THE DEMON'S MENU

Chapter 2: The Postman

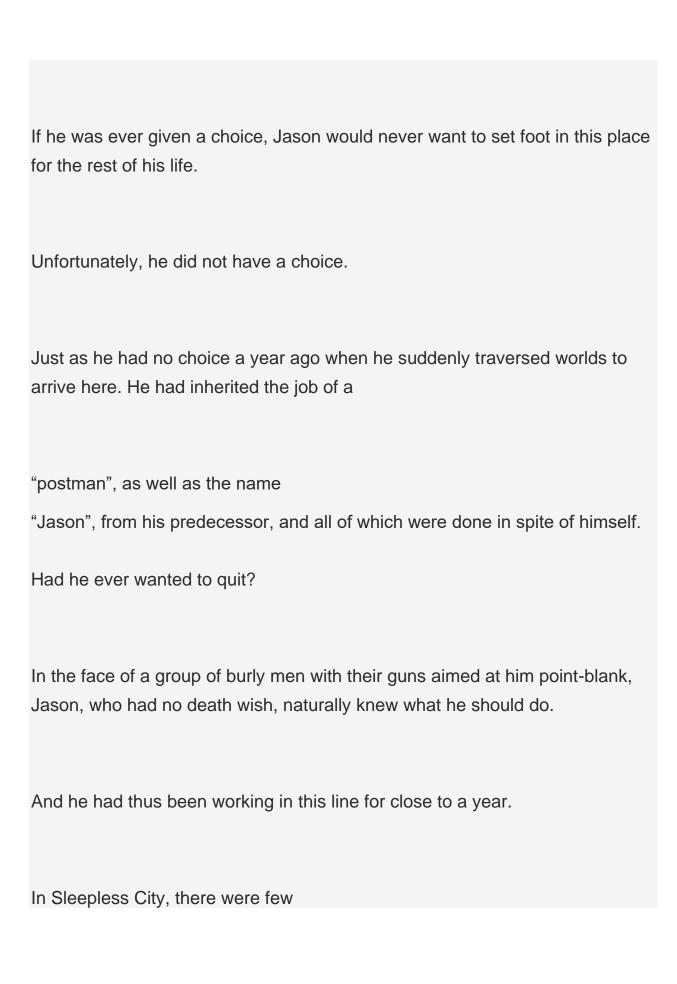
In the dark of the night, the wind blew, and the trees swayed back and forth. The staggering shadows of the twigs and branches interlaced like countless claws, earnestly waiting to catch their prey. Jason looked at this all, and, after taking a few deep breaths, he suddenly stepped on the accelerator.

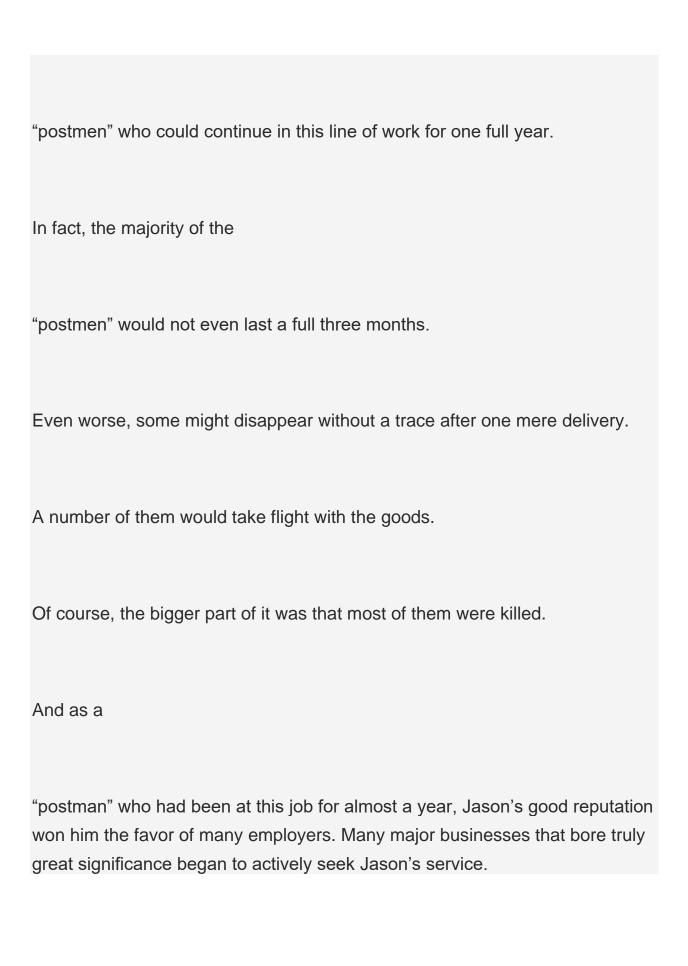
The modified jalopy roared through the street and into the destination, as requested by the

