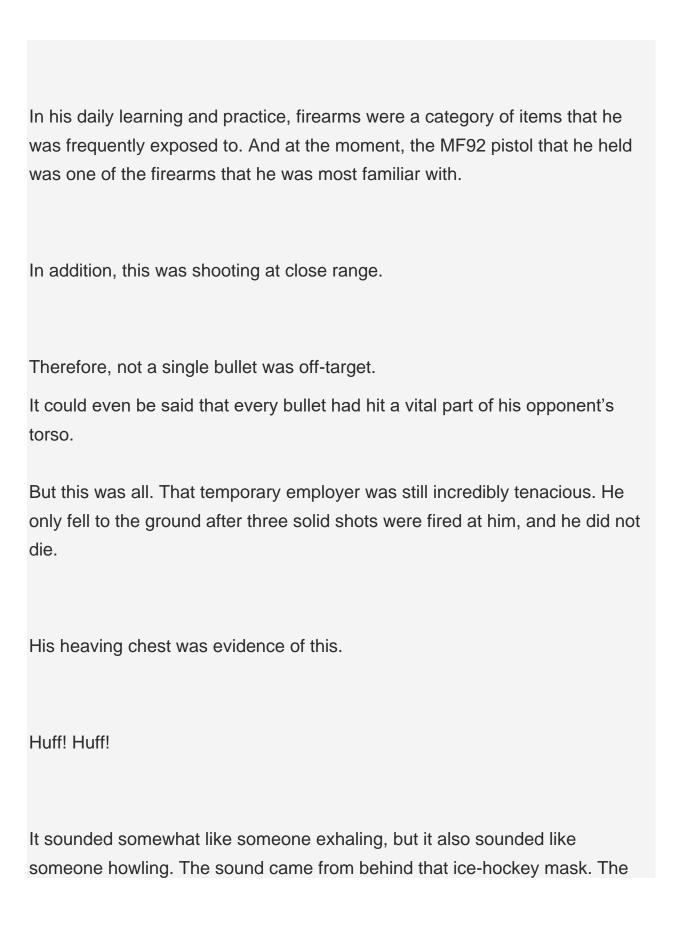
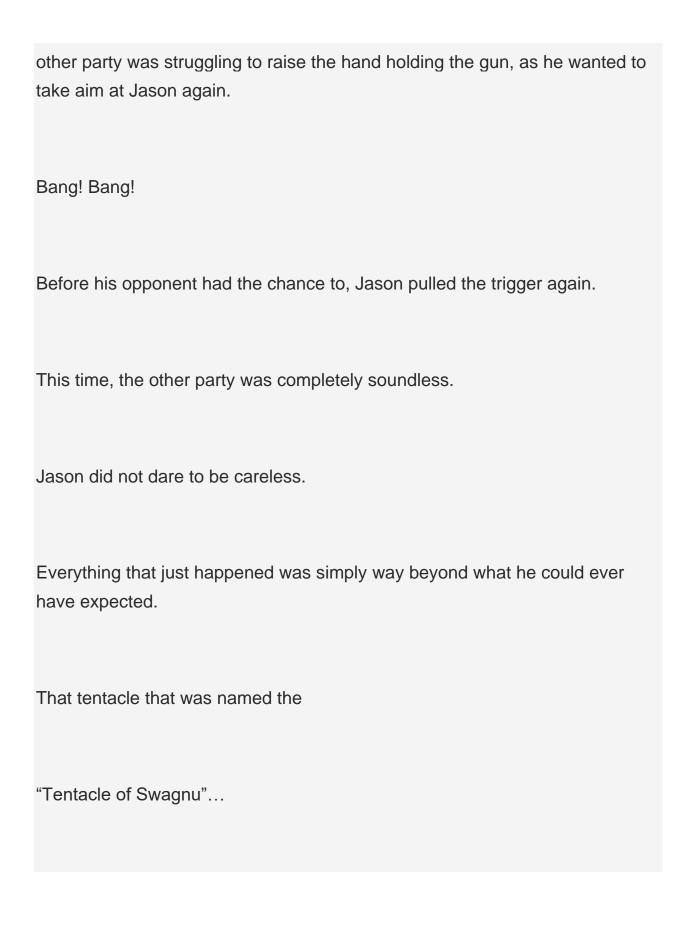
THE DEMON'S MENU

