THE DEMON'S MENU

Chapter 14: Response

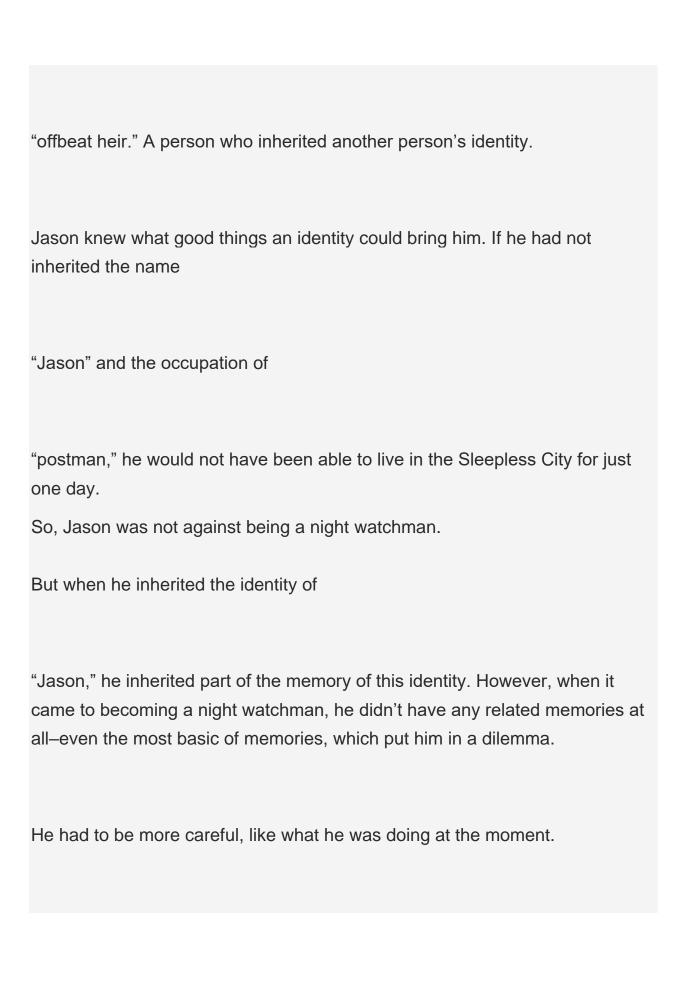
There was no doubt that the night watchmen belonged to the mysterious side in the present world.

The knowledge and skills that a real night watchman should know were also mysterious.

For Jason, who had been exposed to the mysterious side before, it was quite an excitement to learn the knowledge and skills that a real night watchman should know.

But Jason gradually calmed down from surprise and excitement. He couldn't just go to 17 Harlem Street in person.

He didn't forget who he was. He was just an



Different from those people he just met, the teacher of the person whom he inherited must be very familiar with him.
His temporary conclusion was that if he acted a little differently from the identity he inherited, it would be found out who he really was.
Without any memory of his current identity, he thought that he was bound to fail.
"How can I let the teacher accept my changes? And why did this retired night watchman come to Rhode for nothing?" Jason thought.
Jason's eyes wandered over the letter.
Then, he shook his head slightly.
Other retired people might have nothing to do here, but night watchmen wouldn't!

Jason couldn't believe that the night watchmen of the mysterious side would someday retire. After all, no one could know what would happen to the mysterious side. That was to say, no one would know what monster was lurking in the dark.

