THE DEMON'S MENU

Chapter 7: The Professional Approach

Jason's eyes barely finished skimming through the text in the notebook, when the notebook simply shut itself with a
"pop" sound.
Following this
"pop", everything that was in front of him disappeared.
The tables, tablecloths, cutleries, chairs Everything was gone.
Even the notebook itself also disappeared.
In place, there was a street.

And the clothes that Jason was wearing were transformed as well. He found himself wearing a pair of black trousers, a white shirt, a black jacket, and a long, black trench coat. There was also a grey hunting cap on his head.

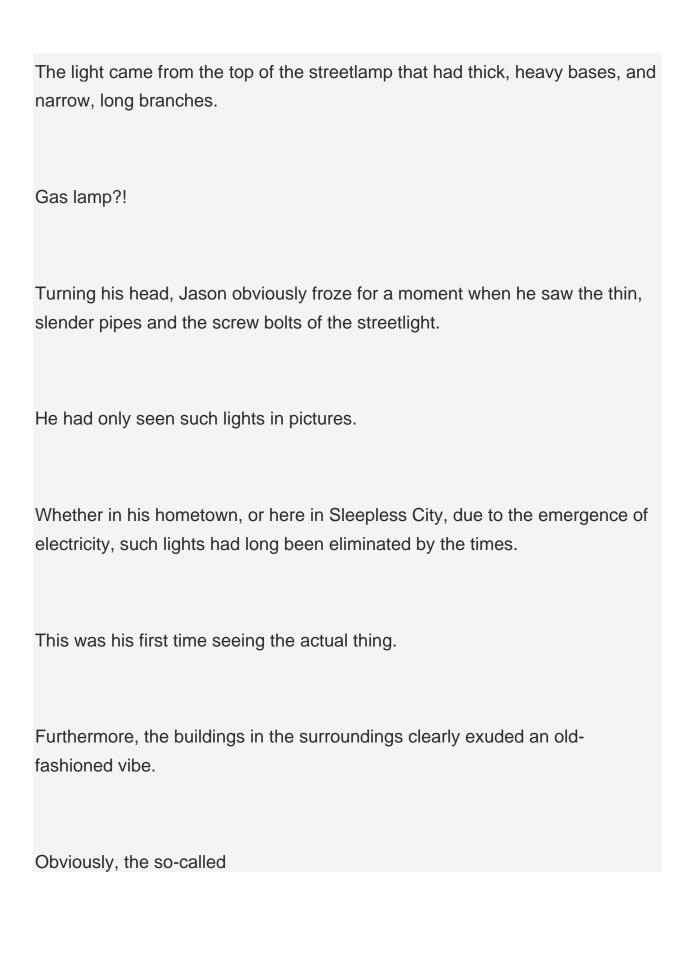
The ice-hockey mask was gone.

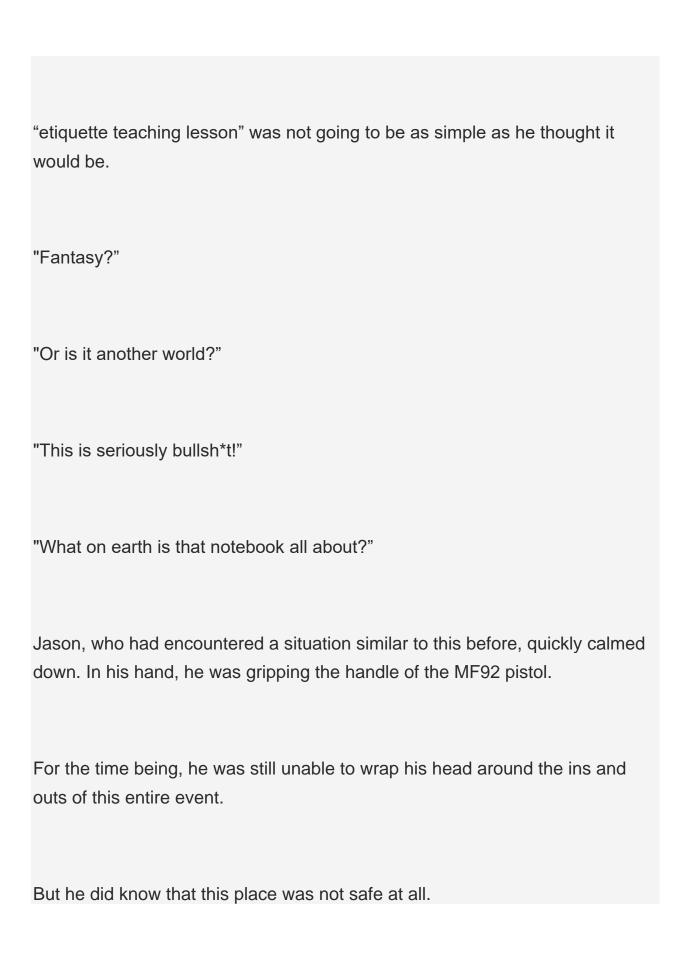
He was still feeling vague pangs of pain from his wound.

