

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 was ever given a choice, Jason would never want to set foot in this place for the rest of his life.

Unfortunately, he did not have a choice.

Just as he had no choice a year ago when he suddenly traversed worlds to arrive here. He had inherited the job of a

“postman”, as well as the name

“Jason”, from his predecessor, and all of which were done in spite of himself.

Had he ever wanted to quit?

In the face of a group of burly men with their guns aimed at him point-blank, Jason, who had no death wish, naturally knew what he should do.

And he had thus been working in this line for close to a year.

In Sleepless City, there were few

“postmen” who could continue in this line of work for one full year.

In fact, the majority of the

“postmen” would not even last a full three months.

Even worse, some might disappear without a trace after one mere delivery.

A number of them would take flight with the goods.

Of course, the bigger part of it was that most of them were killed.

And as a

“postman” who had been at this job for almost a year, Jason’s good reputation won him the favor of many employers. Many major businesses that bore truly great significance began to actively seek Jason’s service.

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

“Old Man” dealt with

“postmen” who could not complete their tasks. Those guys were hung from utility poles, where they were exposed to the winds and eventually became food for the crows.

So, in the face of the

“Old Man’s” commands, he could only choose obedience.

He did not want to be hanged. Even worse, he did not wish to become food for the crows after death.

He wanted to live.

So here he was, at the 26th District, where it was much more dangerous.

Jason's pair of eyes swept and scanned the surroundings. He tried his best not to let go of any trace or sign of peculiarity.

Holding the steering wheel tightly, Jason's attention was unprecedentedly focused.

Jason did not wish to be stopped by anyone

"asking for directions", much less be kissed by stray bullets.

Based on the map, which he had spent two hours memorizing, which was so detailed that he could remember the door number of every house, Jason drove the car quickly around several corners and accurately parked right at the doorstep of his destination.

Number 19, Tur Street, 26th District.

It was a dilapidated building that still retained traces of blackness after an explosion. Everything above the third floor had practically disappeared, leaving only two floors of the entire building.

Jason knocked at the door.

"Hello. I'm a postman."

Jason reported his identity as he knocked.

Ever since he learned, from a casual chat, that someone from the same line was shot to death by a house owner for randomly opening the door to enter as he pleased, Jason had developed a good habit of knocking on the door before entering the room.

Squeak.

The door opened by just a crack, and an eye that was hidden in the darkness looked Jason up and down.

When it saw the backpack in Jason's hands, the door slowly opened to a wider gap. The owner of the house still remained hidden in the dark. Only one arm was reaching out, and that hand was wearing a black leather glove.

Jason, being a tactful person, wasted no time in handing over the backpack.

Then, raising both his hands high, he stepped back slowly.

He did not want his actions to cause any unnecessary misunderstandings.

"Wait!"

The hoarse voice brought Jason's retreating footsteps to a halt. Then, the other party passed him another backpack.

"Take this over to Number 203, King Street, in the 16th District, by midnight today!"

That was what the other party said.

"This is against the rules—"

Jason said subconsciously. But when he saw the other party pulling out a pistol, especially with the muzzle aimed directly at him, Jason immediately changed his words. Carefully, he walked back and took the backpack.

"All right, as you wish!"

One should never, ever provoke any client as one pleased.

Because there was no way one could ever find out the exact identities that their clients were hiding from them.

This was the first piece of advice for all

"postmen".

Jason had always been mindful of it.

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

“postmen” who did not complete their tasks were not the only ones hanged to death by the Old Man.

The other party obviously knew the rule.

A moment later, a kraft paper bag was handed over to him.

"Your remuneration."

After Jason took the kraft paper bag, the door immediately slammed shut.

He did not even look into how much he received. The moment the door slammed shut, Jason took the backpack and the kraft paper bag and ran to his car at full speed.

His good eyesight had already caught several people, albeit a good distance away, looking over at where he was. The look in their eyes reflected their ill intentions.

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.

First, he raised both hands high above his head, then he spoke very quickly, yet clearly.

"Dear Sir, what do you want from me?"

He added,

"Would it be these or my wallet? It's in the left pocket of my pants."

"Pass me the backpack and the paper bag. Don't play any tricks!"

The voice came from the back of his head, just like the muzzle that was pointed against it. Not only was it cold and hard, but it also left Jason with no choice at all.

"All right!"

Jason replied immediately.

This did not conform to the rules of a

“postman”. But Jason did not hesitate at all.

Rules?

When his dear life was at stake, the rules were worthless.

Acting according to the instructions of the other party, Jason passed the backpack and paper bag, that he had temporarily placed on the passenger seat, to the other party.

Throughout the entire process, Jason still kept his left hand raised up high without moving his upper body. He only relied on the use of his right hand to take and pass the stuff, thus, his movements were slow and awkward. The other party seemed to be waiting very impatiently. Jason’s right hand had barely taken the things halfway through when they were snatched away from him.

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.

Once the other party had been alerted, then there was really nothing he could do except die.

But...

Jason also did not choose unquestionable compliance.

Because he could not guarantee that the other party would or would not shoot.

In the face of life-threatening situations, if blind compliance could guarantee his safety, Jason would definitely choose to obey. But, if being submissive could not ensure that he could save his dear life, then Jason also did not mind giving his all to put up a good fight.

He adjusted his breathing according to the way he was taught and prepared himself. When the other party was checking the contents of the backpack and the kraft paper bag, he would seize the gun.

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 a

“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.

It was much more miserable than what Jason imagined.

Or even worse, it could be said to be a terror.

"Ah, ah, ah!"

Amidst the cries of pain, the other party released his hold right away. Jason seized the pistol, and, without turning around, he pushed the door open and got out of the car. Then, he turned around and aimed the muzzle accurately at what was behind him.

But at that moment, when Jason got a clear view of the situation at the back of the car, his entire body shook.