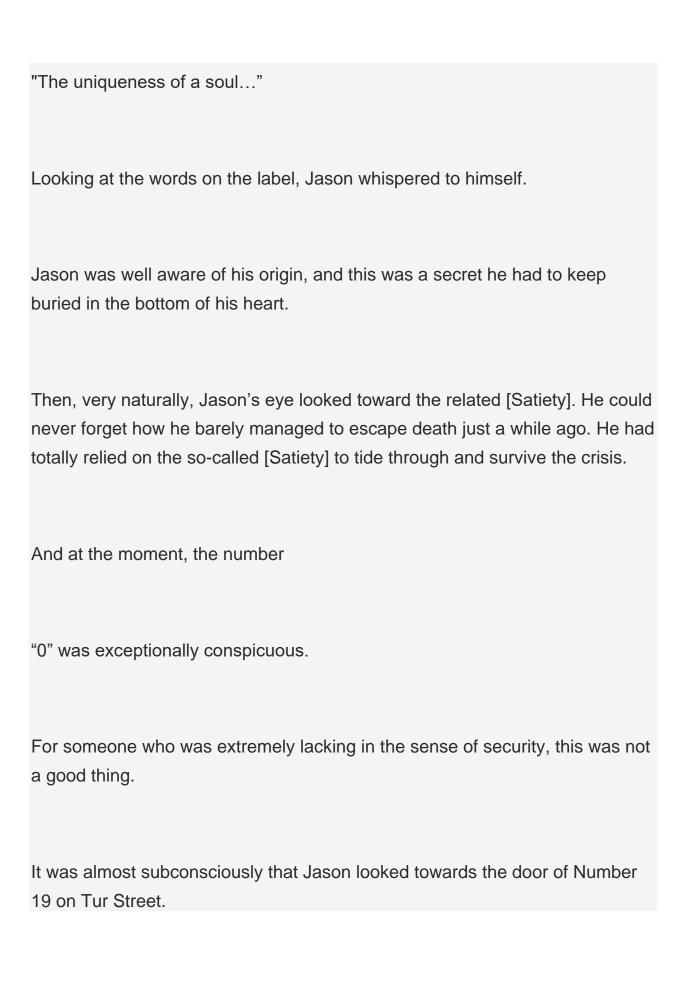
Chapter 4: When I Put On the Mask

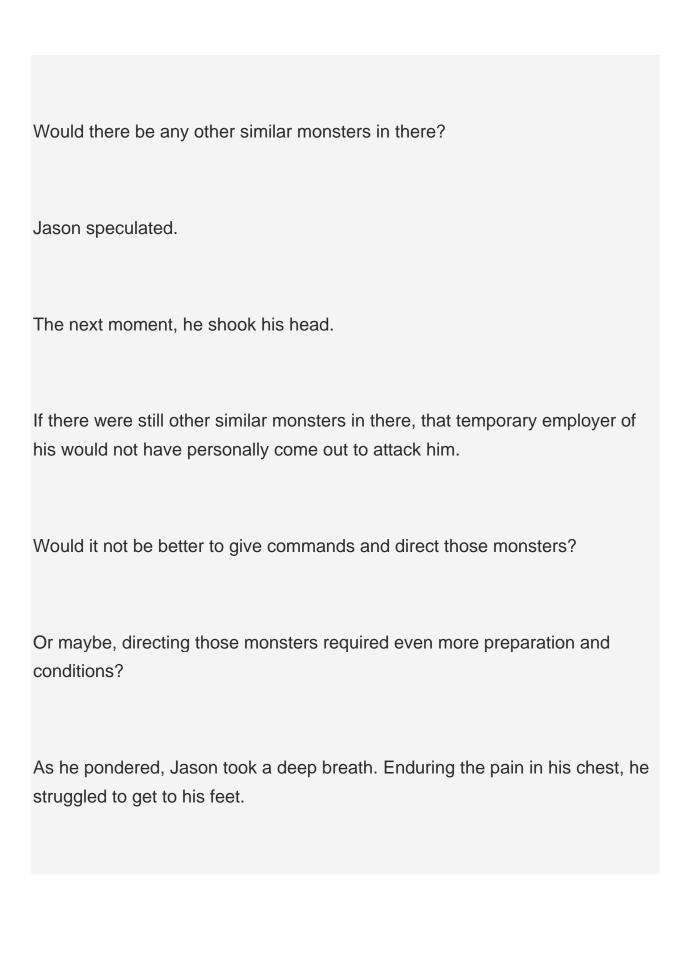
The bullet hit that temporary employer right in the middle of his back. But the other party, who was just shot, merely staggered forward a little. He did not fall to the ground. Instead, he made use of the momentum to turn around. Jason, who witnessed the whole scene, was deeply shocked. Yet, he did 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.





