

Menu 352

Chapter 352: I digest... No, I contain!

Ang City Television Station is located in the center of the city, and the tall broadcasting tower on the rooftop is its most prominent feature.

The people entering and leaving this place are either in a hurry, striding with their heads held high, laughing merrily, or with furrowed brows, As the only television station in Ang City, there are too many stories here, making it quite special.

This kind of specialness, naturally, has its good and bad sides.

However, for ordinary people, most encounters are with the latter.

Take Bob, for example.

As a technician, he found it difficult to earn the kind of generous remuneration that presenters and actors could command, and he had to rely on a meager salary to get by—even though such a meager salary might be very decent to others.

But with comparisons in mind, Bob was not satisfied.

He wanted more.

Preferably...without lifting a finger.

He had seen too much effortless success.

If others could do it,

Why couldn't he?

Others could sit in the office, enjoying air conditioning, counting banknotes.

He?

Naturally, he could as well.

So, he started to take action.

For a technician, carrying out such actions was not difficult, especially since this was Ang City Television Station, where too many reaped rewards without sowing.

And he?

He just needed to lock onto a target.

Underhand tactics?

No!

He called it "robbing the rich to feed the poor."

Today was the day he would make his move.

To give himself a sense of 'justice' in the ceremony, he purposefully did not eat in the cafeteria but rather chose to walk to the burger shop outside the television station to buy a beef burger combo, with a burger, fatty soda, fries, and two packs of ketchup.

Then, outside the burger shop, Bob encountered a very strange fellow.

Not to say that the person looked strange.

Actually, his face was hidden under a hood, barely visible, but it was the five burgers in the stranger's hand that caught Bob's attention.

Clearly alone, yet holding five burgers.

Although the stranger was tall, Bob did not believe he could eat five burgers.

"Ignorant fool,"

Bob couldn't help but mutter.

Then, his muttering drew the strange person's attention.

Facing the tall stranger's scrutinizing gaze, Bob instinctively stepped back.

But remembering he was on a busy street, he immediately regained his nerve, not only stepping forward again but also raising his head and stiffening his neck, he boldly asked, "What do you want?"

Jason, loitering outside the television station, was looking for a 'suitable target' while buying twenty hamburgers from the shop, eating them as he searched.

Jason did not want to disturb anyone's peaceful life, yet he needed someone who could help him smoothly enter the television station.

Such a person had to be of a certain rank or have a special job.

And at that moment, a slim, bespectacled man with a rather gloomy face came into his line of sight.

From his appearance, Jason could be sure that this was someone who had been marginalized, bullied.

Such people were already miserable enough, definitely not his target.

Yet contrary to Jason's expectation, the man started heading toward him.

Seeing the 'Maintenance Technician' badge pinned on the man's chest, Jason cracked a smile.

He didn't want to disrupt others' peaceful lives, but those who troubled him...were certainly not in that category.

Therefore, as the man raised his head and asked him what he was doing, Jason flicked his left hand, and a dagger was suddenly pressing against the man's stomach.

Bob, who had been confidently indignant a moment ago, trembled.

"Sorry!"

"I apologize!"

"It was my fault!"

Feeling the dagger's Sharpness, Bob spoke very quickly.

"Please, don't hurt me."

"My wallet is in my left pocket."

"If that's not enough, there's also a bank card in there, the PIN is: 441024."

Seeing Jason unmoved, the maintenance man quickly added.

"Turn around!"

"Don't look around, walk into that alley ahead."

"A clown show for cartoons?"

21:47

Jason said coldly.

Bob did not hesitate and started walking toward the alley.

Resist?

Bob never believed that his slim self could make any difference with resistance.

And as for crying out loudly for help?

With the risk of his belly being slit open, he chose silence.

Life is too valuable for risks.

So Bob chose to comply.

He entered the alley, and once sure that no one could see him, he fell to his knees, also raising his hands high once more to show his harmlessness.

"Please, let me go,"

"I'll give you a lot of money,"

"Believe me, that money will be in my hands very soon."

Then, without waiting for Jason to ask anything, Bob spilled his whole blackmailing plan.

Bob always believed that communication is the foundation for building relationships, and interests determine their depth.

He believed he could persuade Jason.

After all, who doesn't need money?

Jason looked at Bob with a bit of surprise.

It never had occurred to Jason that a seemingly easy-to-bully Bob could have such a bold plan.

To him, the entire plan seemed watertight with a high chance of success.

But to Jason, it was pointless.

What he needed was to know about that particular television program.

"A clown show for cartoons?"

Facing Jason's inquiry, Bob was taken aback.

Of all Jason's possible reactions, never had he expected such a question.

But quick to respond, he shook his head and truthfully said: