

THE DEMON'S MENU

Chapter 9: Continuation

Jason was not an idiot. The moment he saw the

“+” sign, he somehow guessed something.

Immediately, he cast a look in the direction of the two sets of skills, [Gunpowder weapon – Small arms (Novice)] and [Hand-to-hand combat (Novice)].

Then, a description of these skills, which, in accordance with Jason's speculation, appeared—

[Gunpowder weapons – Small arms (Novice): You know how to use small arms like pistols, submachine guns, and rifles, which are Gunpowder weapons, but you are not a sharpshooter. Don't expect the gun in your hand to be able to do anything fantastic.]

[You have 1 Satiety, enhance your Gunpowder weapon – Small arms, yes/no?]

[Hand-to-hand combat (Novice): The body itself is a powerful weapon. You have undergone basic training and possess a certain degree of skill. Though it is only an ordinary skill, it is still able to differentiate you from the ordinary people.]

[You have 1 Satiety, enhance your hand-to-hand combat, yes/no?]

"Can I directly upgrade the skill level that I have?"

With such a guess in mind, Jason did not hesitate to choose to enhance the [Gunpowder weapon – Small arms (Novice)].

If he had an abundance of [Satiety], Jason would not mind enhancing both sets of skills concurrently. However, under the premise that he could only enhance one, Jason was more inclined toward upgrading his [Gunpowder weapon – Small arms].

Without him, the might of the firearms would be even more powerful at the current stage.

After Jason had made his choice, a flurry of knowledge appeared in his mind without further ado.

This knowledge included skills that required more aiming and shooting techniques. They seemed to be skills that Jason obtained after investing a great amount of effort and time into training. With these skills, Jason felt that he did not need to aim. He only needed to feel and then, just by lifting the gun in his hand, he could hit a target that was about 10 meters away. But more importantly, Jason realized that his sense of sight and hearing was becoming more acute, and that he was becoming more

“intelligent”.

This was no illusion.

And all of it was real!

[Gunpowder weapons – Small arms (Advanced beginner): You know how to use small arms like pistols, submachine guns, and rifles, which are Gunpowder weapons. Not only that, but you will also gradually understand their characteristics and effects: Perception +0.1]

"After my skills are upgraded to the advanced beginner level, not only can I have a deeper understanding of the skills, I can even improve their attributes?"

So, Jason confirmed what he needed to know about this aspect. Then, he squinted his eyes.

He seemed to have found the key to break through the situation.

It was not only what was before him, there were also those out of the notes.

At this moment, his injuries were fully recovered, and his shooting skills were raised to the next level. In the face of the three attackers who are armed with weapons, his chances of winning was increased by at least 20 percent!

And this was not the final scene!

He could still continue upgrading himself.

So long as...

There was enough food!

Jason glanced at the metal pot, his heart filling with anticipation.

Then, instead of acting impatiently, he propped up the metal pot and finished the soup, bit by bit, as he waited for Bondy.

The soup did not bring Jason much satiety. However, it was delectable enough.

"If only I could have a steamed bun or a slice of bread to wipe the pot down."

Looking at the drops of oil adhered to the inner wall of the metal pot, Jason put the pot aside while feeling some slight regret. He could already hear the approaching footsteps of that sheriff.

The next second.

Knock, knock-knock.

"It's me, Bondy."

Amidst the sound of someone knocking on the door, was the sheriff's voice.

"Please come in."

Jason's voice barely fell when Bondy, who was holding onto three kraft paper bags, pushed the door open.

"They're even more forthright than what I've described."

While saying such words, the other party handed the three kraft paper bags to Jason.

The kraft paper bags were not heavy, and there were dates written on the front cover of each of them.

5th August, 8th August, 11th August.

Jason picked up the one with the earliest date.

He opened up that kraft paper and took out the papers it contained. After he saw what was written on the top-most sheet of paper, he could not help but frown.

This piece was good enough to be deemed a painting by a painter with consummate skills.

It was just that its content really put its audience to great discomfort.

There were two human calves right in the middle of the drawing paper. Any part above the kneecaps was not drawn, and what should originally be the parts of the trousers supposedly covering the legs, were now drooping over the feet, thus covering the shoes instead.

