

# THE DEMON'S MENU

## Chapter 11: The Tongue and Minced Meat

When his neck and the slippery

“rope” came into contact with each other, Jason instinctively raised his hands to grab hold of this

“rope”.

His movement was swift and accurate!

Naturally, this was Jason's

“daily training” coming to fruition.

As what people should know, having a gun pointed at the back of their heads was not the only situation that postmen would expect to face. It was also extremely common for them to be strangled from behind; the latter situation far exceeded the number of the former.

After all, things like ropes were always more easily obtainable compared to firearms.

But even with an instinctive reaction, when the moment the “rope” suddenly tightened its hold, Jason almost suffocated. Its strength was simply much too powerful. It was totally not something a single palm could compete and fight against!

Moreover, there was a kind of pulling power coming from the

“rope”. The other party was trying to drag Jason down to the ground.

Jason did not confront it with any form of resistance.

Because Jason was well aware that such confrontations and fights would only allow the other party’s power to form a fulcrum, which would, in turn, make him suffocate even faster.

So the next moment, Jason made use of the situation to lay down on the ground as he pointed the gun in his hand behind him.

But!

There was no enemy behind Jason at all.

Or rather, the enemy was simply not behind him.

It was in...

In the clock!

Yes. It was that clock that was about to be closed but would still report the time punctually. It was that clock that was neglected by Jason!

This clock was hung at a high spot. The tip of the clock was one meter above ground level, and there were two dark-colored ropes, dripping with threads of

slimy mucus, protruding out from the tip of the clock. One was strangling Jason on his neck, and the other was doing likewise to Finch's neck.

Compared to Jason, the young man was in an extremely terrible situation. With his face flushed red, this other young man was resisting the rope at the moment, but that made him fall into an even worse situation.

Without thinking twice, Jason instantly released his grip on the pistol that he was holding in his hand. The moment the pistol landed on the ground, there was a K2 grenade in his hand.

He exerted some strength on the fuze that was encircling his index finger.

Click.

After the fuze was pulled out, Jason flicked his wrist, and the grenade flew straight out of his hands in a trajectory path. It drilled accurately through the clock from the top—

Bam!

A massive impact shook the clock, and residual waves of the aftermath pulled on the metal chains connecting the big clock and the horizontal beam around it, creating a great tension that broke the rope.

Clang!

Amidst the sound of the collision of metals, the big clock fell to the ground, where it lay flat. Due to the impact of the fall, many cracks were starting to show on the surface of the big, metal clock.

Obviously, the big clock could not be used again. The date of completion of works as determined by the mayor would have to be further delayed again.

But Jason was not the least concerned about these.

The rope on his neck released its hold over him right after the explosion happened. At that very instant, he flipped his body and got to his feet. Then, not only did he retrieve his pistol on the ground, but he directly grabbed hold of that rope with his bare hands.

The sense of hunger he felt in his belly, as well as the whiffs of fragrance that his sense of smell detected, were all telling him that this was delicious food.

With the muzzle of his pistol facing the big clock, Jason shouted at the top of his voice.

"Finch!"

"I'm all right, Your Lordship!"

Having freed himself from the restraint of the rope, the young man speedily regained a calm composure. A revolver appeared in his hands, and he too aimed it right at the big clock.

A few seconds later, the dust, that was sent flying all about in a flurry because of the fall of the big clock, rapidly dispersed. When Jason had a clear view of the interior of the big clock, he learned that it was inlaid with a large amount of

“minced meat” from the shrapnel. That was when he let out a small sigh of relief.

It was very clear that the food had been damaged to a certain degree, but it was still safe enough.

It was not something unacceptable at all to Jason.

Whether food was safe for consumption, or not, was equally important to how good it tasted.

And it would be best if both were included.

Tap, tap-tap!

The sounds of many footsteps were heard from above the old staircase.

Even more, constables appeared.

All of them looked at the big fallen clock in surprise and disbelief and were all somewhat at a loss.

"Finch, you will go and collect the minced meat."

