

Menu 39

Chapter 39: It's Different From What I Had Imagined!

"Finch, help me up!"

Jason said to the young police officer.

"Your Excellency, Jason, your injuries..."

"It's all right, I just need something to eat and I'll be fine."

Jason urged the young police officer, and, thanks to his help, proceeded to walk to the site of the explosion. It was because there was blood spewing out that they were able to find what they were looking for.

Each one was small and exuded the strong fragrance of... egg.

That's right.

It was an egg.

From his experience, it looked like a pigeon egg.

But the fragrance this egg possessed was not like that of a normal pigeon egg.

Refusing Finch's help, Jason picked up the egg with much difficulty and then nudged it onto the wall.

Crack.

After the egg cracked, Jason pulled the egg directly toward his mouth and sucked on it.

His injuries were serious and could not be delayed any longer.

At this time, he could no longer care whether or not he was eating the egg raw.

Of course, seasoning was a must.

After the egg was in his mouth, Jason sipped on a pinch of salt.

The salty taste instantly made the egg more delicious, especially so after experiencing the near-death scenario he had just been through. This added another level of deliciousness to it.

After firing for the first time, Jason had confirmed that the opponent was at a level where the “bullet” could no longer harm him.

The reason he shot again was simply to attract and agitate the other party as much as possible.

Of course, the other party took the bait.

He so was proud of his invisibility and wind-like abilities, that he was not able to tolerate Jason’s insult.

This was exactly what Jason was banking on.

Likewise, he believed that the other party must have noticed the box of explosives.

Therefore, he must have also paid special attention to... the flames!

The K2 grenade didn’t need any flames.

All you needed to do was to pull the fuse.

This sealed the opponent’s doom.

As for his own injuries?

Jason was fully prepared for them since he was acting as the bait.

No matter how serious his injuries were, nothing could be worse than death, right?

As long as you were alive, there was hope for everything.

Furthermore, he had also his supplements in case of an emergency.

The umami and salty egg passed through his mouth, entered his esophagus, and entered the pocket of his stomach.

Suddenly, rising from his stomach was a burst of warm current that flowed through his body.

His broken bones must have been resetting back into place.

His damaged internal organs were beginning to recover as well.

His lost vitality came back.

Jason, who was still trembling from the last moment, no longer needed support and stood upright. His eyes were excited while looking at the text in front of him –

[Devouring the Herke (Infant Stage)!]

[Major recovery from injury!]

[Satiety +9]

[Satiety: 10]

[Excitement of Feeding +1]

[Excitement of Feeding: 1]

“The excitement of feeding!”

After Jason saw the text in front of his eyes clearly, he could not help but make a fist with his hands.

He had long been wondering about excitement of feeding.

And everything he had just witnessed proved that what he was thinking had been correct.

However, Jason did not immediately upgrade [Gunpowder Weapons, small arms], or [Hand-to-hand Combat]. After the weird experience at the Moon Mask club, he was more inclined to upgrade protection from evil.

Entry-level to protection from evil required six levels of satiety.

Who could guarantee that the skills of protection from evil did not require him to use points from excitement of feeding?

Of course, Jason would not do the upgrading right away.

Because...

The skills he had gained would be far more than just these.

His gaze passed through the broken door and he clearly saw the battle in the front hall.

There were at least three grinders on the ground.

And not forgetting those that were outside his field of sight.

Just how much food would there be?

With such thoughts, Jason looked at the sheriff, who was just coming from the jail cell.

"How is it?"

Bondy asked.

"Better than I had imagined."

Jason laughed.

Bondy could hear how relaxed Jason was from his voice.

And this obviously should not be the case for someone who was just on the verge of death and vomiting blood.

Likewise, such a person, who was about to die, would not be able to move around like Jason currently was.

Was this the night watchman?

They were strong as expected!

The sheriff couldn't help but sigh. Then, he quickly reorganized his emotions and waved to Hall.

Hall, who had been waiting for a long time, immediately rushed to the battlefield.

Compared to the invisible and untouchable monsters, the grinner in front of them was undoubtedly easier to handle.

Neither Bondy nor Jason stopped, and the two of them entered the battlefield together.

Undoubtedly, the appearance of Bondy and Jason had given the constables, who were already having the upper hand, even more morale.

However, it was not the same for Bondy who had just joined the battle directly.

Jason stood on the edge of the battlefield and used his MF92 pistol and UZ submachine gun to support the constables and detectives who were in danger. At the same time, he picked up his food little by little and kept it in a clean, safe corner.

The young Finch was cooperating with Jason and helping some of the injured constables.

He and several other young people were also lifting some of the injured constables and detectives and quickly settling them in the corridor.

For treatment, only gauze and saline were available at the moment.

But even so, these supplies were far more than enough for the number of injured people at this point.

These people didn't even have these.

To this, they sincerely thanked the chief, who was on the battlefield.

Several injured people took out the first aid kits, that had been prepared by Bondy, and began to bandage the injured.

Finch motioned for the two to stay, and then took the remaining young people to continue to shuffle around the battlefield and help the injured.

The remaining two people began to form a line of defense.

Very quickly, people who had sustained light injuries also joined in this line of defense.

Although most monsters had been forced into the corner, no one could guarantee that they would not appear again.

Therefore, everyone was staring outside to keep a lookout for these monsters.

Even the injured people were no exception.

As long as they were not unconscious, their focus would be on finding these monsters.

No one paid any attention to anything that was behind them.

A blood-stained man in a police uniform slowly stood up.

He glanced at his back and silently entered the prison area.

Without so much as stopping, he headed directly for the two-leveled prison.

An expression of hatred appeared on his blood-stained face, making his expression even more emancipated.

A test tube with the thickness of a little finger appeared in his hand.

The tube was filled with a green and black potion.

You could clearly see some particles floating up and down inside this green-black potion.

He held the test tube and plugged it into the vent of the iron door.

But at this moment, he had suddenly felt that something was wrong and wanted to turn around.

But it was too late!

Boom!

Click, click!

With the unique rhythm of the shotgun, his body was shot directly and it hit against the iron gate, the potion in his hand falling out into the air.

However, instead of it falling to the ground, Jason grabbed onto it firmly.

He stared at Jason with wide eyes.

He didn't seem to understand why Jason had shot him directly.

Shouldn't he have appeared from behind him, then, in the moment of surprise, explain everything that he had inferred?

Then, the two sides would have tested each other's words and begun to battle again.

But why did Jason shoot him directly?

The Avenger didn't even get to close his eyes when he died.

In the Sleepless City, Jason, who had seen too many examples of people being killed, did not want to waste too many words. Thus, he had gradually become a person who did not like to talk nonsense with the enemy.

If he could shoot the enemy down with just a single shot, he would.

If one shot was not enough, he would fire another shot.

As for noticing each other?

Jason had not forgotten that Tik's wife was still here!

The other party had created such a big scene, how could he have given up halfway?

Therefore, when the battle was not yet over, Jason had always paid a fraction of his attention here.

And at that moment, his attention was still here.

His attention was on...

The items the Avenger had brought!