

THE DEMON'S MENU

Chapter 3: The Precursor

Jason stood aghast at the sight of a two-meter-long tentacle that was glowing with a faint red amidst the dark. It was covered with inverted thorns, as thick as two fingers, and was reaching out from the backpack where it wrapped itself around a thin man.

The head of the tentacle was hidden within the bag, so no one could tell what could be found on the other end. The other end was deeply pierced into the chest of a thin man, where it was sucking and swallowing.

The front end of the tentacle pulsed very rhythmically in one circle. Then, it disappeared into the other end of the tentacle very quickly.

The man's face was filled with agony. Every time the tentacle sucked and swallowed, he would let out a miserable cry.

But even worse, following the sucking and swallowing of this tentacle, at the root end of this tentacle, there would be another, brand-new, chopstick-thin tentacle staggering out of the opening of the bag. It was as if the tentacle was waving to greet Jason, as though it was saying hello to him.

But at the moment, Jason could only feel shock in his heart. He did not feel that the newly emerged tentacle merely wanted to say a simple hello to him.

Even though he kept telling himself that he had to stay calm, Jason's body still trembled slightly.

After coming to Sleepless City in such an ineffable way, Jason firmly believed in the existence of the mysterious side. And he had tried to find ways to return home but were all to no avail. He told himself that he was just not in luck, or that he had not found the right direction, and told himself that there was no need to feel discouraged.

But when the true mystery appeared so unexpectedly and suddenly, he found it somewhat difficult to accept for the moment.

But this did not mean that Jason would allow any pauses in his following moves.

Countless simulation drills made it possible for him to close the car door without hesitation.

As for shooting it?

He was not confident that he could hit that fine and slender tentacle.

And to choose that thick one?

He did not think that it was a good idea to interrupt the other party at this time when it was having its meal.

Most importantly, even without shooting, Jason still had an even better and safer solution.

Putting his gun to safety mode, then sticking it in the back of his waist, Jason turned around at top speed and twisted open the cap of the car's fuel tank that was nearby. He pulled out a piece of cloth from the pocket of his shirt that he had prepared long ago and stuck it into the fuel tank.

The moment the lighter lit the cloth, Jason spun around and ran away.

Though it was his first time in reality, Jason was well aware exactly what was going to happen next.

The newborn monster in the car seemed to feel the sense of crisis and started to frantically hit the windows with loud thumps.

It was merely two hits, and then cracks started to appear on the bulletproof glass that Jason had specially retrofitted.

But it was still too late.

Intense flames spurted out from the opening of the fuel tank and instantly engulfed the entire car within them.

This was a deflagration process similar to an explosion. It brought out scorching flames that soared up into the sky, which, in turn, lit up the night sky. Jason ran forward without turning back. And he most certainly did not realize that a dazzling little fireball had parted from the sea of intense flames and was heading straight at him.

That was the big, thick tentacle!

But unlike what Jason had seen previously, this tentacle that emerged from the intense flames was not only scorched black, it was also withered, shrunken, and even worse, it was left with no more than five centimeters of its original length.

However, even being in this state did not, in any way, hinder that organism's instinct of seeking survival and revenge.

Thwack!

Jason completely had no chance of responding before the tentacle with flames stuck itself onto his left forearm. Amidst the searing pain he felt in his flesh, and the burning smell of the flames, Jason was suddenly stabbed in his brachioradialis.

"Ah!"

With an agonized cry, Jason flipped and fell to the ground.

And that charred tentacle that had lost a huge part of its body in those flames was squirming and wriggling about. It was trying to completely penetrate Jason's left arm while sucking and feeding on fresh blood and flesh in big mouthfuls.

Jason finally understood why that man had to cry out so miserably earlier on.

Because every mouthful it took would give rise to such excruciating pain.

Jason lifted his right hand, which was perfectly fine, to grab the exposed part of the tentacle. Then he tried to yank it out.

But it was completely useless!

That charred tentacle seemed to have become one with his left arm.

When he yanked and pulled, the pain was not only intensified, he even felt a sense of weakness hitting his nerves like tidal waves.

