

THE DEMON'S MENU

Chapter 4: When I Put On the Mask

The bullet hit that temporary employer right in the middle of his back.

But the other party, who was just shot, merely staggered forward a little. He did not fall to the ground. Instead, he made use of the momentum to turn around.

Jason, who witnessed the whole scene, was deeply shocked. Yet, he did not hesitate to continue pulling the trigger.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The sound of gunfire went on repeatedly, with Jason pouring out all the bullets from the MF92 pistol in his hand over his opponent's body.

Shooting was not difficult for Jason.

In his daily learning and practice, firearms were a category of items that he was frequently exposed to. And at the moment, the MF92 pistol that he held was one of the firearms that he was most familiar with.

In addition, this was shooting at close range.

Therefore, not a single bullet was off-target.

It could even be said that every bullet had hit a vital part of his opponent's torso.

But this was all. That temporary employer was still incredibly tenacious. He only fell to the ground after three solid shots were fired at him, and he did not die.

His heaving chest was evidence of this.

Huff! Huff!

It sounded somewhat like someone exhaling, but it also sounded like someone howling. The sound came from behind that ice-hockey mask. The

other party was struggling to raise the hand holding the gun, as he wanted to take aim at Jason again.

Bang! Bang!

Before his opponent had the chance to, Jason pulled the trigger again.

This time, the other party was completely soundless.

Jason did not dare to be careless.

Everything that just happened was simply way beyond what he could ever have expected.

That tentacle that was named the

“Tentacle of Swagnu”...

The temporary employer before him now, whose vitality was so strong that it exceeded what anyone could ever imagined...

And also...

He himself.

In spite of himself, Jason thought of the previous flash of

“[Predator]’s” talent.

And just as the thought of this talent came to mind, those words that were explanations related to what the [Predator’s] talent was about, appeared again, right before his retina.

[Predator: ...]

[Satiety: 0]

"The uniqueness of a soul..."

Looking at the words on the label, Jason whispered to himself.

Jason was well aware of his origin, and this was a secret he had to keep buried in the bottom of his heart.

Then, very naturally, Jason's eye looked toward the related [Satiety]. He could never forget how he barely managed to escape death just a while ago. He had totally relied on the so-called [Satiety] to tide through and survive the crisis.

And at the moment, the number

"0" was exceptionally conspicuous.

For someone who was extremely lacking in the sense of security, this was not a good thing.

It was almost subconsciously that Jason looked towards the door of Number 19 on Tur Street.

Would there be any other similar monsters in there?

Jason speculated.

The next moment, he shook his head.

If there were still other similar monsters in there, that temporary employer of his would not have personally come out to attack him.

Would it not be better to give commands and direct those monsters?

Or maybe, directing those monsters required even more preparation and conditions?

As he pondered, Jason took a deep breath. Enduring the pain in his chest, he struggled to get to his feet.

The greatest degree of treatment via the consumption of [Satiety] did not allow him to make a complete recovery. But his injury no longer posed as a hindrance to his movements. Jason cast his sight at the corpse of the temporary employer.

Or, to be precise, the gun in the other party's hand.

As the 26th District was fraught with danger, Jason certainly did not mind having an extra pistol as a precautionary measure.

Especially when the other party was also using the MF92 pistol.

Unquestionably, Jason was not the only one who would fancy such a stable, reliable, and high-precision pistol like the MF92. Everyone else would like a pistol such as the MF92 as well.

But this was good news for Jason. At least, there was no need for him to spend more time familiarizing himself with the firearm in his hands.

He picked up the MF92 pistol that was in the hands of the corpse, and then, after putting the gun on safety mode, he stuck it into the back of his waist.

Jason gazed in the direction of the other party's ice hockey mask. For the purpose of a thorough investigation, he removed the mask.

It was a very ordinary face of a middle-aged man.

Jason frowned

He was certain that he had never seen the other party before.

There was no feud between them, either.

And this was not good news at all.

Jason was not a fool. He thought of the other party, who opened fire to attack him without hesitation upon appearing, and also, the attacker who suddenly appeared in his car and eventually became food for the

"Tentacle of Swagnu". Jason knew he was in big trouble.

He had tried his best to avoid trouble.

But some troubles were really unavoidable.

Jason did not know what that VIP wanted to do.

But he knew that, since that VIP had laid the setup and cast the bait, there was no reason he would return empty-handed.

In fact, the other party completed the task very successfully. The unlucky guy who followed him in coming here, but who was eventually sucked up by the “Tentacle of Swagnu, was evidence.

