

Menu 245

Chapter 245: Look Up!

Click, click-click!

The moment the police station doors swung open, flashbulbs flashed incessantly.

Reporters tried to swarm forward.

But, they were blocked by a line of black-clad bodyguards, forcing them to stand outside the human wall.

However, this did not deter the reporters from asking their questions.

“Councilor Davide, what is your view on those armed militants?”

“Councilor Davide, what do you think about the sudden appearance of a secret base outside Newdeth City?”

“Young Mr. Davide, did you suffer mistreatment when you were kidnapped?”

...

One question after another, ordinary people under such a barrage would have been at a loss.

But Davide's expression remained unchanged, even wearing a benign smile.

He raised his hand and made a pressing motion.

Instantly, the reporters' voices subsided.

Standing on the steps of the police station, the councilor began to speak:

"I have always been properly arranging for our veterans from the battlefield, whether it's the job center or the veterans' hospital, we're continuously investing, to ensure that our heroes can better and more quickly adapt to this new city. I want them to feel neither lost nor downhearted because this is the care they deserve, just as they once charged into battle for us."

"But..."

"There are always some rotten apples!"

At this point, the councilor clenched his fist and swung it fiercely.

His voice began to fill with indignation.

His voice began to rise unconsciously.

“In any era, there will inevitably be some rotten apples!”

“There were some in the past, there are some now, but I hope there will be none in the future!”

“And this is what we should strive for now!”

As he finished speaking, the councilor bowed deeply.

Immediately, people in the crowd who had been prearranged began to clap.

Clap, clap-clap.

The applause grew from sparse to dense, quickly filling the air.

Humans are inherently herd animals.

Especially when the majority are doing something and you are among them, instinct will make you follow.

Stand out against the crowd?

Yes.

But it requires formidable strength as a foundation.

Amidst the applause, the councilor stepped aside, and young Davide came forward.

“Thank you all for your concerns, I’m fine.”

“Thank you to that unnamed hero.”

“Thank you for saving me.”

Young Davide was reciting the ‘script’ given by his father, with a grateful expression on his face.

Instantly, the surrounding flashbulbs started flashing again.

Young Davide maintained that grateful look, even though he scorned those words in his heart.

He didn't believe them at all.

Newdeth City was a world where the strong preyed on the weak.

The strong had everything.

The weak?

They were mere food.

However, he did not defy his father.

He still needed his father's strength.

At least!

To find that bastard!

Thinking this, young Davide continued to speak.

“I am...”

“Look up!”

Just as young Davide was about to continue, suddenly a shout rang out from the crowd.

Young Davide’s speech was cut short, and he instinctively looked up.

A figure had appeared on the platform above the entrance, and as everyone looked up, the figure leaped down, the wide blade of a short-handled machete whistling through the air. *R*

Whoosh!

Thud!

Young Davide was struck by the blade as it passed over his head.

A straight red line ran down from his forehead, coursing through his body.

Jason turned and swung his machete.

Thud!

At his side, Davide's head flew off.

Everything happened in the blink of an eye.

The next moment—

“Aaaaah!”

Screams pierced the air among the onlookers, one after another.

Compared to the previous applause, these screams were much more genuine.

The journalists wore faces of horror.

Yet, they still remembered to press their shutters.

The bodyguards forming a human wall could no longer stand still; they pulled out guns from their coats and aimed straight at Jason.

But someone was faster.

Edward, cloaked and his face hidden, had a silver revolver in hand. His left thumb cocked the hammer as his right index finger repeatedly pulled the trigger.

Bang, bang bang!

Six shots in rapid succession, and the first bodyguard to draw a gun was on the ground, clutching his hand and wailing in pain.

Then, Edward flicked his right wrist, the cylinder of the revolver popped out, his left hand swiped at his waist, and six bullets soared through the air. With a snap of his right hand, the bullets neatly entered the cylinder.

Hands worked in unison again.

Left thumb on the hammer, right finger on the trigger.

Bang bang bang!

The bullets fired one by one.

At a speed far surpassing that of an average person.

The armed bodyguards fell to the ground one after another.

Rapid fire?!

Jason looked at Edward in surprise.

He had recognized Edward as soon as he started shooting.

Even through the haze of gunsmoke... the scent of a person remains unchanged.

Similarly, Edward had recognized Jason.

He could never forget that vagabond attire.

The two exchanged glances, and beneath the masks, in the shadows, hidden smiles curled upon their lips.

It was a sign of recognition.

This was no ordinary alliance.

They were friends.

Amidst the chaotic crowd, the two shared a smile and turned simultaneously, entrusting their backs to each other, facing more black-clad bodyguards.

Gunfire rang out incessantly.

Knives flashed fiercely.

For a moment, cries of agony and mournful screams turned the area into a battlefield.

Meanwhile, outside in the street, a car charged in like a mad bull.

Without any sign of slowing down.

On the contrary, the driver floored the gas pedal.

The vehicle's front end slammed hard into the black-clad bodyguards.

After plowing through the crowd, the car executed a sleek fishtail turn, sending two black-clad bodyguards flying before its doors burst open.

Jason and Edward could clearly see two individuals with their heads wrapped in quilted cotton inside.

"What are you looking at?"

"Get in the car!"

The driver shouted loudly.

The one in the passenger seat leaned out halfway with a 'typewriter' equipped with a rounded drum magazine and began wildly firing at the black-clad bodyguards.

Rat-a-tat-tat!

The gunfire crackled.

Hot shell casings fell to the ground.

This time, the black-clad bodyguards were truly stunned.

Especially when the car started again, and the grenade thrown from the driver's seat caused them to frantically dodge left and right in terror.

Whir!

Amidst the roaring engine, the car sped away.

All around were black-clad bodyguards lying on the ground.

But,

The grenade did not explode.

The bodyguards looked at each other in confusion, then all turned to stare at the departing car.

At that moment, the window on the driver's side rolled down, a hand reached out, and a middle finger was raised high.

This provoked the bodyguards to shoot at the car repeatedly.

Startled, Griffin quickly retracted his hand.

Then, without looking back, he asked—

“Two bosses.”

“What are we going to do next?”

“Fugitives for life?”

Bansey, who had just been madly pulling the trigger, suddenly paused.

He had been too focused on rescuing his leader and hadn’t thought about what came next.

Edward also furrowed his brows, beginning to ponder their next move.

But Jason spoke calmly—

“What does Jason have to do with an attack on Councilor Davide by a Masked Man?”