

## Menu 44

### Chapter 44: The Reception

“What?”

Bondy froze in his spot, thinking that he had heard Jason wrong.

“Kerosene, explosives, cannon!”

Even though Jason repeated his words. Then, he even provided specific information as a supplement.

“30 barrels of kerosene! 100 explosives! 2 to 3 cannons!”

“If you can...”

“The more of these things, the better!”

There was no doubt this time Jason had made a perfectly normal request. But Bondy was still frozen in shock.

He was even feeling a little overwhelmed, not knowing exactly what he should do.

“Are you prepared to start a war?”

The sheriff jokingly asked.

But Jason did not show even an inkling of a smile.

On the contrary, he shook his head in a very serious manner.

“This is even more difficult and dangerous than a normal war.”

“Because...”

“You don’t even know if what you have allows you to resist and defend yourself against what exists out there.”

Jason replied with a grave expression.

If he had a choice, Jason really did not wish to get involved in anything related to the Moon Mask Club before he truly acquired enough power of self-protection.

But the changes in the Moon Mask made it impossible for him not to pay attention to the situation there.

He even had to take the initiative to solve the problems there.

After all, his mainline mission had long since become “Spend seven days in Rhode”. And now, it was just passed the third day. Who could guarantee that there would not be an even more terrifying change appearing at the Moon Mask in the remaining four days?

But the moment a change happened, he would become utterly helpless, without any means of retaliation.

Rather than waiting for that time to come, instead of sitting around to wait for death.

It was better to...

Initiate an attack!

Only the mysterious could deal with the mysterious.

Naturally, this made sense.

But when one's own mysterious ability was unable to cope with the situation, then one would have no choice but to seek other ways out.

Explosives!

Flames!

Since the day Jason first came in contact with the mysterious side up until now, he had always been proving his own effectiveness against the mysterious side.

So he relied on explosives and gunpowder to make up for his own shortcomings!

If one was not enough, he would use ten!

If ten was not enough, he would use a hundred!

If a hundred was still not enough...

He would go find a thousand of them!

So long as the quantity was large enough, it was certain that a qualitative change could be produced!

Jason looked straight at Bondy.

Bondy gazed into Jason's eyes. They were filled with unprecedented seriousness.

The next moment—

Phew!

He inhaled deeply. Then, he pulled down the brim of his hat and said, "Understood."

"Leave it to me."

Having said that, the sheriff jumped out of the carriage and ran in the direction of the police station.

Kerosene and explosives were not a problem. Given his level of authority, if he did his best, there was still a little hope of being able to find some of these.

But gunpowder...

He might not even be able to handle one on his own, let alone two to three of them.

Because in the entire Rhode City, there was only one place that stored gunpowder, and it was none other than the military camp!

That was a place that was inaccessible to ordinary people.

Even though he was once from the military troop, and now, the sheriff of Rhode, in terms of the military camp, he was still nothing more than a commoner.

But...

There was someone who could!

His immediate boss!

His Lordship, the director!

But wanting to persuade that director of his to utilize gunpowder was absolutely not a simple task.

For this, he needed to think of the best way to pitch his idea.

And he had to be prepared to be scolded hard.

Inexplicably, the sheriff, who had earlier wished that Jason could be a little more normal, was now beginning to miss Jason's cold humor.

He felt that Jason was more approachable at that time.

The more he thought about it, the faster and faster the sheriff walked. Soon, the view of his departing figure disappeared from Jason's field of vision.

Then, Jason shut his eyes and waited quietly.

On the outskirts of Rhode, somewhere in the dense forest.

A man, with a large cape draped over his body and whose face was completely obscured, was walking unhurriedly in the forest. The dense thorn bushes that surrounded him seemed to hurriedly retreat aside in his presence, as though they were commoners encountering the nobles. And after this man had passed them, these thorn bushes would be restored to their original state again.

“It was purely accidental.”

“Not only did I find myself a good disciple.”