The only failure was...

Him!

He was meant to be the

“abandoned son” who would disappear from the world incidentally. But not only did he survive, he even killed the man that was sent by that VIP, and ruined a part of the VIP’s layout.

Assuming the VIP learned about everything, what would happen?

The answer was self-evident.

Other than death, there would be no other choice.

Seeking help from the Old Man?

Jason was a hundred percent sure that the moment he showed up, the Old Man would tie him up and hand him over to that VIP. And if he could, the Old Man definitely did not mind tying the rope into the shape of a butterfly bow.

As for going elsewhere?

It was even more impossible.

This was because the means of transport that could leave Sleepless City only existed within the 1st to 15th Districts.

And the legendary law enforcers only existed in the 1st to 15th Districts.

Starting from the 16th District, security took a sudden turn and nosedived.

And from the 26th District on, the streets became just like battlefields. Death was omnipresent.

Jason did not know what life was like for the residents of the 1st to 15th District.

Because he lived in the 16th District.

Before the residents of the 16th District were granted amnesty, there was no way they could possibly enter the preceding districts. Anyone who randomly entered as they pleased would be shot dead.

To wish for special amnesty?

Very simple.

Pay a million Kimptons!

For Jason, whose entire fortune was not even worth three Kimptons, this was an astronomical amount, beyond his wildest imagination.

Even the Old Man might find it a challenge trying to raise such an amount.

And in the 16th District, the Old Man was already counted as one of the more affluent figures.

As an outstanding postman working under the Old Man, Jason was very understanding of how influential the Old Man was. He also understood how scary an existence that could make the Old Man become so servile, of whom was treated as a VIP by the Old Man himself, would be.

Given the other party's ability to seal off all 26 districts, it might not even be a problem.

So long as the other person set his mind to doing so, he would definitely be able to accomplish it.

And to ensure that one's plan would succeed, the other party would definitely do so. And he would definitely be doing the best he could!

What should Jason do?

Jason was gazing fixedly while deep in thought when his eyes swept across the ice-hockey mask that he was holding on to. Suddenly, an audacious thought struck him.

Pose as the temporary employer!

So long as

“he” was dead, and the temporary employer was alive, it would be enough, for the time being, to convince the VIP that the plan was successful.

Of course, Jason knew that this would bring about many variables.

Perhaps it was not difficult to impersonate someone who was wearing an ice hockey mask.

But there was always interaction and communication where people were concerned.

The relationship between the other party and the VIP, as well as the other party’s usual demeanor, were all aspects that he needed to consider.

Also, he prayed that the unlucky guy was not the VIP’s sole target, but merely the appetizer in the VIP’s plan.

Because that was the only way he could prolong his stay here in the guise of the temporary employer.

And all of the above was just the difficulties he could think of at the moment.

More of them?

Those would come naturally.

But he could only take things a step at a time.

Jason's take on the matter was as such.

Then, he exhaled heavily.

After such a heavy sigh was heard, Jason put the ice-hockey mask on his face.

After some slight adjustment, his vision and breathing rapidly adapted to the ice-hockey mask.

The cold, solid mask that was now attached to his face brought Jason an inexplicable peace of mind. The nervous and perturbed emotions that he felt earlier quickly disappeared.

Then, he acted according to the plan that he just devised a while ago and began to check the place to confirm that nothing too eye-catching was left behind. Then, he dragged the corpse of his temporary employer toward the car that was still burning.

Since he had already decided to pose as his temporary employer, then it was a given that there had to be an additional

“corpse of Jason” to be found in the car.

Throwing the body into the raging flames and watching how that corpse was engulfed by the flames, Jason looked around.

The earlier explosion of the car, that was followed by sounds of miserable cries and firing guns, had allowed the few fellows who had been peeping over to know that they should choose to retreat. This was another piece of good

news for Jason, for he need not spend more effort to tie up any final loose ends.

Then, he turned and walked toward the door of Number 19 on Tur Street.

The door was not fully shut, leaving a gap.

However, when one was standing outside the door, there was no way to see anything in the room through this gap.

All that could be seen was darkness.

Involuntarily, the image of the Tentacle of Swagnu appeared in Jason's mind.

Though he guessed that there would not possibly be another such monster appearing here, it did not mean that Jason would directly use his hand to push the door open.

He yanked off a branch, that was definitely at least a meter long, from the bushes by the roadside. With his gun in his right hand and the branch in his left, he gently tapped on the door. Then, he exerted some pressure.

The door opened with a creak.