

Menu 240

Chapter 240: Tasting the Prey

“

Whimper, whimper!

The raging wind howls!

Bang, bang, bang!

The sound of Jason’s footsteps trampling the ground came one after another, heavy and powerful, and the rhythm was extremely fast.

It was like a tiger coming down the mountain... no, a hungry tiger to be precise.

The secret technique “Charge” was performed to perfection by Jason in a state of hunger.

“What...”

Bang!

By the time the sentry at the door spotted Jason, Jason had already charged to his front without any pause, and with a sidestep, his shoulder struck like the horn of a rhinoceros, ramming hard into the sentry.

Crack, crack.

Amid the sound of shattering bones, the sentry was sent flying, slamming harshly against the manor's gate, his body hanging as if suspended in animation for several seconds before slowly sliding down.

The caved-in chest was a fatal wound; the sentry was already lifeless.

The other sentry had just raised his gun when he was kicked down by Jason.

Flung three to four meters away, he couldn't get up either.

"Intruder!"

Tap, tap tap.

The sentry on the high wall noticed something was amiss and after yelling out, started pulling the trigger repeatedly.

But even before these sentries could pull their triggers, Jason had executed a clever roll. The skills derived from the “Griffin Shooting Technique” not only allowed him to easily dodge these people’s shots, but also to pick up the gun dropped by the sentry on the ground.

Bang, bang!

Ahh! Ahh!

Just as his roll was about to finish, Jason fired two shots with a flick of his wrist.

One shot for each enemy.

After the two shots, two sentries toppled from the high wall, and Jason kicked off the ground once more, his whole body skimming across the surface and moving sideways towards it. R

The gun in his hand kept firing.

Bang bang bang!

With another two screams, more sentries fell from the high wall.

The remaining few sentries were shocked silly by Jason's marksmanship, each turning into a shrinking turtle.

Jason finally arrived at the first two fallen sentries' corpses.

Assault rifles, magazines, and... grenades!

These were all that he needed!

Especially the grenades!

The lookouts on the route and the two sentries at the gate each used rifles and didn't have real explosive weapons.

After strapping all the guns and magazines to his body, he pulled the pins from some of the grenades and threw them directly at the manor's gate, while tossing the rest over the high wall.

The sounds of those sentries shifting their bodies were his best guidance.

Boom!

Boom boom boom!

Flames flickered, explosions thundered.

The manor's gate was blown sky-high.

On the high wall, there were continuous cries of agony.

The rolling smoke and soaring flames made the night even darker.

Jason merged into such a night.

The night was never Jason's enemy.

He was accustomed to the darkness.

As natural to him as breathing.

Meanwhile, in the distance inside the car, Edward, Bansey, the female pastry chef, and Griffin were all staring wide-eyed, faces filled with disbelief.

They were all stupefied.

“He, he’s mad!”

“He must be mad!”

“Otherwise, why would he be so crazy?!”

Griffin was holding his head, yelling loudly.

He had seen many madmen.

But he had never seen someone like Jason before.

There were at least a hundred fully-armed guards here!

Do you think you are undying?

Do you think you can fight a hundred alone?

“Let’s go!”

“We need to get going!”

“Otherwise, we’ll be discovered soon!”

Griffin was shouting and urging Bansey continuously.

But Bansey remained unmoved.

Young Bansey sat in the driver’s seat, eyes gleaming, staring into the dark distance lit by flames.

That...

Was what he once longed for!

The battlefield was the soldier’s destiny!

Edward sat there in a daze, and then, suddenly swung his hand and slapped Griffin across the face.

Smack!

The slap was loud.

“

Griffin covered his face, staring blankly at Edward with an expression of grievance.

“Why did you hit me?”

“Does it hurt?”

Edward asked.

“It hurts.”

Griffin pouted and nodded.

“Then you’re not dreaming.”

Edward said softly.

Upon hearing this, Griffin almost burst into tears.

Hit yourself!

Why hit me?

But soon after, he was attracted by Edward’s murmur.

“Participated in the ‘Lan Bridge Ambush’, ‘Golden Flash Strike’, ‘Doerbourg Recapture’, ‘Siege of Xieer’, ‘Thirty-Three Days Endurance Battle’, conducted behind-the-lines operations 40 times, completed decapitation missions 20 times.”

“Alone, without support, without supplies.”

“Is this the legendary strength?”

Edward's voice wasn't loud.

But enough for Griffin to hear clearly.

"How is that possible?!"

"Are you saying that's even human?"

"If it really were Jason, I'm afraid he would have long been smashed to pieces, dead without a..."

Slap!

Griffin was ranting loudly, but before he could finish his sentence, he received another slap.

This time it was the female pastry chef who slapped him.

The female pastry chef stared straight at Griffin, her serious and earnest gaze making him a bit uneasy.

“Why, why did you hit me too?”

“Because, you deserved it.”

Little Bansey spoke for the pastry chef.

The pastry chef, on the other hand, paid no further attention to Griffin. Her eyes were fixed on the giant buildings engulfed in flames, already showing a strange fascination.

Her body trembled slightly.

Yes, that’s right!

That’s how it should be!

The feeling of anticipation deep inside made the usually gentle and calm aura of the pastry chef begin to dissipate.

In its place was a sense of flamboyance, wildness, and ferocity.

Edward and Little Bansey were both looking into the distance and didn't notice this.

Griffin saw it.

But, after the pastry chef glared at him.

Griffin immediately bowed his head and played the ostrich.

I didn't see.

I am blind.

I am deaf.

Griffin showed his attitude with a devout posture.

Then—

Boom, boom!

Another two consecutive explosions.

However, this time the explosions were different from before.

Not only were they more intense,

but the flames also illuminated the night sky.

In the incredulous gazes of Edward, Bansey, and Griffin,

in the expectant and excited eyes of the pastry chef,

the machine gun and cannon towers in Councilor Davide's estate fell.

Creak!

After a grating noise that set teeth on edge—

Boom rumble!

A large part of the vast complexes collapsed.

And this?

Was just the beginning.

...

Young Davide, holding a wine glass, sat in his chair, quietly waiting for his prey at his feet to wake up.

Looking at the operator lady unconscious on the ground, he was in no hurry.

He liked the feeling of savouring his prey slowly.

“Hmm?”

A grunt came from her nose, and Ada felt dizzy, as if she had been struck on the head.

She instinctively rubbed her head.

But as she raised her hand, she remembered what had happened to her.

Immediately, she opened her eyes.

And then, she saw the young man, and the silent, towering, robust figure standing behind him...