

Menu 298

Chapter 298: Newdeth City's Small Team of Heroes Emerges

In the alleyway, Griffin had Bansey help unlock his handcuffs.

“Really hurts.”

“You hit really hard.”

“And to think I still considered you a friend.”

As Griffin rubbed his wrist, he grumbled.

“Heh.”

Bansey let out a cold laugh.

Ever since Griffin had stolen his only change of clothes and twenty bucks of his private stash, and on top of that, borrowed five bucks from Ada in his name, Bansey had wanted nothing more than to strangle him.

It was truly despicable.

Didn't he know how hard it was for a bachelor to save money?

Not to mention that he had intended to wear the freshly laundered clothes for special occasions.

For a man who would wear underwear for seven days and then turn it inside out to wear for another seven, those washed clothes were like a treasure of the house.

Occupied by his rage, Bansey lifted his foot and kicked Griffin.

Griffin didn't dodge, taking the kick squarely before looking at Bansey with a playful grin.

"Once we pull off this job, I'll pay you back tenfold, no, a hundredfold," said Griffin, his gaze shifting toward Jason and the female pastry chef standing behind him.

"I know you're here for her, Jason."

"It's fascinating, Ms. Giselle is just an ordinary pastry chef, but somehow, she's connected to all the major events that have recently happened in Newdeth City," Griffin said, eyeing the pastry chef closely.

While the pastry chef looked completely baffled.

Everything is connected to her?

Really?

The pastry chef thought, a look of apology crossing her face.

“Sorry, it was not intentional,” she said.

Her apology made Griffin frown.

Then the man, who once claimed to be a negotiator, began to speak:

“This morning, a bounty was posted for Ms. Giselle on the Black Market – 50,000 dollars.”

“And this afternoon, a new bounty appeared: ‘Find who put the bounty on Ms. Giselle.’ The price is... 500,000!”

Hisss!

Bansey, already surprised at the mention of 50,000, took a sharp breath at this new revelation.

For Bansey, who earned eleven dollars a week with a bonus of a dollar and a half, 50,000 was already an astronomical figure.

500,000?

Completely unimaginable.

How much would that be?

If I had that kind of money, could I finally buy dog food for 'Private'?

Could I steep myself in steaks, savoring one while eyeing the next?

Panting, panting.

The delightful fantasies made Bansey's breathing quicken.

Jason's brow furrowed and then relaxed.

It wasn't until now that he understood where the female student council president's misunderstanding had come from.

She thinks that either I or the 'Night Watcher' organization behind me put up the 500,000 bounty on Giselle's behalf, doesn't she? Jason thought.

But he had no intention whatsoever of explaining this to the female student council president.

For now, Jason was focused on the problem at hand.

Was the person who put the bounty on Giselle related to 'Ghost Squad'?

Who put up the bounty to find the person who bountied Giselle?

Could he use the second person to dig out the first one?

And soon, Jason had his answers.

First, Giselle didn't have any real enemies in Newdeth City, and regular folks couldn't put up 50,000 dollars. It was only possible if she had been targeted because of his involvement, thus prompting the 'Ghost Squad' to mount a bounty on her.

Second, as for the person who offered the bounty on Giselle's bounty placer, Jason didn't know, but subconsciously, he thought of Giselle's mysterious sister, or rather... Giselle herself was quite a mystery.

Nonetheless, this didn't prevent the recent bounty from becoming a catalyst in unearthing the 'Ghost Squad.'

500,000 was enough to tempt many people.

'Ghost Squad's' capacity to vanish without a trace lay in their exceptional ability to hide and lack of sufficient pursuit forces.

But now?

500,000 would compensate for everything.

All the unseen bounty hunters, mercenaries, and even members of the 'Mystical Side' hidden in Newdeth City would surely take action.

Just like Griffin before him.

Jason could see Griffin's eagerness.

Facing Jason's gaze, Griffin was quite calm.

"What's wrong with loving money?" Griffin asked, spreading his hands toward Jason.

Jason shook his head and said no more.

Just like his love for food, everyone's hobbies vary, and he wasn't in a position to judge others.

"Hmph."

"You'd better not cross the line."

But Bansey just snorted coldly.

"Money is the best thing!"

"As long as it exists, so does the baseline."

“And if it doesn’t?”

“Then the baseline is just like underwear in the bathroom. If you don’t take it off, you’ll end up soiling your pants—not just the underwear, but the pants get dirty too, and it might even seep down into your shoes.”

Griffin replied with a smile.

Then, Bansey glared at him, disgusted by his vulgar words.

Immediately, Griffin shrank his neck and put on a smile.

“You see, the affairs of the wealthy are real issues.”

“The problems of the poor are just poverty.”

“I’m not afraid of being poor. I just want to be a responsible young man, who is proactive and strives to resolve every issue diligently.”

Griffin quickly shifted his rhetoric.

Bansey felt his temples throbbing painfully.

“Shut up.”

Bansey growled.

“Shut up, I’ll shut up.”

“But the secret information I got about ‘targeting Miss Giselle’ won’t be able to be shared then.”

Griffin looked regretful.

“Speak.”

Bansey demanded, frowning.

“You were the one who told me to shut up.”

“And you are the one asking me to speak.”

“Man, you are really being unreasonable, just like...”

Griffin wanted to continue, but Bansey’s hand moved to his holster. Instantly, Griffin stopped speaking and said with a serious expression, “I have two candidates here.”

“1. ‘Dog Claw’ Brooke.”

“2. The merchant, Sidlin.”

“According to my sources, these two are most likely to be the agents of the Ghost Squad.”

Bansey looked at Griffin with suspicion.

“Where did you get this information?”

Bansey asked.

It wasn’t that he didn’t trust Griffin, but even he and Edward had exhausted countless efforts and had not found any information about the Ghost Squad, yet Griffin seemed to have found it so easily.

This gave Bansey an unrealistic feeling.

“Could it be a trap?”

Bansey continued to inquire.

“Why do you think I went to buy lottery tickets?”

“Do you really think I would care about such a small amount of money?”

“I’ve been waiting!”

“Waiting for someone else to blaze the trail for us!”

Griffin said, revealing a smug smile.

“You sold this information to others as well?”

Bansey glared at him.

“Why not?”

“It’s a win-win situation.”

“Besides, now is the time for us to make a move.”

With that, Griffin ran toward the outside stalls.

By then the crowd had already dispersed.

He casually ran out with a backpack, and Edward followed suit.

The others watched as Griffin pulled out a cloak and two coat-like quilts from the backpack.

“You’re not thinking of...?”

Bansey immediately got the idea upon seeing the quilt-like coats.

“Exactly what you’re thinking.”

“How could we show up in our true faces?”

“Jason, the hockey mask—you brought it, right?”

Griffin looked at Jason who nodded, taking out a concealed hockey mask from beneath the coat. Griffin grabbed the two quilt-like coats, tossed one to Bansey, and threw one over himself.

Then, he raised his hands high and shouted—

“Now!”

“The Newdeth City F4 has arrived!”