

## **Menu 308**

Chapter 308: Different

Shopping for free?

Everyone was stunned, a touch of strangeness rising in their hearts.

Two of the six people had been to 'Fishbone Street' before, they could even be called regulars.

The remaining four, though they hadn't been there, had heard of it more or less.

But the scene before their eyes was far different from what they had remembered.

What happened to the lawless zone?

What happened to the cruelty, the cold-heartedness?

What happened to the darkness, the sights unfit for the eyes?

How did it turn into shopping at a mall?

After Jason's gaze swept over the middle-aged man, he subconsciously looked at the female pastry chef.  
The female pastry chef herself pointed at herself.

"Me?"

"Yes, it's you."

"As the very person who happens to be the 100,000th visitor, you have become the honored guest of 'Fishbone Street'."

"You can shop and enjoy yourself here to your heart's content."

The middle-aged man spoke in a kind tone, even showing a hint of humility.

"This is the first time I've heard of 'Fishbone Street' having such a promotion."

Griffin said.

"Because this is the first time we're holding it."

The middle-aged man answered with a smile.

“Then why her, why not me?”

“We almost got off the car at the same time, right?”

Griffin asked again.

“It’s according to the order of arrival in front of me.”

The middle-aged man answered methodically.

Griffin had more questions, but Edward and little Bansey blocked him on both sides.

They hadn’t forgotten why they had come to Fishbone Street.

It wasn’t to pick faults, but for the ‘Ghost Squad’.

A sense of caution rose in Jason’s heart.

The group returned to their vehicles, the two cars driving side by side.

The middle-aged man watched the cars drive away, then immediately went back to the booth.

“Her Majesty the Queen has entered the tunnel.”

“Guards, follow at all times.”

“And... tell those bastards to roll back to where they belong.”

Contrary to his previous kindness, the middle-aged man’s voice was cold as he spoke on the phone.

After hanging up the phone and dialing a few more numbers, issuing similar orders, he finally sat back in the booth.

He rubbed his forehead, pondering.

Why did Her Majesty the Queen suddenly come back?

Could it be that we haven't done well enough somewhere?

Or is it because of some bastards...

Wait a second!

It couldn't really be those bastards, could it!

Upon thinking of something, the middle-aged man stood up again and picked up the phone to dial a number.

"Check what those bastards have been up to lately."

After speaking, the middle-aged man waited patiently.

Because he knew well that such an inquiry posed no difficulty to the person on the other end of the call.

In fact, it was just so.

About a minute later, a report of the investigation came through the receiver.

“Someone among them has put a reward of 50,000 on a woman named Giselle...”

Click!

With a crisp sound, the middle-aged man’s palm trembled, and immediately cracks appeared on the handset.

“Hello, hello, what’s going on?”

“Someone has put up a counter-reward on those bastards.”

“It must be someone connected to Giselle, or perhaps someone trying to force them into the open, right?”

Voices came from the receiver.

“Alright, I got it.”

“I’ll handle those bastards.”

The middle-aged man continued to respond calmly.

But the instant he hung up the phone, he collapsed to the ground, clutching his head with both hands.

It's all over!

It's over!

Those bastards are going to get me killed!

No!

No!

I must save myself!

With this thought, the middle-aged man got up again and reached for the phone to make another call.

...

Sitting in the car driven by Hannibal, Jason was asking about everything related to 'Fishbone Street'.

"Fishbone Street is what normal people would consider the Black Market."

"But this place is much worse than the Black Market."

"Deception and murder are everywhere."

"Although it has its own rules, it's not a place where people feel comfortable."

Hannibal answered.

Then, the psychologist looked at the female pastry chef through the rearview mirror.

He was also curious about why this scene had occurred.

The female pastry chef looked completely baffled, and even Hannibal couldn't decipher anything from such an expression.

A bunch of idiots!

An inexplicable voice arose within her.

This made the female pastry chef startle.

Then, she shook her head.

“What’s wrong, Giselle?”

Jason, who had been watching her, asked.

“Nothing.”

“It just feels strange.”

“The way those people were looking at me just now was very strange—could it be because of... the bounty?”

The female pastry chef shook her head, analyzing seriously.

A bounty?!

Jason was stunned.

Yes, that's right!

A bounty as high as 550,000!