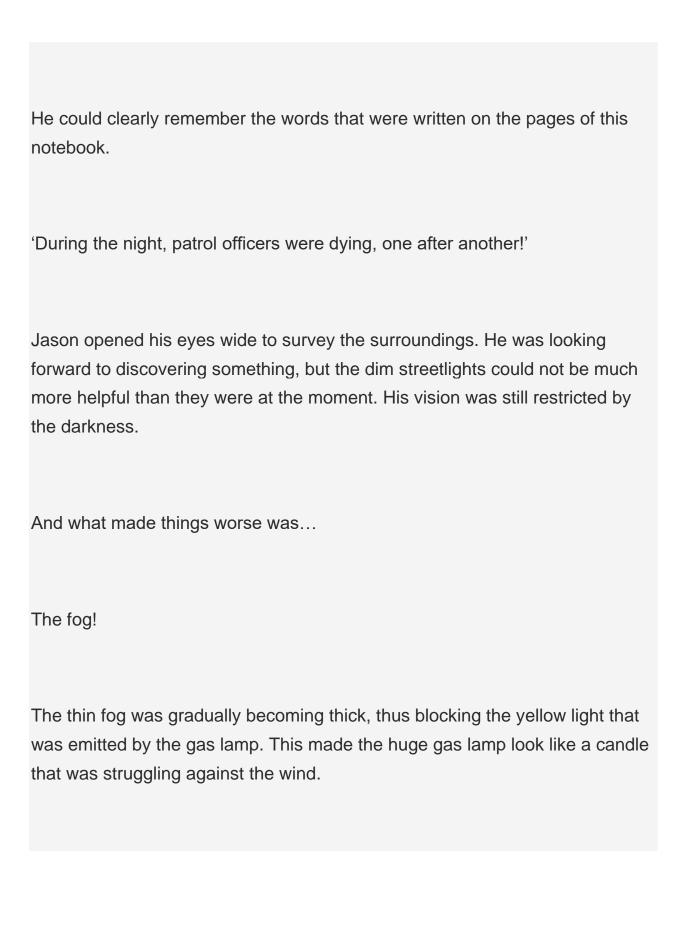
But the firearms, bullets, and grenades were still around.

