

Menu 275

Chapter 275: Do you still remember your original promise?

Jason pushed open the door and silently climbed out the window, landing on the ground as gracefully as a cat.

The stealth and concealment bonuses provided by the master option “Embrace of the Night” from the Griffin Body Refinement Technique rendered Jason’s large and muscular body capable of an incredible feat.

Previously, Jason had to tiptoe cautiously to ensure the quietness of his footsteps.

But now, he could take slightly bigger strides without any issue.

It seemed as though the darkness devoured the sound.

Emerging from the bushes, Jason immediately spotted a man across the street under the streetlight, wearing a dark coat, a hat, and a mask.

The man also noticed Jason stepping out of the darkness.

Immediately, the man raised his arm and waved.

Then, he walked towards Jason.

When he reached Jason, he took off his mask.

A common-looking face with particularly murky eyes, resembling a drunken sot.

In fact, the man was even less coherent than a drunkard.

After all, a drunkard still has control over themselves.

But this man?

He was a puppet.

A puppet manipulated by 'Devour.'

The scent was familiar.

Jason had smelled a similar scent on Cecil's head.

Sweet, and very refreshing.

Unfortunately...

It was just a residue.

Jason took a deep breath, his eyes full of disappointment.

He couldn't smell the source of the fragrance, only the fading scent on the puppet before him.

Immediately, Jason, full of anticipation, felt his mood sour.

Oblivious to this, the puppet recited its lines by rote:

"Captain Jason, it's an honor to meet you."

"I hope I haven't disturbed your rest."

"I'm here on behalf of Colonel Mika."

At that point, the puppet paused, as if to give Jason time to process and respond to what had been said.

Then...

Whack!

Jason had brought his hand down on the man's neck with a karate chop.

Suddenly, the puppet's eyes widened, and he passed out.

It seemed he didn't understand why he was knocked out just as he started speaking.

Wasn't it expected to discuss the matter and then turn hostile if they couldn't reach an agreement?

How could someone become hostile so directly?

The 'Devour' controlling the puppet didn't understand.

Stunned, it sensed its connection with the puppet it controlled had been severed, then stood quietly for a moment before walking over to a radio in the corner of the room.

It was an encrypted radio.

Beep, beep-beep.

It relayed everything that had happened to Mika.

It had followed orders to approach that Jason.

But who could have known that the other party wouldn't play by the rules, causing its mission to fail.

As for the punishment for failing the mission?

It was special.

Naturally, there wouldn't be any punishment.

Otherwise, it wouldn't have been able to join the Ghost Squad.

Of course, the reason it joined the Ghost Squad was that they were strong enough to make its hunting much easier.

There had been many defiant individuals who had turned down the invitation to join the Ghost Squad.

But their endings were never good.

Therefore, it could foresee what that Jason was about to face.

“Truly ungrateful!” it said with contempt.

“Hope you don’t die too miserably!”

After finishing with a sneer, it turned and went back to its room.

Although it had transcended humanity, it still needed to rest.

Without rest, Jason, unable to feel any fatigue, dragged the puppet not towards the shop but to a public telephone booth and inserted coins to call the police directly.

“Hello.”

“Mr. Jason?”

“Are you looking for Chief Edward?”

“I’ll pass the message to him right away.”

Ada, who was working overtime, immediately said upon hearing Jason’s voice.

“Thank you.”

Jason thanked her.

Aside from being covered in vomit by this operator, Jason did not have much of an impression of her, but her abilities were still commendable.

Jason hung up the phone with complete confidence and quietly waited.

As for the puppet at his feet, he didn’t spare it a second glance.

That's because Jason was quite clear about the purpose of the 'Ghost Squad.'

It was nothing more than an attempt to recruit him.

Otherwise, given their ruthless and merciless behavior in previous encounters, they would not have chosen such a gentle approach.

As for such recruitment, Jason did not hesitate to refuse.

Even more, he would not give any verbal or substantial response.

The reason was simple.

Jason did not know whether any verbal or any substantial response would bind him.

After all, this was not just a 'scientific' world, but also one with a 'Mystical Side.'

Although ordinary people might not be able to encounter the 'Mystical Side,' as long as it existed, for a group with the capabilities of 'Ghost Squad,' reaching out, learning, wouldn't be too demanding.

Thus, it was very likely that the 'Ghost Squad' had some knowledge of things like 'contracts.'

Even if the 'Ghost Squad' did not possess such knowledge,

they were not fools and would certainly find other ways to restrict his actions.

So, there was no way Jason would feign politeness with them.

Instead of wasting words, it was better to take direct action.

He, Jason, was just that straightforward.

It was certainly not because he was left with nothing to do earlier and was driven by resentment to act out.

About 15 minutes later, Edward appeared in front of Jason by car.

With unmistakable exhaustion on his face from a lack of sleep, Edward's eyes were alive with excitement.

“Does he have connections to ‘Ghost Squad’?” Edward asked as soon as he got out of the car.

“Hmm.”

“A person controlled by ‘Ghost Squad’ using special methods.”

“He probably doesn’t know much.”

Jason reminded Edward.

However, the excitement of the leader of the special operations team did not diminish.

“No need to know much.”

“He himself is a lead.”

“As long as we start with his identity, we will be able to find more leads. In those leads, if even one points to ‘Ghost Squad,’ that’s enough.”

Edward said, carefully inspecting the puppet before handcuffing him and lifting him into the car.

“Thank you, Jason!”

“I... Hm?”

Edward turned around to bid Jason farewell.

But at that moment, the leader of the special operations noticed Jason opening the car door and sitting down in the back seat.

Immediately, a look of surprise appeared on Edward’s face.

He knew Jason was temporarily renting a room at ‘Watchdog Pastry House.’

Why get in his car?

Although the police station had beds, why go the extra mile?

Jason smiled slightly and slowly said,

“I am the special operations’ consultant, appointed by you.”

“Yes, you were appointed by me.”

“But you live at ‘Watchdog Pastry House,’ right?”

Edward did not deny it, but his face still showed confusion.

Jason continued to speak at the same pace,

“With a weekly salary of 12 dollars, an extra allowance of 3 dollars, and... free meals at the cafeteria.”