

## **Menu 307**

### Chapter 307: Hospitality Fishbone Street

The rolling shutter door closed behind the vehicle.

The night breeze was blocked outside the door, and under the soft lighting, the entire garage was fully revealed.

It was just like the garages Jason knew.

They were garages mixed with repair bays, with wide spaces for parking in the center, and some shelves with miscellaneous items on the sides, piled high with tools like wrenches and motor oil.

Moreover, Jason sharply noticed that these items were not just for show but were actually in use.

“Sometimes, when a disguise is worn for long enough, the fake becomes real.”

Hannibal said this.

Jason nodded thoughtfully.

Then—

Click!

With the sound of gears turning, the ground where the cars were parked suddenly began to sink.

Just like an elevator, it took a full two minutes for this descent to stop.

Then, a wide tunnel with four lanes appeared before Jason's eyes.

The surface of this tunnel was smooth, in no way inferior to the ground level of Newdeth City, in fact, it even surpassed it.

At the entrance to the tunnel, two teams of twenty armed guards stood.

In the middle of the tunnel stood a solid bastion, with two dark muzzles, one for each of the two heavy machine guns guarding the corresponding directions, and these were merely the visible armed forces.

In other dark corners, Jason's senses could pick up faint, almost imperceptible breathing.

What's more important was that given the special topography here, as long as there were enough bullets, it would indeed be a case where one man could hold off ten thousand.

After all, at most two or three hundred people could fit at the entrance of the tunnel.

And two or three hundred people wouldn't last two rounds under the fire of two heavy machine guns and twenty rifles.

As for the thought of quickly breaking through this place?

Unless they completely dug open the surface above this place, it was basically impossible to accommodate more people.

Similarly, this was incredibly difficult.

Based on the speed of the descent just now, this place was at least 500 meters below the surface.

"500 meters..."

Jason frowned as he thought about this depth.

In his opinion, even 'peace' would hardly damage a structure 500 meters underground.

However, in this world with a 'Mystical Side', maybe there were other methods that might work.

Or...

Just break through from the inside!

This tunnel entrance was an excellent turning point. If one were to seize it, then turn the guns inside to fire, no matter how many people were inside, it would hold them back for a while.

Jason, who suffered from severe paranoia, always came up with corresponding plans whenever he entered a new place.

Most of the time, they were completely unnecessary.

But this didn't stop him from refining his plans every time.

While Jason was thinking, Edward, who was putting on an act, was also looking around.

Then, the expression of the leader of the special operations team grew dim.

Edward, who came from the military, knew very well that not just their small group, but even if all the police departments above ground were called to forcefully attack this place, it would be a suicide mission.

Unless they brought in an entire army for a protracted war.

Otherwise...

There was no hope.

But the resources consumed by a protracted war, how enormous would that number be?

Just thinking about it filled Edward with despair.

"How do you think this place got its legality?"

"If it were really that easy to take down, 'Fishbone Street' would've ceased to exist a long time ago."

Griffin looked at Edward and sneered.

Then, without waiting for Edward to speak again, and dodging a punch from little Bansey, Griffin pushed open the car door and stepped out.

Standing by the door, Griffin spread his arms and took a deep breath.

“This damned sweetness.”

“It’s the smell of the ‘gutter’.”

Griffin’s mouth was full of affectionate praise, but his face showed deep disgust.

That disgust was imprinted in his bones.

And it was evident.

At least, little Bansey could see it.

“Do you really hate this place?”

Bansey asked.

“Yeah, just like you hate this place.”

“I do.”

“Even more so, I hate it even more than you do.”

“After all, my father, mother, brothers, and sisters all died here.”

Griffin’s voice was somber as he spoke.

Little Bansey was startled, then immediately began to speak, full of apologies.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t know, I...”

“Hahaha!”

“You actually believed that?”

“So naive!”

Unfortunately, before Little Bansey could finish his apologetic words, he was interrupted by Griffin’s loud laughter.

Suddenly, Little Bansey looked at his unreliable companion with gritted teeth.

If it weren’t for the place being inappropriate, with the patrolling guards walking by, he would have fired his weapon long ago.

“Greetings, please show your identification.”

A leader who seemed to be a guard came over, first making a fist with his right hand, gently tapping it against his chest, and then, with a smile on his face, he spoke.

His voice was soothing, and his behavior was even more in keeping with etiquette.

This left the defensive Edward and Little Bansey bewildered.

They had never imagined the guards of Fishbone Street to be so polite.



In their minds, even if the guards here were not evil, they would definitely all be coarse and uncultured.

Griffin was also stunned.

His memory of this place was certainly not like this.

Let alone the neatly formed lines.

Gathering in groups to smoke, drink, and make trouble here was what these guards usually did, and what was even more common was to collect a certain toll fee, which had become common knowledge.

So when he handed over his 'resident certificate', he had slipped a five-dollar bill inside it.

What Griffin had not expected was that the lead guard, upon seeing the money, immediately changed his expression.

First was panic.

Then subconsciously looking towards the shadows on one side.

It was as if he was straining his ears to listen.

In the end, it turned to coldness.

“Sir, are you insulting me?”

The lead guard threw the ‘resident certificate’ back at Griffin, who caught it in a fluster, but the money that had been tucked inside still fell out.

Edward and Little Bansey, upon seeing this scene, were even more surprised.

Were the guards of Fishbone Street all so honorable?

“Sir, this is the first and last time.”

“If you make this mistake again, you will be expelled.”

“Now, if you wish to bring your friends into ‘Fishbone Street,’ please go to the sentry box to handle the entry procedures—remember, please do not make a similar mistake again.”

As he spoke, the lead guard turned and ran back to his formation.

The entire process was meticulous, the drill and discipline showed their regular training.

Even Edward and Little Bansey, who were from a military background, could not find any fault with it.

“A team with strict discipline.”

“Having such a team, have we perhaps misunderstood Fishbone Street?”

Little Bansey asked softly.

“Let’s wait and see.”

Edward said.

Griffin, on the other hand, couldn’t help but tap his forehead.

Am I still not awake?

This doesn't match my memories.

Have I forgotten something again?

Damn it.

Why do I keep forgetting things lately!

With these thoughts, Edward's trio and Jason's trio met up.

They arrived at the sentry box the guard had mentioned—just as they got there—

Bang!

A gunshot sounded, and Edward, Little Bansey, and Griffin instinctively pulled out their weapons, only to see petals fall from above.

Clap, clap.

The surrounding soldiers gently tapped their boots, giving a neat salute to the group.

Sitting inside the booth, a middle-aged man in ceremonial attire came out and said with a smile:

“Congratulations, you are the 100,000th visitors to enter Fishbone Street.”

“As a result, you will be granted visa exemption.”

“And this distinguished lady, you will receive a shopping discount.”