

Menu 35

Chapter 35: Ceremony

Hatred only made the other party stronger, but conversely, it also made their weaknesses more obvious.

Previously, the Avenger had been in the dark.

This time, the other party had no choice but to show itself.

Because...

Tik's wife was still here!

The opponent, who wanted to complete their revenge, would definitely want to personally kill Tik's wife and not leave it to Bondy for the trial.

Otherwise, there would have been no need to send a monster to follow a woman who was so frightened, she was almost on the brink of collapse.

Obviously, Bondy had also thought of this.

“That guy is crazy!”

“Ugh.”

Bondy glanced at Tik’s wife, who was unconscious on the ground, before sighing.

There was no mercy in his eyes because she had to be responsible for her own actions.

His sigh had a lot more complexity to it.

The identity and duties of being a sheriff had made Bondy feel complicated.

But not Jason.

Now, he was only thinking of how to face the Avenger.

The other party didn’t have a lot of choices—perhaps only two:

One, continue to send monsters,

Or two, settle it in person.

Jason had hoped that the other party would choose the first option because that would be good news for him, being short on Satiety.

But the opponent was not a fool. The death of that monster was enough for him to understand that Jason and Bondy were more than prepared where they were. If he wanted to send another monster to kill Tik's wife, unless it was even more powerful than the previous one, it would be a futile endeavor.

And did the opponent even have such a monster in his arsenal?

He probably did.

But he wouldn't have many.

There would perhaps be one or two of them.

Otherwise, the opponent wouldn't have sent only one monster earlier.

Even if that monster was a good fit for the previous situation, having more monsters that were stronger would undoubtedly have helped to better control the situation on-site.

Moreover, the other party obviously had a monster that was stronger and more suitable for the situation at hand!

Don't forget about the monster that took Tik away!

That monster could overturn a carriage at will, grab a horse with one hand, and disappear without so much as a trace.

Many detectives and constables under Bondy could confirm this.

They had searched the place all night and had not been able to find a single trace.

Whether it was the monster or Tik.

There was no trace of either of them.

It was as if they had disappeared into thin air.

If it was not for the broken carriage, the torn horse and Tik being abducted, they would not even have known the monster existed.

Not using a monster that was suitable for the situation was completely inconsistent with the meticulous and cautious methods laid out by the other party.

“So...”

“It’s not that he didn’t use it...”

“But it’s more like he couldn’t use it?”

Jason made a wild guess.

The opponent was undoubtedly capable of controlling monsters, but there were not many capable monsters, especially the more powerful breeds.

Even so...

The powerful monster that he had could have just been that one!

Through the scene at the interrogation room earlier, Jason had confirmed that the other party did not have much power over the mysterious side and could not reproduce the events at the Moon Mask club. He should only have been able to manipulate the monster into working for him, perhaps by borrowing a certain item, or through another monster.

Or, maybe, to proffer another guess: the opponent controlled a powerful monster with an item, and then used this powerful monster to intimidate and control the other powerful monsters that remained.

Therefore, he who managed to gather enough monsters in Rhode City needed the powerful monster he was controlling to stay with him at all times to ensure his own safety.

Jason deliberated this based on existing clues.

“This hypothesis was in line with the fact the opponent had just come into contact with the mysterious side.”

“You could get in touch with the mysterious side and gain a little strength through your teacher, but without enough time to sharpen it, it wouldn’t be strong enough.”

“Just like...”

“Me!”

Jason appeared to be stunned for a moment.

He raised his hands subconsciously and touched the “Certificate of Night Watchman” that was buried in his arms.

He had gained the power of the mysterious side through this item.

As for the opponent?

He had also used an unknown item.

Both of their experiences were similar.

“No!”

“That’s not it!”

“It should be that the other party had owned that item, which was why I was able to obtain the ‘Certificate of Night Watchman’!”

Jason quickly shook his head and rearranged the situation. “Obviously, my ‘teacher’ found out what the other teacher’s behavior was, but he couldn’t get out after being entangled by the other teacher. He was only able to give me the ‘Certificate of Night Watchman’, and hope that I would be able to deal with the other party in his stead. It is because of this that my teacher would leave an extra apology on the ‘Certificate of Night Watchman’.”

“Because this wasn’t my responsibility in the first place.”

“So that’s how it went.”

After analyzing the whole situation, Jason was relieved.

After all, the situation at hand was not the worst.

The mysterious side person, who could create the weird scene at the Moon Mask club, would be dealt with by his “teacher”.

As for him?

He only needed to face an apprentice, who was just like him.

“General against general.”

“Soldier against soldier.”

“Perfectly balanced.”

Jason whispered in a voice that only he could hear, and then turned to look at the interrogation room.

Finch, who was wearing gloves, came out with a bag full of minced meat.

Jason took the paper bag from the young constable and looked toward Bondy.

“The spices will be here soon.”

The sheriff promised.

This guarantee was efficient. When Jason returned to his room and washed the minced meat, someone had already sent the spices over.

It was also worth mentioning that, during the cleaning process, the minced meat was full of curly hair due to the explosion. This meant that, when Jason cleaned it up, it took a lot of extra work.

The person who was sent to deliver the spices was a familiar young man: Finch.

Moreover, this young man had not only sent spices but also brought some bread.

“Your Excellency, Jason, where do you need me to put this?”

Finch carefully asked while holding more than ten palm-sized cloth bags.

Spices were not a cheap commodity.

Spices were expensive, be it in Rhode or any other city in West Walker.

The spices he had in his hand were worth at least three weeks of salary.

“Let’s put it on the desk.”

Jason signaled, then brought out the large pot with minced meat and began to put in turmeric, cinnamon, fragrant leaves, and a little white wine.

Then, he thoroughly stirred.

Jason planned to make more delicious food, but he didn't have many options, as he had only one bag of minced meat to work with.

Under the conditions of not having to add other ingredients and wanting to finish the dish as soon as possible, stew was the best choice.

The young constable was watching.

"Your Excellency, Jason, is this a necessary step in dealing with monsters?"

Finch asked curiously.

"Of course!"

"I call it... an exorcism ritual!"

As he said this, Jason put the iron pot on the stove and started to pour in enough water, before covering the lid.

"Exorcism ritual?"

“Why is it so similar to normal cooking?”

Finch walked out of the room, still whispering to himself. Then, the young constable quickly shook his head and said, “No, it must be me who does not understand the process!”

“How could Lord Jason’s exorcism ritual be cooking?”

As he whispered to himself, he also quickly disappeared into the corridor.

In the room, Jason couldn’t wait to pick up the chopsticks and stared silently at the pot.

When he confirmed that the meat was cooked, he quickly put the meat into his mouth.

The meat was tough.

It was a little like beef.

But it was chewier.

Like beef jerky.

Especially with some pepper on it, it made Jason feel like he was eating black pepper beef.

Alas, he still had some regrets.

“Should I cook some eggs into the soup?”

With this thought, Jason began to focus on the flashing text in front of his eyes.

[Swallowed kemetia!]

[Modest stamina recovery!]

[Satiety: +5]

[Satiety: 6]

The degree of satiety required to become a night watchman was now enough!