

Menu 312

Chapter 312: The Reward

In the night breeze, as Jason began to clean up the aftermath of the battle, it was only then that Hannibal, Edward, and others snapped out of their shock.

Following that, young Bansey discovered the pastry chef collapsed on the ground.

"Giselle, are you alright?"

Young Bansey inquired with concern.

"I'm fine, I was just startled."

The pastry chef replied.

The scene just now was indeed impactful, not to mention a common woman, even a man, or even himself, would feel a chilling sensation.

So, young Bansey didn't think there was anything wrong with the pastry chef being so frightened that she collapsed.

The others felt the same.

And as everyone's attention shifted towards the battlefield, the pastry chef's face flushed as she bowed her head.

She was excited to the point of trembling.

Indeed, he is the man she chose.

Strong and direct.

Then, she felt something and quickly retracted.

Afterward, the pastry chef looked around in a daze.

Huh?

Did I fall asleep again?

The pastry chef thought to herself.

Whereas Griffin, observing the pastry chef's behavior, frowned.

Is it my imagination again?

But just now...

It felt as if someone else was standing behind me.

Thinking this, Griffin glanced at the pastry chef one more time then put aside his doubts for the moment and started to walk toward the end of the battlefield.

At this time, Edward was already preparing to make a phone call to have his subordinates come over, but Jason spoke up to caution him.

"Edward, be careful,"

"They're connected with the 'Ghost Squad'."

Jason didn't want more people, including Edward, to be involved.

Not only because of the power of the 'Ghost Squad',

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But also because the 'Ghost Squad' had already become a bargaining chip in his dealings with the Prus Family.

He hoped to better complete the trade with the Prus Family.

Similarly, he didn't want Edward to misunderstand anything.

Fortunately, Jason knew how to convince Edward.

After Jason finished speaking, Edward hesitated.

As a former subordinate of Mika, Edward was all too familiar with Mika's style.

The death of the opposition's subordinates was a fact that wouldn't change, but the opposition would not let this go.

They would definitely seek retaliation!

And it would be the fastest and most ferocious kind!

If he allowed his subordinates to come here now, they would undoubtedly become targets for the 'Ghost Squad'.

Between his principles and the lives of his subordinates, Edward undoubtedly chose the latter.

He approached the car's radio once more.

Unlike his initial decision, this time he was issuing a warning.

"Ada, is that you?"

"Notify everyone, be on high alert,"

"Including yourself."

Edward sat in the car, giving such orders.

And Jason?

He headed towards a nearby telephone booth.

He dialed the number Tedi had left.

"I have some gains here,"

"Not far from Pea Corner Street."

"Okay, I'll wait for you."

Jason hung up the phone and turned to see young Bansey watching him, blinking with curiosity like a wondrous child.

"Jason, the bright light and the fog just now?"

Young Bansey asked cautiously.

"Yes,"

"Just as you imagined it to be."

"Some 'Mystical Side' knowledge that common folk can't access."

Jason nodded and didn't hide anything.

Bansey might not have truly been exposed to the 'Mystical Side', but Edward certainly had.

Given Bansey's personality and Edward's care for his subordinate, Bansey would inevitably learn everything about the 'Mystical Side' sooner or later.

Therefore, Jason didn't think there was anything to hide.

"Is that kind of knowledge complex?"

"Is it hard to learn?"

"Can I learn it?"

Little Bansey, his face alight with excitement and longing, asked Jason.

"Yes."

"Even ordinary people can learn this kind of knowledge."

"But this knowledge is complicated, and it takes a great deal of time."

"Moreover, this knowledge is dangerous."

"Beginners need a true teacher to guide them step by step."

Jason was recounting what he knew about the 'Mystical Side,' and finally, he pointed to the mortar Bansey was carrying and said, "In fact, even among those entities from the 'Mystical Side' that I've come across, very few can ignore a bombardment. They only exhibit their peculiar effects in certain environments, and on the front lines..."

After a slight pause, Jason continued:

"On a true frontline, if the 'Mystical Side' could dominate the battlefield, firearms wouldn't have developed so quickly, and the 'Mystical Side' wouldn't have become stuff of legends."

"So that's how it is."

"What should I do if I encounter something from the 'Mystical Side'?"

Contemplative, Bansey then voiced the question he was most concerned about.

"Blast it!"

"If one shot doesn't work, fire two!"

"Keep firing until it's reduced to dust!"

Jason answered very seriously.

This was the most effective method he knew for ordinary people to deal with the 'Mystical Side.'

As for those 'Bizarre' ones?

Even he wasn't sure he could handle them properly.

Of course, perhaps as his understanding of the 'Mystical Side' deepened, he would find better methods.

But at that moment, Jason really wished he had a 'Peacekeeper'; he wanted to see what those 'Bizarre' entities would look like in the face of a 'Peacekeeper.'

Unfortunately, such thoughts were merely wishful thinking.

He still needed to start with the 'Mystical Side.'

"I hope the Prus Family won't disappoint me."

Thinking this, Jason waited quietly.

Bansey did not speak again either, but pulled Griffin to be on guard around them.

"Why do I have to go?"

"Isn't Edward suitable?"

Griffin muttered this, but his body had already followed Bansey to one side of the street.

Edward, meanwhile, went to the other side of the street.

Hannibal, with even greater attention to detail, checked over the battlefield and then stood excitedly behind Jason.

Just now, he had seen Jason's hunt only vaguely.

Marvelous!

That was his assessment.

His respect for Jason rose yet another level.

He was almost eager to witness Jason's true hunt.

As for just now?

That was merely a warm-up.

But Hannibal did not disturb Jason.

Nor did the patisserie chef, back to her normal self.

She just stared at Hannibal, using her gaze to chase him away.

And Hannibal?

Responded with a smile.

In the midst of everyone's waiting, the sound of a car engine broke the silence on the street.

The Prus Family's motorcade appeared.

Three cars approached one after another.

The female student council president sat in the car in the middle.

Getting out with her was a solidly built, balding middle-aged man.

As soon as he got out of the car, the middle-aged man rushed towards the thirteen bodies, including the three additional ones taken care of on Fishbone Street.

After a close examination, the middle-aged man turned to Jason with a broad smile.

"Well done."

"The entire Ghost Squad's apprentice team is here."

"That bastard Mika is definitely going to be heartbroken."

"And when he's heartbroken, I'm happy."

With that, the middle-aged man actually laughed out loud.

Then, he came up to Jason and said very amicably:

"As a trade, for the secret technique or material you're owed—I can take the initiative in private to elevate your reward by one level, of course, you can only choose one of the two."

"If you need both, the reward will still be given to you, but it can only be applied to one of them."

"However, by doing this, the secret technique or material you exchange won't be as beneficial as focusing on just one."

"So..."

"What do you want?"