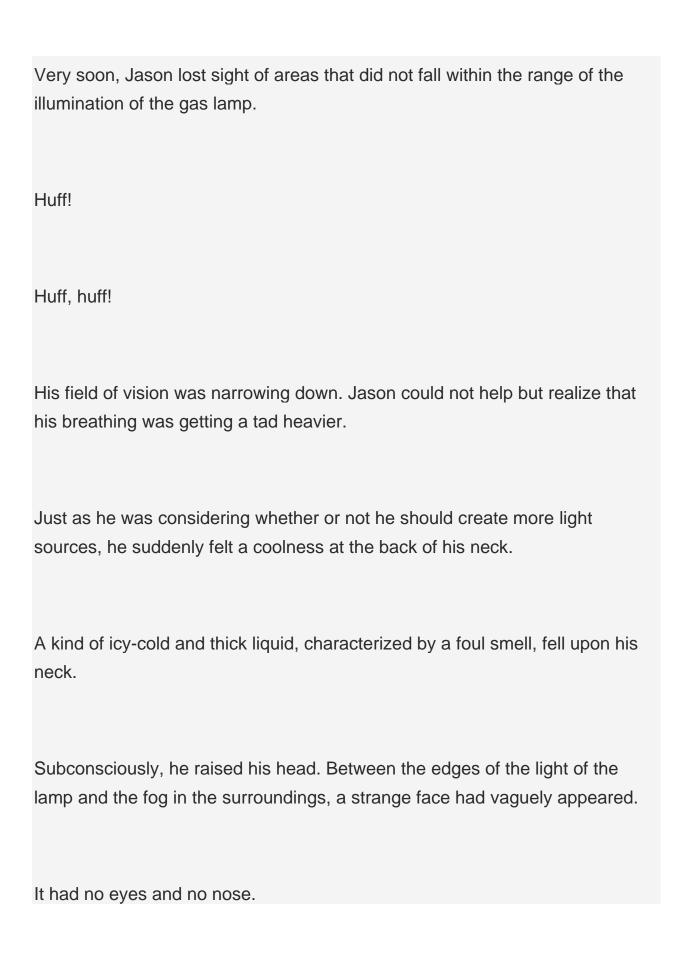
For this, Jason could sigh with relief. He started to look around to survey his surroundings.

The wind was blowing gently and brought with it the pungent smell that was unique to smoke from burning gas. The street was not wide, but both sides of it were filled with buildings that varied between two to three floors high. This was why the entire street appeared more crowded, and the buildings were all lower as well. The ground was a patchwork of long bricks put together, and it had long been impossible to differentiate the colors of these bricks. The gaps between the bricks were filled with muddy water, which, in turn, was reflecting the mottled, dim light shining on the streets.









Only a mouth!
It was a mouth that maintained a particular kind of exaggerated smile where
the edges of this mouth would stretch all the way to its ears to reveal all the fangs within it!
And that foul-smelling liquid was none other than the saliva that was flowing out of this mouth.
The next moment, this drooling monster leaped and pounced upon Jason. It opened its mouth wide in its bid to bite Jason.
Bang!
Without hesitation, Jason lifted his arm to fire a shot.
Given that this was close-range shooting, Jason accurately landed a fatal shot in the mouth of this monster.

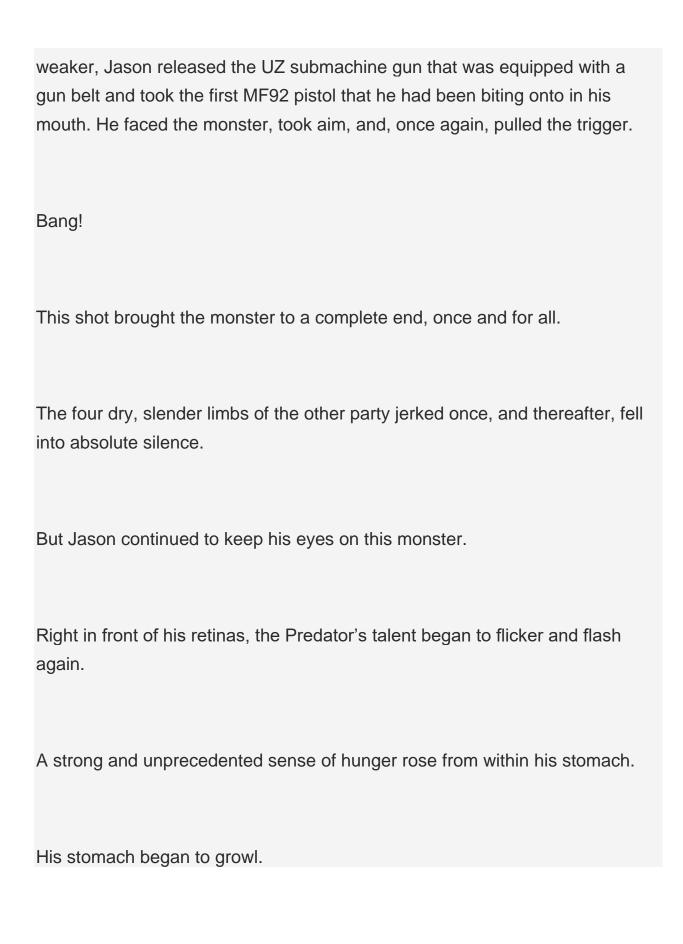
The impact of the bullet sent this monster flying upwards, instead of its intended direction, which was to charge down toward Jason. And up to this point in time, Jason could finally take a clear look at the entire appearance of this monster. The other party had a strange face, and its body was merely the size of a rabbit. Its four limbs were dry and slender, and it had claws that were extremely sharp, like those of an eagle. Everything about it seemed extremely incongruous, and strange.

