

THE DEMON'S MENU

Chapter 10: The Scene

"He... he..."

The young constable's voice was stuck in the back of his throat, as though there was a hard object choking up his vocal tract. It was only until Bondy's eyes swept over to him did this young constable finally spat out the words heavily.

"He's dead."

Suddenly, Jason saw Bondy clenching his fist very tightly.

"Where is it?"

Bondy asked in a stiff manner.

"At Cross Square!"

The young constable replied.

Without saying anything more, Bondy went straight out. Jason hurriedly followed behind him.

With great anxiety in his heart, Bondy did not choose to walk. This sheriff brought Jason directly onboard a carriage.

That young constable was in charge of driving the carriage.

Following the lashing sounds of the whip, the carriage charged straight for Kensing Street.

Kensing Street, once and up until now, still the most prosperous street of Rhode, was wide enough to allow two adjacent carriages to pass each other. And, at this moment, all the cars on this street were rushing to shy away from this carriage that bore the constable badge.

The carriage drove through the street that was densely filled with shops that were crammed together at lightning speed and arrived at the center of Kensing Street, where Cross Square was.

Unlike the street earlier on that was packed with all kinds of tradition or newly-emerged shops, Cross Square was sufficiently wide enough. The most eye-catching architecture was none other than the clock tower, which was 20 meters high.

At this moment, be it the gentlemen dressed in black tuxedos with silk top-hats of matching color, the ladies with their sleeves fully-lined with lace, or even the commoners with their long-sleeved tops and coarse, handwoven skirts, everyone's gazes were all cast at the clock tower. Their eyes were all filled with fear.

An incomplete corpse was hanging down from the clock tower.

The head of the corpse was stuck at the highest point, while the four limbs were interspersed with the poles below.

Jason leaped off the carriage and easily caught sight of the corpse.

"Follow me!"

Bondy said as he dashed toward the clock tower, with Jason following closely behind.

"Sir!"

"Sir!"

The constables who were blocking the crowds hastily bowed and saluted Bondy, then proceeded to make way for both Bondy and Jason, so that they had a clear path straight to the inside of the clock tower.

The door of the clock tower was open.

The door lock hung on the iron fence door and showed no signs of damage.

There was a great mess on the ground, with construction materials like masonry, and tools randomly stacked and placed all over.

"To make Rhode City look more modernized, the mayor is preparing to install a clock on this century-old clock tower. Under the premise that the

“clock” will be preserved, it will be sealed on all directions in order to install the hour, minute, and second hands.”

"According to the progress, as scheduled, all works should be completed by the end of the month.”

"But this time, it seems like the date of completion will have to be postponed.”

Bondy saw Jason’s gaze stopping at where those construction materials were. Immediately, he explained the situation.

Jason nodded and did not probe with any further questions. He followed Bondy closely as they continued heading upwards.

The staircase was made of wood and was extremely old. Stepping upon it would cause it to make squeaky, creaky sounds.

This made Jason all the more careful.

He did not want to miss a step and fall as a result.

After three turning points, Jason arrived at the top of the clock tower.

From here, one could have a bird's-eye view of the entire Rhode City. There were construction sites scorched by the sweltering hot sun, and busy groups of people. The city seemed to be thriving and prospering. If there had not been any arms or legs sticking out of the pillars, that would have been even better.

Soldering irons were used to pierce through the arms and legs, which were then stuck into two of the four pillars of the clock tower. And that skull at the head was simply stuck onto the lightning rod at the top of the building. It was positioned in a way where the top of the head was facing down and a pair of eyes, filled with emptiness, was simply looking up into the sky.

Unquestionably, the skull of this unlucky man was pierced, through and through.

The interesting thing worth paying attention to was that, similar to the way the head was positioned to face down, the arms and legs were placed on opposite sides as well.

Putting it across simply, the left arm and leg were stuck onto the right pillar, and the right arm and leg were stuck onto the left.

Using a rope ladder, Jason climbed up to assess and examine the situation. Then, he returned back inside the clock tower again.

"Did you find anything?"

Bondy asked immediately.

In the face of this sheriff's eager gaze, Jason thought for a moment. Then, he replied as such,

"We must have been cheated last night. This must be what it really wanted to do. The little monster that was shot dead by me should only be a decoy used to attract our attention. At the same time... it's also trying to sound me out."

Jason paused for a moment as he was speaking.

"Is there anyone else who knows that I will be here, other than yourself?"

He asked as such.

"Are you suspecting my men?"

"Impossible!"

"They are all loyal and reliable people."

