## THE DEMON'S MENU

## Chapter 11: The Tongue and Minced Meat

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.

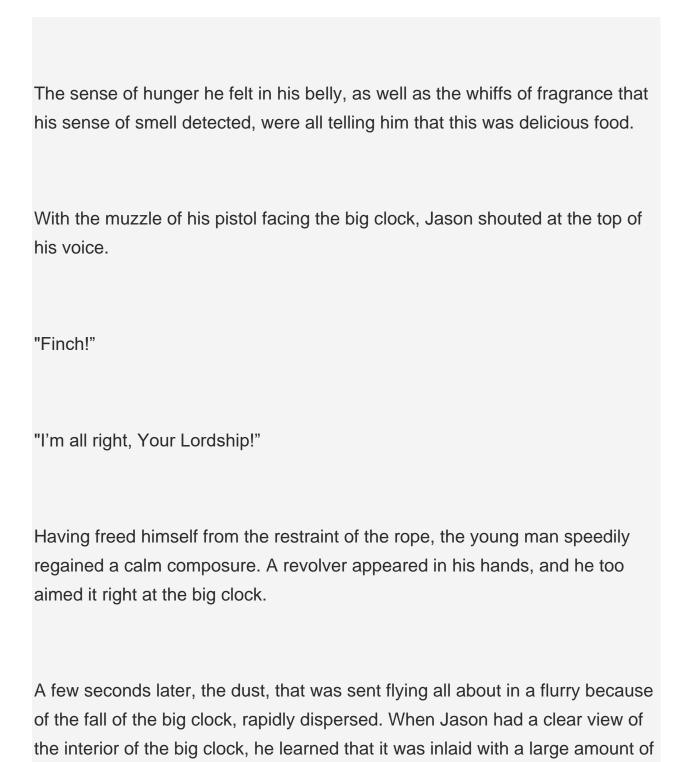
## Clang!

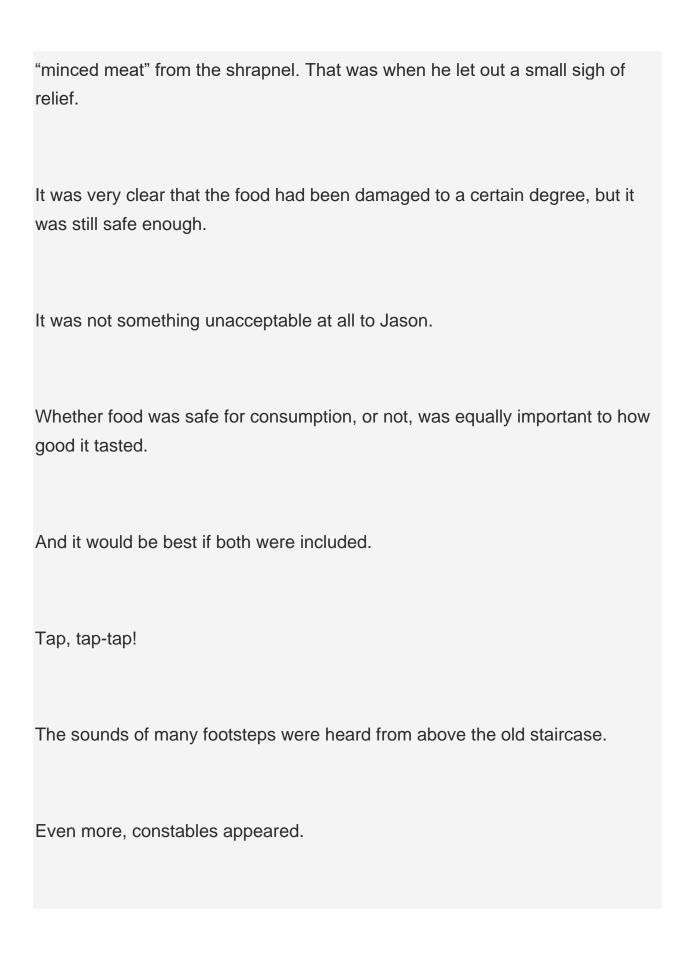
Amidst the sound of the collision of metals, the big clock fell to the ground, where it lay flat. Due to the impact of the fall, many cracks were starting to show on the surface of the big, metal clock.

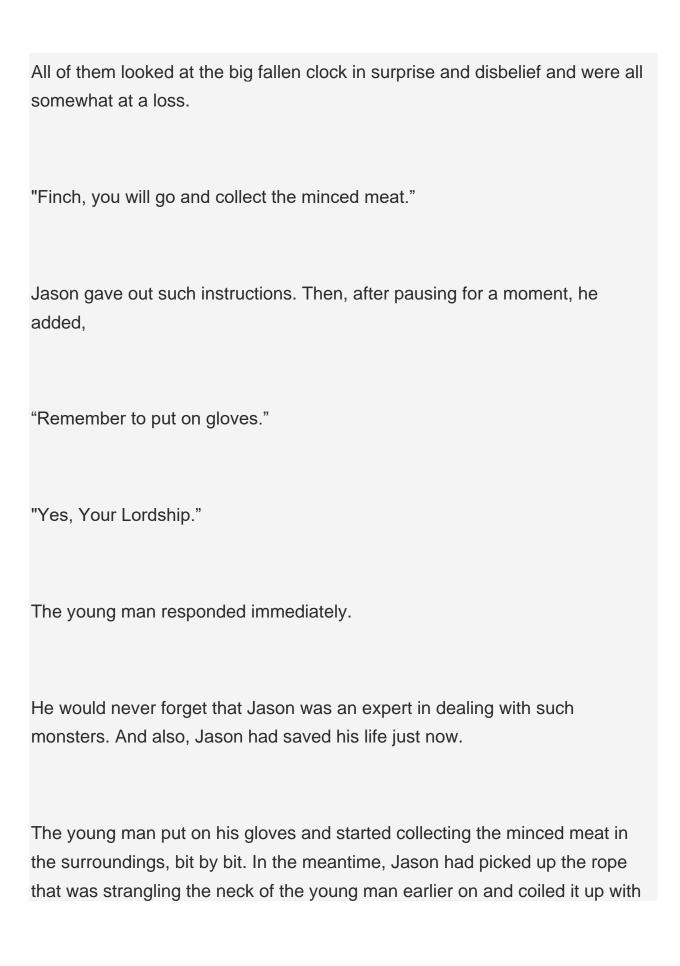
Obviously, the big clock could not be used again. The date of completion of works as determined by the mayor would have to be further delayed again.