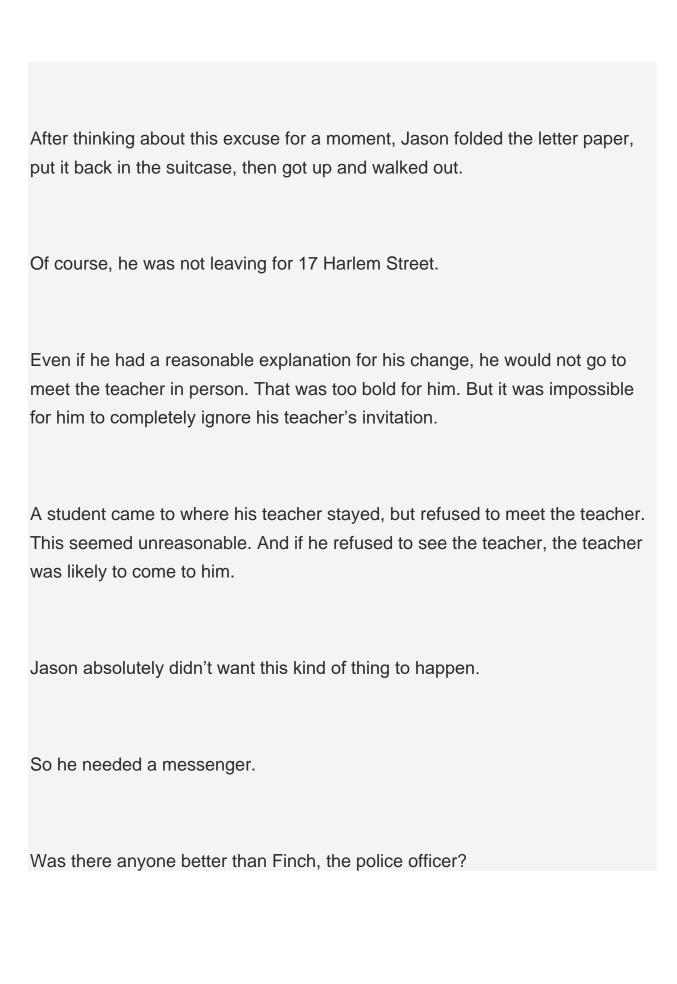
Therefore, even if a night watchman retired, he should stay in a familiar and

"cleaned up" place, instead of going to a strange city, which would only increase the chance of encountering mysterious-side events. Unless the teacher came to Rhode on purpose.

Suddenly, Jason thought about the previous attacks he had just encountered.

"Does the teacher have anything to do with the attacks?" Jason wondered. His eyes glistened, then, suddenly, he thought of a stupid, but possible way.

"A surprise attack! I am attacked unexpectedly! No one sees that I get attacked. Because of the attack, there are whispers and murmurs in my ears from time to time, which make me depressed, angry, and go crazy, so that my personality changed a little. Even my memory has become incomplete. I can only remember that I am a night watchman."



The corridor of the police dormitory was not wide. At most, only two people could walk side by side. Except for the room where Jason stayed, the rooms on both sides were basically a mess. Even if the doors were locked, Jason could smell heavy smoke coming out of the rooms. Jason lived on the floor, where they were all single rooms for single police officers. For the convenience of work, almost all of the rooms for single police officers combined the office and residence together. The young police officers lived on the lower floor, where four police officers lived in one room.

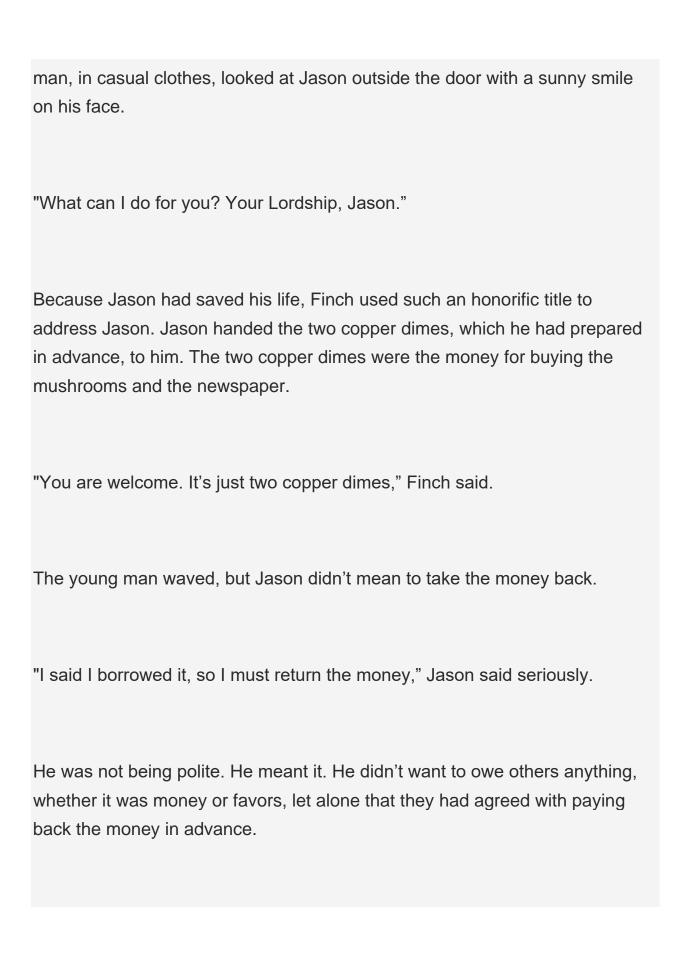
Finch lived on the lower floor.