Jason clearly knew that if this went on, he would soon die of excessive blood loss.

He did not want to die yet!

Everyone was afraid of death. And Jason was, all the more, no exception.

So, Jason chose the most powerful weapon he had on his body at that moment... his teeth!

He opened his mouth wide, flashed his mouth of strong teeth, and bit hard into the end of that tentacle.

It was out of Jason's expectations to realize that the tentacle that felt so solid and hard to the touch was, on the contrary, extremely soft under his teeth. It felt just like biting into a piece of ham sausage, and the taste was not that bad. The juice had a slight hint of freshness, which was a bit similar to that of roasted sea cucumber.

But...

Jason swore he had never eaten anything that tasted so good!

Whether it was in his hometown where he was warm and fed with nothing to worry about, or in the Sleepless City.

Such a delectable taste was simply unprecedented!

Such an ugly monster... How could it taste so delicious?

With surprise in his heart, Jason instinctively swallowed it.

A warm sensation rose from his stomach and spread rapidly throughout his whole body.

Then, right before his retina, lines of text began to appear:

[Predator's talent... Activated!]

[Devouring the touch of Swagnu!]

[Modest recovery from injury!]

[Satiety +2]

[Predator: Certain

“food” will never appear on the menu of ordinary people. But you are different. Your soul from a different world makes you different as such. For you, there is no

“food” that cannot be consumed—invasive species? Sorry, over here in my place, there are only endangered species to be eaten at different levels! Effect: When you have swallowed some

“abnormal food”, you will feel corresponding satiety according to how much you have eaten. And you can use this satiety to complete some incredible things.]

As the text appeared, the wound on Jason's arm recovered within the timespan of a single breath.

What was the deal with the words before his eyes?

Predator?

Talent from the soul of a different world?!

The accidental unfolding surprised Jason.

But before he could figure out what was going on, the door of Number 19, Tur Street, which was not far away, opened.

That temporary employer, wielding a gun, walked out briskly.

The gun in the other party's hand was aimed directly at him.

And, without hesitation, the other party pulled the trigger with a bang.

The moment the other party pointed the gun at him, Jason immediately pounced aside. But the other party was an extremely skilled marksman. Over a distance of more than 20 meters, and with Jason moving about at high speed, he could still hit Jason.

However, it was not a vital point.

Just his shoulder.

Jason felt his right shoulder go numb for a moment, and then, it was searing pain.

The sound of footsteps rang from behind.

Jason struggled to twist his body. Finally, he had a clear view of that temporary employer with the gun.

Underneath a black hoodie was an ice hockey mask that kept his face completely obscured, revealing only a pair of eyes that were void of any emotional fluctuations. Just like the hand that the other party held the gun with, his eyes were firm and steady, without a trace of trembling.

Once again, this temporary employer aimed the muzzle at Jason's chest and pulled the trigger.

Bang, bang.

Two shots.

Both the left and right side of his chest received a shot each.

Jason fell straight to the ground, as though death was imminent.

Anyone who was put through such a shooting was bound to die.

Whether the heart was on the left, or on the right, which was different from the ordinary people.

Jason thought so.

This temporary employer thought likewise.

So, this temporary employer grabbed hold of Jason's pants, and turned around with peace of mind, ready to pull Jason back into Number 19.

But Jason, who was being dragged and about to breathe his last, opened his eyes wide to stare at the words that reappeared before his retina.

[Encountered a fatal attack...]

[Consume satiety for treatment...]

[Insufficient amount of satiety!]

[Verified that thorough treatment could not be completed!]

[Choice of the maximum degree of treatment!]

[In the course of treatment...]

[Recovery from severe injury!]

After a series of words, Jason, who was so close to death that he had caught a whiff of its breath, felt like he was alive again.

The pain was still there!

But death was long gone!

He looked at the back of the figure that was dragging him without any struggle. He maintained the same posture as before and allowed the other party to drag him. Then, slowly, he pulled the pistol that he had tucked into the back of his waist earlier on. As carefully as possible, he did not make a single sound.

Then, switching off the safety mode of the gun, he took aim at the other party and pulled the trigger.