

# 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.

The light came from the top of the streetlamp that had thick, heavy bases, and narrow, long branches.

Gas lamp?!

Turning his head, Jason obviously froze for a moment when he saw the thin, slender pipes and the screw bolts of the streetlight.

He had only seen such lights in pictures.

Whether in his hometown, or here in Sleepless City, due to the emergence of electricity, such lights had long been eliminated by the times.

This was his first time seeing the actual thing.

Furthermore, the buildings in the surroundings clearly exuded an old-fashioned vibe.

Obviously, the so-called

“etiquette teaching lesson” was not going to be as simple as he thought it would be.

"Fantasy?"

"Or is it another world?"

"This is seriously bullsh\*t!"

"What on earth is that notebook all about?"

Jason, who had encountered a situation similar to this before, quickly calmed down. In his hand, he was gripping the handle of the MF92 pistol.

For the time being, he was still unable to wrap his head around the ins and outs of this entire event.

But he did know that this place was not safe at all.

He could clearly remember the words that were written on the pages of this notebook.

‘During the night, patrol officers were dying, one after another!’

Jason opened his eyes wide to survey the surroundings. He was looking forward to discovering something, but the dim streetlights could not be much more helpful than they were at the moment. His vision was still restricted by the darkness.

And what made things worse was...

The fog!

The thin fog was gradually becoming thick, thus blocking the yellow light that was emitted by the gas lamp. This made the huge gas lamp look like a candle that was struggling against the wind.

Very soon, Jason lost sight of areas that did not fall within the range of the illumination of the gas lamp.

Huff!

Huff, huff!

His field of vision was narrowing down. Jason could not help but realize that his breathing was getting a tad heavier.

Just as he was considering whether or not he should create more light sources, he suddenly felt a coolness at the back of his neck.

A kind of icy-cold and thick liquid, characterized by a foul smell, fell upon his neck.

Subconsciously, he raised his head. Between the edges of the light of the lamp and the fog in the surroundings, a strange face had vaguely appeared.

It had no eyes and no nose.

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



weaker, Jason released the UZ submachine gun that was equipped with a gun belt and took the first MF92 pistol that he had been biting onto in his mouth. He faced the monster, took aim, and, once again, pulled the trigger.

Bang!

This shot brought the monster to a complete end, once and for all.

The four dry, slender limbs of the other party jerked once, and thereafter, fell into absolute silence.

But Jason continued to keep his eyes on this monster.

Right in front of his retinas, the Predator's talent began to flicker and flash again.

A strong and unprecedented sense of hunger rose from within his stomach.

His stomach began to growl.

Rumble. Rumble.

Jason swallowed his saliva. He was doing all he could to hold himself back. The desire to eat this monster alive... He cast his eyes to the other side of the street. Amidst the crisp, clanging sounds of his leather shoes hitting against the ground, there was a human figure looming in the fog.

Very naturally, Jason lifted his arm and raised his gun. He pointed the muzzle of the gun at the approaching figure.

"Don't shoot!"

"It's me!"

When the other party closed up the distance between them and saw the gun muzzle pointed at himself, he shouted immediately.

At the same time, to show that he had no malicious intentions, the other party raised both hands high up in the air.

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.

"Are all night watchmen this vigilant?"

"I'm the sheriff of this place, Bondy. I'm not one of those monsters."

"Also, I was the one looking for you, as I need you to help us."

The sheriff, whose name was

"Bondy", explained the situation all over again. However, Jason still remained unmoved.

"Maybe we should wait and see."

"My men will be arriving soon. All of them will be able to vouch for me and prove my identity."

Looking at Jason, the sheriff simply shrugged.

He knew it was rumored that it was not easy to want to get acquainted with any night watchman, but he certainly had not expected to see such a degree of vigilance.

But he did not feel any anger at all.

On the contrary, this sheriff admired Jason's vigilance.

Because he was also just as vigilant.

Much younger than expected, but highly efficient when it came to working.

Far more mature than his peers.

This sheriff was assessing and evaluating Jason in his heart.

Likewise, Jason was doing the same as he looked the sheriff up and down.

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."

"Now, follow the previous roster and go for your patrol duties!"

As he reached the end of his instructions, the sheriff's voice suddenly went up several decibels. Instantly, the constables standing around speedily left in teams of two. After seeing that all his men had left, this sheriff looked at Jason again.

"They're all great lads, but they were terrorized by what they saw."

"After all, they have never seen anything like this before."

"Of course, it's the same for me."

"If not, they would never have sent out any letters of help."

The sheriff was speaking in defense of his men. Then, he laughed in self-mockery.

However, it was fleeting. Very soon, the sheriff recollected his smile.

Once again, he focused his attention on the monster in front of him.

There was seriousness and vigilance written all over his face.

Though it might seem like this monster was dead, no one knew if it would come back to life.

What had to be known was that, in many biographical novels, monsters of such kind often had the ability to be revived after death, and they would be a great deal more powerful than they were before.

"How should we deal with it?"

The sheriff pointed to the monster's corpse and asked. After a brief pause, he simply added another line,

"You're the professional. I'll listen to you."



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

"Do you have a barbeque?"