Bondy froze for a moment. Then, right away, he rebutted.

In the face of such a rebuttal, Jason had his own reservations. This was likewise to what he felt toward this sheriff right before him.

Having lived for a year in Sleepless City, he had long learned that he should never trust strangers.

Ignoring the sheriff, Jason continued to ask,

"Did the people here find anything?"

Since this place was being remodeled, naturally there would be someone left behind here.

Even if it was night-time, there should be someone staying back on duty.

"Finch?"

Bondy shouted at the top of his voice.

Immediately, that young constable who had gone over to them to pass information to them, and thereafter drove them here, came running over.

A young constable dressed in a police uniform stood up straight and bowed to Bondy to salute him. Then, he turned toward Jason and nodded to acknowledge his presence.

The other young man had thick brows, and eyes that were bright with vitality. His face, though more tender-looking, had a kind of sternness that bore a similarity to that of Bondy's. Even the way he walked and his standing posture was kind of similar to Bondy.

Could he be imitating Bondy?

Jason was only guessing.

Without doubt, this was a young man who idolized Bondy and held him in high regard.

"What did the people here see?"

Bondy asked simply and very directly.

"Nothing!"

"The man on duty last night was dead drunk."

"In fact, if it wasn't for the break of daylight, where people outside the clock tower realized that something was not quite right, he would still be in an intoxicated state."

Finch replied.

Huff. Huff.

Hearing such an answer, the sheriff's pace of breathing quickened by a few beats. His face flushed red and he clenched his fists tightly. However, after a moment, he simply stood on the same spot in a resigned manner, looking like a deflated balloon.

It was very obvious that this sheriff understood how lashing out his anger at a drunkard was an extremely unwise move to make.

"Bring the painter here. You will assist in recording everything."

Bondy said to the young man.

"Yes, sir."

The young man saluted to Bondy again.

Bondy nodded and walked down.

The crowd gathering at the foot of the clock tower was getting bigger. They needed him to step forth to solve the issue. Furthermore, there was a reporter who had come because he caught wind of the news, and this was also an issue that required Bondy to handle. He did not want the young man under his command to make any unnecessary mistakes out of impulse.

Jason did not follow him in stepping forward this time.

He was not good at dealing with such issues.

"Jason, Your Lordship."

The young man's voice suddenly sounded.

"Yes?"

Jason looked towards the young constable.

"We all know about the news of your arrival. Since the incident with Panke and the others, we've all been living in a state of panic for days. Sir only wants us to be at ease."

"But, please, don't misunderstand our officer."

"He is a good man, who is most worthy of our respect."

The young man emphasized.

"All right."

Jason nodded to express his understanding. But this did not make Jason let his guard down. He watched the young man for a good three seconds before he opened his mouth to speak again, causing the other party to feel uneasy.

"Do you know who was the first to show panic?"

"Or rather..."

"Who was the first to mention these events?"

Jason lowered the pitch of his voice to make it sound low. Then, he spoke in a very elaborate manner, spitting out one word at a time.

Without a doubt, such a way of questioning would be full of oppression.

The young man, who was originally feeling somewhat unsettled, immediately started to feel nervous.

"It's... Geoffrey!"

"That's right, it's Geoffrey!"

"After the second case happened, he was in the canteen saying things like, 'Who in the world would be capable of such a thing? It must be those legendary monsters!'"

The young man thought for a moment, then said in a most resolute manner.

Geoffrey, the third constable to meet with a mishap, was that one who was only left with a head.

Jason noted down this name again.

Then, he continued to ask.

"What do you all think of 'those legendary monsters'?"

"Just like how you described. They should be found in legends and stories."

"If it wasn't for what I have seen with my own eyes... I will never believe that there's such a thing in this world."

The young man laughed bitterly.

Sure enough, these existences had never been known to the ordinary people all this time. But to some people, they were no secret at all!

Jason was very sure of this.

Otherwise, that sheriff would also not ask a night watchman, like himself, for help.

The existence of the night watchmen was evidence that the present world they were in was divided between the

“outside” and the

“inside”.

Outside was what the people knew.

As for inside?

That was...

Bang!

The sound of a gunshot interrupted Jason’s thoughts.

The gunshot came from the foot of the clock tower.

Jason immediately looked out of the tower. He saw the sheriff lying in a pool of blood, while the surroundings were in total chaos. People were frantically trying to avoid a figure holding a gun, therefore making the other party all the more conspicuous.

Jason quickly pulled out his gun.

But without even giving him the time to take aim and shoot, a slippery rope was looped around his neck. Then, it tightened.