

Menu 136

Chapter 136: Accidental Hunting

Flame engulfed the sky, illuminating the entire Terna Street below the night.

The waiter guarding the door was blown away, crashing into the palm trees nearby.

But the waiter didn't care about his injuries, after rolling on the ground several times, he quickly got up, yelling—

“Revival Society!”

“No...”

The word ‘destroy’ wasn’t shouted out.

The whole person then collapsed to the ground.

Little Reed stood behind the man, his expression emanating a fierce intent to kill.

But he didn’t really move.

Although the original plan had been unexpectedly altered, he himself had formulated not just one backup plan with Jason.

The current situation had of course been considered by the two of them.

So, he knew very well that this guy was more important alive than dead.

Raising his head and looking at the blazing Terna Street No. 10, even with preparation, Little Reed was still secretly shocked deep down.

Without a doubt, this must be a special bomb.

Ordinary bombs don't have this kind of igniting power.

And...

Syndra!

"Abandoned, huh?"

"Truly that person's consistent style!"

Little Reed sneered.

As Gerard's personal servant, he was well aware of where the conflicts with that Federation ruler lay and how it eventually erupted.

Therefore, he was not surprised by the current situation at all.

In the same way, he wasn't worried about Jason.

Jason, holding the amulet of his master, wouldn't have any problems withstanding such an explosion and the ensuing flames.

Instead, the concern was whether these special bombs could be mass-produced.

"If they can be mass-produced, we'll need to be vigilant in future battles!"

Thinking this, Little Reed gestured inconspicuously with his hand.

Immediately, the Secret Agents lurking around sprang into action.

They pounced on those exposed by the explosion.

This was the focus of their mission.

Naturally, Little Reed hadn't forgotten about Jason, who had offered to act as bait.

Turning around, Little Reed looked towards the figure that was gradually emerging from the flames.

"My Lord."

Seeing Jason walking out of the flames with an indifferent expression, Little Reed unconsciously changed his address.

He truly respected someone who dared to challenge death knowing what would happen, especially... since the man had survived.

And after all, this was the title he should be using.

It was only the 'distance' from not having fought side by side before that made Little Reed opt for a more polite approach.

And now?

There was no longer any need for that.

“Hmm.”

Jason nodded and was about to say something—

Bang!

A gunshot!

A gunshot from quite a distance behind and to the side!

With perception more than three times that of an ordinary person, Jason swiftly confirmed the direction of the gunshot, and then, he instinctively tried to dodge.

But then...

He didn't manage to.

Thud!

A spray of blood burst from Jason's back.

The impact of the bullet knocked him straight to the ground.

Little Reed, who was about to stand up straight, was stunned.

The calm he had deliberately maintained on his face could no longer be sustained.

Because Little Reed was very clear about what Jason represented to his own master.

A relative, a cousin who needed protection.

The cousin who would drool and hug his leg, asking for food.

The cousin who had been neglected due to his own 'business'.

Gerard was already full of guilt towards Jason.

If Jason really died because of this incident...

His master would go crazy!

With this thought, Little Reed prepared to rush towards Jason.

But at that moment, Jason sat up.

The wound on his back was gone.

Only the torn clothes informed Little Reed that what just happened was not an illusion.

“What kind of secret technique is this?”

The well-informed Little Reed was completely dumbfounded.

He had never heard of such a secret technique.

He did not see the faint glow in Jason's eyes, the flaring of his nostrils as he held a deformed bullet in his hand.

It was not until Jason stood up that Little Reed came to his senses.

"My lord, you?"

"It's nothing, not vital."

Jason answered like that.

Little Reed gaped at the ripped clothing on his back, opened his mouth, then shut it again.

However, when he saw Jason suddenly turn and walk away, Little Reed quickly asked.

"Where are you going?"

"To pursue the prey..."

“No!”

“Someone shot me, and I’m planning to go have a friendly chat with them,” Jason said, gripping the handle of the wide-bladed, short-handled machete without looking back.

He soon disappeared from Little Reed’s field of vision.

As he watched the direction where Jason’s figure had vanished, Little Reed seemed to see the sight of his lord charging forward.

And thinking of the unusual signs from Lord Jason just now.

“Indeed!”

“Truly his lordship’s cousin!”

Little Reed smiled and, after saluting towards the direction where Jason had disappeared, turned and ran towards Terna Street outside.

The battle was not yet over.

...

Raymond quickly packed away the 'Hunter' rifle, which had an extremely long barrel.

The excitement in his eyes had not subsided.

This was his first time using the 'Hunter' rifle in actual combat.

With a shooting range four times that of a regular flintlock and special bullets enhancing the penetration strength, the 'Hunter' was a type of new weaponry.

But new weapons weren't limited to just one type.

The recently used 'Flame' was also one of them.

However, 'Flame' compared to 'Hunter' was far inferior!

The feeling of killing a target from a distance was just too great!

Raymond took deep breaths.

He needed to calm himself down quickly.

Yet, when he thought about the feeling of a fatal shot from 1000 meters away, he just couldn't calm down.

And the thought of being the first person to bring 'Hunter' to the 'battlefield,' destined to leave his name in history, made it even harder for him to calm down.

But, extensive training had taught him what he should do.

He put the disguised, disassembled 'Hunter' into a wheelbarrow.

He tore off his disguise coat and changed into wide-sleeved robe common attire of the Hans Port civilians.

What about his skin color?

Being half-native of Hans Port, he was not afraid of being found abnormal.

Although he once detested his mixed heritage.

But this time, being chosen for this plan because of his mixed skin color, he felt fortunate.

Then he began his final tasks.

It was a wooden box.

Inside, five bullets lay skyward.

These bullets were unlike ordinary ones.

They were more like elongated ellipsoids.

They seemed to be metallic, yet also like wood.

They also had various patterns on them.

Rumors had it that these bullets were very special, each costing as much as a 'Hunter'. The thought that he had just spent a 'Hunter' with one shot excited Raymond even more.

He revealed a somewhat brutal and bloodthirsty smile.

He could hardly wait to fire all the remaining five bullets.

But the 'Hunter' took too long to load.

The barrel also needed to cool down.

There was no chance of a second shot in short order.

And having a total of six bullets naturally was for the following tasks.

"Next time!"

"Next time!"

"I must aim for the head!"

With this thought, Raymond pushed his cart, preparing for the next hiding spot.

But at that moment—

Bang!

A thick arm smashed through the wooden wall and grabbed Raymond by the forehead and much of the cheek.

The fingers dug deeply into Raymond's forehead and cheek.

Raymond, who considered himself well-trained, flailed in an attempt to break free.

But it was useless.

Against the backdrop of that thick arm, he looked like a monkey stuck in a fat tree trunk.

The next moment—

Bang!

An even louder thump resonated, and Raymond was pulled out.