"employer".

The 26th District of Sleepless City.

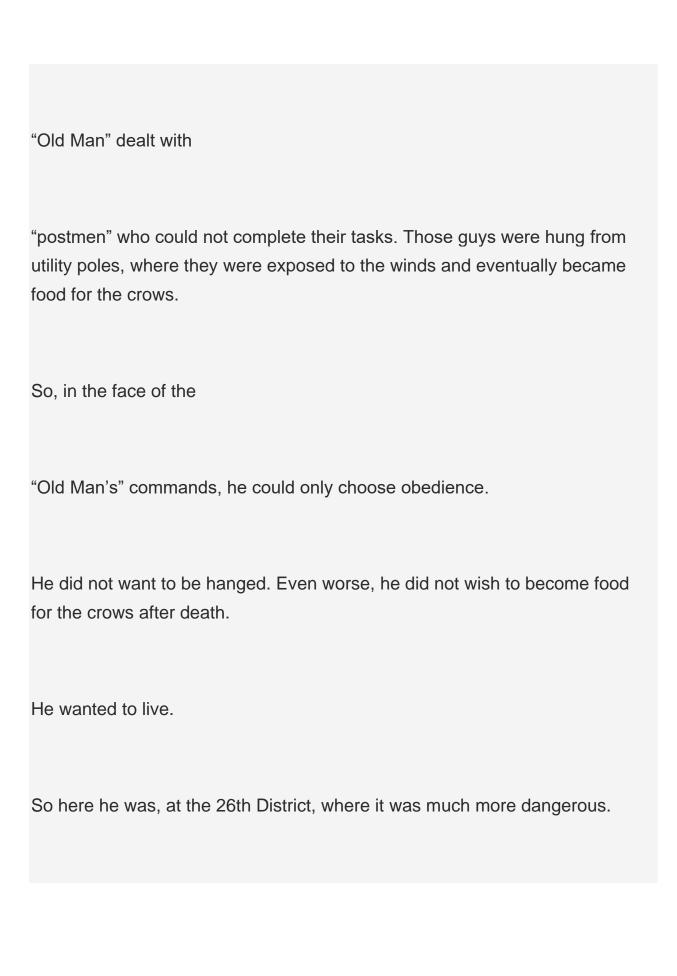
On the streets of this district, gun battles were ceaseless 'round the clock and happened at any time. Explosions were even more common, like random displays of fireworks staged by people as they pleased.



