

Menu 375

Chapter 375: Traps, Prey, and Hunter

Rustle, rustle, rustle.

After the clattering sound came to an abrupt halt, there was a faint sound of electricity.

"Hello? Hello?"

Edmund, not giving up hope, picked up the communicator and called out loudly, but there was no response at all.

Suddenly, the senior C-level member of the 'shelter' looked exceptionally ghastly.

He was very clear about what all this meant.

Esther also looked terribly upset.

In the heart of this C-level member who had resolved to live a long life, the almost subconscious conjecture was whether the 'organization' had made a move.

But he immediately dismissed this speculation.

It was not only inconsistent with the 'organization's' behavior but also because it was just too fast.

He had only sent out the message that morning.

The organization would need at least until the afternoon to assemble a force capable of attacking the escort team.

And it was only just morning now!

Having ruled out the Holy Serpent Society's involvement, Esther breathed a slight sigh of relief, but his expression did not improve.

Because... Discover hidden stories at empire

At this time, Jason's face was extremely somber.

I won't be killed outright, will I?

No, please, I've just discovered the true meaning of life!

I don't want to die!

Esther thought as he went weak in the knees and just knelt down.

"I swear we have nothing to do with this attack..."

"Where?"

Esther had not yet finished speaking when Jason interrupted him. The newly minted C-level member was a bit slow to react, whereas Edmund instantly understood Jason's meaning.

Before Esther even knelt down, Edmund, already on his knees with tears streaming down his face, promptly wiped away his tears and said, "Please follow me."

Saying this, Edmund stood up, at once pulled Esther to his feet, and headed towards his own car.

It wasn't until the car started that Esther came back to his senses.

Did I just escape disaster?

Immediately, the former elite looked at Edmund with an admiring gaze.

Such a reaction!

Such a standard posture!

Indeed... I am still far from their level!

There is so much I need to learn!

With this thought, the once elite turned to stare straight ahead, while in his mind revolved one question:
Who attacked the 'shelter' convoy?

The attack site wasn't far from the back alley of 'Cocoa Street.'

About a block and a half away.

By the time Jason and the two others arrived, the 'shelter's' mobile unit had already cordoned off everything. Seeing Edmund and Esther approaching, the head of the mobile unit immediately saluted.

"Superior officer!"

"How's the situation?"

Edmund looked towards the area that was completely enclosed by blue tarpaulins.

The 5-meter tall blue tarpaulin blocked everyone's view, including Jason, Edmund, and Esther.

"It's bad."

"All 6 members of the escort's mobile unit are dead."

"And..."

The mobile unit leader hesitated as he spoke.

"What else?"

Edmund pressed for an answer, but his heart sank.

He didn't think that the mobile unit leader standing before him would be startled by any ordinary 'abnormal' sight.

The other party's hesitation meant only that the 'abnormal' scene inside exceeded expectations, or else... an unforeseen event occurred.

Regardless, neither was something Edmund wanted to see.

"Sir, you better see for yourself!"

"I'm somewhat at a loss to describe it!"

With that, the head of the mobile unit stepped aside.

Almost simultaneously, Edmund and Esther took a deep breath, bracing themselves to witness the scene the mobile unit leader was reluctant to describe.

At that moment, Jason walked straightforwardly inside.

'Food' was stolen.

For Jason, this was a violation of his bottom line.

Something he couldn't tolerate.

No matter who it was, he would find them and make them understand what regret meant.

Inside the wall of the blue tarp, next to the curb, there was a black mid-sized car that looked a bit like the 'god vehicle' in Jason's memory, but it was much wider and had reinforced bodywork and chassis, bulletproof glass, and crash bars.

Jason, who once was a 'postman,' recognized the peculiarities of this vehicle at a glance.

Simply put, this vehicle had no requirements for speed or comfort.

It poured all of its resources into defense.

"Very suitable for transporting items."

Jason appraised it as such.

Then, he walked towards the opened rear door of the car.

The bodies of the 6 excited team members were inside the car. Aside from the driver and the co-driver each slumped in their own seats, the remaining four sat in the back compartment.

They were seated on either side, facing each other.

And then...

In their hands, they each held weapons with the safeties off, and there were casings on the floor.

"They killed each other?"

Jason was taken aback, beginning to understand the reason for the mobile unit leader's reluctance to speak.

Turning around, Jason headed to the driver's cabin.

Inside the cabin, the driver and co-driver's situation was different.

The co-driver had been shot in the face and lay in a pool of blood.

A gun, removed from its holster, lay carelessly in front of the car window, while the driver's hand held the communicator, obviously the last member of the escort team to talk to Edmund.

The person's face bore a look of shock and disbelief.

A smooth cut at the throat was the fatal injury.

"Silencing a witness?"

Jason frowned as he resumed looking into the rear compartment, his gaze sweeping over the four bodies.

Then, his eyes moved to the space in the middle of the four bodies.

That was where his 'food' should have been.

Subconsciously, Jason flared his nostrils.