Jason gave out such instructions. Then, after pausing for a moment, he added,

"Remember to put on gloves."

"Yes, Your Lordship."

The young man responded immediately.

He would never forget that Jason was an expert in dealing with such monsters. And also, Jason had saved his life just now.

The young man put on his gloves and started collecting the minced meat in the surroundings, bit by bit. In the meantime, Jason had picked up the rope that was strangling the neck of the young man earlier on and coiled it up with



the rope that was strangling Jason himself previously, and he held both in his hands.

That kind of slippery touch was really uncomfortable.

Coupled with the speculation that the body part that corresponded to this rope was probably the tongue, the level of discomfort was increased a notch higher.

However, the hunger he felt in his belly brought Jason to offset such discomfort pretty well. On the contrary, he was full of anticipation and delight.

But the constables around him did not share the same sentiments.

They had encountered the incident where their boss was attacked. Then they had to face the situation where they saw a certain part of a living creature, that obviously was not one with cognitive functions, being held in Jason's hands in a coiled bundle. Many young men quickly went pale. Covering their mouths, they ran downstairs. Even some of the experienced detectives also turned white in their faces.

"Go find me a bag."

Jason said to one of the middle-aged detectives.

"Yes, Your Lordship."

The other party responded right away.

After Jason placed the two ropes into a kraft paper bag, the discomfort in the surrounding air rapidly disappeared. However, those young people, who just entered this line of work, were still afraid to get close to Jason.

And this did not bother Jason at all.

He was no Kimpton. How could he possibly get everyone to like him?

"How's Bondy?"

Jason asked.

"Sir is fine. He just got shot in the arm."

"But the gunner found the chance to escape amidst the chaos."

A detective replied.

Shot in the arm?

Jason was shocked.

This was much better than what he had imagined it to be

According to what he had thought, for the other party to set up such a trap to launch a surprise attack, even if Bondy did not die, he would still be severely injured.

Bondy's speed of reaction was even much faster than Jason had expected!

Jason marveled at that sheriff's ability to react, and then he squinted his eyes.

The gunner managed to escape. But this fell within Jason's expectation.

In truth, it was only right that the other party managed to escape without a hitch.

Because...

This was none other than a trap that the other party had laid!

And the so-called

"monster attack incident" or

"cannibalism incident", should also be called

“manmade incidents” directed by the other party!

The other party was extremely cunning. After knowing that their opponent had enlisted reinforcements from him, a night watchman, the other party did not attack the very first moment there was a chance to. They only decided to do so after sounding Jason out.

To put it across simply, the corpse that was hanging here was nothing more than bait!

Bait to get him and Bondy to the hook.

Similarly, shooting at Bondy, so as to divert his attention, was also an extremely important part of the other party’s plan!

If it was not for the grenade that he always brought along with him, it was most feared that...

Thinking of this made Jason look to that big clock that was lying flat on the ground. Young Finch had crawled into the big clock and was trying his best to

pick up all of the minced meat and put it into the paper bag. The width of the clock's body could fully accommodate his body.

"Blindspot in my field of vision!"

"To think that I have completely neglected it just now!"

"I must bear this lesson learned in heart!"

Jason was never one who would deny or disregard his mistakes. He would only remember every mistake made and learn from it so as to avoid making the same mistake in the future, or even, to do his utmost best.

He was not born with such a character.

And likewise, this was not from the teachings of the Sleepless City.

Every guy who wanted to live and survive in the Sleepless City would acknowledge and abide by this teaching from the bottom of their hearts.

It was just that... some people were not given any second chances after making a mistake for the first time.

And him?

He was the lucky one.

Phew!

Jason spat out a mouthful of gas that carried a foul smell. Taking the paper bag that Finch handed over to him, he turned and walked down the clock tower.

He did not like passive defense.

He preferred to take the initiative in making the first move.

But his capability might not allow him to do so at times. Given this premise, he would choose tolerance instead.

What was worth feeling thankful about was that the time required would not be too long.

Jason took a look at the two paper bags filled with

“food” in his hands, and the corners of his mouth curled up.