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 mine, those words that were explanations related to what the [Predator's] talent was about, appeared again, right before his retina.
[Predator:]
[Satiety: 0]





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.

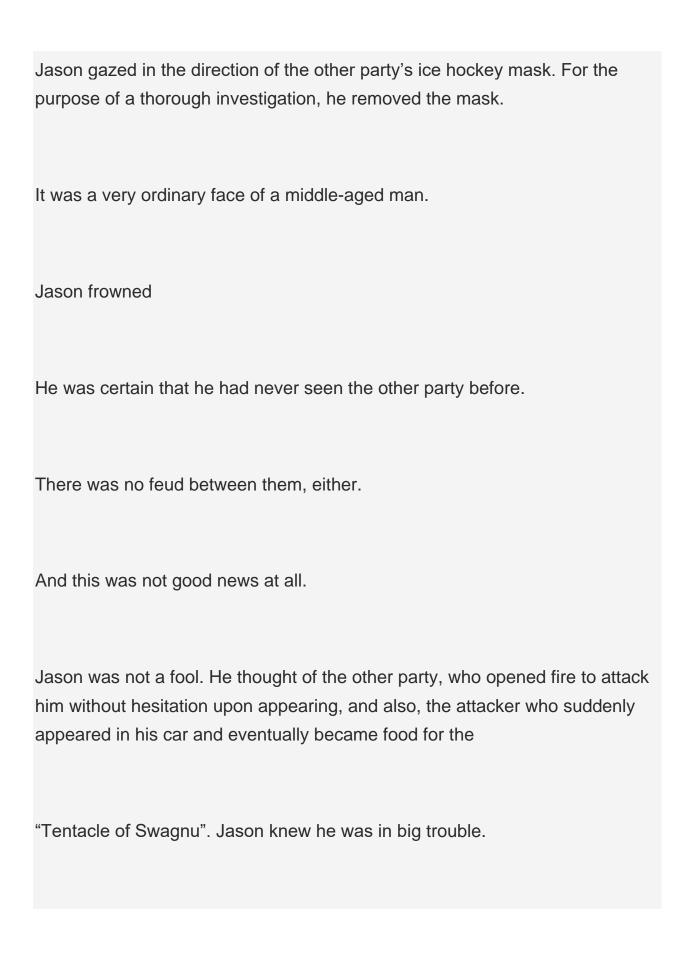
As the 26th District was fraught with danger, Jason certainly did not mind having an extra pistol as a precautionary measure.