“Dan, you too?”

The other party was muttering to himself.

There was a very sincere feeling of delight in his voice.

It sounded like he was giving a blessing.

But the other party’s face, hidden in the dark shadows, was not smiling at all.

The cold, murderous intention was being contorted in some kind of secretive, unique way.

The plants in the surroundings were all affected by such a murderous intention. The brambles and shrubs were rapidly wilting and withering.



The other party lowered his head to look at these withering brambles and shrubs.

“Seedlings are, after all, seedlings.”

“Without being exposed to the different kinds of weather, come rain or wind.”

“How could they possibly grow into towering trees?”

As he spoke, he raised and waved his hand.

Suddenly, the brambles and shrubs, that were wilting and withering just a moment ago, were quickly rejuvenated with new vigor.

Then, like the thorn bushes earlier on, these brambles and shrubs also made way for this man to pass through.

Whistling a lighthearted tune, the man advanced slowly.

“Shush-shush!”

“The dead Kurtz. Pitiful, pitiful, so pitiful.”

“The dead Kalina. Pathetic, pathetic, so pathetic.”

“But nightfall, the night has fallen.”

“The black sheep are starting to dance.”

“Hurry up and dance.”

“Hurry up and dance.”

The man walked further and further away. His footsteps were getting lighter and lighter. The sounds of his whistling and singing were getting softer and softer.

Then, finally, he disappeared.

At midnight, Jason and company finally arrived at the doorstep of Moon Mask Club that was behind Kensing Street.

At Jason's behest, not a single one, of all who were there, approached the club.

With a vision that was almost twice the power of an average person, Jason stood by the street and gave the Moon Mask, in the distance, a good sizing-up under the moonlight.

The door that he had pushed open earlier on was shut again.

And the corpse of the gatekeeper, that was supposed to be covered with a white cloth, had long disappeared without a trace.

"We didn't close the door."

"The corpse was also here before then. It disappeared together with our men."

Hall said immediately. Then, he pointed at somewhere along the street, about 5 meters away from the gate of the club, and went on saying, "I have set up two sentry posts in this area, one here and one there. There are two people rostered for each shift, three shifts in total while I'm responsible for supporting them with coordination of action."

"There was nothing out of the norm all day."

"But after I came back, the four men who were supposed to stay behind to stand guard, as well as the two corpses at the door, were all gone."

“Without a trace at all.”

The senior detective clenched his fist tightly as he spoke.

Everyone present was well aware of what it meant to go missing in such a place.

A wave of grief surged into the minds of these young constables.

In particular, Finch, who was looking at the Moon Mask Club in the distance. His eyes were red beyond his control. He shared a close friendship with two of the missing men because they were his roommates when he was in 202.

Puff!

Suddenly, there was a gust of wind.

The night breeze of autumn had long been chilly.

But the chill brought about by this gust of wind was bitingly cold.

Many people were instinctively shivering.

But what made them all tremble even more was—

Squeak!

In the distance, the main doors of the Moon Mask Club opened.

Two towering doors swung inward as they slowly opened.

Amidst the poignant noise, the lights inside the club became dazzling again. Music also sounded again.

In the hall, people were dancing and laughing as they conversed softly.

Then...

Two figures walked out of the crowd of dancing people.

“Kurtz!”

“Kalina!”

At the sight of those two people, many people let out cries of surprise. They were incapable of movement as they looked on. The two people were smiling as they walked out of the club hand-in-hand. Then, they both bent over to bow as they extended a welcome to the people outside the door. Suddenly, everyone was at a loss.

“Jason?”

Bondy asked in a low voice.

Jason did not open his mouth to say anything. He merely leaned sideways.

Creak, creak.

Amidst the overwhelming noise, two bronze cannons were slowly pushed over.

Two bombs were loaded into the bore.

The muzzle of the cannon slowly took aim at the Moon Mask Club.

Jason's raised arm fell heavily—

“Fire!”