

Menu 310

Chapter 310: Xin, Never Out of Date

“Block them!”

In the aftermath of the explosion, the voice of the Fishbone Street Sheriff rang out.

The squad of guards immediately turned around, raising their guns to stop the three people.

Bang, bang, bang!

The flashes of the gun muzzles flickered.

Bullets shot out densely, but the three figures bursting forth seemed to anticipate each movement, some leaping, some pausing in their step, others charging forward swiftly.

Their movements varied, yet they seemed to act as one.

They not only evaded the bullets but also mounted a counterattack.

Whoosh, whoosh whoosh.

A series of sounds from slashing blades cut through the air.

The gun-wielding guards fell one after another, clutching their throats.

“Overestimating yourselves.”

The one who threw the knives sneered several times, then his gaze shifted toward Jason.

“So you’re the one who’s been messing up our operations lately, huh?”

“Have you thought about how you want to die?”

The other coldly asked.

Then, while speaking, he threw another throwing knife.

Whoosh!

Clang!

The knife flew straight for Jason's throat, but before it could reach him, Hannibal simply raised his hand.

A scalpel appeared in Hannibal's hand, and with a swipe,

The tip of the knife met the flying blade, knocking it away.

"Ambushing is not the behavior of a gentleman."

Hannibal stepped forward and said.

"Gentleman?"

"We are warriors!"

"The finest warriors!"

"We only need victory—a victory by any means necessary!"

The ambusher, far from ashamed, proudly proclaimed this as his comrades aimed their guns at Jason's group and pulled the triggers.

Ratatat.

Two submachine guns spat out tongues of fire.

The moment the guns were raised, Jason swiftly carried the female pastry chef into the nearby building for cover.

Hannibal, Edward, Little Bansey, and Griffin moved to dodge on the other side.

Pop, pop pop!

Bullets struck the surrounding walls, sending fragments flying.

As the three people who had dashed out of the explosion returned fire and retreated,

Grenades were thrown with precision, not just landing where Jason's group dodged but also thrown behind them.

Boom, boom, boom!

A series of explosions followed.

Two specially designed smoke grenades were launched.

Hiss, hiss!

In an instant, smoke enveloped Fishbone Street.

As everyone's vision was obscured, the three-person squad rushed towards the parking lot at the entrance.

Up to now, they hadn't understood why a small hunt had led Fishbone Street to suddenly turn hostile. They had done similar things in the past and had just made compensations to resolve issues.

But this time?

Dorothee directly declared war.

If they hadn't instinctively taken defensive measures, they would have been killed already.

But now?

They had the upper hand!

If they could make it to the parking lot, they'd have a chance to survive.

And for them, that wasn't a difficult task.

They had encountered many similar situations before.

Everything was a familiar routine.

Once they broke free... huh, Fishbone Street?

They would certainly seek revenge on Fishbone Street!

Compared to their Ghost Squad, what was a tiny Fishbone Street?

Just a rural organization they could crush effortlessly.

That's right!

And then there was that washed-up ex-soldier!

A nobody who couldn't even handle the trauma of war, recently active before their eyes!

Did he really think he could stand against them just by disrupting a few operations they couldn't care less about?

So naive!

Once they got serious, they would make sure he paid the price.

Thud!

Thud, thud!

As the three retreated rapidly, lost in thought, they suddenly heard a familiar sound.

It sounded like a heartbeat.

But how could a heartbeat be so loud?

So loud that it sounded like...

War drums!

Where were the war drums coming from?

This wasn't a real battlefield.

Moreover, the so-called war drums had long been obsolete on the stage of war, and although they were apprentice members of the 'Ghost Squad', they preferred to end fights using stealth and without a trace.

As for a charge at the sound of war drums?

That was outdated.

Antiquated stuff.

War drums ringing?

Knights charging?

Ridiculous!

The trio couldn't help but reveal a disdainful smile, and then—

Pfft!

The leader, the attacker with the throwing knives, suddenly felt a pain in his back.

He instinctively looked down and saw the tip of a knife protruding from his chest.

“This...”

Rip!

The leader of the attackers tried to open his mouth, but Jason's wrist flipped, and as he swung his broad-bladed, short-hilt machete upwards, it sliced cleanly out of the attacker's body, and in a fluid motion, swept across the neck of the gunman beside him.

Pfft!

The head soared into the air, and blood sprayed.

The remaining one had just raised his gun when Jason kicked him in the wrist. The muzzle jerked uncontrollably upwards, fired a series of shots, and then fell silent, chopped off by the descending stroke of the broad-bladed, short-hilt machete.

The trio died with their eyes wide open.

Their eyes bulged as they gazed at Jason holding the broad-bladed, short-hilt machete.

The tall figure was reflected in their pupils.

Eventually, their gazes faded, and they breathed no more.

Jason pulled off the leader's waist pouch and once again disappeared into the smoke.

He didn't need to confirm any further.

The faint scent emanating from the pouch was enough to tell Jason where his target was.

The smoke gradually cleared.

Dorothee, accompanied by more guards, rushed over and furrowed his brow at the sight of the three corpses on the ground.

"Circle around."

Dorothee ordered.

Then, he turned to look behind him as Jason and his companions walked out from behind the building.

When he saw that Her Majesty the Queen was unharmed, Dorothee breathed a sigh of relief.

He waved to his subordinates, then Dorothee approached Jason and his party again.

“I apologize, as you can see, we’ve had some unexpected incidents.”

“Today, ‘Fishbone Street’ will be closed.”

“You are welcome to visit again another time.”

“Of course, to make it up to you, your free pass will be extended for a longer period.”

“Additionally, you may request appropriate compensation.”

With that, Dorothee bowed.

The female pastry chef dodged the apology, then turned to look at Jason.

She clearly understood the purpose of their visit.

Jason gave a meaningful glance at the corpses of the trio on the ground.

Instantly, the female pastry chef caught on.

“These are our spoils of war.”

She said, pointing to the bodies on the ground.

Dorothee was taken aback.

Then he nodded.

“Of course.”

With that, the ‘Fishbone Street’ Sheriff waved his hand.

Immediately, the guards began to help package everything up.

What Her Majesty the Queen wanted with these bodies, Dorothee had no idea.

He only knew he had to comply with whatever Her Majesty the Queen desired.

Jason and his companions set off on their return journey.

Just over ten minutes later, Jason and his party had returned to the surface.

The entire trip had ended faster than they had imagined.

But they had indeed gained something from it.

Not just the 'trade item' from the Prus Family.

But also the waist pouch in his hand.

Even through the leather, which was specially made, the faint scent had already told Jason what was inside.

Gulp.

Jason couldn't help swallowing his saliva.

But he didn't open the waist pouch.

Not just because of his endurance training, but because in his sensing ability, nearly four times that of a normal person, many breathing sounds that shouldn't be there emerged from the shadowy sides of the streets.

"Stop the car!"