

Menu 329

Chapter 329: The Person Who Distorts Right and Wrong

'The Imperial Envoy' has arrived!

Without a sound, without notifying anyone, he just appeared at the Newdeth City police station and then...

Took Edward away.

They went to the military camp outside the city.

"They've come with malicious intent!"

"That guy looked at me and the captain as if we were prey to a vulture,"

Bansey said.

Jason's face was as dark as water.

What did they want to do with Edward?

To lure him to the military camp?

That was Jason's first reaction.

Apart from that, Jason could not guess anything else.

In fact, not only did Jason think of this, everyone present thought of it.

"The 'Silver Federation'? Huh."

"Be careful, Jason."

"Some things are far more complicated than they seem on the surface."

Professor Coulson let out a light chuckle.

Because of his historical research, having access to some authentic historical materials, Professor Coulson was well aware of how the 'Silver Federation' was established, a process filled with conspiracy and trickery.

It would not be an exaggeration to call it a struggle of villains.

Within the deception and plotting, a noble image was painted.

Even the real 'heroes' were executed.

All just to crown the scoundrels.

Therefore, he held no good feelings towards the entire 'Silver Federation'.

On the contrary, he had a liking for someone who could be called a 'hero' like Jason.

"Stay calm, Jason, things haven't gotten that bad yet,"

Hannibal signaled Bansey to sit down and then spoke to Jason as well.

"Mm."

"I just can't understand why that 'Imperial Envoy' would take Edward away."

"Me?"

"I shouldn't be the most important link."

Jason nodded, his eyes filled with confusion.

Compared to him, the Prus Family was undoubtedly a more valuable target.

But trying to involve the Prus Family through him?

That would be impossible too.

After the last conversation, the two parties had maintained only the purest business relationship, not allies, and he hadn't even seen old Tedi and Tedi again.

The one who brought gifts was just a steward of the Prus Family.

Of course, the gifts were substantial, 10,000 in cash and some valuable jewels.

Such compensation would be enough to allow an ordinary person to live without worries and in comfort for over a decade, or even a lifetime if frugal.

But the more so, the more it proved the Prus Family's estrangement.

Because they could not possibly not know that these things were of no use to Jason.

They should also know that what Jason needed were precious materials and secret techniques.

Jason was naturally well aware of this.

But he had no particular reaction.

Refuse the alliance and still expect treasures in return?

He wasn't the protagonist; how could he receive such treatment?

So, he definitely couldn't affect the Prus Family.

But what else was there?

Jason's brows furrowed.

Hannibal's brows also furrowed.

This psychologist couldn't think of anything either.

Bansey was sitting in his chair rubbing his hands in agitation.

Now he was truly at a loss.

With Edward usually around, most of the time he just followed orders. Now that Edward was gone, he had no idea where to even start.

And he couldn't outright say that Jason should go to the military camp.

Bansey was anxious, it's true, but he wasn't a fool or completely without principles.

He wouldn't ask a friend to risk his life.

Once Jason entered the military camp, what would happen?

No one could know.

Of course, this was also why Bansey was becoming increasingly anxious.

"Damn it! Damn it!"

"I've only got two mortars, five light machine guns, two heavy machine guns, two thousand kilograms of explosives, and compared to the whole camp, that's nothing!"

"In terms of numbers and firepower, we're way outmatched."

Bansey held his head, pounding on it in frustration.

He cursed himself for not having stockpiled more.

If only he had a tank now, that would be good, at least he could make a desperate fight.

But now?

He didn't even have a chance to fight.

And while everyone was pondering, the sound of a megaphone suddenly rang out on the street—

"An important member of the 'Ghost Squad,' Edward, has been arrested!"

"A betrayer lurking among us!"

"He will be hanged at dawn tomorrow!"

Atop a modified car, equipped with several loudspeakers, a person was standing and shouting non-stop.

"Bullshit!"

Bansey jumped up, ready to rush out, but Jason grabbed his shoulder.

"Look around the car."

"At least five people are hidden."

"If you rush out and dare to make a move, you'll definitely be captured—after all, you're used for signaling, and now that you're no longer needed, it would be perfect to take you back as a bargaining chip."

Jason spoke in a low voice.

Bansey was stunned and immediately calmed down.

His gaze turned to the window.

He quickly identified those people.

That slightly distinct but familiar demeanor made them stand out in Bansey's eyes.

"Bastards!"

"What does he want to do!"

Bansey roared in anger.

"What does he want to do?"

Jason chuckled coldly and slowly said,

"Of course, it's to 'clear' the 'Ghost Squad' of 'injustice'!"

"Everything the 'Ghost Squad' did was orchestrated by Edward, the members of the 'Ghost Squad' and the captain were all kept in the dark, completely unaware, only following orders."

"Now the 'wise' 'Imperial Envoy' has seen through all of this, capturing the main culprit Edward, and allowing the 'Ghost Squad' to get back on track."

"Isn't it perfect?"