With that assumption, the scene just now seemed not so incomprehensible.

"What bounty?"

Hannibal asked.

Jason immediately explained.

"So that's how it is."

Hannibal immediately sighed in relief.

He was worried about the unknowns.

This kind of known quantity?

He feared nothing.

No matter how many came, he would bury just as many, saving himself the money for fertilizer.

“Miss Giselle, please do not lose sight of myself and Jason later. Their so-called shopping spree is designed to immerse you in shopping so you’ll lower your guard, then they’ll strike.”

“And the 550,000 is not their real target.”

“Their greed is beyond your imagination.”

“If someone is willing to put up a bounty of 50,000 for you and pay 500,000 for revenge on your behalf, then there can certainly be more.”

“They are bastards who’d try to extract oil from stones, and they will find every way to squeeze more out of you.”

Hannibal warned the female pastry chef.

“Thank you.”

She thanked him reluctantly.

Then, she slowly moved closer to Jason, narrowing the distance between them.

Next, she lifted her hand, wanting to touch Jason’s palm.

But the moment she lifted her hand, the female pastry chef’s own face turned red.

Eventually, she could only rest her hand on the chair, 10 centimeters away from Jason.

Seeing this, Hannibal couldn’t help but avert his gaze.

It seems I was overthinking it.

However...

I seem to have forgotten something.

What could it be?

Hannibal shook his head involuntarily and started to concentrate on driving.

The tunnel sloped downwards.

It was longer than 10 kilometers.

Every 30 meters, there was a light illuminating the way.

Jason observed everything silently,

Etching everything into his memory.

Especially when he arrived at the end of the tunnel, his eyes widened,

He needed to see clearly what 'Fishbone Street' looked like.

And then...

Scattered houses, stone-paved roads, a parking lot on the side with cars parked neatly, a smiling waiter at the end of the tunnel guiding them to park,

In front of them were several barbecue grills laden with various foods,

Two accordion players circled the grills, playing and dancing.

Several young girls were singing and dancing,

In the distance, children chased after each other, running and laughing.

"This is Fishbone Street?"

“How is it like a resort?”

The female pastry chef couldn't help asking.

Griffin, who got out of the car behind, rubbed his eyes and then yelled, “Where’s the gallows? Why did it turn into a barbecue grill? And that’s supposed to be a guillotine, how could there be accordion players? Aren’t those dancing people supposed to be soliciting customers? And shouldn’t those running children be robbers in dwarf disguise?”

The guiding waiter came over with a smile.

“Hello sir, although you are a resident here, we will still sue you for defamation if you continue speaking this way.”

“Sue what, now?”

“Are you trying to make me drop my guard, then hit me with a sucker punch?”

“Forget it.”

Griffin continued shouting.

Edward and little Bansey, also standing by, were stunned by the scene in 'Fishbone Street'.

Then, both of them twitched their noses.

Dish soap!

They smelled the scent of dish soap!

Instinctively, they felt as though their hands were submerged in cold water again, an uncomfortable bone-chilling sensation.

Hannibal and Jason seemed contemplative.

The female pastry chef scraped the ground with the tip of her boot.

The stone road felt a bit damp.

"They cleaned up the street."

“Hastily, but thoroughly.”

“Was the whole town mobilized for this?”

The female pastry chef speculated, her gaze shifting to the food on the barbecue grills.

“Beef, lamb, pork, chicken, and fish.”

“Sorted meticulously, each of high quality.”

“But clearly, they were just put up there, and those accordion players and dancing girls have stiff expressions, glancing at us now and then. As for the children in the distance, they could be running further away but are just circling around, continuously laughing. They have been laughing for so long, aren’t they tired?”

“Everyone be careful.”

“There is danger here.”

After speaking, the female pastry chef hid behind Jason.

She hadn't seen the helplessness on the faces of the smiling waiter, the accordion players, and the dancing girls.

They didn't want to do this either!

But they were not professionals!

Their efforts were already at their maximum!

The smiling waiter was about to explain,

But at that moment, a profound and indelible malice swept over them, focusing on Jason, who was blocking the pastry chef.

Jason, who had been eyeing the barbecue grill and swallowing saliva, raised an eyebrow, his suppressed hunger no longer containable and burst forth in an instant. The instincts of a predator began to boil and ultimately soared, roaring out loud.

Boom!