

## Menu 239

Chapter 239: My Method

The car continued to drive.

After negotiating a few more bends, a manor appeared in everyone's view.

Under the pitch-black night sky, the entire manor was deathly silent, like a behemoth lurking on the ground, waiting for its prey.

The sporadic lights did not make people feel safe.

On the contrary, they made the chill run deeper.

Because...

There were teams of armed patrols.

One densely packed guard post after another.

Under the sparse light, they became even more distinct.

Especially a few oval-shaped buildings high up on the manor, which made Edward suck in a breath of cold air.

Machine gun towers!

Artillery towers!

With only a little discernment, Edward confirmed this.

Is this a manor?

This is simply a fortress bastion!

Then, Edward subconsciously thought—

What does Davide want to do?

Why build such a fortress bastion outside of Newdeth City?

Could it be...

Thinking of something, Edward directly said to Bansey:

“Radio call everyone to gather.”

“Yes, captain.”

Even after leaving the military, Bansey still habitually used military terms.

But immediately, the car’s radio emitted a crackling, sizzling electric noise.

Bansey tried several times to no avail.

“Don’t bother trying.”

“That councilor is not a simple character.”

“If he has established such a thing here, then it must be well-equipped.”

“Blocking the radio is just the most basic operation.”

Griffin spoke, and then, while looking towards the vast complex of buildings in the distance, his eyes shimmered with fleeting surprise, panic, and unease.

He had known from secret channels before that Councilor Davide had a secret residence here.

But!

He had no idea that such a secret residence would be a fortress-like bastion.

Unlike what Edward had imagined.

At this time, Griffin was already regretting deeply.

If he had known it was like this here, he wouldn't have uttered Davide's name, let alone bring Jason and the others here.

Because he was certain that the councilor would not let go of anyone who had seen this fortress bastion.

And him?

He had seen it.

That left no choice.

After pondering for a while, a rare seriousness appeared on Griffin's face.

"I have a suggestion—"

"What about we retreat?"

Griffin said.

In the course of speaking, Griffin had already decided that once they got back to the city, he would immediately buy a ticket for night travel, leave Newdeth City, flee to the warm south, and never come back.

After Griffin showed his seriousness, Edward and Bansey gave him their full attention.

Edward knew well that Griffin, who had grown up in the 'gutter,' possessed many skills unknown to others.

Therefore, he was looking forward to it.

However, evidently, the special operations team leader underestimated the 'gutter' dwellers' fear of death.

"Shut up."

Edward snapped.

Griffin immediately withdrew, neck shrinking in discomfort.

He genuinely meant well for everyone.

Living well, why seek out death?

A bunch of stubborn fools.

Griffin lamented in his heart.

“You’re a negotiator, right?”

Just then, the female pastry chef suddenly spoke up.

“Yes, I’m a negotiator.”

“But don’t expect me to persuade those patrolling soldiers to let us in.”

Griffin admitted it, then said with a sneer.

“No.”

“Perhaps you really can persuade them.”

“After all, you are Councilor Davide’s negotiator.”

The female pastry chef shook her head, a glint sparking in her eyes that sent shivers down Griffin’s spine.

“You—you too have gone mad?”

“You want me to lead you in there?”

“How is that possible?”

“Those guys will shoot me into a hornet’s nest!”

“We should retreat for now and look for reinforcements,”

Instantly, Griffin guessed what the female pastry chef wanted to do and shook his head repeatedly.

“Why is it impossible?”

“You’ve convinced us; we’re willing to join Davide’s camp,”

“But, we’re worried you’re deceiving us, so we need confirmation that it’s really Councilor Davide himself—that way, once we see Davide in person, we can capture the leader first!”

The female pastry chef held onto her own opinion.



The female pastry chef at this moment was no longer the usual scatterbrained image, but one of seriousness.

In this state, the female pastry chef was not only quick-witted but also incredibly bold.

Edward was tempted by the idea.

Because he knew all too well that even if he summoned all of his subordinates, it would still be difficult to break through this Bastion fortress in a short period of time.

As for a raid?

That was even more impossible.

Because the moment he gathered his subordinates, they would be tipped off here.

If they could even poison to kill him,

What's tipping off in comparison?

“I think it’s feasible.”

“As long as we can meet Davide in person, Jason and I can strike at the same time, and we have a fair chance of restraining him!”

“What do you think, Jason?”

Edward turned to look at Jason with a thick look of hope in his eyes.

He hoped that Jason would take a risk with him.

Edward was quite confident about it.

He could tell that Jason was not one to give up easily.

But unexpectedly to Edward, Jason shook his head.

Immediately, surprise and disappointment flashed in Edward’s eyes.

But what could he say?

This was, after all, something that involved risking one's life; he couldn't force someone else to do it.

Bansey sighed softly.

The female pastry chef's face slightly darkened.

Though such an answer was not unacceptable,

Receiving such an answer from Jason

Was something she couldn't come to terms with.

It shouldn't be like this.

In her mind, it shouldn't be like this.

The inside of the car fell silent for a moment.

Then, laughter from Griffin was heard.

“Lord Jason, the first time I saw you, I definitely thought you were a smart man,”

“Now, it seems, I was indeed right.”

“The report said you were suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder, must be some quacks misdiagnosing; how could someone as smart as you be sick?”

While Griffin spoke, he turned his head, with a sycophantic smile on his face, to look at Jason.

Then, he saw a frenzied glint rise in Jason’s calm eyes.

Frenzy?

Griffin blinked.

He was sure he hadn’t seen wrong.

Gulp, gulp gulp.

The faint sound of hunger clearly reached Griffin's ears.

Then—

Jason pushed the car door open and stepped out.

"Your method is too slow,"

"I'm

"I'll deal with it my way,"

Jason said.

"You, your way?"

"You plan to infiltrate?"

Griffin stuttered his guess.

“Infiltrate?”

“Hmm.”

“You could say that,”

Jason’s mouth twisted into a grim smile, revealing his ghastly white teeth, reminiscent of an alligator opening its mouth.

He looked at the massive buildings in the distance, the scent in his nose growing stronger and stronger.

He was not willing to wait!

Thump!

Thump, thump!

His heart beat rapidly, the blood infused with mysterious Strength flowing through his entire body.

The next moment!

Woosh!

Causing a gust of wind, Jason rushed towards the Bastion fortress.

He knew nothing of ordinary infiltration,

But he would do it perfectly.