

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

“offbeat heir.” A person who inherited another person’s identity.

Jason knew what good things an identity could bring him. If he had not inherited the name

“Jason” and the occupation of

“postman,” he would not have been able to live in the Sleepless City for just one day.

So, Jason was not against being a night watchman.

But when he inherited the identity of

“Jason,” he inherited part of the memory of this identity. However, when it came to becoming a night watchman, he didn’t have any related memories at all—even the most basic of memories, which put him in a dilemma.

He had to be more careful, like what he was doing at the moment.

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."

After thinking about this excuse for a moment, Jason folded the letter paper, put it back in the suitcase, then got up and walked out.

Of course, he was not leaving for 17 Harlem Street.

Even if he had a reasonable explanation for his change, he would not go to meet the teacher in person. That was too bold for him. But it was impossible for him to completely ignore his teacher's invitation.

A student came to where his teacher stayed, but refused to meet the teacher. This seemed unreasonable. And if he refused to see the teacher, the teacher was likely to come to him.

Jason absolutely didn't want this kind of thing to happen.

So he needed a messenger.

Was there anyone better than Finch, the police officer?

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

man, in casual clothes, looked at Jason outside the door with a sunny smile on his face.

"What can I do for you? Your Lordship, Jason."

Because Jason had saved his life, Finch used such an honorific title to address Jason. Jason handed the two copper dimes, which he had prepared in advance, to him. The two copper dimes were the money for buying the mushrooms and the newspaper.

"You are welcome. It's just two copper dimes," Finch said.

The young man waved, but Jason didn't mean to take the money back.

"I said I borrowed it, so I must return the money," Jason said seriously.

He was not being polite. He meant it. He didn't want to owe others anything, whether it was money or favors, let alone that they had agreed with paying back the money in advance.

Finch had to accept the money, as Jason insisted.

"Finch, can you do me a favor?" Jason continued to ask.

"Of course, sir. What can I do for you?" Finch asked. He nodded at once.

"I need you to pass on a message to a man named Dan at 17 Harlem street," Jason said.

"Please tell him that I have some problems with myself now. It's not a small problem, but much deeper and more complicated, so I can't go to see him."

He keenly saw the worry on the young man's face in front of him.

There was no doubt that the young man was kind-hearted. He was worried about Jason. Jason apologized to Finch in his heart silently then went on to say,

"It's okay. I still see my problem under control. And now I have figured out a solution, which is in this message."

With that, Jason showed a confident smile to the young man.

"You mean Mr. Dan?" The young man was shocked, asking immediately

"Yes. He used to be my teacher." Jason didn't deny it and explained to Finch that he was Mr. Dan's student.

All of a sudden, the young man showed relief on his face. To Finch, Jason was a very reliable person, let alone his teacher. He believed that Jason's teacher must be a powerful and reliable night watchman.

"I'll send the message for you right away," Finch said.

With that, the young man went out.

Jason watched him leave. He believed that the young man would tell everything he said to his teacher.

"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 look 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.