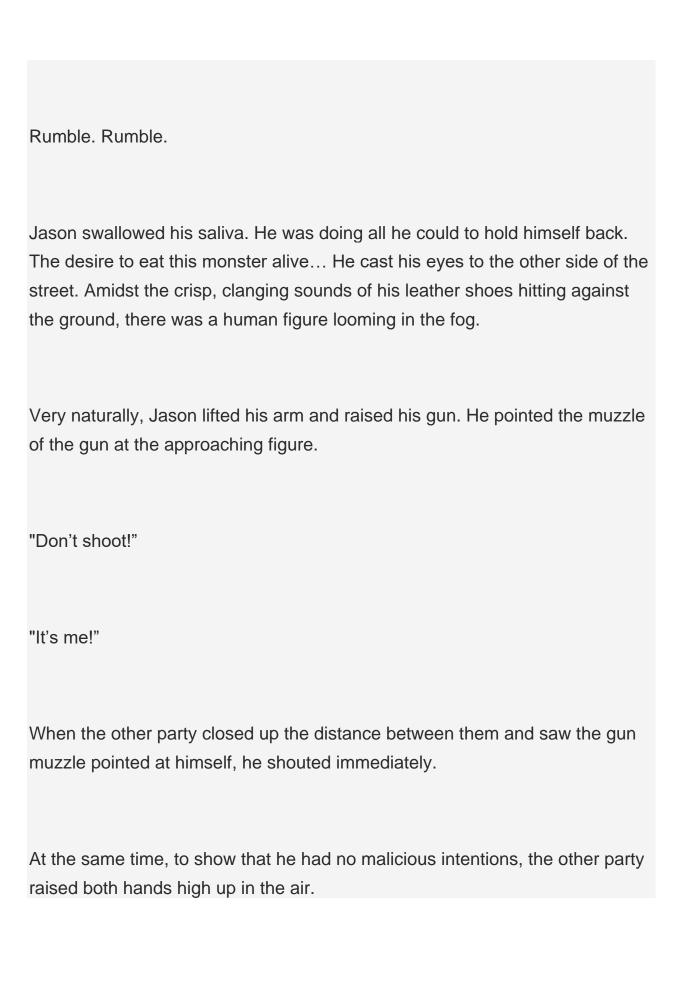
But the other party's vitality was, on the contrary, extremely strong. Even if the bullet hit its mouth with great accuracy, the very next moment, it would still turn over and get back on its feet. And this was in spite of the fact that whatever awaited it was nothing more than a second shot, and a third shot.

Though the firing range was extended by an additional 0.5 seconds, Jason still carried three guns with him wherever he went.

Bullets shot from another MF92 pistol and his UZ submachine gun, respectively, hit the monster and pinned it to the ground in a vicious manner.

