## THE DEMON'S MENU

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The notebook in his hands could not be opened!

From the outside, it was clear that the notebook in his hands comprised pages within it. All he needed to do was lift his hands to flip the pages, then he would be able to read the book.

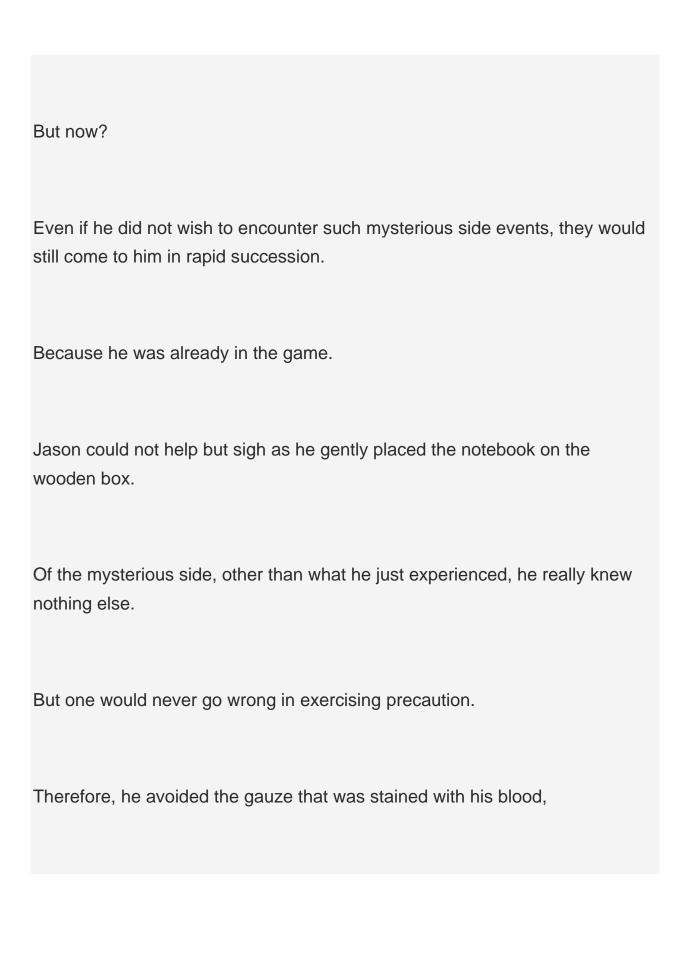
But instead, Jason, who was holding onto this notebook, felt as though he was holding onto a handicraft that was carved from wood, where those pages were like the works of the virtuosity of a skilled craftsman. And when one was going to actually open up the book, one would immediately meet with merciless mockery.

Jason was not someone who would give up easily.

Huff!

After another deep breath, Jason exerted strength with his hands again. This time, he did not flip through the pages casually. Instead, he was really exerting real effort. Instantly, on Jason's arms, clear, defined angular lines were seen protruding out of the muscles. But the notebook remained unmoving. After a few seconds, Jason, who was continuing to exert force, began to feel his arm muscles trembling. More importantly, the vague pangs of pain in his chest were telling him that if he did not wish for his injuries to worsen, it was best he stopped. Thinking of the terrible situation he was in, Jason stopped immediately, but cast a suspicious and uncertain look at the notebook in his hand. "Is this machine-operated?" "Or..."





According to what he knew, back in his hometown, there were legends of the mysterious side that showed how people were able to control the lives and deaths of others by obtaining a little of their blood. Or there were even examples where fresh blood was not required. Just knowing the name of the intended party would suffice.
This made Jason, who had just encountered these mysterious side events, shudder in fright.
Immediately——
"Jason!"
"My name is Jason!"
Jason used this method to warn himself that he already had an unprecedented sense of identity for this name. Then, at the same time, he secretly hid the name,
"Chen Jie" in the deepest part of his heart.

For an average person, he might seem to be making a mountain out of a molehill.

But in such an unfamiliar environment, all of this was actually very normal to Jason, who was almost persecuted into a state of paranoia.

So common, because it was something that he had grown so accustomed to.

