mysterious atmosphere that had appeared in the interrogation room, he informed Bondy without hesitation and then made a plan to lead the situation, while Bondy and Finch provided cover for him.

Jason was not sure what he would encounter at the time.

If it was necessary to use Protection from Evil, then Bondy and Finch were his last guarantees.

What if the monsters could not be dealt with using normal gunpowder weapons?

The results would naturally have ended up like what had just happened.

As for not needing help and doing it solo?

Jason would never have chosen this method unless he had a trusted helper that was with him.

After all, there was strength in numbers!

He remembered this old saying from his hometown.

Listening to Jason's words, Bondy clearly misunderstood something.

The sheriff patted Jason on the shoulders, a clear smile appearing on his face, and said,

“That’s right.”

“We are comrades and partners who help one another.”

With the grace of Jason having saved his life, and now the friendship forged having fought side-by-side, Bondy acknowledged the prowess of the night watchman in front of him even more than before.

Perhaps he was considered young.

Perhaps he told a lot of cold jokes.

But he was ultimately reliable.

“What should we do next?”

Bondy asked.

“Finch, collect the monster’s meat.”

“Bondy, go and find someone to help me buy some spices. I need pepper, turmeric, cardamom, cinnamon, and fragrant leaves,”

Jason said without hesitation. Halfway through, he suddenly thought of something and turned his head. He asked the sheriff seriously, “Can these all be reimbursed?”

“They are all necessities for dealing with monsters.”

Jason emphasized.

The sheriff was puzzled, but out of his trust in Jason, he nodded.

“Yes.”

After saying that, the sheriff continued to ask, “What else?”

“Anything else?”

Jason asked back the same question as he slowly began to push the No. 13 ammunition, one by one, into the shotgun in his hand. He softly said, “The time for us to fight back... is now!”