

Menu 238

Chapter 238: The Manor Outside the City

Having dinner?

Griffin looked at Jason, dumbfounded.

At this moment, the man who called himself a lobbyist finally understood the terrifying nature of post-traumatic stress disorder—it could turn a normal person into a madman.

“Don’t reason with a madman,” Griffin shifted his gaze to Edward beside him.

And then?

“Yeah, that’s right, just going to visit the councilor.”

“I haven’t formally visited him since I came to Newdeth City.”

That’s what Edward said.

“You’re crazy too?”

“Can post-traumatic stress disorder be contagious?”

Griffin growled.

Edward didn't pay attention to such a growl.

At this moment, the captain of the special operations team finally understood why a seemingly ordinary case was so difficult, even completely clueless.

Because all the clues had been erased.

Just like the poisoned stable watchman.

And...

His poisoned subordinate!

At this thought, a coldness flashed in Edward's eyes.

He didn't mind if he or his subordinates died on the battlefield, in missions.

Because that was a soldier's fate.

But to die at the hands of one's own?

He couldn't accept that.

"Do you know what Councilor Davide represents?"

"He's one of the real power elites of Newdeth City!"

"Not only is he a strong contender for mayor, but he also owns banks, iron mines, and car dealerships in Newdeth City!"

Griffin's voice grew louder.

He didn't want to go up against someone who could crush him with a flick of their finger.

He wasn't ready to die.

His life was still full of promise.

He still wanted to...

At this point, Jason looked over.

Jason's patience was wearing thin, a hunger filled his eyes, making his gaze slightly ferocious.

Griffin saw this look.

Instantly, memories of previous experiences shrouded by a terrifying atmosphere flashed through his mind.

That feeling of oppression, like being at the top of the food chain, made Griffin shrink his neck, and then he yelled in an even more shrill voice:

"I have the least respect for these so-called big shots!"

"I know where his secret residence is!"

“His secret must be there!”

“I’ll take you guys!”

After speaking, Griffin put on a flattering smile and looked at Jason.

“Lead the way.”

Jason said.

After locking up the ‘Watchdog Pastry House,’ the group squeezed into Edward’s car and drove out of Newdeth City following Griffin’s directions.

During the drive, Griffin strongly requested to sit in the passenger seat but was silently denied.

The female pastry chef sat in the passenger seat, Bansey drove.

Jason and Edward sat in the back, Griffin sandwiched between them.

“I’m not a prisoner!”

“Gentlemen, I’ve joined you already!”

“I’m one of us!”

Griffin emphasized.

He had to emphasize; next to him, Jason’s aura was becoming more and more terrifying, especially since his stomach had just made a ‘gurgle’ noise. Griffin feared he would be eaten if he didn’t clarify his position. Ñ

Therefore, Griffin didn’t dare to play any tricks and pointed out the way obediently.

Once the car left Newdeth City, the road immediately became bumpy, and the car shook violently.

But in less than ten minutes, as the car turned into a side road, it suddenly smoothed out.

“There’s a highway here?”

The female pastry chef asked in surprise.

“Davide Councilor had it paved for his own convenience.”

“It’s not recorded in the public facilities management of Newdeth City.”

“And very few people know about it.”

Griffin answered immediately.

Until now, only his voice directing the way could be heard in the car, with the others staying silent. This oppressive silence was almost suffocating for Griffin, but now that someone finally spoke, he eagerly continued the conversation.

“Not just this road.”

“The mansion at the end of the road was the same,” he said.

“And...”

“He also has a secret club in Newdeth City.”

“Many high-profile figures are regulars there.”

“Rumors have it he’s funded several groups of mercenaries for warzone trading.”

“Warzone trading?”

For the first time, the female baker heard this term, curiosity flickering in her eyes.

“That means trafficking in arms and people.”

“Some say that Davide made his fortune by dealing in arms and human trafficking.”



“However, those are just rumors with no solid evidence.”

As Griffin spoke, he instinctively wanted to shrug his shoulders.

But with Jason and Edward seated left and right, the cramped backseat was wedged tight.

Sitting in the middle, he felt like a little chick.

It wasn't just shrugging; he couldn't even move.

I'm so pathetic  

I shouldn't have taken this mission.

If I hadn't taken it, I wouldn't have met this terrifying person.

If I hadn't met him, I wouldn't have had to venture out here.

Griffin wallowed in self-pity.

But Edward reacted quickly.

“Bansey, turn off the headlights!”

Without any hesitation, Bansey switched them off immediately.

“They’re only rumors; don’t we seem a bit too tense?”

The recently self-pitying Griffin said with a forced laugh.

But amid the laugh, he looked around nervously, as if worried that fully-armed mercenaries would leap out from the sides of the road and encircle them.

Edward also drew his gun, staying vigilant.

The atmosphere in the car suddenly became oppressive.

“Stop the car.”

Suddenly, Jason, who had been silent, spoke up.

Bansey hit the brakes immediately and turned to look at Jason.

Edward, the female baker, and Griffin also turned their eyes towards him.

Jason closed his eyes; with “Blind Fighting” amplifying his perception to four times that of an ordinary person.

Even the slightest sounds were instantly picked up by his heightened senses.

Like breathing.

One, two, three...

Jason silently counted the breaths not far ahead.

“There are twelve people up ahead,” Jason stated, then pushed open the car door and stepped out.

Edward was about to follow when Jason’s figure quickly disappeared into the night.

“Has he gone mad?”

The self-proclaimed orator, Griffin, whispered.

Then, pointing in the direction Jason had gone, he continued:

“How does he know there are twelve people up there?”

“In this pitch-black night, what can he possibly see?”

“And besides, he had his eyes closed just now, right?”

“Does he think he’s a bat?”

Faced with the tense situation, Griffin became more vocal with his incessant murmuring.

Edward, pestered by his prattlings, pressed his gun against Griffin’s chin.

“Shut up.”

Immediately, Griffin fell silent.

Yet, to assert his position, Griffin shrugged his shoulders.

This time, he succeeded.

With Jason gone, he could finally shrug freely.

Once was not enough.

But before he could do it again, the car door opened.

Into the dark night stepped back a tall, robust figure into the car.

A faint scent of blood wafted through the air.

Squeezed into the middle seat next to Jason again, Griffin shivered.

“Resolved?” he asked instinctively, but his voice stammered.

Jason didn’t respond but looked at Bansey and said:

“Drive.”