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

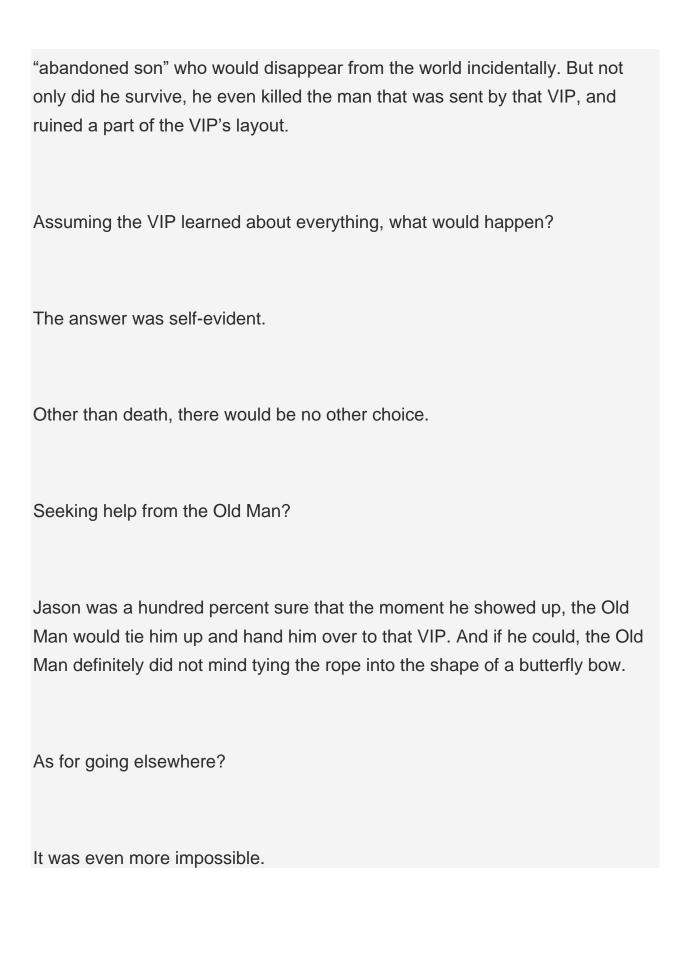
Unquestionably, Jason was not the only one who would fancy such a stable, reliable, and high-precision pistol like the MF92. Everyone else would like a pistol such as the MF92 as well.

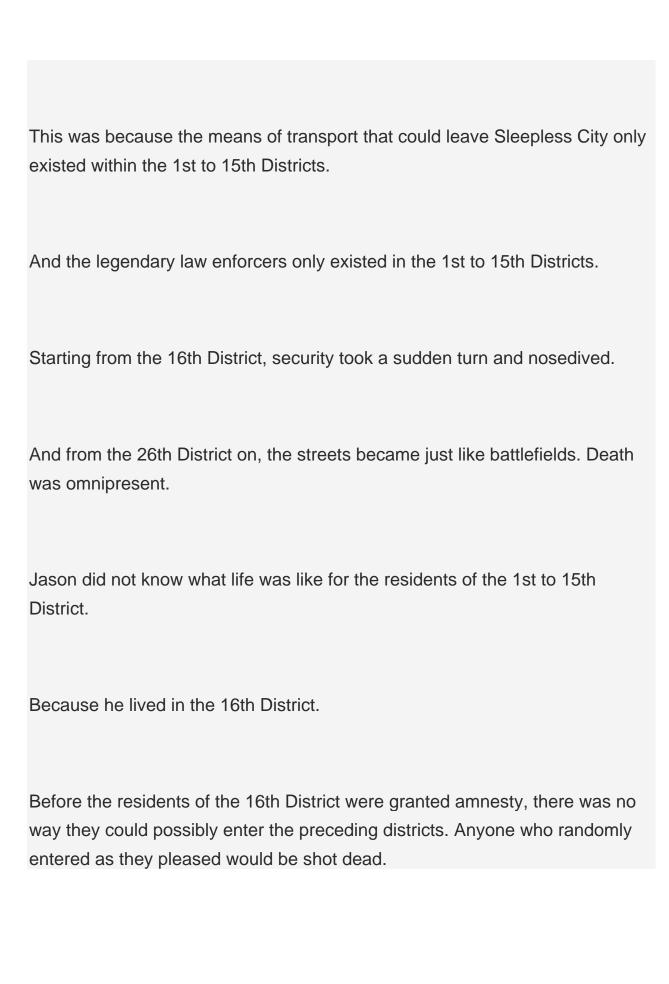
But this was good news for Jason. At least, there was no need for him to spend more time familiarizing himself with the firearm in his hands.