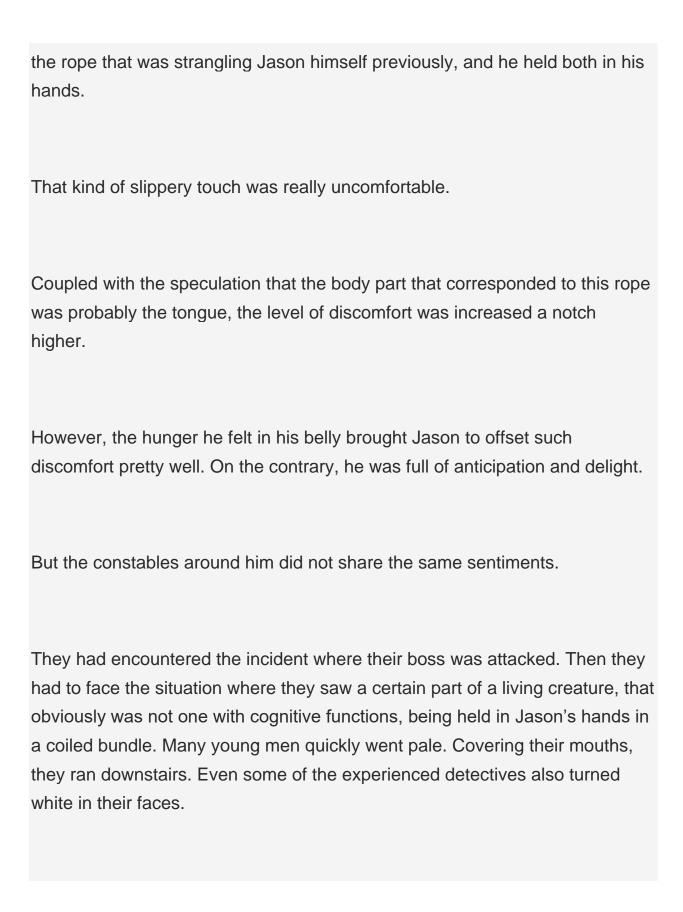
But Jason was not the least concerned about these.

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.







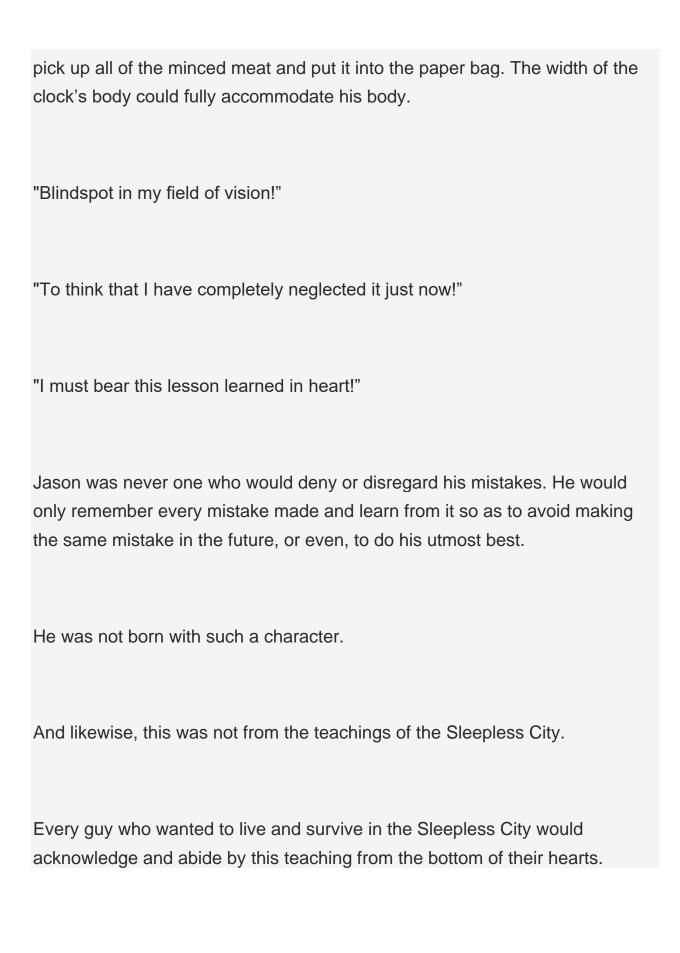








"manmade incidents" directed by the other party! The other party was extremely cunning. After knowing that their opponent had enlisted reinforcements from him, a night watchman, the other party did not attack the very first moment there was a chance to. They only decided to do so after sounding Jason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



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.