Even though the picture was in black and white, Jason still had a kind of illusion that he was looking at a blurred image of actual flesh and blood.

And the drawings following this piece were all pictures that elaborated on the content of this piece of drawing but from different angles. They included drawings of just the trousers legs alone, the shoes, and the surroundings of the street. These scenes in the paintings provided Jason with a clearer outlook about the original blurred image of flesh and blood.

After browsing through a dozen or so pieces, Jason began to open the second kraft paper bag.

Compared to the paintings in the first paper bag, what was found in this second bag was even more discomforting.

Because...

In this bag was a heap of minced meat.

That was no mistaking it for something else. It was minced meat, just like the kind used as filling for dumplings.

Other than the minced meat, there was nothing else in the bag.

But that painter still did his job dutifully and described the heap of minced dumpling filling to the best he could.

And in the third kraft paper bag, the item still maintained a style that was strong enough to make the two of them feel great discomfort.

A skull.

This skull was very complete. It was not broken, but only half of the face was left. The remaining half had completely melted, revealing dense, white bones.

The other half of that face that remained was a forbidding countenance that was filled with utmost despair and fear.

Jason looked at the face, which, in turn, looked back at him, and could not help feeling a chilly shiver run down the length of his back.

Then, he controlled himself. Without allowing himself to show any trace of unusualness in composure, he raised his head to look at Bondy.

"What else?"

Jason asked.

Inside these kraft paper bags, there were only paintings. There was no written description, nor were there any records.

It was very obvious that there were certain rules that were being adhered to pertaining to contents of these bags.

Of course, there was also a possibility of separate management of these bags. But for an outsider like himself, there was no way he could look into all of those.

If it had been a true night watchman, then that person should have a deep understanding about the situation. But he was an imposter, so he could only rely on the use of equivocations to bluff his way out.

Fortunately, there were no rousing suspicions apparent in Bondy at all.

After Jason voiced his question, this sheriff immediately replied to him.

"The very first person to meet with a mishap was Panke. He should have returned here before the break of dawn for the changeover of shift duties. But, even after sunrise, he did not return. Then eventually, he was found by one of our men in an alley.

"The next person was Kurtz. Just as what happened with Panke, he did not come back according to stipulated time to turn over his duty to the next person. Then, from the constable badge that we found in the minced meat, we confirmed his identity.

"The final one was Joffe. The successive attacks on our constables made us raise our level of vigilance. But, the outcome was not any different. Joffe died, while his partner, Tahr, has gone missing.

"We have been trying our best to find Tahr, but it has been three days, and we still have no clues to his whereabouts."

As Bondi gave the recount of events, his face was filled with sadness, and his eyelids drooped low.

Jason, on the other hand, was frowning. With knitted brows, he looked at those kraft paper bags and paintings. And then, a question emerged in his mind: Was it one monster, or many monsters that could have caused such a tragedy?

If this was caused by many monsters, then the situation here was worse than what he had initially speculated. He would have to face many monsters that were lurking in the dark. This indicated the skyrocketing of the danger index.

And what if it was just one monster?

The situation would not get any better. On the contrary, the situation might even be far worse than the former.

Taking a good look at those paintings depicting the various scenarios, if these were truly the doings of a single monster, then the other party might be far more brutal than what he imagined. This would have gone far beyond the scope of

“hunting for prey”.

The other party was taking this as a game.

And the other party was cunning.

This was a cruel and cunning monster. It was definitely not so easy to deal with.

Of course, Jason was most concerned about whether it was these monsters, or this monster, that he had to deal with. Why did they, or it, specifically want to deal with the constables?

Was there any connection point among them?

To clarify his doubts, Jason asked,

"Is there anyone else among the victims?"

"Anyone other than constables?"

"No."

Bondy replied with absolute certainty.

"All right."

Jason nodded his head thoughtfully as he pondered. Then, just as Jason was prepared to continue asking questions about when the events happened, rapid running footsteps sounded loudly in the hallway. Without any prior knocking, his room door was pushed ajar, and a young constable hurriedly ran in.

"Sir, we found Tahr."

"He..."