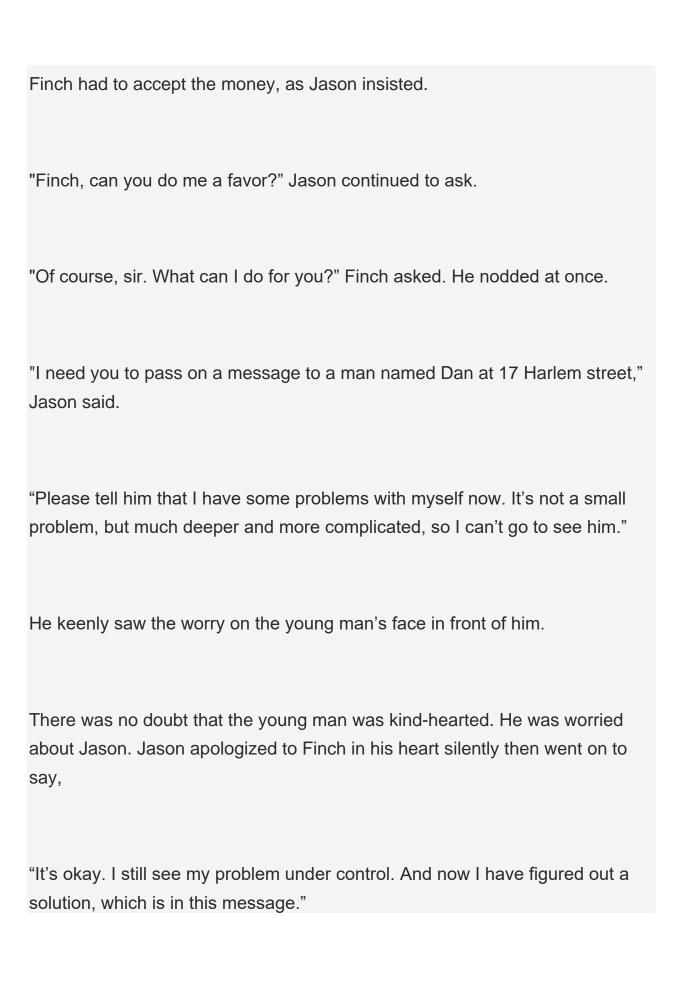
According to the room number that Finch had told him, Jason knocked on the door of 202.

"I'm Jason," Jason said, introducing himself.

"Your Lordship, Jason, please come in."

Because of the attack, Finch was asked by Bondy to stay in the room for a rest. After hearing the knock, he immediately opened the door. The young







"What then?" Jason asked himself.
He was not sure if he had a plan, or if there was a next step. Maybe he was this kind of person. Everything was not planned. It depended on how he made it up as he went along.
Perhaps he should be hard on himself–make himself look miserable. In this way, his excuse would be more persuasive.
But immediately, Jason gave up this idea.
He was not sure if his teacher could see his change. If the teacher failed to notice anything about him, but he acted too much, he was making himself lool like a fool.
"What is the best way?" Jason thought about this while going to go back to his room. And, at this time, his door was opened.

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