

Menu 299

Chapter 299: There are always times when you can't help it...

Such shame!

Lil' Bansey looked at Griffin's display and couldn't help but curl his lips, then he pulled the bedding over his head.

"We are the Four Knights of Newdeth City!"

His head was buried in the crook of his right arm, his left hand raised diagonally upwards, his right leg slightly bent, his left leg stretched straight.

Jason, Edward, and the female pastry chef didn't even glance at the two, heading straight for the alley's exit.

Couldn't afford to talk more with Griffin and Bansey.

After all, stupidity is contagious.

...

'Dog's Paw' Brooke was not known for having a hand like a dog's paw, but rather for the dog's paw birthmark on his face.

As the boss of the 'Hound Gang,' 'Dog's Paw' Brooke's despicable reputation was well known far and wide.

Even, to some extent, it was infamous.

Because Brooke was in the 'loan sharking' business.

Of course, it wasn't legit.

His specialty was the 'seven out, sixteen back' and 'blood loans.'

The former was essential for maintaining gang operations.

The latter?

It was a matter of personal interest.

Just like at this moment, a husband and wife on Black Pepper Street had just signed a contract.

The husband took away 7 dollars.

The wife returned to Brooke.

The wife, her mouth blocked, was full of pleading in her eyes, her body constantly struggling.

But it was in vain.

“Turn it around!”

“Once it’s turned around, I’ll come get you!”

The husband said this.

Then, without paying any more attention to his wife, he simply walked away.

Wu, wuwu!

The wife with her mouth blocked whimpered.

Brooke looked on with great interest at this scene.

He liked to watch things like this.

The misfortune of others could excite him.

So, he never tired of it.

“Do you hate it?”

“Do you resent it?”

“Do you want revenge?”

Brooke stood behind the wife and asked softly.

The wife hung her head in silence.

Brooke began to laugh.

He had seen too many things like this, he had a wealth of experience, so he grabbed the wife's hair with one hand, dragging her towards the door.

"Don't you dare?"

"I'll help you!"

Brooke said this.

Gang members serving as Attendants directly opened the door, through which the wife saw her husband being surrounded by several members of the 'Hound Gang' in the garden.

"What are you going to do?"

The husband asked in terror.

"What a bold move, daring to steal here!"

A Gang member shouted.

The husband shuddered.

“No!”

“I didn’t!”

“I...”

Puh!

The husband wanted to explain, but before he could finish, a dagger plunged into his lower back, thoroughly silencing him.

Life ebbed away.

Death loomed.

Brooke pulled the wife in front of her husband.

“Come!”

“Look closely!”

“I avenged you!”

Brooke’s face lit up with excitement, the ‘dog’s paw’ mark twisting on his face, making his fleshy, vicious-looking visage even more menacing.

Then, he ripped out the rag from the wife’s mouth.

He looked forward to the next scream.

“No!”

Just as he had anticipated.

A scream resounded.

So satisfying!

Oh, so satisfying!

“Hahaha.”

Brooke laughed loudly, his hand once again grabbing the wife’s hair, but this time, he wasn’t just grabbing her hair, he was also tearing at her clothes.

The husband hadn’t completely breathed his last.

At that moment, his eyes suddenly widened.

“Come, look.”

“Look closely.”

Brooke became even more excited.

Then...

Puh!

The excitement on Brooke's face froze.

His head flew high into the air.

A broad-bladed, short-handled cleaver swept across his neck.

A towering figure with a hockey mask appeared behind Brooke without warning.

According to the plan, they were supposed to infiltrate.

But sometimes, plans can't keep up with changes.

Some things are irresistible.

The standard infiltration had failed.

Jason chose the perfect way to infiltrate.

He was good at this.

Under the hockey mask, Jason's visage was indistinct.

But at that moment, Jason's eyes were a cold expanse, brimming with murderous intent.

"Boss!"

"Brooke Boss!"

Gang members around them cried out in alarm.

Meanwhile, Jason kept moving, his knife never stopping.

Amidst the flashing cold light, heads rolled.

In the corner of the garden, Edward's face changed colors several times, then, he turned his head to Griffin: "Has Brooke always done it like this?"

“He’s a pervert.”

“The kind that’s praised by everyone.”

Griffin shrugged.

“Deserves to die!”

Bansey said coldly.

“Deserves to die?”

“There’s more than one such bastard in Newdeth City.”

“He’s just one of them, and not the most excessive kind.”

Griffin looked at Bansey with amusement.

“Then I’ll kill these guys one by one.”

Bansey said through clenched teeth.

“Hey, don’t forget who you are.”

Griffin reminded him.

Bansey was suddenly taken aback.

And Edward, beside him, adjusted his hood lower once again.

“We are the ‘Punishers’ now!”

With that, Edward headed towards the main building where more gang members were rushing out, his revolver firing repeatedly.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The sound of gunfire snapped Bansey out of it.

“Yeah.”

“We are the ‘Punishers’ now!”

Bansey raised his ‘typewriter’ and began to spray the crowd.

Griffin blinked.

Eventually, he threw up his hands.

“Alright, you win.”

With that, he rushed towards another building.

That was the bedroom of ‘Dog’s Paw’, and also a secret room.

If there was anything to be found, it would surely be hidden there.

Griffin had made sure to investigate everything thoroughly beforehand.

What was left?

To find the critical piece of evidence.

And then, to confirm whether 'Dog's Paw' Brooke was an agent of the Ghost Squad.

Wait!

'Dog's Paw' Brooke had already been taken out by Jason.

Even if it was confirmed, what difference would it make?

Coming to his senses, Griffin's face under the bedding twitched.

"Impulsive!"

"Too impulsive!"

“Should have interrogated him thoroughly before killing the bastard.”

Griffin, thinking this, nonetheless did not stop moving.

He harbored a one-in-a-million hope as he burst in.

Then, counter to his expectations, he actually found an ‘encryption book’.

Not just any ‘encryption book’, but a radio ‘encryption book’.

What does a gang leader need a radio encryption book for?

In a flash, Griffin thought of something.

He couldn’t help but let a smile spread across his face.

Then, he was about to carefully examine the encryption book.

At that moment, though, he suddenly felt a tingling in the hand that was touching the encryption book.

Unable to resist, Griffin started scratching his hand.

But the more he scratched, the itchier it got.

The itchier it got, the more he wanted to scratch.

And soon, it was no longer just on his hands.

It was all over his body!

He tore at his clothes!

Lines of blood began to appear on Griffin's body.

But still, he couldn't help himself.

The bloody lines gradually turned into a blur of flesh and blood.

The blur of flesh and blood eventually stopped the itch.

But what followed was pain!

White maggots emerged from the blurry wounds on Griffin's body.

They wriggled.

They feasted.

They bore faces...

Faces like Jason's.