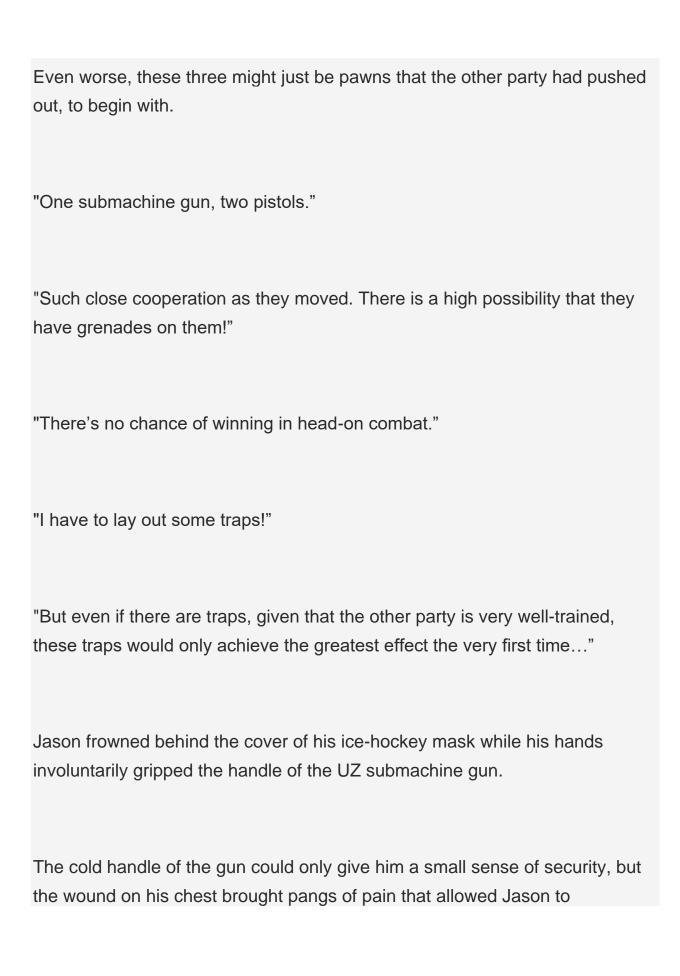
The Sleepless City had made him so accustomed to always having to encounter danger.

He once witnessed someone turning into the corner of a street to end up being badly mauled all over. He had also seen someone who just bought some bread from a shop suddenly foaming at the mouth and falling to the ground in convulsions. And this happened when that person was eating the bread he had just bought while walking along the street.

These were all day-to-day events that were normal to Sleepless City.

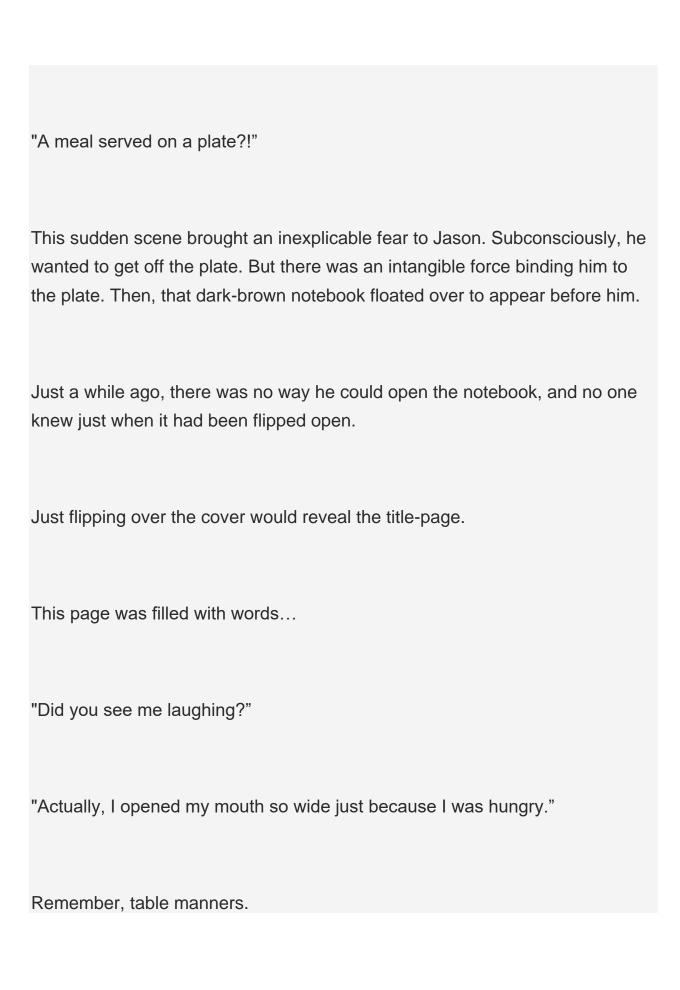


But under one particular premise, the former would completely transform into the latter.
That was
To fish in troubled waters!
What could be more suitable than Tur Street at this very moment to fish in troubled waters?
Gunshots, fire, corpses.
All of these made the aborigines of this city swarm in, like vultures hunting for food.
Jason could be sure that this was only the first batch, and that there were more people observing in the dark, including the real target that the VIP was really waiting for, who was also very likely to be among them.