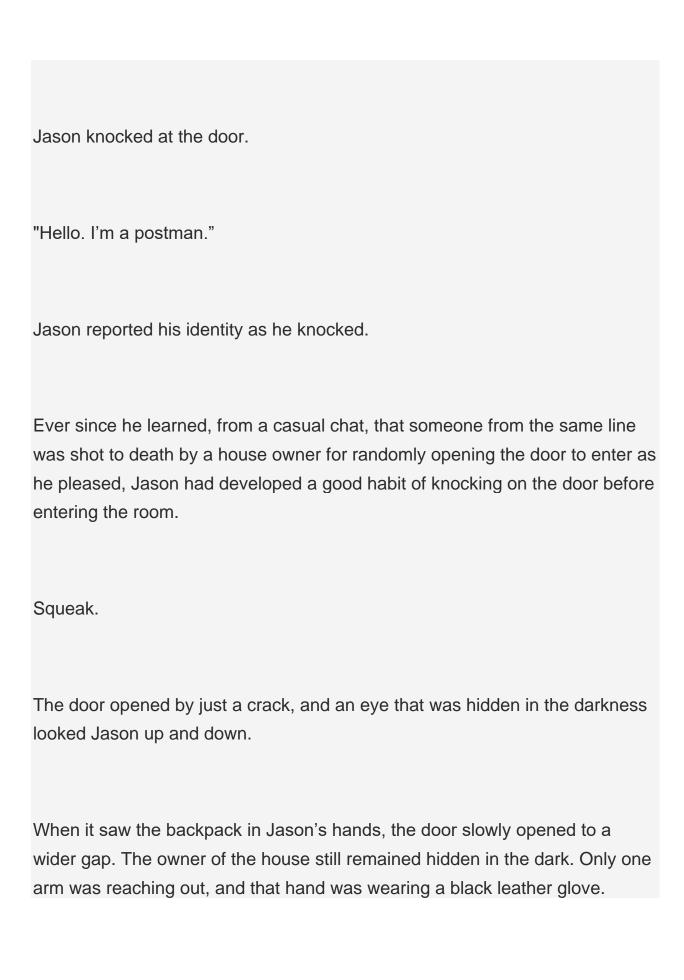


If he could, Jason would never accept these big jobs. Even if they could bring him high remunerations, he would still feel similarly. Because there were hidden risks amongst these jobs that Jason himself could not bear. He was well aware that the reason why he could survive longer than the other "postmen" was not because he had an ability that was more outstanding. It was because he was not greedy, not curious, and only knew to keep his head low to get his task done. He would only take his due pay and would never get distracted by looking around. But still, Jason did not have a choice. He simply had no command over his own life. He was merely a "postman" working under the

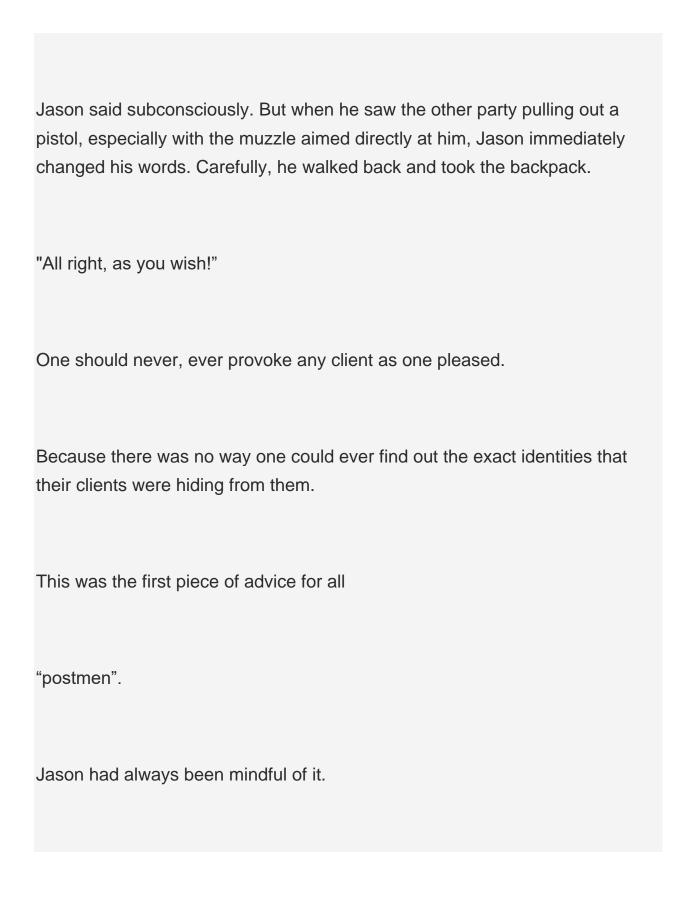
"Old Man". Although his performance was pretty good, it could only earn him a better living environment and food as compared to the rest. And he also got himself some learning opportunities, which ranged from lessons on basic
combat fighting to the use of firearms.
And these were all for the purpose of allowing him to better fulfill his responsibilities as a
"postman".
The
"Old Man" was no philanthropist.
No true philanthropist would ever keep a bunch of gunmen, who behaved like bandits, under his wing.
Jason had seen for himself how the