Even though there was a mismatch in the era that caused the gun power of Jason's firearms to drop by 50%, the three shots that were fired successively at this monster still seriously injured it. Seeing how the monster was becoming





Though the other party was well within the area that was lit by the streetlight, there was wind in the surroundings. And so, the uplifted collar of his trench coat kept his face obscured, while the black trench coat itself was bulging because of its wearer's burly build. He was not a tall man, but looking at him from where he stood, he did carry an air of toughness—especially at the moment where he raised his head slightly to reveal the scar on his face.

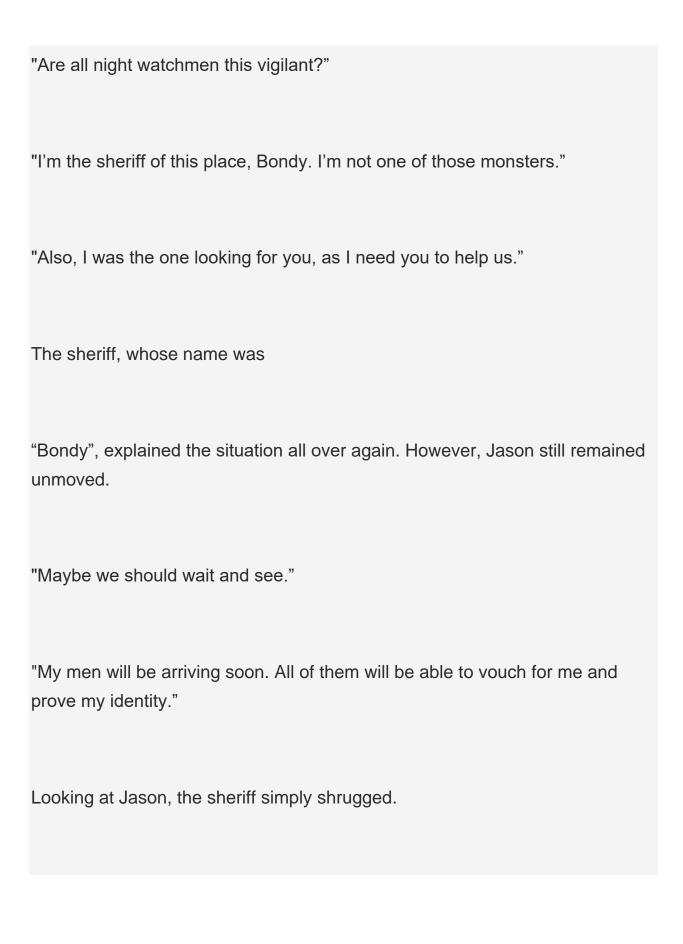
But at this point in time, the other party was wearing a smile on his face.

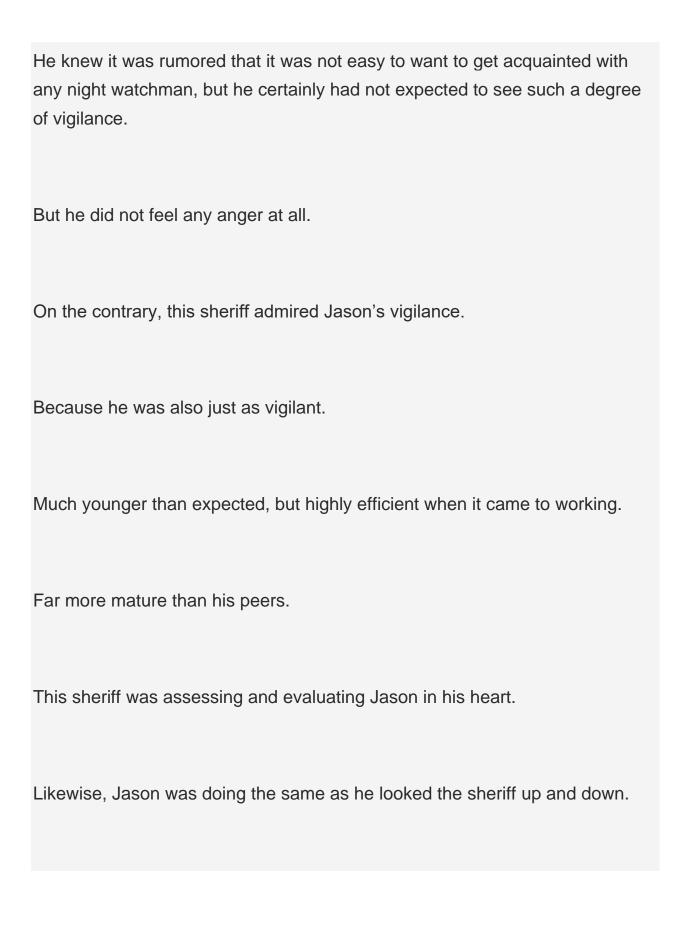
"You've done pretty well."

