

Menu 148

Chapter 148: The Mouse

A coconut smashed hard onto the unsuspecting Donna's face.

Stars flashed before his eyes, blood streaming from his nose.

Staggering a few steps, just as Donna regained his balance, a hefty book slapped onto the back of his head.

"Knowledge is power!"

Dennise yelled.

Bang!

The heavy book, with a burst of acceleration, unleashed a dull thud with considerable kinetic energy.

More stars appeared before Donna's eyes.

His body began to sway once more.

Then?

The hefty book came crashing down on his head relentlessly.

The illusion didn't work?

The hallucinogenic drug was useless?

Was this a trap targeting me?

The doubts in his heart made Donna hesitate for a few moments longer.

And because of such hesitation, Donna sustained several more blows, his head now sporting multiple bumps.

But there was no further substantial damage.

Therefore, once Donna came to his senses, he grabbed the hefty book in one swoop.

“Stop!”

“Although I don’t know how you broke the illusion, but...”

Donna let out a low roar, then began to speak out of habit.

But Dennise did not stop.

After several attempts and failing to retrieve her novel, Dennise simply let go, picked up a coconut from the ground, and hurled it again at Donna.

Having lurked by Gerard’s side for so long, Donna was no longer the same little boy the ‘Abandonment Sect’ had taken in; unknowingly, he was influenced by Gerard.

His way of fighting also became more straightforward and upright, valuing the knightly conduct.

Then—

Bang!

Coconut to the face.

This blow left Donna somewhat dazed.

Next, the spy grew angry.

A cold aura formed in his palm; wisps of chill turned into white mist, rising languidly.

“Sorry!”

“I didn’t want to resort to such brute force!”

“But you forced me to!”

Amidst his words, Donna dodged Dennise’s coconut to the face, his palm pressing directly onto Dennise’s shoulder.

Donna tried hard to control the coldness.

He only wanted to slow down Dennise, not freeze her stiff.

But...

Useless!

The cold that could make ordinary people shiver was utterly ineffective against Dennise.

Conversely, Donna was once again hit in the face by a coconut.

In his dizziness, Donna couldn't help but start to doubt life.

Why didn't the illusion work?

The hallucinogenic drug was useless?

The cold didn't work?

Just as Donna was about to try other methods, a tall and sturdy figure appeared before him.

Under the dim light, this figure unwittingly took on the form that weighed on his heart.

With no resistance at all.

Let alone attack.

Donna knelt down on the ground just like that.

“Sorry, Lord Gerard.”

Filled with deep remorse, Donna prepared to bite into the poison capsule hidden in his tooth, but before he could do so, Dennise, having twirled the coconut twice, accumulating power, struck his face with it once more.

Bang!

This time, the force was much greater.

Not only was Donna’s poison-laced tooth knocked out, but he also collapsed to the ground unconscious.

Jason grabbed Dennise, who was about to strike again.

“Stop hitting him.”

“Hit him any more, and you might knock him senseless.”

“We still have questions to ask him.”

Jason said indifferently.

“Oh.”

Dennise released the coconut, picked up the book she had dropped on the ground, and huddled behind Jason, cautiously watching Donna lying on the ground, looking utterly wimpy.

But Jason, looking at the bloodied, unconscious Donna, felt an extreme sense of incongruity.

“The coldness just now?”

Jason asked.

“It’s nothing.”

“In winter, my dad used to throw me into an ice hole in the lake for training.”

“That bit of chill is nothing to me,” Dennise said with a proud demeanor.

Unconsciously, Jason thought of the lion-skin rug.

He shook his head involuntarily.

He lifted Donna and walked outside.

The interrogation could be handled by little Reed.

He?

Only needs the result.

And then?

Naturally, it will be a tooth for a tooth, an eye for an eye.

You hit my dog, and you think you can get away scot-free?

How is that possible!

...

At Hans Port, the harbor.

In the dock area, within a warehouse.

In the shadows, a voice sounded.

“Donna has failed.”

This voice had not a hint of anger.

It simply stated a fact.

Another voice followed.

“Heh.”

“A piece of trash that has long forgotten its purpose and willingly stayed by Gerard’s side, failure was inevitable.”

This voice was filled with mockery.

Then, pausing briefly, the voice continued:

“But even trash can be used.”

“He has completed his final mission.”

“Next...”

“It’s up to the ‘Abandonment Sect’ now!”

“After all, we ‘Erosion Society’ have already deployed our deepest undercover agent, and despite the failure, the loss to us is still immeasurable!”

“Of course!”

The first voice affirmed.

“The Federation?”

The voice inquired.

“Left to the ‘Revival Society’.”

“They are indeed the ‘best choice’ for dealing with the Federation!”

The latter voice said with full malice.

Immediately, the former voice also started to laugh.

They were looking forward to the meeting between the 'Revival Society' and the people of the 'Federation'.

The scene would surely be entertaining!

Afterward, the two voices quickly faded away.

No sound remained in the warehouse.

A full ten minutes passed, and suddenly a pair of eyes lit up in the dark.

Those were...

The eyes of a cat.

...

Reed was more efficient than expected.

He brought the information just in time for dinner.

“Donna was the ‘Erosion Society’s’ sleeper agent planted at 111 Duron Street.”

“He was indoctrinated by the ‘Erosion Society’ during his childhood before returning to the streets.”

“In the end, he joined Lord Gerard’s ranks.”

“That’s why we didn’t discover the uniqueness of his identity.”

“However...”

Thinking of Donna, who had completed his last mission and was now desperate for death in the prison, Reed wanted to say more, but in the end, said nothing at all.

The identity of a spy is unacceptable to everyone.

Including himself.

Thus, they chose to deal with it coldly.

But these things Reed did not need to tell Lord Jason.

That was not Lord Jason's responsibility.

Shaking his head, Reed adjusted his emotions and turned to signal the chefs to prepare dinner for Jason.

Tonight's dinner was specially prepared by Lord Gerard for Lord Jason.

“‘Erosion Society’?”

Jason frowned.

This organization, akin to a ‘cult,’ infamous and shrouded in notoriety, had existed in Hans Port since the days of the old Federation.

Several bloodbaths that occurred in Hans Port and all across the southern region were related to them.

There were multiple attempts by Gerard and the Federation's higher-ups to root them out.

But all were without follow-up.

These guys were like sewer rats, very skilled at hiding, vanishing without a trace after each offence.

Not a single capable cat had been able to pinpoint their whereabouts.

“Can we find their location?”

Jason asked.

“It’s difficult.”

“I’ll do my best!”

Reed responded.

Despite not holding out much hope, Jason still felt a twinge of disappointment.

But the next moment, his eyes lit up, and his nostrils flared repeatedly.

He smelled a rich aroma.

And it was...

Somewhat familiar!