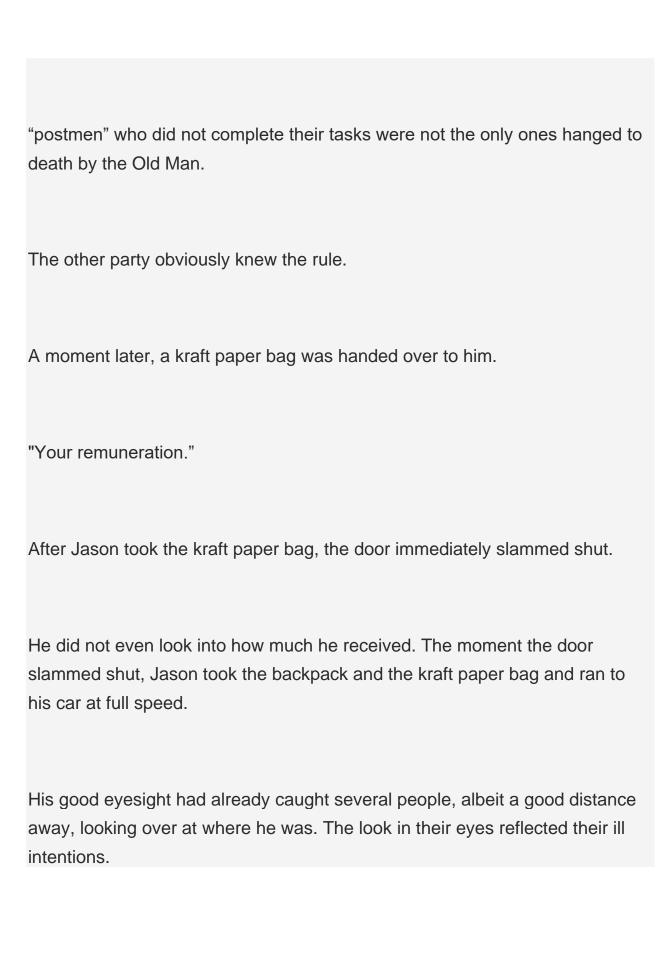




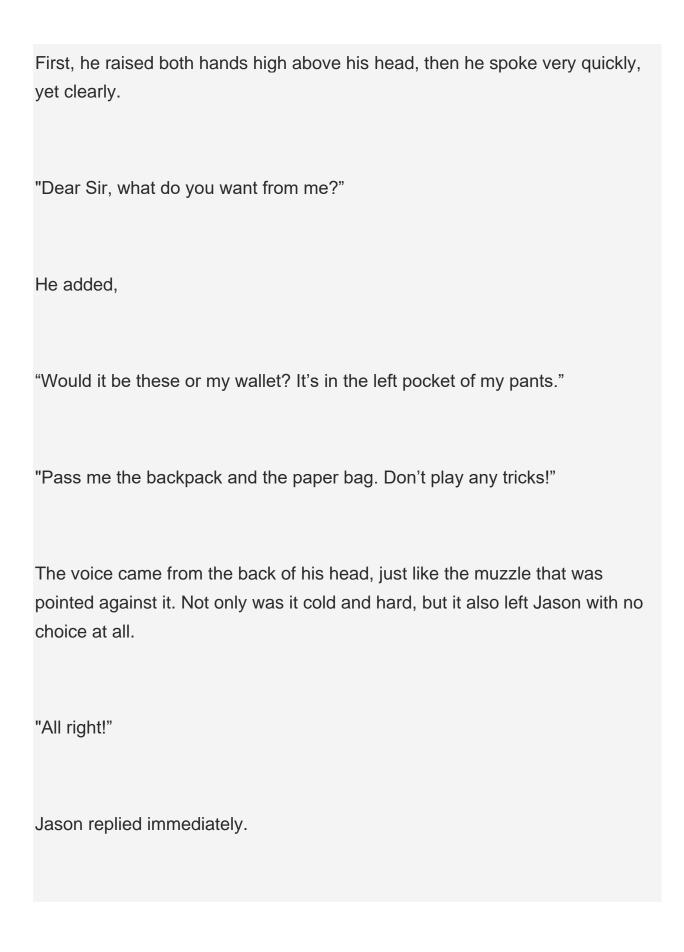


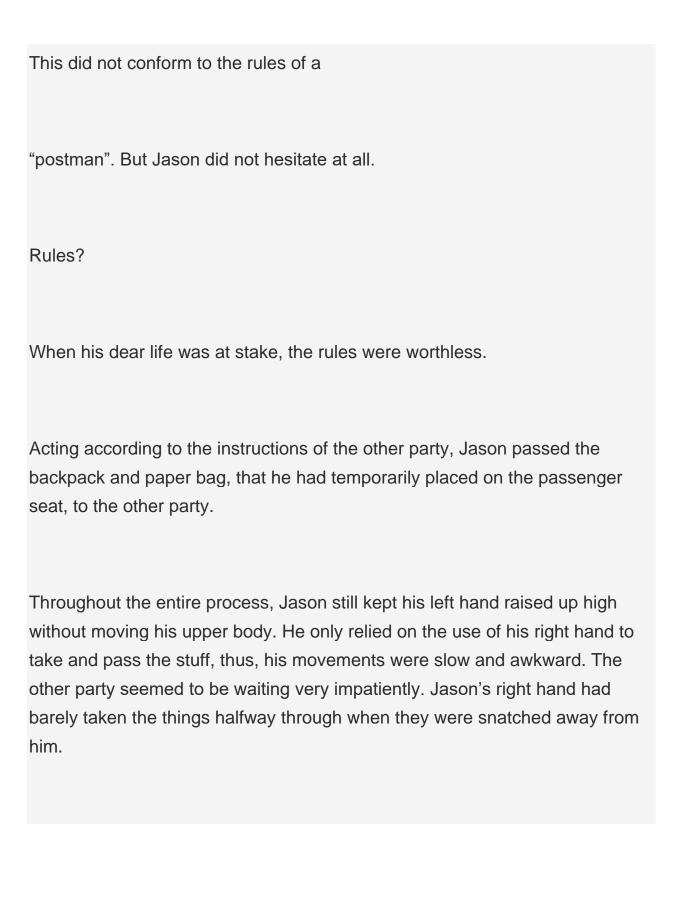


This bag was similar to the one Jason had handed over. Both were backpacks with two straps, but the weight of this backpack was at least double that of the former.
Jason kept his curiosity well-restrained and did not try to guess what was inside, let alone casually look in to see what it contained.
He merely kept his silence and stood at the door.
"Since the other party has chosen to 'post by mail', then you must pay the fee."
This was the rule of the Sleepless City's
"postmen".
Did not this client know the rule?
It should be known that



In such a place like the 26th District, where gangs ran amuck everywhere, standing on the main street with nothing concrete to take refuge in would be like a sheep walking into a pack of wolves. Not only was it dangerous, but it could also be fatal.
No matter how strong one's body was, there was no way it could block a bullet coming from the dark.
It was only after he jumped into the driver's seat did Jason feel slightly relieved. He barely heaved a sigh of relief, yet immediately, he held his breath.
Because
The muzzle of a gun was held against the back of his head.
Jason absolutely had no idea that there was actually someone else in his car. But this did not stop him from making the right choice.





Though Jason had chosen to release his grip the moment the other party's hand was raised, Jason's fingers still felt the pain caused by the dragging sensation when the bag was being snatched.

