

Menu 297

Chapter 297: Griffin Makes No Major Mistake

As an ambitious persuader, news peddler, and middleman, Griffin always believed he had his principles.

Therefore, he had developed his money-making skills to their utmost extent without making any major mistakes.

For example, at this moment—

A shop quietly appeared on the bustling Sausage Street in Newdeth City.

It looked like a house, but had wheels underneath so that it could be moved simply by pushing it.

However, a prominent sign effectively concealed these wheels.

Or rather, the sign captured the attention of everyone passing by.

It read: You were once a millionaire, but you forgot the password to your money, now, I offer you a chance, for just 0.1 yuan, you might recall the password to your wealth.

Many people stopped to look.

“What is this...?”

“As you can see, lottery!”

Griffin, dressed in a work uniform, answered earnestly as if he really were a lottery ticket salesperson.

In fact, it was a costume he’d meticulously sewn after careful observation, realistic enough to create a convincing facade.

“But this isn’t the Mega Lotto, is it?”

People were still puzzled.

“This is a new type of lottery,”

“Fair to all ages.”

“You just buy one, and scratch it.”

“It’s as clear as day.”

A kind smile hung on Griffin's face.

"Oh."

A stooge in the crowd nodded as if he'd just realized something, then pulled out 0.1 yuan, picked up a ticket, and started scratching.

The next moment—

"I won!"

"I've won!"

"Five yuan!"

The shill shouted loudly, as if afraid people wouldn't notice, even lifting the winning ticket high for all to see.

"Congratulations on your prize!"

Griffin responded loudly as well.

Then, under the watchful eyes of the crowd, he immediately counted out five yuan, handed it over to the person, and then accepted the lottery ticket that was passed to him.

Then the second plant hidden in the crowd made his move.

“Give me two.”

People always follow the crowd.

Seeing someone buy and win,

then seeing others follow suit,

naturally, they also bought in.

Of course, aside from the first actual prize-winning ticket, the rest were almost all ‘Thank you for your patronage.’

However, Griffin cleverly mixed in some minor prizes of 0.3 yuan, 0.5 yuan, and 1 yuan.

Not many, but enough to keep the enthusiasm sufficiently high.

Jason, Edward, little Bansey, and the female pastry chef watched from the street corner.

“Isn’t that fraud?”

Jason frowned.

Without another word, Edward was ready to charge forward and grab Griffin, but was stopped by little Bansey.

“Captain, wait a moment, don’t rush.”

Little Bansey said with a smile.

Edward was taken aback but chose to trust little Bansey.

Jason, on the other hand, heard something and turned his head to look at the other side of Sausage Street.

He saw about a dozen people rushing over from the end of the street.

“Swindler!”

“Over there!”

“Catch him!”

As soon as these people caught sight of Griffin’s shop, they immediately surrounded it and started closing in on Griffin without a word.

Griffin first thought about running away.

But unknown to him, some malicious person had sprinkled something on his wheels, which, in this cold winter, caused the wheels to freeze, leaving the cart immobilized.

And why not abandon the shop?

It was custom-made for a hefty price; to leave it behind?

He truly couldn't bear the thought!

After all, if he lost his life, he could come back in the next one, but if he didn't earn the money, he wouldn't rest even in death.

Of course, Griffin was also confident that at worst he would only get beaten once.

"Gentlemen, we had an agreement,"

"Not the face, please!"

Having said that, Griffin crouched down holding the cash box.

Such an attitude completely infuriated the people who had come rushing.

"Beat him!"

At the command of the leader, the surrounding people began to hit Griffin.

And when those who had just bought lottery tickets found out that Griffin was a scammer, they too joined the mob beating Griffin.

Little Bansey ran over excitedly.

He was ready to kick Griffin a couple of times.

But he simply couldn't squeeze through the crowd, so in the end, he could only hand over a stick he'd picked up from the roadside to the people inside.

"Hit him!"

"Hit him a few more times!"

Little Bansey shouted.

Jason nudged Edward with his shoulder as he watched the scene.

“Does Bansey have a grudge against Griffin?”

Jason asked.

“The money for the damaged bedding, it was Bansey who paid it.”

“And, when Griffin was taken into temporary custody, it was Bansey who signed for it.”

“But when this guy got out of jail, he took all of Bansey’s clothes, belts, shoes from his wardrobe, oh, and the twenty bucks Bansey had secretly saved up, just in case.”

“And...”

“This guy borrowed five bucks from Ada in Bansey’s name.”

Edward explained in a low voice.

Ada, Jason remembered, that female operator.

“He really deserves a beating.”

Jason commented.

“Hmm.”

Edward nodded in agreement.

But Edward was very measured, stepping in when the time seemed about right.

“Police!”

Edward shouted loudly.

Little Bansey was a bit disappointed, but he still remembered his duty.

“Everyone stop!”

“Stop it!”

He raised his badge as he spoke and elbowed his way through the crowd, handcuffing Griffin — arresting the fraudster was his duty, wasn't it?

Then, without waiting for Griffin to react, Little Bansey handed the cashbox over to Edward.

"Everyone come here and register how much money you were just scammed out of."

Edward yelled.

The crowd was immediately drawn over.

As the people swarmed over, Griffin began to struggle.

"Bansey, the money, the money!"

"You want more money?"

"If they keep hitting you, you'll lose your life!"

Little Bansey grabbed Griffin and walked over to Jason.

“If I lose my life, I can be reborn, but if I lose the money, that’s really gone!”

Griffin’s face turned pale, allowing Little Bansey to drag him away.

Yet, an inner defiance made him grab Little Bansey’s leg the next moment and start weeping loudly.

“I swear I’ll never again...”

Before Griffin could finish, he saw Jason and the female pastry chef standing beside him.

Suddenly, his crying stopped, and Griffin’s eyes lit up.

“50,000 dollars!”

“No!”

“550,000 dollars!”

In an instant, Griffin stood up and then rushed towards the female pastry chef.

“Are you crazy!”

Caught off guard, Little Bansey staggered as he was yanked and roared loudly.

But Griffin didn’t care and kept running forward.

The pastry chef got a fright and immediately hid behind Jason.

“Hey, Jason, good evening.”

“Fifty-five thousand dollars... no, hello Giselle.”

Griffin greeted with a smile.

Facing Griffin, Jason spoke bluntly.

“I’m here because...”

“No need to say more, I understand!”

“Come with me; this isn’t the place to talk. Let’s find somewhere secluded.”

Griffin cut Jason off mid-sentence.

Then, he pulled Little Bansey by the arm and headed toward an alleyway.

Jason raised an eyebrow but followed anyway, a surge of unexpressed energy welling up inside him.

You understand now?

I haven’t even spoken!

Have you all been ‘schooled’ at Cat Hole?

Really, isn’t it time for you ‘Cat Hole’ graduates to head back and revitalize Cat Hole?