At the end of his words, Jason asked rhetorically.

"How, how could he dare?"

Little Bansey was startled by Jason's words, struggling to speak coherently.

"Not only does he dare, but he's already doing it."

Jason pointed outside the window and said indifferently.

Little Bansey seemed as if all his strength had been drained, collapsing weakly into the chair.

"Heroes head to the guillotine."

"Villains take the stage."

"It cycles over and over again."

"In the end?"

"Nothing but a farce."

The old professor held his teacup, sighing softly.

His voice sounded as if he were reciting a poem.

Yet such a poem was somewhat hard to accept.

"A farce?"

"How could it be called a farce if it isn't chaotic?"

"I'm sorry, Professor Coulson, I had intended to invite you to lunch, but something urgent came up, and I need to take care of it."

Jason turned to express his apologies to the old professor.

"Lunch will have to wait for another time."

"I'll be waiting for your invitation."

"Anytime."

The old professor said with a smile.

Jason escorted the professor to the door, and as the professor picked up his coat and hat from the rack, he suddenly said in a low voice, "Never give up hope, just like the light of dawn—although faint and not intense, it is gentle and unwavering."

Jason was taken aback.

He didn't understand why the professor would say such a thing.

But before Jason could ask, the professor patted his shoulder three times and turned to leave.

Jason, somewhat perplexed, watched the professor depart.

Then, just as he was about to turn and go back to his room, chaos erupted on the street—

A group of children, seemingly out of nowhere, appeared among the crowd.

They hummed a tune, carried baskets, and then... egg after egg was thrown at the person who was shouting.

The voice inside the loudspeaker abruptly stopped.

The shouting man was hit and forced to scramble back into the vehicle.

And the pursuers hiding in the crowd were at a loss as the children scattered in all directions.

But other people would not miss such an opportunity.

They approached the pursuers stealthily.

The blade in their hand flashed by.

Thud, thud thud!

Blood sprayed everywhere.

"Ahh, ahh!"

"Someone's dead!"

"Someone's dead!"

The assembled crowd instantly dispersed.

The attackers also disappeared with the crowd.

Suddenly, Griffin stood out conspicuously.

Although he had a duvet over his head, to Jason and Little Bansey, he was all too familiar.

"Heard 'The Cloak' got captured?"

"I think it's time I did something."

Playing with a small knife in his hand, Griffin's voice came from beneath the duvet.

Griffin's gaze involuntarily drifted toward the figure by the kitchen stove.

He felt his knees weaken and instinctively wanted to kneel.

However, Dorothee's orders echoed in his ears.

'Someone targeted the King's people. We at Fishbone Street have our own rules and won't turn a blind eye.'

'You, as a liaison, will appear beside the King.'

'Remember not to expose the King's identity, or else... we'll drown you in a cesspit.'

The threat that followed was no idle menace to Griffin.

Every month, there were numerous lost souls in the 'Fishbone Street' cesspit.

And him?

He certainly didn't want to be the next one.

Yet, even now, he found it hard to accept the reality.

The mild and meek pastry chef was the 'Queen of Fishbone Street'?

It was completely unexpected, as improbable as a golden retriever becoming a king.

Almost subconsciously, Griffin began to recall whether he had ever been disrespectful to Her Majesty, and with a reasonably good memory, he breathed a sigh of relief. Then, his gaze toward Jason became one of immense envy.

The man of the 'Queen of Fishbone Street.'

Destined to be second only to one, above tens of thousands.

Envy indeed.

He wished he could take Jason's place.

The doctor had told him that he had bad teeth and a weak stomach, and he was most suited to live off a woman.

"Griffin, I feel you're thinking something disrespectful."

Jason frowned at Griffin.

Little Bansey, excitedly pulling Griffin inside, eagerly asked, "Are those your allies? Griffin, you actually have such allies?"

Having witnessed the recent scene, Little Bansey naturally could attest to those people's strength.

They were skilled in stealth, and most importantly, their coordination.

If these people were willing to make a move, rescuing Edward wasn't impossible.

"I have quite the connections in 'Fishbone Street.'"

Griffin said shamelessly with his head held high.

"Will those people help?"

Little Bansey pressed on.

"They should... be okay, on account of my face they'll surely help!"

Griffin glanced at the female pastry chef and quickly said after she nodded slightly.

"That's great!"

"We can rescue Edward."

"We'll give them a taste of their own medicine!"

Little Bansey declared excitedly.

Jason, on the other hand, calmly pulled out his hockey mask from his coat and said softly:

"An eye for an eye?"

"No."

"If a dog bites you, you can't bite it back. Thus, I prefer a saying from my hometown, where people call it..."

"Reciprocity'!"

With that, Jason slowly put on the hockey mask.

His eyes suddenly turned as cold and sharp as a blade.

Boom!

Outside, a rumble of winter thunder suddenly erupted.

In the flashes of lightning, a scarlet hue filled those icy cold eyes.