

Menu 322

Chapter 322: Encounter

Outside the carriage, the person knocking on the door was taken aback.

Jason had completely disrupted his train of thought.

He was clearly there, so why say he wasn't? I had investigated thoroughly.

As the man was still contemplating, the door to the public carriage opened.

The man saw Jason.

Jason saw him as well.

Dressed in a khaki green woolen military overcoat, not wearing a service cap, with a fair complexion and a rounded chin, showing none of the experience and weathering of a military man but rather a somewhat slippery look; and not far from him, several soldiers had alighted from an automobile parked at the street corner, temporarily blocking the entire street.

Slap!

The man saluted Jason.

"Colonel Jason, good morning."

"I am pleased we have met again."

The man said this.

Colonel?

Jason frowned.

In his memory, the military rank he held when he left service was supposed to be captain.

Moreover, he had no recollection of this man.

Seeing Jason's frown, the man quickly explained: "This is an order posthumously issued by the military's upper echelons. In light of your outstanding accomplishments, you've been promoted to honorary colonel, and your veteran benefits have been issued, including the selection of a residence in Newdeth City worth no more than 20,000 dollars, which will perpetually be yours."

"Perhaps you don't remember me."

"I am Major Aiwude."

The man said, reintroducing himself, and then reached out to shake hands with Jason.

But Jason completely ignored him, just staring coldly.

A sharpness like a knife mixed with the scent of a 'predator' was faintly released.

Like his previous 'point-blank denial' response, his current gaze was a conversational tactic.

It was something Jason had learned from some scoundrels in the Nightless City.

Although it was not 100% effective, it often worked quite well, especially when Jason's unique presence was added to the mix, making the effect even more pronounced.

Indeed, with Jason's icy gaze on him, Aiwude started to sweat on the wintry street the next moment.

He first awkwardly retracted his hand, and when he felt Jason's gaze landing on his hairline, the major couldn't help saying, "Colonel Jason, I am just following orders, and I don't know much more. If you wish to inquire, you should go to the veterans' outpost or directly submit an application to the military. I think your letters would certainly be seen by those generals."

While speaking, he readied to leave with an awkward and nervous smile.

"Wait."

Jason spoke up.

"Do you have any other instructions?"

Aiwude immediately turned back.

"My compensation."

"And my house should be near Pea Corner Street."

"Preferably close to the Watchdog Pastry House."

Jason said.

"Understood, understood."

Aiwude answered with a bow and a nod.

Then, he pulled out a thick kraft paper bag from his overcoat and placed it in front of Jason.

"Then I'll take my leave."

"If there's anything you need, you can find me."

"I'll be at the veterans' outpost, as you know."

After speaking, the man turned and ran away.

Aiwude didn't want to stay a moment longer.

He knew the task he had been given was not an easy one, but facing Jason, he realized once again that he had underestimated the difficulty of the mission.

That sharp feeling was almost like having a knife to his neck.

And that terrifying presence made him feel as if he were facing a wild beast, ready to be devoured at any moment.

A terrifying man!

It's no wonder those big shots in the military changed their minds!

But nobody is going to make me cannon fodder!

I am taking medical leave right now!

Tomorrow, I'm leaving Newdeth City!

Then, I'll go to the countryside, find a girl to marry, and live out my days!

I'm not coming back!

Determined, Aiwude quickened his pace.

The carriage started moving again.

With Aiwude's departure, the coachman who had just been controlled returned, seemingly a bit startled, but overall quite calm. He respectfully asked Jason and then resumed driving the public carriage smoothly through the streets of Newdeth City.

"That man just now, he was a major?"

The female pastry chef asked, a bit bewildered.

Although she hadn't seen too many soldiers, none were like that major.

He seemed completely like some of the crafty suppliers she had encountered before, without a trace of a soldier's demeanor.

"It seems so."

"I don't really remember."

Jason said, opening the kraft paper bag.

Immediately, a hefty stack of large-denomination bills came into view.

After counting carefully, there were as much as 3,000 dollars.

"That's quite generous."

Jason commented.

His voice was steady, his tone flat.

Jason knew very well why they were so generous.

Because, he had taken down 'Phantom Sting'!

He had killed a formal member of the Ghost Squad!

He had shown his own value!

Beyond that, he could think of no other reason for the Silver Federation to act this way.

Quickly, the female pastry chef also came to the same conclusion.

But there was something else she was puzzled about.

"Where did the Silver Federation get their information from?"

"The Prus Family should have blocked the news."

She asked Jason, having just learned what had happened from him; she didn't believe that the higher-ups of the Silver Federation could know more quickly than herself, especially since Newdeth City wasn't entirely under the control of the Silver Federation.

Unless...

"Did the Prus Family deliberately leak it?!"

The female pastry chef caught on.

