

## Menu 303

Chapter 303: 'Fishbone Street

When the radio communication started, Edward immediately rushed over, pulled out a chair, sat down, and began to take notes with the paper and pen by his side.

Jason was not familiar with this kind of radio, but for Edward, who came from a military background, operating it was quite easy.

A moment later, he came over with a piece of paper full of dots and lines.

“Where’s the codebook?”

Edward asked.

“Here.”

Bansey promptly took out the codebook from his pocket.

“Dots and lines represent different letters; this is common knowledge, so many people use special encryption methods, such as combining dots and lines into numbers, then using these numbers to read the actual information in the special codebook.”

The female pastry chef softly explained to Jason.

“Mm.”

Jason nodded in understanding.

He had guessed as much when Edward had first spoken.

However, he did not rebut the well-intentioned pastry chef.

Griffin, on the other hand, once again looked at the pastry chef without showing his emotions.

A familiar feeling rushed over him again.

The longer he stayed with the pastry chef, the stronger this feeling of familiarity became.

He was sure it wasn't an illusion.

Only...

He still couldn't confirm where this familiar feeling came from.

Was it some kind of malicious joke?

Or...

Some 'Overlord's' disguise?

But what would be the point of such a disguise?

He knew what those 'Overlords' were after, and no one present could possibly be the target of their schemes.

Not even for 550,000.

Griffin's brows were tightly furrowed.

At this moment, Edward had already deciphered the code.

"Fishbone Street 233, midnight."

Edward relayed the decrypted message to those present.

Fishbone Street again?

Not only was the 'Food' on Fishbone Street, but was the 'Ghost Squad' there too?

Or was the 'Ghost Squad' relying on the 'Food Traitor' to get 'ingredients' to Fishbone Street?

Or perhaps...

The hunt in Fishbone Street had already been completed.

Is midnight just a corresponding trade?

After pausing for a moment, Jason's mind was suddenly filled with many speculations.

The people from Valley of Pills suddenly felt that something was amiss. Had Beiting Huang gone mad? He actually dared to accept the challenge issued jointly by the three elders? Was he out of his mind?

The three elders, too, felt a thin layer of sweat forming on their backs. They sensed that something was off but would never admit that Beiting Huang's strength surpassed theirs. Beiting Huang had ascended to Heaven Rank just four months ago, the same time as they had. In just four months, how could Beiting Huang's strength exceed theirs?

After ascending to Heaven Rank, the three of them had come to deeply understand that comprehension had become more important than the accumulation of energy. What insights could a mere brat like Beiting Huang have? Even within Heaven Rank, if there was a slight disparity in understanding the rules of heaven and earth, the difference in strength could be vast as heaven and earth.

"Heh, Beiting Huang, it seems today is the day you die!" The Second Elder abruptly drew his long sword, turning to the similarly dark-faced Third Elder and Fourth Elder and said, "Since the lad is not afraid of death, let's all go on him together! The fools of Central Continent had better not accuse us of bullying the young due to our age!"

"Pah, pah, pah!"

There were sounds of spitting from the Snow Wolf Mercenary Group, and Rikedo, who had nearly lost his life after taking Beiting Huang's medicinal pills, was now jumping around energetically and laughed, "I've seen shameless people, but never someone this shameless!"

As for the others, they couldn't even be bothered to disparage the three old individuals from Valley of Pills.

The people of Huang City, upon hearing these words, could only helplessly shake their heads. They did not wish to say half a word, feeling that it would be degrading to converse with such people.

“Where’s Fishbone Street?”

“Does Newdeth City have this street?”

The pastry chef asked.

“Yes.”

“But common people don’t know about it.”

“Because...”

“It’s underground.”

Edward explained.

“An underground street?”

The pastry chef looked surprised.

“That’s not just any underground street.”

“It’s the ‘Inside World’ of Newdeth City.”

“There you can find things you’ll never see on the surface of the city, and the variety of those things is only limited by your imagination.”

“That place is extremely disliked by the vast majority, yet there’s nothing they can do about it.”

