

Menu 366

Chapter 366: The First 'Formal' Encounter

Jason and Aras were walking back to Ang City on foot, and it was just a moment before evening when they arrived.

The two men walked through the streets and alleys, avoiding various probes and patrols, and by the time they arrived at the 'martial arts gym' Aras had mentioned, it had turned completely dark.

"This is it!"

Aras pointed at a very inconspicuous door in the alleyway.

This place was about three blocks away in a straight line from the city center TV station of Ang City, called 'Hot Cocoa Street,' and next to it was another street called 'Cocoa Street'—while walking over here, Jason had been comparing the street signs with a map in his mind, gaining a rough understanding of the surrounding streets.

Compared to the lively 'Cocoa Street,' 'Hot Cocoa Street' was a lot quieter, not to mention the back streets.

The ground was littered with garbage; if not for Aras's confirmation, Jason would have assumed this place was a dumpsite.

"This used to be the martial arts gym run by my grandfather and mother."

"But I'm not good at managing it, so gradually, no one came anymore."

"Every time I taught them with all my Strength, but why did they all disappear after just one visit?"

Aras said, annoyed.

All out?

Ordinary people would probably be killed by your fist, right?

Even for someone well-trained, if they got hit by your punch, they would probably need to lie in bed to recover, right?

Jason glanced at Aras's tall and muscular body and immediately found the main reason.

However, he did not explain any further.

Not only because he didn't know what to say, but also because he was drawn to the signboard of the 'martial arts gym.'

'JJ Martial Arts Gym'

Beneath these large letters, there was a line of small text: As a true warrior, one must have the courage to accept the challenge, even when certain defeat is known!

"A warrior, huh?"

Jason murmured softly to himself.

"That was written by my grandfather. At first, he wanted to write 'gentlemen,' but later my mother changed it to 'warrior.'

"My grandfather always claimed he was a member of the Nobility—that kind he self-proclaimed, but my mother never believed it."

Aras explained while pushing open the door in front of him.

Yes, pushing it open.

The door in front was not locked.

Instead, it was blocked by a heavy object from behind.

"The door lock broke, so I used a 500Kg barbell plate to block it."

Aras said, and bent over to enter the martial arts gym.

Jason followed behind and immediately saw the huge barbell plate that had been moved aside, weighing 25Kg each, 20 in total, stacked in two piles, amounting to exactly 500Kg.

Then, Jason raised his eyes to look at the martial arts gym in front of him.

It was much larger and cleaner than he had imagined.

And the facilities were also complete, with punching bags, rubber dummies for target practice, dumbbells, barbells, squat racks, and bench press racks for strength training. In the middle of the gym, there were two rings.

One was one meter tall, about six meters squared, with three-step stairs leading up to the ring, four ropes wrapped around, and the ring surface covered with thick felt, almost the same as the standard rings Jason remembered.

The other was made of solid cement, twice as big as the previous ring, but without ropes, stairs, or felt.

The wall facing the two rings had several windows.

"That's the practice ring and the combat ring."

"I usually go in and out through there."

Aras pointed to the window and said.

"Hmm."

"How much was your compensation for the previous assignment?"

Jason asked after nodding.

"20000."

Aras reported the exact number unconsciously.

"Here you go."

"Consider it compensation."

Jason took out 20000 in Old Banknotes from his backpack and handed them to Aras.

Since that Thomas had already died, he naturally couldn't provide compensation, and Jason, feeling responsible for messing up Aras's mission, naturally offered compensation.

However, Aras shook his head repeatedly.

"I can't take it."

"If it weren't for you, Jason, I would have already died!"

Aras said with great determination.

That determination was not only in his features but also in his eyes; Jason noticed the persistence in Aras's attractive almond-shaped eyes.

Immediately, he nodded.

"Is that so?"

"Then consider it tuition."

Jason said.

"Tuition?"

Aras blinked, slightly taken aback.

"I want to learn martial arts skills further."

"Shouldn't there be a fee for that?"

Jason wore a serious expression.

And in his heart?

Jason was all ears, listening closely to his surroundings.

After making such a commotion in the afternoon, Jason believed that the 'Fridge' organization would find him soon.

After all, he had left too many clues in a hurry.

Not to mention previous witnesses, just the truck driver alone would reveal everything.

To trust an arms dealer to be tight-lipped and honor their promises?

That's less likely than believing sugar to be salty.

A merchant's nature is to chase profit.

And for merchants within certain gray channels?

They're even more cunning, deceitful, and ruthless than regular merchants.

But Jason didn't mind.

Because this was what he wanted to see.

He hoped the 'Fridge' organization would be aware of these things.

Then, through the attitude of the 'Fridge' organization, he would judge some matters.

These included, but weren't limited to, the oddities and... the official stance.

The fact that the 'Fridge' organization was affiliated with the authorities was something Jason confirmed after witnessing their extraordinary response time.

Until it's verified, it remains unknown.

And Jason didn't want to involve Aras, who fought alongside him and was willing to risk his life for him when it mattered.

So, he chose to stay.