She turned to Jason, seeking an answer.

"Yes."

"The Prus Family needs an opportunity to boost morale significantly."

"At the same time, they are also trying to enrage the Ghost Squad, wanting them to fully expose themselves."

Jason affirmed.

"You think it's useless?"

The female pastry chef astutely picked up on the information conveyed in Jason's words.

"The answer is certainly 'yes'."

"Ghost Squad knows where their advantage lies,"

"They are the most powerful when hidden away."

"Once they are exposed, they understand what they will face."

"So, they will continue to leverage their advantage, and then..."

Boom!

Jason hadn't finished speaking when he was interrupted by an explosion.

The blast was so powerful that the ground trembled.

"Stop the carriage!"

Jason shouted as he stuffed the parchment bag into his coat and leapt from the carriage.

The female pastry chef was a step slower.

The car that Jason had previously seen parked at the corner of the street was now nothing more than wreckage, with charred bones inside. Without a doubt, they were the remains of the soldiers and Major Edward.

"Call the police."

Jason yelled to the female pastry chef.

She immediately rushed toward a relatively intact phone booth by the side of the street.

Jason, meanwhile, surveyed the surroundings, constantly flaring his nostrils.

There was no unusual smell.

Or rather, it was overpowered by the odors of sulfur and the stench of charring.

This wasn't the right place to strike.

But Jason hadn't given up.

His brain worked quickly.

The bomb had just been planted.

The person who planted the bomb couldn't have gone far.

Any running at this time would be conspicuous and attract attention.

Therefore, the perpetrator needed a spot where they could hide and avoid the blast radius.

It had to be close enough!

A place they could dash into in an instant!

Almost as soon as this thought crossed his mind, Jason's gaze locked onto a house directly opposite the car.

The windows had shattered in the explosion.

But the main structure was still largely intact.

It matched his earlier assessment.

More importantly... after such an explosion, the silence inside was telling!

Looking at the other rooms filled with noise and panic.

This one was eerily quiet.

Maybe it wasn't distinguishable to others.

But to Jason, with his heightened senses, all it took was a little discernment to catch the clue.

There was the sound of only one person breathing inside!

From heavy and rapid to calm in just a few seconds!

Clearly, the person had undergone specialized training!

Jason narrowed his eyes and advanced toward the building.

The shotgun he had acquired earlier appeared in his hands, its barrel pointing at the door.

One step.

Two steps.

Click!

A faint sound reached Jason's ears.

It was the sound of the hammer being cocked on a revolver.

Jason knew it all too well, having heard it more than once.

Without thinking, Jason rolled to the side and simultaneously pulled the trigger of the shotgun in his hand.

Bang!

Bang!

Both guns fired at the same time.

The other party's bullet missed its mark.

Jason's shot hit its target.

Not because Jason's marksmanship skill was particularly high, but because at short range, the shotgun's pellets were too closely packed for the enemy to dodge.

Of course, the enemy would never have imagined someone smuggling a shotgun under their coat.

Hmph!

An agonized grunt allowed Jason to pinpoint his opponent's location more accurately. He pulled the trigger of his shotgun repeatedly.

Bang!

Click, click!

Bang!

Click, click!

Unlike the Winchester Brothers' lever-action shotguns, the one in Jason's hands only required a light pump to load and eject shells. Though slightly less powerful, it was much faster, and more importantly, it held more bullets.

A total of seven pellets turned the wall in front of the house into a sieve.

The dense spread of bullet holes was enough to send shivers down anyone's spine.

The enemy's breathing continued.

And it was relatively steady.

No doubt, the previous shots had only suppressed and grazed the enemy, not delivering a fatal wound.

But under the barrage of gunfire, the enemy waited.

Waited for him to reload.

Or for the moment he would enter the room.

Therefore, Jason saved one shell.

At the same time, he pulled out a grenade.

He remembered the fundamentals of the Griffin Shooting Technique very clearly.

Pull the pin, toss it out.

Retreat, aim.

As a figure darted out of the room, Jason raised his gun and fired.

Bang!

The figure trembled mid-air, falling to the ground like a shot bird.

But the enemy hadn't given up on counterattacking. As they hit the ground, they raised their gun and fired toward the location of the gunshot.

Bang!

After a single shot, there was only the sound of the bullet striking the ground nearby.

Then, what welcomed the enemy was the butt of Jason's shotgun.

He smashed the stock of the shotgun hard against their face, then their neck.

Bang, bang!

After two blows, the enemy passed out.

It was only then that Edward and little Bansey arrived in the vehicle, belatedly appearing at the mouth of the street.

Jason grabbed the unconscious captive.

Boom!

The explosion of the grenade sounded off behind him.

As the flames erupted, Jason didn't look back. Carrying the captive, he strode directly toward Edward and little Bansey.