“To outsiders, it’s known as Fishbone Street.”

“To those inside, it’s referred to as... ‘the Gutter’.”

Griffin added.

This self-proclaimed storyteller, information dealer, and middleman, while speaking, discreetly observed the pastry chef’s expression. He hoped that by probing with the last statement, he would see more information.

However, the pastry chef’s face only showed surprise.

“Newdeth City actually has such a place?”

“Aren’t you managing it?”

The pastry chef looked at Edward and Bansey.

“Some things are beyond my capacity to deal with.”

“Because...”

“It’s legal.”

Edward said with a wry smile.

“Legal?”

“Such a place sounds terrifying. How can it be legal?”

The pastry chef was stunned, her face filled with disbelief.

“Just like you said, Giselle, it is a terrifying place.”

“But it is indeed legal.”

“My office drawer still contains the document signed by the Silver Federation, and during the time of Decheng, a photocopy of the same document was present, also marked as legal.”

Edward’s face was full of helplessness.

And more so in his eyes was confusion.

As the leader of a special operations team, he still did not understand why the Silver Federation would sign such documents.

“If it exists, there’s a reason.”

“The existence of ‘The Gutters’ is reasonable.”

“Because we all know the rules.”

Griffin, however, spread his hands and said.

Slap!

Bansey slapped Griffin hard on the shoulder, and amidst Griffin’s grimacing, Bansey snorted coldly, “Your rules only apply to you, nothing but a fig leaf!”

“Isn’t that enough?”

“Moreover, the fig leaf of the Silver Federation isn’t just this one.”

Griffin retorted.

Wanting to argue back, Bansey immediately fell silent.

In the end, he could only—

Slap!

Bansey slapped Griffin's shoulder hard again.

This time, he used a lot of strength.

Griffin staggered from the blow, nearly falling over.

"Bullshit rules."

Bansey muttered.

And Jason was looking at Griffin, who steadied himself against a nearby table.

"Since there are rules, then how does one get in?"

Jason asked with certainty.

He was all too familiar with such procedures.

In the Nightless City, there were far too many similar places.

Each place had its own set of rules.

But there was one rule that was the same: entry required identity verification.

“Mask’, you seem very familiar with this process.”

Griffin said with a smile.

He wanted to tease him further.

But Bansey, standing by, had already opened his mouth decisively.

“To enter Fishbone Street, you need two Fishbone Street residents as guarantors, and then, there is a fee of ten dollars.”

“The two Fishbone Street residents must be people who have lived there for more than three years.”

“And any Silver Federation public officers are not welcome.”

Towards the end, Bansey could not help it and started swearing under his breath.

“Such a damned place ought to be leveled with artillery fire!”

“Then hit it with incendiary bombs, burn it for three days and nights!”

“After that, douse it with disinfectant.”

“Otherwise, it will never be completely purified.”

Such remarks made Griffin unhappy.

“Hey, hey hey.”

“What do you mean by purification?”

“I am also a resident there.”

Griffin reminded Bansey.

Bansey glared at Griffin.

Griffin, unyielding, glared back at Bansey.

The more they glared, the closer they got, neither willing to back down.

Then, they simply pressed their foreheads against each other and circled in the room like wrestlers.

“Enough.”

“We now have one guarantor.”

“Now we are missing one person!”

Edward pulled the two apart, their foreheads already red, and positioned himself between them, unwilling to give in, and said.

“I can’t do it.”

“I can only be one guarantor.”

“The other person needs to be figured out, ‘The Gutters’ can’t be relied on, even I would have the same issue searching!”

“It’s very possible that you will be attacked the moment you go in.”

Griffin said.

In an instant, both Edward and Bansey furrowed their brows.

They did not doubt Griffin’s words.

Because according to their investigation, that was exactly the case.

Suddenly, the two of them were at a loss.

Actually, if they had had someone reliable, they would have infiltrated sooner and not had to wait until now.

At this moment, Jason spoke—

“A trusted person, huh?”

“I know someone who might be able to help us.”