understand that the situation at hand was far worse than he had imagined. Just a little carelessness would mean death.  Under the threat of death, Jason's eyes were glued to the monitor, as he thought about how he should deal with his enemy.  He did not see that the notebook on the wooden box was moving, soundlessly.  Slowly, it had moved over to where the blood-stained gauze was.  The blood was rapidly sucked in and absorbed by the notebook.  At this moment, as though he felt something in his heart, Jason suddenly turned around.  When he saw the notebook that was covered by the gauze, he immediately got up and rushed over to it, wanting to flip it open. But, just as his fingers touched the notebook, he suddenly blacked out.	
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As though the back of his head had been dealt with a heavy blow, Jason staggered back a step or two. He clenched his teeth as he struggled to brace himself and not fall to the ground. But, the dizziness was simply unstoppable and instantly drowned Jason within.
The next moment, Jason fell backward, but he did not fall to the ground.
He fell into a metal vessel!
And when he braced himself once again and got to his feet, he realized that the metal vessel beneath his feet was
A plate!
A silver plate!
And on either side of the plate, there was a fork and a knife, both made out from the same silver metal as the plate.
"I'm being placed on a plate?"

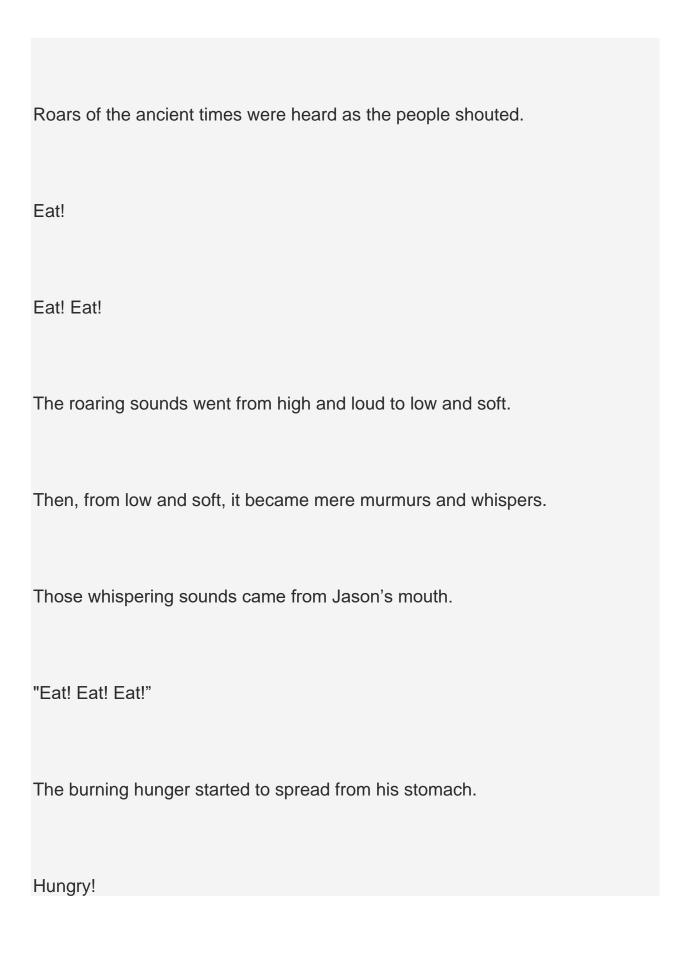


These were not wordings that Jason was familiar with. But he could understand what they meant.
The next thing that happened was the notebook, that was flipped open, flying up above Jason's head, somewhere which was out of Jason's line of vision.
After losing the shelter from the notebook, a high-backed chair appeared within Jason's field of vision.
t did not have any additional carving. But, with it just being there, one could eel a sense of primitive simplicity.
At the same time, a figure that was composed completely out of the darkness began to appear on the high-backed chair.
The sound of swallowing saliva echoed in Jason's ears.
That dark shadow reached out both hands to take the knife and fork.

