

THE DEMON'S MENU

Chapter 12: Meatball

There was a barbecue stove made of a charcoal brazier in Jason's temporary resting place. The charcoal brazier was used to keep people warm in winter.

On the burning charcoal, there were two tongues. The two tongues were four meters long, so there were rolled up and put on the wire mesh, which Jason had just made. The two tongues squeaked in the high-temperature flames. Although Jason failed to cut the two tongues with a kitchen knife, the two tongues started to expand and burst in the flames. Juice splashed everywhere, and it had a rich aroma.

Jason carefully sprinkled pepper and turned the tongues over.

Constant heating had always been the key to cooking.

Jason was fully concentrated on cooking because he valued food.

Especially, when he was preparing two different meals at the same time.

Jason cleaned and chopped the meat, which he picked up.

Compared with the two tough tongues, these pieces of meat were much more tender. Jason chopped them quickly and made them into fillings. Then, he chopped up some mushrooms, which he had bought on his way back, and mixed them into the fillings.

Jason mixed the meat pieces with the mushrooms perfectly in a mixing bowl. Then, he picked up some mixture and pressed them in his hands. He used his hands to shape the mixture into meatballs. Then, he picked up a spoon with his right hand and put each meatball on the pan. He spread the meatballs out an inch so there was enough room for them to turn.

Jason mixed the meat pieces with the mushrooms perfectly in a mixing bowl. Then he picked up some mixture and pressed them in his hands. He used his hands to shape the mixture into meatballs. Then, he picked up a spoon with his right hand and put each meatball on the pan. He spread the meatballs away from each other by about an inch so there was enough room for them to turn.

The oil had already been warmed, and it was boiling now. It made a pleasant sound when it came into contact with meatballs.

The mushroom meatballs were fully covered with the hot oil and quickly turned to a golden brown.

Jason drained the oil, got out the meatballs, then turned the two tongues over in the pan.

After repeating this several times, Jason had his lunch.

The cooked tongues were crispy and juicy. After Jason added some black pepper, they tasted like grilled black pepper sausage.

Mushroom meatballs were crispy. Although Jason only added a little salt into the meatballs, they were rich in texture and taste. Jason ate each meatball in a single bite. He was so pleased with his cooking.

When he finished the last meatball, the words reappeared in front of his retina.

[Devouring the paradoxical being!]

[Modest recovery from injury!]

[Satiety +1]

[Satiety: 1]

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A familiar wave of happiness and fulfillment rose from Jason's stomach and poured all over him.

With this kind of warm and lazy feeling, the pores of his whole body seemed to open wide, which made Jason close his eyes leisurely.

But soon Jason was back to his senses. He realized something, then looked at his Skills.

As he expected, there was no

“+” after advanced beginner [Gunpowder weapons. Small arms], which obviously required more [Satiety].

Then, Jason turned to [Hand-to-hand combat (novice)].

Jason didn't plan to accumulate [Satiety].

It was not that he didn't want to.

But he couldn't!

The situation he was in, and the possible dangers he might encounter, made him understand that the right choice for him now was to get stronger quickly, even if it was only a little more.

Because this little change for him might mean life or death.

Jason wouldn't choose to take a huge risk just for the sake of accumulating a little more [Satiety].

"Increase [Hand-to-hand combat]!" Jason said.

Suddenly, the same synchronous adjustment for knowledge and body started as before.

When it was over, Jason learned more fighting skills, and his body became a little stronger.

The most obvious change was the description of [Hand-to-hand combat].

[Hand-to-hand combat (advanced beginner): the body itself is a powerful weapon. After long-term training as a novice, you should have learned certain skills and have gradually become stronger; result: physique + 0.1]

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With the 0.1, Jason reached 1.3 and this was Jason's highest score.

It was a wonderful feeling to have this instant increase. Jason could not help but take several deep breaths to hold back the excitement.

"Food!"

"I need more food!"

Jason told himself that again.

However, he did not act in a hurry.

He knew very well that the guy who failed in his plan would not be able to launch another attack so soon.

It was safe for at least three days.

The first case was on August 5, the second on August 8, the third on August 11, and the fourth occurred today, August 14. Jason bought a newspaper on

his way back from buying mushrooms. He confirmed the exact dates of the cases from the newspaper and got more information about the world.

Of course, Finch paid for it for him.

"From the beginning to now, every three days, there was one. This is for sure. They want to make it hard for us to understand. August 17..."

Jason whispered about the date.

Then, Jason began to think about the purpose of the enemy doing this.

It looked like that their goals were the police.

There must be something between them.

Jason believed this.

Unfortunately, there was so little information, that Jason couldn't figure out where the connection was.

However, this did not prevent him from making some of his own views and suggestions to the sheriff.

Even if Jason was not allowed to take the initiative at the moment, it did not mean that he would be thrown into passivity.

At the very least, he could advise Bondy to strengthen the night patrol workforce.

The two engagements made Jason understand that, although the

"food" had strange abilities, they were still unable to resist gunpowder weapons. As long as a grown-up with a gun could overcome his fears, he would have a good chance of winning.

Fear was the biggest reason why the gunman chose to take action secretly and create panic. Only those who were not brave enough, and who got scared, would lose.

If the enemy had monsters that were not afraid of guns, they must have done whatever they wanted to do, and not in a secret way.

"Wait! They completed a

"hunting" every three days. Are they doing this for the purpose of feeding the monsters, so that the monsters can get stronger?"

All of a sudden, Jason thought about this possibility in his mind.

Suddenly, Jason's face changed a little.

He never learned about Mystery and knew little about this subject, but this seemed to be the most plausible explanation for what happened recently. For now.

Without a moment of waiting, he got up and walked out.

When Jason was going to ask Finch where Bondy was getting his treatment, Bondy, the sheriff, knocked on Jason's door.

Knock-knock.

"It's me, Bondy."

"Come in, please."

After Jason said so, Bondy, the sheriff opened the door.

Bondy's arm was bandaged and fixed to the front of his chest. He got his clothes, which had blood on them, changed. He looked tired and depressed because of his injury, which was normal for him, but Jason could still feel the firm belief and tenacity in his eyes.

"Your suitcase."

Bundy stooped to pick up the suitcase by his feet and hand it to Jason.

"Thank you."

Jason took the suitcase, which belonged to him, and thanked him.

The suitcase was made of rattan. The weaver was excellent and didn't leave a gap. Nothing in the suitcase could be seen from the outside. The suitcase was not heavy—about the weight of three big pig hooves.

"My pleasure. And thank you for saving Finch."

Bondy's serious expression showed his gratitude to Jason. Then the sheriff took a folded paper out of his coat pocket, opened it, and handed it to Jason.