

THE DEMON'S MENU

Chapter 8: Change

In the end, Sheriff Bondy did not find a barbeque for Jason. Instead, he provided Jason with a metal pot as a replacement.

It was just like replacing the hotel that Jason previously resided in with a singles' dormitory for constables.

The singles' dormitory in front of him was obviously a more upscale one. There were no upper and lower bunks, unlike what he had imagined. Instead, the bedroom, kitchen, and bathroom were all clearly separated into independent rooms. The study was incorporated into the bedroom, where the writing desk, accompanied by two chairs, were all placed by the bedside. Also, there was a dark-colored curtain shading the window that was adjacent to one side of the writing desk.

The room was not very big, but going by Jason's standards, it was good enough.

Most importantly, the bedding was freshly changed. It was clean, and still bore the scent of being placed out in the sun.

Previously, when he was still living at the quarters provided by the Old Man, he also had a so-called individual room. But, the size of that room probably only had the space to accommodate a bed. And, of course, there was no bed in the room—only a worn mattress and a blanket that needed to be folded several times to cover up all the holes it had.

"My men will send your luggage here in a moment."

"Don't worry. They know what they should do, so they will definitely not touch any of your stuff."

Bondy was speaking as Jason looked around to survey his surroundings.

"All right."

Jason nodded.

God knows where the hotel he previously resided in was. Now that there was someone to replace him, naturally, it was more than what he could ever wish for.

As for Bondy's assurance?

He believed it.

He could see that the other party had considerable prestige among that group of young people.

"What do you think of tonight's events?"

Jason asked.

He did not provide any specifics—just general references.

He did not have more information beforehand. So, if he wanted to get more information, he had to do what he was doing.

After all, he had not forgotten his mainline mission, which was to

“spend seven days on Cross Street”.

Though it was considered quite a close shave earlier on, Jason did not feel that the food that he was about to put into the pot to cook was the source of all the danger.

If that was the case, then the bunch of constables who were so well-equipped with their gunpowder weapons should not be feeling so frightened and helpless. Also, with an officer like Bondy, Jason believed that that food would not possibly have caused so much trouble.

So, there had to be even greater trouble.

In fact, the truth was also as such.

After hearing Jason’s questions, the sheriff frowned.

"It's a little strange."

"As you know, the damage previously caused by that monster was so great, that anyone will feel scared just by looking at it."

"But today, what we see is nothing like the previous few times."

"Of course, I have no doubts about you, Jason."

Bondy's opening words were as such. He thought through every sentence and word before speaking and tried his best to gain Jason's understanding. At the same time, he was very careful while explaining, lest Jason should take offense.

"I need to hear something more specific."

There were no fluctuations in Jason's tone as he continued to ask questions.

"Of course!"

"This description that I'm giving you is simply deprived of details. I will bring the painter's art over right away."

With that, Bondy got to his feet.

"Jason, do you need anything else?"

As he was about to leave, Bondy stopped to ask.

After giving this a moment of careful consideration, Jason replied,

"Oil, chili, salt, soy sauce, potatoes, onions, tomatoes..."

Bondy was in a daze, speechless, just like the first time he had to face the issue of finding Jason a barbeque. Bondy stood at the same spot for around two seconds before he quietly closed the door for Jason upon leaving the room.

Bondy was extremely pleased with this night watchman, Jason.

Young and strong, yet vigilant and sharp. He even had considerable shooting skills.

It was just that...

He had a slight tendency toward telling cold jokes.

And he would do it suddenly. And people around him would find it simply unbearable!

With such a sigh, Bondy walked in the direction of his own

“office”—that was also his dormitory. Being a bachelor, he converted his dormitory into an office. This would allow him to have more time to handle cases.

Jason listened to the footsteps of Bondy leaving.

Then he stood up and walked to the kitchen.

Gas and water supplies were not connected to the singles' dormitory. Over here, the stove still involved the use of wood and charcoal. Water would then be placed in a water tank by the side of the stove. And at the moment, the wood and charcoal were neatly arranged in place while the water tank was filled to the brim. This saved Jason from a lot of trouble.

And, to Jason's greatest delight, he found some pepper in the kitchen.

The charcoal, ignited by the wood within the iron stove, was beginning to release thermal energy. Jason immediately tossed a few more pieces of wood into it. Suddenly, with a rushing whoosh, an outburst of flames was instantly seen.

Amidst the rising flames, Jason used a pair of charcoal pliers to pick up that monster that was only as big as a rabbit and placed it over the intense flames.

When the fats and intense flames collided, the hair covering the monster's body began to burn out rapidly with loud crackles.

Depilation was a relatively delicate process. Just slight carelessness would scorch the meat. Therefore, Jason flipped the meat back and forth to allow the heat from the fire to be evenly distributed.

Having done all this, he placed the metal pot, that was filled to the brim with water, on top of the iron stove. Then, he threw the entire monster in and covered the pot with its lid.

If he could, Jason would definitely disembowel this monster that attacked him and cook it in a more elaborate manner. But he had tried to do so earlier on. The kitchen knife here simply could not cut through the outer skin layer of this monster at all.

So he chose to use one of the most primitive methods.

Time passed—minute by minute, second by second.

A more-intense fragrance penetrated Jason's nose.

The food cooked much faster than Jason had expected. With a table knife, he tried the hardness and softness of the food. Then, right away, Jason took the meat out of the pot. After sprinkling some pepper on the meat that had been stewed to softness, Jason simply did not care whether or not it would scald his hands and immediately took to tearing the meat apart.

Somehow, it tasted like chicken meat.

But it was more tender—especially the juice between the different layers of meat, which gave the meat an even richer taste. Together with the spiciness of the pepper, the dish most definitely whetted Jason's voracious appetite.

If he could have an additional plate of crushed garlic oil with a little soy sauce, it would be even better.

While eating, Jason sighed.

At the same time, his attention focused on the text that appeared, once again, before his retina.

[Devour the grinner!]

[Minor recovery from injury!]

[Satiety +1]

[Satiety: 1]

Following the event of a hint, the food that had just entered his stomach was reduced to a gush of warm outflow that spread throughout Jason's body. The injury on his chest recovered rapidly. A few seconds later, there was no more pain.

Jason lifted his hands to feel his chest. Then, he tore off the bandage.

Even for someone who was always so prepared like Jason, upon seeing how his wound could recover so perfectly, he could not help but be filled with admiration.

However, he did not forget to throw the bandage that he had changed out of into the metal stove.

Obviously, this was also a world that had a mysterious side.

He did not want to leave any unnecessary weakness he had out in the open.

The flames within the stove rose again.

At this point in time, Jason finally had the chance to inquire about the so-called [Satiety]. When he focused all of his attention on the [Satiety: 1], the text in front of his retina showed new changes as well—

[Name: Jason (Chen Jie)]

[Age: 19 years (Male)]

[Bloodline: Human]

[Title: NIL]

[Satiety: 1]

[Strength 1.2. Agility 1.0, Physique 1.2, Spirituality 1.0, Perception 1.0]

[Talent: Predator]

[Specialty: NIL]

[Skill(s): Gunpowder weapon – Small arms (Novice), Hand-to-hand combat (Novice)]

[Equipment: NIL]

[Backpack: Empty]

(Note 1: Under the premise of a healthy body, all normal men would be attributed with property number 1)

(Note 2: You are someone who has undergone basic training. Though not very powerful, your unique diet makes you talented!)

Some very detailed information on attributes appeared before Jason's eyes.

But more importantly, behind the two fields [Gunpowder weapon – Small arms (Novice)] and [Hand-to-hand combat (Novice)] found on the skills bar,

“+” signs were affixed.