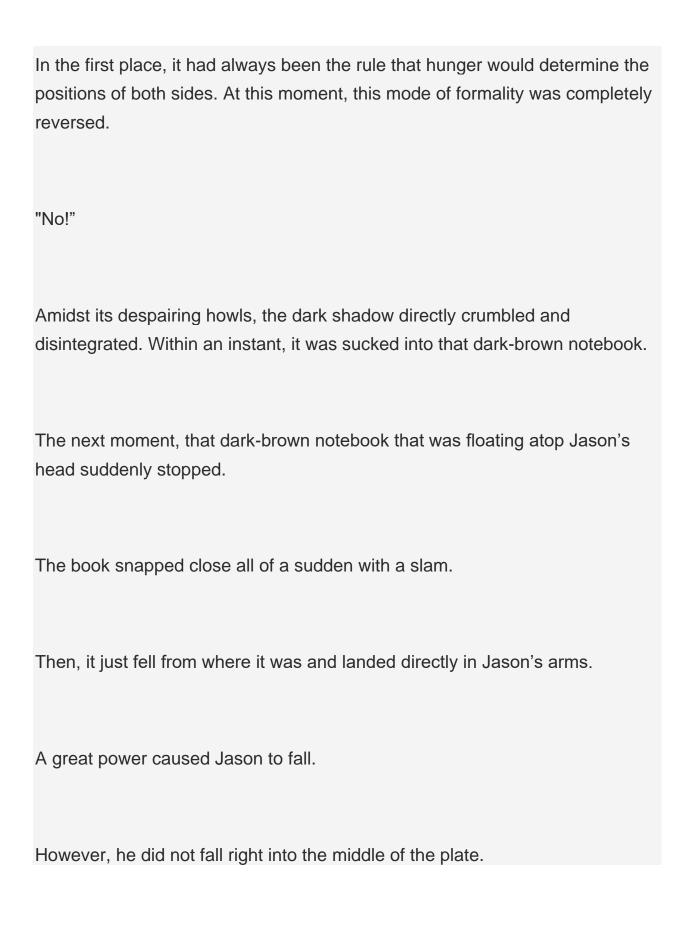
"I am really going to become food!"
The truth of the situation before him made Jason struggle violently. Though he was still unable to move at all, his subconsciousness was not bound. His soul was shouting out.
"I don't want to die!"
"Live!"
"I want to live!"
"I don't want to be treated as food!"
That incessant, high-pitched voice resounded within that special soul.
Buzz!

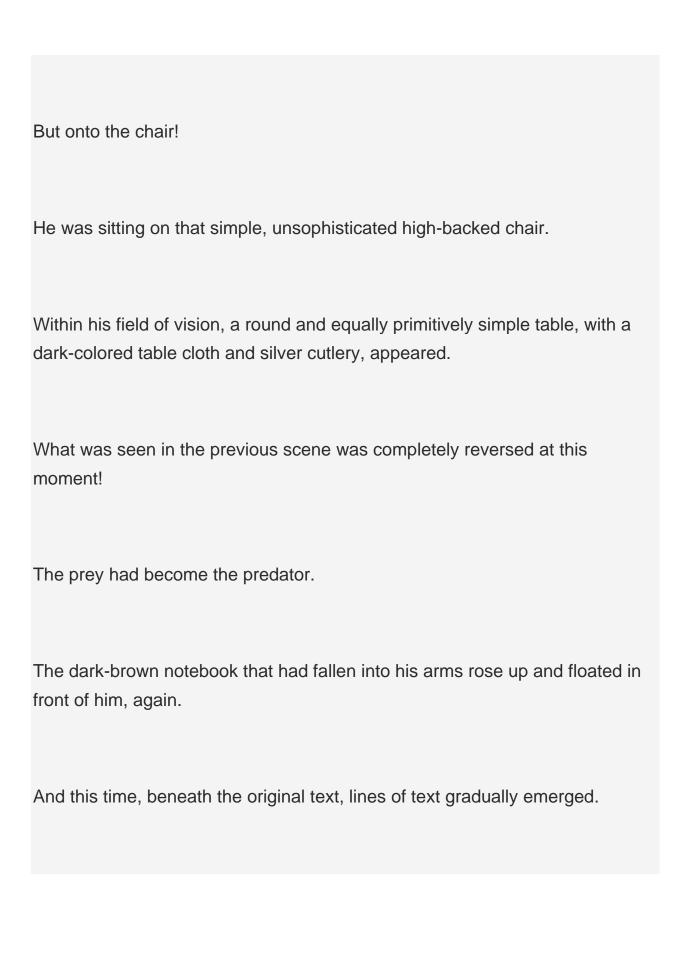
Buzz! Buzz!
Time and again, the resounding echoes caused buzzing sounds to appear within Jason's mind.
It was the deepest resonance that was imprinted within the soul!
The talent named
"Predator" appeared on Jason's retina. It beat violently, glowing and flashing like brilliant starlight.
Under the starlight, images started to appear. They connected and merged as one, as if the entire Milky Way was rising up into the sky!
That was

