

Menu 311

Chapter 311: Death Like the Wind!

Squeak!

In the screeching sound of the brakes, two cars stopped one behind the other.

Jason grabbed the female pastry chef and rushed out of the car.

Hannibal had unconditional trust in Jason and followed immediately.

The female pastry chef was similar.

Thus, she didn't struggle at all, but adjusted her body to cooperate with Jason.

Meanwhile, Edward, Bansey, and Griffin in the car behind were even more responsive; they took out their weapons and rolled out of the car after the vehicle in front made a sudden stop.

To ordinary people, a car seems to be a solid defensive measure.

But in the eyes of Edward, Bansey, and Griffin, it was a coffin.

Perhaps mixed with some glass and steel, but the essence of a coffin remained unchanged.

And in the next moment—

Ratatat!

From the shadows, gunfire erupted.

Bullets fell like rain, piercing through the car that Jason was in.

Bansey's vehicle was only caught in the crossfire, which let Bansey, who was hiding at the entrance of an alley, breathe a sigh of relief.

All his belongings were in that car!

If it had really taken special attention, there would only be one loud bang, one glimpse of fireworks.

"Lucky!"

"Lucky!"

Bansey celebrated in his heart.

At this moment, the gunfire paused briefly.

Bansey gripped the mortar in his hands and started to aim.

He was not going to show his head.

Having come from the military, Bansey knew very well that such a brief cessation of gunfire didn't mean the enemy was reloading, but rather a 'lure'!

A 'lure' for those who thought the opponent was changing magazines to rush out.

He could guarantee that if he rushed out, he would be turned into a sieve.

Because those who had just fired their guns would at least keep 1-2 bullets in reserve.

There might even be marksmen ready for a follow-up shot.

These marksmen were all sharpshooters, who wouldn't fire randomly with the others; they would wait for the critical moment to make a lethal shot.

Bansey knew this.

Edward naturally understood as well.

Griffin might not understand, but seeing Bansey and Edward's reactions, he would naturally get it.

Hannibal was the same.

Only the female pastry chef was confused, foolishly watching as Jason walked out.

In fact, when Jason walked out, everyone was taken aback.

Including the attackers.

They never imagined that Jason, with his sharp reactions, would walk out so easily.

However, long-term training instincts allowed them to aim instantaneously.

But just as the attackers were about to pull the triggers—

“Close your eyes!”

Jason shouted loudly.

Out of trust for Jason, Hannibal, Edward, and the others immediately closed their eyes.

Then...

Beep!

Jason yelled loudly.

Suddenly, a bright light illuminated the streets at night.

The attackers aiming in this direction only felt a blinding white light in front of them.

The attackers closer to the scene felt a sharp pain in their eyes, couldn't help but cry out in pain, yet, their long-term training enabled them to maintain considerable composure; when faced with the unexpected, they left their cover immediately and tried hard to strain their eyes to look around.

What they didn't expect was that before the white glare in their eyes faded, a series of elusive and intricate, incomprehensible words reached their ears.

PI Po!

A dense gray fog filled the surroundings.

Standing in the middle of the street, Jason slowly took out his hockey mask and put it on.

The broad-bladed, short-handled machete was gripped in his hand, and that icy voice came from behind the mask.

"Hunting time!"

Within the range of the "Mist Concealment" secret technique, his perception was perfectly normal.

He could clearly see those attackers who had been blinded successively and were unable to differentiate between northeast and southwest in the fog.

He stepped towards those attackers.

The Proficiency Level of the “Griffin Body Refinement Technique” and its mastery option “Embrace of the Dark Night” provided him with a constant stealth and concealment level +2 effect in the night, darkness, and shadows.

At this moment, with the addition of “Mist Concealment,” his stealth level increased by one more point.

Coupled with the “Mist Concealment’s” additional agility bonus of +0.4, Jason’s already silent footsteps became like a ghostly apparition.

As he approached one of the attackers, carefully checking his surroundings, he failed to see Jason approaching from behind.

The next moment, Jason suddenly raised his hand and covered the man’s mouth.

“Mmm... uh!”

The man’s voice was stifled within his chest, and he was forcibly dragged into the thick fog.

In an instant, all that was left on the spot was the rolling fog.

And Jason, stepping out once again.

One moment was all Jason needed to deal with him.

And he was not the first.

Nor would he be the last.

Jason, wearing a hockey mask, moved through the dense fog, coldly hunting his next target.

One passed by right in front of him, yet failed to notice Jason.

Without any flourish, Jason raised his hand and struck with his knife.

Thunk!

The man clutched at his throat as he fell, but Jason grabbed the body and dragged it into a corner.

In this corner, there were already four bodies.

This was the fifth.

And there were five attackers left.

Jason was not anxious.

He patiently moved towards his next target.

This attacker was dressed just like the previous ones.

The difference was, he held a gun in one hand and a dagger in the other, his eyes vigilantly scanning his surroundings, ears listening.

Clearly, this attacker was more prepared to react.

But it was utterly useless.

Jason approached him, his broad-bladed short-handled machete whistling through the air, before penetrating the man's chest.

Although the attacker turned as he heard the whistling sound, Jason, who was prepared and very close, was undoubtedly faster.

The attacker could only look down at the blade protruding from his chest and then fell to the ground, never to rise again.

Just like before, Jason grabbed the body and dragged it into the corner, piling it on top of the attackers he had already dealt with.

"Four more!"

Jason thought to himself, once again disappearing into the dense fog.

Thunk!

"Three!"

Thunk!

“Two!”

Thunk!

“Just one left!”

The sound of the blade cutting through flesh and blood, one after another, finally made the attackers in the fog unable to bear it any longer.

“Everyone, converge on me!”

“Everyone, if you hear me, converge on me!”

The last attacker was shouting loudly.

Then he heard footsteps.

His face lit up with joy, and he ran directly towards the direction of the footsteps.

He had had enough of this silent slaughter.

He didn't want to die.

He wanted to resist.

But he was too weak by himself; he needed to find a companion he could rely on, so that they could make a final stand against this silent killer.

If he could meet a few more people, the attacker wouldn't mind at all.

Unfortunately, as he rushed towards the source of the footsteps, all he saw was a tall figure wearing a hockey mask.

The knife in the figure's hand was already raised high.

The next moment, it came slashing down—

Thunk!

Blood sprayed.

The fog gradually faded away.

Edward, Little Bansey, Griffin, and others who had been watching the battlefield, witnessed a scene they would never forget.

Jason, wearing a hockey mask and holding a broad-bladed machete, stood silently beside a pile of more than ten bodies, the breeze blowing against the hockey mask, his eyes calm.

The dispersing smell of blood, however, moved with the wind.

Filling the air with death.

Death danced with the wind as well.

Under the night sky, it grew even quieter.

Only Jason's coat was fluttering noisily.