

Menu 336

Chapter 336: Once, I Was a Bit Reluctant... (2)

But...

With such a sound, the speedily advancing troop's footsteps came to a halt.

Though they quickly resumed normal pace, on the way back, there was no sound at all.

The silence was unnerving.

At least, Griffin felt unnerved, and he even felt a sense of hollowness inside.

Jason was surely going to die.

Edward was surely going to die.

Little Bansey was surely going to die.

I'm still alive, isn't that good enough?

We were just acquaintances met by chance, with a bit of camaraderie forced by circumstances, at most after their deaths, I would live on carrying their wishes.

Jason, no need to say, definitely wanted to eat more delicacies.

Edward?

Emmmm, probably wanted a girlfriend... right?

Little Bansey?

He always wanted to stock up a few heavy artillery guns, that would be achievable with a bit of effort and more money.

In the days to come, I would feast on delicious food, date various girlfriends, accumulate all sorts of heavy firepower, wouldn't that be a good life?

Griffin kept fantasizing about such days in his mind.

Yet, what he thought should be beautiful days were colorless in his view.

All there was just a world of black and white.

All there was just a world of silence.

In a world without color, without sound, each image, just like puppets, utterly lifeless.

On the contrary, those days of bickering with Little Bansey, being pinned down by Edward, trembling under Jason's gaze, were colorful and the sounds delightful.

He longed for such days.

Not for days shrinking back into the "gutter", continuing the days of cheating and swindling.

Stomp!

Griffin, blending in with the "Fishbone Street" troop, suddenly stopped in his tracks.

Then, he turned around and ran back.

At an even faster speed than before.

"Griffin!"

"Griffin!"

Shouts came from the crowd, but Griffin didn't turn back at all; his friends were in the military camp, how could he turn back? Even a moment's delay felt unbearable.

Men.

Always such impulsive creatures.

Heat of the moment always leads to irrational acts.

The corners of Griffin's mouth involuntarily curled up; he couldn't suppress his smile.

At this moment, he was exhilarated, he was happy.

Maybe he would regret it later.

But now?

He just wanted to get back to the camp.

And then?

To live and die together.

Stomp, stomp, stomp.

Amidst the hurried footsteps, Edward, who was laying landmines in the camp, suddenly felt a shadow loom over him; lifting his head, he saw Griffin, gasping heavily from the swift movement.

Surprise and astonishment flickered in Edward's eyes.

Then, it turned into a smile.

"We are Newdeth City's F4; of course, we can't be down to just three."

That's what Griffin said.

"Yes, Punisher!"

Edward corrected him.

Griffin was already running towards the weapons depot.

A hundred-man troop, of course, couldn't quite empty the camp's weapons depot, yet he headed straight for the mortar spot; this artillery type was adored by the residents of "Fishbone Street" and almost completely swiped clean.

But there were still two left.

There were also two boxes of ammunition.

Griffin lifted everything on his back and ran outside.

"Leave one for me," Edward said as Griffin passed by him.

"Hmm."

Griffin nodded, leaving behind one mortar and a box of ammunition.

Then, he continued forward.

Edward, on the other hand, went back to digging holes and laying landmines.

The camp was an inevitable entry point for the Tank Corps, these landmines would significantly delay the enemy's time, buying Newdeth City more time.

That was all he could do.

The rest?

He couldn't think of anything else.

And didn't want to think anymore.

His friends, his companions, had already joined the battlefield.

Next, it was his turn.

Picking up the mortar and ammunition box, Edward turned and charged towards the battlefield.

Boom!

The shell exploded behind him once more.

Jason was unharmed, but his heart broke once again.

This was the third time it had broken!

Physically exhausted, his heart unable to bear the burden any longer, made Jason's "Charge" turn into a true death charge.

Fortunately, he was now very close to the Tank Corps.

Similarly, the danger increased sharply.

The artillery fire from the Tank Corps might have been a bit delayed

But the machine guns weaving a web of fire were layer upon layer.

Quantity changes can lead to qualitative changes.

Jason knew this principle.

But it was the first time he had felt it.

In front of him, more than five machine guns were firing incessantly, not only thoroughly blocking his path forward but also making his evasion increasingly difficult. Worse still, the Tank Corps was changing formation, which would inevitably mean more machine guns joining in soon.

In such moments, there was naturally no need to hesitate.

Jason prepared to charge again, to break through this layer of fire.

And just then—

Screech!

Boom!

The sound of a falling shell erupted.

A tank turret was hit precisely.

Roar!

The tank was blown up straight away.

Machine gunners, frantically firing, were startled by this sudden turn of events, and while they were stunned, screech, screech, two more falling shells sounded.

Boom!

Roar!

One shell missed.

One hit its mark.

"Move it!"

"Everybody, move it!"

A machine gunner, narrowly missed by the shell, shouted at the driver.

The impervious network of fire momentarily stalled, a gap opened.

Jason seized the opportunity and charged right in.

Deep down, he silently thanked Little Bansey, Edward, and Griffin (even though you missed)!

This opportunity, Jason held on to firmly.