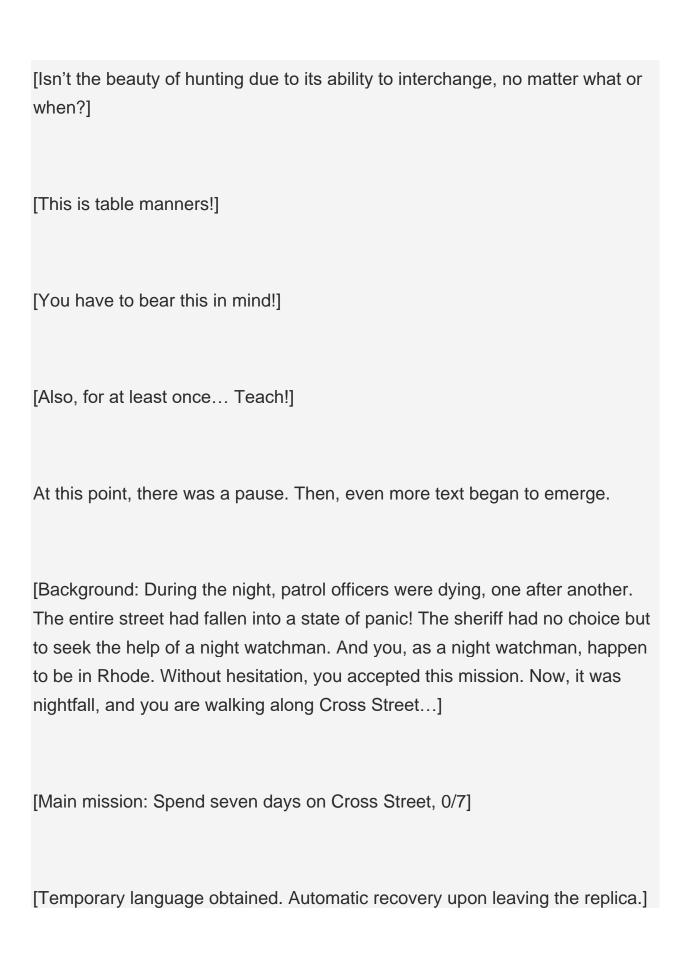
Large crowds of people were gathering. Donned in animal skin, they were shouting and chasing a monster that was extremely big. It was really no exaggeration to compare its size to that of the distance between Heaven and Earth.
Everyone was smaller than the toes of this monster.
But no one flinched.
They wanted to live!
For the sake of survival!
They had to
Eat!
Blazing flames appeared when the rocks collided. That tall and burly leader
raised ignited kindling that illuminated the darkness. The flames collided with the monster, and an unprecedented fragrance pervaded the battlefield.
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So hungry!
"I want to eat!"
"I want to eat!"
Gurgle!
Gurgle!
Gurgle!
The growls of his stomach covered the sounds of the dark shadow swallowing its saliva. Once, twice, and then thrice. When the growls of this hunger converged into one, the resulting sound was just like thunder. The dark shadow, which was just about to hold up the fork and knife, suddenly stopped.







[Temporary change of clothing, appearance, and equipment. Automatic recovery upon leaving the replica.]

[Inspection of firearms, inconsistency in the age of grenades, power reduced by 50%, firing interval of MF91 and UZ is +0.5 seconds, reloading speed is +2 seconds]

(Hint: This is your "etiquette lesson".)