"Truly deserving of the title of a night watchman."

Looking at the corpse of the monster, this was what the other party said. It seemed as though he could breathe a sigh of relief.

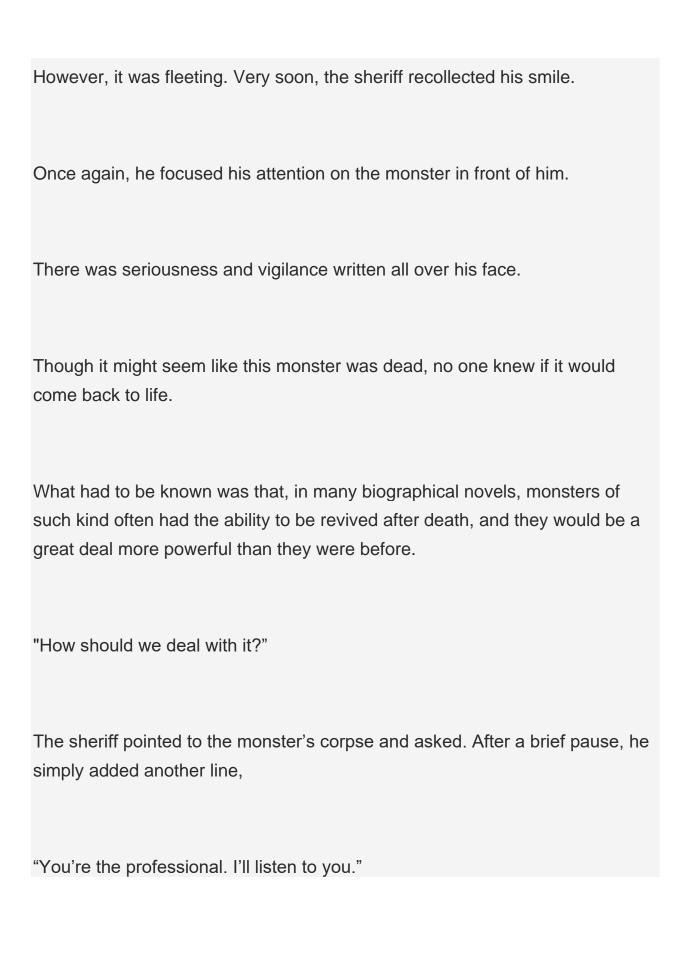
But this kind of compliment did not make Jason any less vigilant, and he continued to aim the gun directly at the other party.





With a strong, sturdy body, and with the dorsal phalanges on both his hands covered with thick calluses, the sheriff was obviously proficient in hand-to-hand combat skills. And there were old calluses on the tiger's mouth on his right hand, as well as his index finger, due to the frequent need to pull the triggers of his firearms. He should be quite skilled in shooting or might even be an expert in it.
And just as the two parties were sizing up each other, more footsteps were heard coming from both sides of the street.
A dozen constables donning uniforms were running over very quickly.
"Sir!"
These constables looked at the monster lying on the ground in horror as they bowed to salute Bondy.
"All right, young men. Our trouble is solved."
"At least we managed to solve some of our many problems."





Jason looked at the corpse of the monster and asked without much ado.

"Do you have a barbeque?"