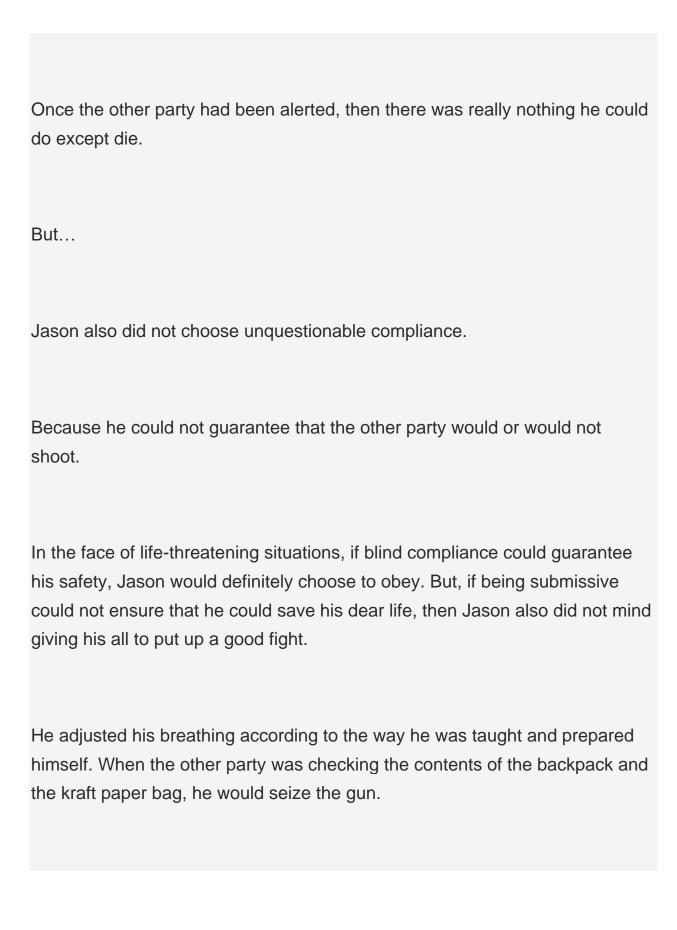
But on the premise that there was a pistol against the back of his head, Jason pressed his lips tightly and did not allow himself to make a single sound. At the same time, he lowered his head and chose not to look at the backseat of the car through the rearview mirror.

The other party could enter his car without his awareness. This was obviously not somebody ordinary.

At least, among the men under the Old Man, there were only two who could achieve something of this degree.

Those two fellows were the Old Man's confidants. One of them was his combat and firearms instructor. The other was someone who could knock him down with a random blow.

The long amount of time spent together had allowed him to understand that, in the face of such people, any tricky attempt to observe them would definitely not go unnoticed. It would only serve to alert the other party.



This was no easy feat.
But Jason knew it was his only chance.
The only thing worth feeling glad about was: from the very first day he became
"postman", for the sake of his dear life, Jason, who had always lacked a sense of security, had rehearsed such a situation like this in his mind more than once.
Over the past year, aside from the necessary work that he had to fulfill, whenever Sui Xiong was having his meals, he would always imagine the different kinds of trouble he would encounter, and how he should solve them.
Also, he would make countless attempts and give it his all to do his best.
Being a

"postman", the situation in which he was suddenly held, with a gun to the back of his head while in his car, was one of the dangerous situations that he had rehearsed the most.
A sound of zipper being pulled open rang in his ears.
Three
Two
One!
Silently calculating the time that the other party needed to see the contents of the backpack, Jason suddenly turned his upper body to the right in a flash. Having done countless simulations, Jason practically did this as though it was purely instinctive. At the same time, his left hand caught hold of the other party's wrist. And then, he immediately used all the strength in him to push the muzzle up.
The sound was deafening.

The very moment the muzzle pointed up, the gun went off with a bang. The bullet brushed past Jason's ears and instantly shot through the roof of the car. The strong smell of gunpowder began to fill the interior of the car. Jason completely ignored the warmth due to the gun being fired just a moment ago. His right hand simply grasped the gun barrel as he took advantage of the situation and pulled the trigger with a click.

There was a clear crunching sound heard coming from the other party's fingers.

The knuckles of humans were flexible, yet fragile. Even after long periods of training, so long as one could hit accurately at the right angle, it was not difficult to maim a person's hand at one blow—this was what the fellow, who had taught him how to combat and shoot, told him. Jason had constantly kept his instructor's words in mind, and similarly, for the sake of self-protection, he had practiced it countless times.

So, everything became easily managed as he was well-versed from practice.

The only difference was the wretched cries that existed.

