

Menu 360

Chapter 360: The Beginnings of Rumor: Rich in Experience (2)

It was for that employer.

"We should arrive at the mansion in about 30 minutes,"

"Alright, see you then."

Aras put down the public telephone receiver and walked towards Jason.

"Our employer is nearby."

"Let's head straight there."

Aras said this and strode forward.

Jason nodded and followed.

"You're strong, aren't you, Jason?"

"Don't deny it."

"I could feel your strength the first time I saw you on the second-floor platform."

"It was like the first time I faced a lion when I was a child."

As they walked side by side, Aras couldn't help but speak.

"And what about that lion?"

Jason asked about the part he was interested in.

"It became my friend."

"At first, it was reluctant, but after I punched it twice, it agreed."

"Later it died of old age, and I buried it under a tree."

"Then I came to the big city looking for opportunities."

Aras answered.

"You're not from Ang City?"

Jason asked in surprise.

Aras's accent and familiarity with Ang City had led him to believe she was a local.

"I'm half from Ang City. My mother is from there, she inherited my grandfather's boxing gym, and my father was someone who came to challenge the gym. After being punched twice by my mother, he became my dad—My dad said he felt a stirring in his heart at that moment."

"However, my dad was unhealthy, and we always lived in the countryside. A few years ago, my father died of a heart attack, and my mother, deeply saddened, went off to explore the world on her own."

"It's been a long time since I've had any news from her."

"I only had a little kitten for company, and when the kitten died of old age, I came to Ang City."

As Aras spoke, a hint of sadness appeared on her cheerful face.

Seeing Aras's somber mood, Jason looked straight ahead.

He didn't tell Aras that her father probably sensed the breath of death and chose to sell himself for salvation.

A stirring in the heart?

That was a real heart attack!

Looking at Aras, Jason could imagine what her mother must have looked like.

After just a couple of steps, Aras had already returned to her cheerful self again, merrily running back and forth beside Jason and occasionally looking around curiously.

Then, she picked some wild grass by the roadside and threw it into her mouth.

She spit it out again after.

Nothing was wrong; she just wanted to taste something.

Jason was unruffled.

He had encountered enough oddities that he was no longer fazed by them.

The two continued on their way.

Within the 30 minutes Aras had mentioned, Jason saw a mansion.

A mansion built beside a lake.

The whole building presented a new Gothic style, but what caught Jason's attention most was the tower within the courtyard walls.

Upon seeing the tower, Jason felt a moment of déjà vu as it reminded him of the architecture in his homeland; however, upon closer inspection, he noticed that the similarity was not quite right.

The combination of the overall Gothic style and elements from his hometown made the entire mansion seem bizarre.

An indescribable atmosphere enveloped the place.

Even in the slanted afternoon sun, it failed to feel warm.

On the contrary, when gusts of wind blew.

The cold would seep through the skin and into the body.

As a result, no one lingered around here.

There was only Jason, Aras, and... the client.

The person in question was a middle-aged man wearing trousers and a white shirt, his suit jacket taken off and draped over his arm. Upon seeing Aras, he immediately ran over.

"Thank goodness, you've finally arrived!"

There was joy on his face.

Then, his gaze shifted to Jason.

"This is my partner, Jason."

"He is very strong."

Aras introduced Jason.

Upon hearing Aras's introduction, the employer immediately smiled.

"Hello, Mr. Jason,"

"I'm Thomas."

"This mansion is a piece of inheritance given to me by a distant relative—I was never supposed to inherit such a place, but the inheritors in line before me all chose to relinquish their claim."

"Thus, it's mine now."

"I know it has some issues... well, but I had to accept it."

"Because I need a sum of money to tide over my business troubles."

"So, I need to confirm that 'it' is safe and can be sold smoothly."

Having made the necessary small talk, the employer went straight to the point.

Jason nodded.

He certainly understood what the other was saying.

Another desperate individual, grasping at the last straw in an attempt to survive.

Taking this premise, the person would not care whether the straw could keep him afloat nor whether there was something deadly hidden beneath it.

The other side just wanted to grab a lifeline.

As for what comes after?

That naturally would be a matter for later.

Those matters didn't concern him.

He only cared whether the food here was delicious.

Therefore, Jason took a deep breath.

A faint scent lingered in the air, very light, but Jason could confirm that the aroma came from that mansion.

'Food'!

Jason's eyes lit up.

"When do we start?"

Thomas asked.

"Now."

Jason said, yet he didn't rush in immediately.

He observed the mansion while enduring his hunger.

Aras was doing the same thing.

The client, Thomas, didn't hurry them, even though he was eager to sell the valuable mansion, he understood the importance of preliminary exploration.

Although he had entered alone several times before, Thomas was still standing still, waiting quietly.

Sigh.

The afternoon breeze blew.

It should have been gentle and warm, but Thomas felt it was getting colder and colder.

Colder than when he had been waiting by himself before.

Thomas walked towards the sunny spot while putting on his suit coat.

He hoped to get warmer.

Only, the sunny spot so close at hand seemed to be a bit too far.

He walked for a long time but couldn't reach it.

By the time he put on his coat and looked up, he found that, without knowing when, he had entered the mansion.

The door was open behind him.

Only...

When he looked at the open door, it slammed shut with a 'bang'.

The dull sound made Thomas snap out of it as if from a dream.

But a withered hand rested on his shoulder as if a shackle, pulling him back.

"No!"

The shout echoed in the mansion, but not a single sound made it outside.

Jason and Aras, who had finished patrolling the exterior, returned to their earlier spot.

"Eh?!"

"Where's the person?"

Aras looked for the client's figure. By the spacious lakeside, at a glance, not a soul could be seen.

Almost instinctively, Aras's gaze turned to the mansion not far away.

And before that, Jason's gaze had already been firmly locked onto the mansion.

"He didn't go in, did he?"

Swallowing hard, Aras carefully moved her feet, standing behind Jason, and tried to crouch to make herself smaller.

Unfortunately, with a height similar to Jason's and slightly more robust build, Aras couldn't manage this.

Jason, however, paid no attention to Aras.

He strode towards the mansion.

The closer he got to the mansion, the more Jason could smell the 'food'.

And the increasingly strong scent of 'food' indicated to Jason the danger of the mansion ahead.

In the face of danger, Jason, who could restrain his hunger, would never be careless.

"Aras, can you get a large amount of heavy weaponry for me discreetly?"

"Preferably cannons, explosives, and the like."

While speaking, Jason stepped back.

"I've beaten up those arms dealers before, they won't sell to me..."

Aras said with a troubled expression.

"What about high-calorie food then?"

Jason asked in a different way.

"That's no problem."

"You can buy those in supermarkets."

Aras immediately said with a smile.

Jason handed his backpack to Aras.

"Turn all the bills inside into the highest-calorie food you can find."

"Remember, not from supermarkets, use discreet channels."

"Don't draw attention."

Jason instructed.

"Leave it to me."

Although Aras was blacklisted in the arms circles, food was not an issue, and as a Bounty Hunter, Aras had considerable connections.

The tall and robust woman took the backpack and turned to leave.

But after taking a couple of steps, Aras realized she was marching in place.

No!

Not marching in place!

But...

Heading towards the mansion's door.

Subconsciously, she looked at Jason.

She saw Jason casually pulling out two grenades.