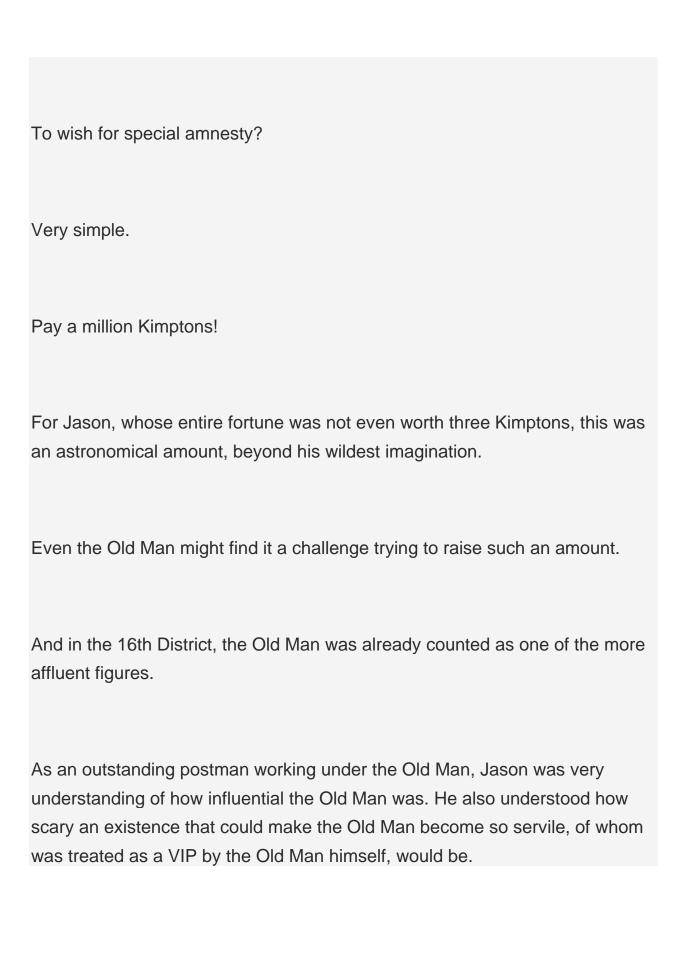
He picked up the MF92 pistol that was in the hands of the corpse, and then, after putting the gun on safety mode, he stuck it into the back of his waist.



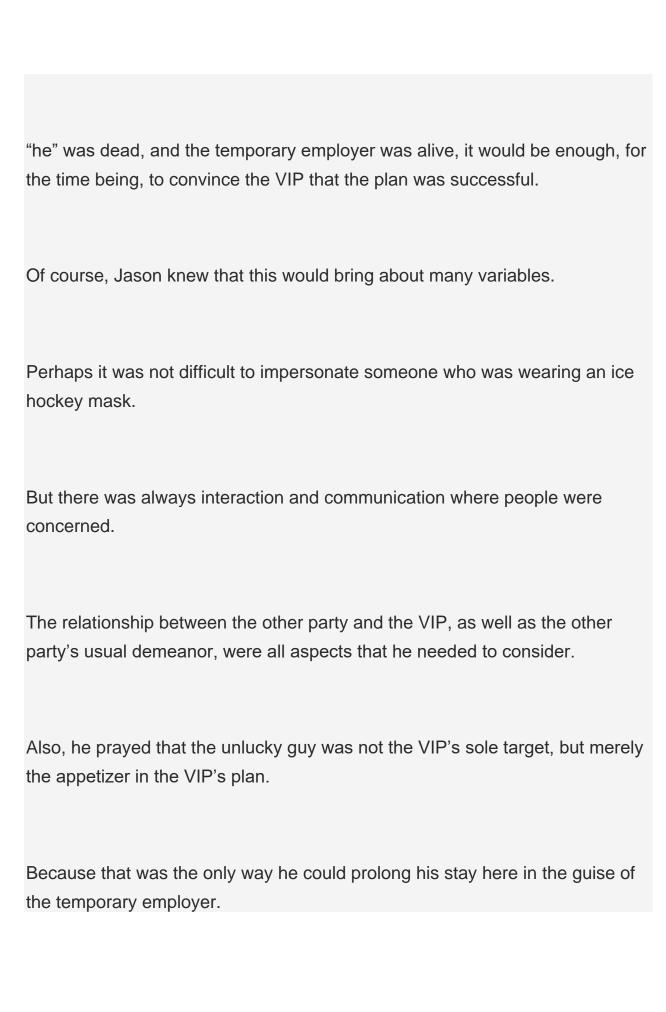
He had tried his best to avoid trouble.
But some troubles were really unavoidable.
Jason did not know what that VIP wanted to do.
But he knew that, since that VIP had laid the setup and cast the bait, there was no reason he would return empty-handed.
In fact, the other party completed the task very successfully. 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







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





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.

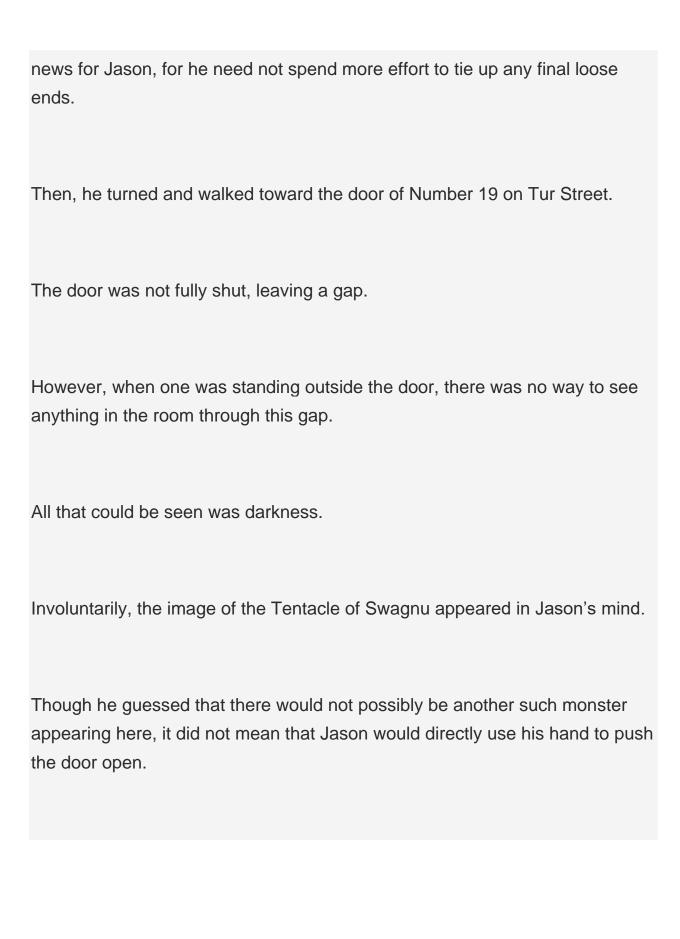
Then, he acted according to the plan that he just devised a while ago and began to check the place to confirm that nothing too eye-catching was left behind. Then, he dragged the corpse of his temporary employer toward the car that was still burning.

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



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.