

Menu 323

Chapter 323: Is the righteousness you believe in the true justice?

Walking up to Edward and little Bansey, Jason threw the captive to the ground.

Thud.

In the dull sound of the fall, Edward immediately stooped down to scrutinize the captive before him.

Edward, with a military background, was well aware that no captive could be taken lightly, especially a member of the "Ghost Squad" — having roughly grasped the situation, he was over seventy percent certain that this person was associated with the "Ghost Squad," if not a full-fledged member, then perhaps one step higher than a trainee, on the verge of becoming official.

While Edward examined the captive, little Bansey moved behind Jason.

"What's the matter?"

Jason turned to look at little Bansey.

"I, I just wanted to see if the back of your clothes got burned."

Little Bansey scratched his head, smiling awkwardly.

"I controlled the distance."

Jason replied, then pointed at the captive and the remnants of the car, saying, "I suggest we search the veteran's site, focusing on anyone who might have been in contact with Aiwude or who might know of Aiwude's orders. His appearance was just too coincidental."

"Mhm."

After checking the captive, Edward nodded, but he didn't spring into action right away; instead, he gestured across the road, signaling for Jason to talk in a place where there were no people around.

"The veteran's site is troublesome."

"It's teeming with strong but unruly fellows, and my people simply can't get in."

"Moreover, those people seem to have a strange adoration for the 'Ghost Squad.'"

"To this day, they still believe the 'Ghost Squad' are heroes, even after they've betrayed the 'Silver Federation.'"

In a corner, Edward said in a lowered voice.

"Have you investigated the place?"

Jason continued to ask.

"Mhm."

"I just sent someone, and then..."

"My guys got thrown out."

"They told me they wouldn't interfere in any matter concerning the 'Ghost Squad', but they also hoped that no one would bother them over the 'Ghost Squad's' affairs."

Edward said with a bitter smile.

"Do you believe them?"

Jason countered.

"I want to believe them."

"But..."

Edward's voice trailed off, but the implication was clearer than ever.

A group that worships the 'Ghost Squad' claiming they won't meddle in its affairs? How credible could that be?

Practically nil.

"Regarding the old veteran's site, I've already reported it to the 'Silver Federation,' but their reply was that I needn't bother with it any longer—can you believe it? For the first time, I detest the 'Silver Federation's' efficiency for being so swift!"

Edward continued, the bitter smile on his face growing more pronounced.

Edward was no fool.

The abnormal efficiency of the 'Silver Federation' alone was enough to make him sense something was off.

Not to mention, the firm response had already revealed the 'Silver Federation's' ambiguous stance.

Although Edward didn't know what had happened, he was certain it wasn't anything good.

Jason, meanwhile, had roughly guessed what the 'Silver Federation' aimed to do: let the 'Ghost Squad' and the 'Dawn.Prus Family' destroy each other so they could reap the benefits.

But what perplexed him was that given the power displayed by the 'Dawn.Prus Family,' there was seemingly no need for such a maneuver.

Did the 'Dawn.Prus Family' have something else hidden?

Jason pondered.

Then, Jason smiled.

Would anyone believe that a family legacy spanning over three hundred years had no hidden secrets?

However, what kind of secrets were significant enough to make the 'Silver Federation' so wary?

Was the name "Starry Sky" truly just a facade?

Involuntarily, Jason's mind once again conjured the image of that vast room and all its gold and silver treasures.

Of course!

There was also that potion!

Were these all related as well?

Thinking this, Jason turned and walked towards the female pastry chef not far away.

"Call someone from the Prus Family, inform them about what happened here," Jason ordered.

Some things did not require his own hands.

Jason trusted that as soon as the old Tedi from the Prus Family received this message, there would definitely be a reaction.

Although he couldn't be certain what the 'Silver Federation' was wary of, he could be sure that the 'Dawn.Prus Family' and the 'Ghost Squad' had already become bitter enemies.

As long as it was confirmed that the 'Ghost Squad' was related to the old veterans' site, the 'Dawn.Prus Family' would inevitably take action.

"Okay."

The female pastry chef was somewhat confused, but that didn't hinder her from making the call.

Having been by Jason's side, she had become accustomed to making calls.

Though before, they had mostly been to the police station.

After seeing the female pastry chef connect the call, Jason then returned to the side of Edward and little Bansey.

"Stay alert," Jason said.

It wasn't that Jason didn't want to fully inform Edward and little Bansey.

But Jason didn't trust anyone beyond Edward and Bansey.

If the 'Ghost Squad' could bribe people from the old veterans' site, why couldn't they bribe Edward's subordinates?

Knowing that Edward also came from the military, his subordinates naturally did too.

Perhaps money couldn't move these upright people.

But...

What about things that weren't money, yet surpassed its value?

For example: helping them eliminate a detestable, wicked, oppressing scoundrel of a corrupt cop whom they couldn't target due to their principles.

To this day, Jason still remembered the scene where the chief named Sandwick strutted around before him, and then got his head blown off with a single shot.

There is no love without reason in this world.

Nor is there hatred without cause.

Since the "Ghost Squad" had already committed an act of betrayal, but were still regarded as heroes by the people at the veteran's station, it must mean the "Ghost Squad" had done something that aligned with "heroic deeds."

Other than those corrupt cops and scumbags who were wiped out, Jason couldn't think of anything else.

The people at the veteran's station saw the "Ghost Squad," with such actions, as heroes.

Then could Edward's subordinates, coming from a similar background and with many similarities, do the same?

The answer was very likely, yes!

Even if they were hurt themselves, such things could still happen.

Because pain can turn that kind of recognition into a sense of mission.

They sacrificed themselves willingly.'

For us!

To lure out those damned enemies!'

They are the real heroes!'

With preconceived notions, statements like these could definitely have quite a good effect.

Even causing those who heard them to prepare for the worst.

They would sacrifice themselves for their ideals.

Because...

They believed they were righteous.

Thinking of the repeated setbacks in Edward's previous actions,

Jason remained silent.

He couldn't share his guesses with Edward or little Bansey.

Some things are doomed to remain unspoken.

Edward and little Bansey looked at Jason in astonishment.

However, out of trust for Jason, both of them nodded solemnly.

Afterward, Jason and the female pastry chef boarded the public carriage again.

"Your Excellency, where shall we go?"

The coachman asked.

"Do you know the veteran's station?"

Jason inquired.

His purpose for coming out "on patrol" was for the "Ghost Squad."

Now that he had a possible hiding spot for the "Ghost Squad," Jason certainly wouldn't give it up.

"Of course."

"That's where a group of battle heroes lives."

The coachman responded, then the public carriage detoured around the streets, heading towards the road that led to the veteran's station.

Rumble, rumble.

The sound peculiar to the axle came out as the wheels crunched against the gravel on the ground.

Jason closed his eyes to rest.

He was well aware of what he was about to encounter.

Gathering energy was necessary.

The female pastry chef had a rough guess too, so she kept her mouth tightly shut, even lightening her breath.

About thirty minutes later, the carriage stopped in an area near the outskirts of Newdeth City.

From afar, you could see the sign for the veteran hospital.

The veteran's station was on the other side of the veteran hospital.

Both were in the same area.

However, there was still a distance between them.

After all, the veteran hospital needed quiet.

And the veteran's station?

Rowdy and noisy might not have been their intention, but disputes over certain matters, and resulting brawls, were inevitable.

They were, by nature, a stubborn bunch.

All with a bull's temperament.

And when provoked, they became as combative as red-eyed bulls.

Through the carriage window, the female pastry chef could see several caretakers pushing wheelchairs into the sunlight on the distant lawn, with people who had limited mobility sitting in them.

Unlike ordinary patients, these individuals all sat upright with straight spines, even those who had lost their legs didn't use it as an excuse to slouch.

On the contrary, they sat even straighter.

Their voices were also very loud.

The sunlight shining on their faces made them appear even more resplendent.

Were they all wounded in battle?

Had Jason been here before?

What would Jason have been like at that time?

As the pastry chef watched this scene, she couldn't help thinking.

She wanted to learn more about Jason's past.

So, she resolved to come here and inquire about Jason whenever she had time in the future.

The carriage continued forward, passing through the veteran hospital and arriving near the veteran's station.

However, before even getting close to the veteran's station, the pastry chef felt a chill all over her body.

It wasn't the severe cold of winter.

It was a kind of eerie coldness.

And compared to the bustling veteran hospital just now, the normally noisy veteran's station was eerily quiet.

No one was seen on the lawns.

Not a single figure.

Inside the station's houses, no trace of sound emerged.

This sort of quiet was suffocating.

It even made one's hair stand on end.

Especially after the liveliness of the veteran hospital, coming here felt like entering a different world entirely.

The pastry chef grew tense uncontrollably.

She instinctively looked toward Jason.

Then, she discovered that Jason was actually... smiling?