

Menu 376

Chapter 376: Traps, Prey, and Hunter (2)

There was no smell of food, clearly the "food" must have been stored in a thoroughly sealed container.

At this moment, Edmund and Esther finally walked in.

The two 'shelter' Level C personnel circled the car, faces filled with astonishment.

The two exchanged glances, and Esther almost subconsciously voiced her thoughts.

"The car was parked steadily by the roadside, he struck and killed the co-driver, the gunshot was the signal, and the accomplices inside the car immediately opened fire and killed their original peers. But the other side reacted swiftly, creating a mutually destructive scene. However, he was not the ultimate winner; he was silenced, which is why there was such a look of surprise on his corpse."

"Was it he who planned this attack?"

"Why would he do that?"

Esther turned her head, asking Edmund.

"Uncertain."

Edmund replied while his eyes were fixed firmly on the driver sitting in the driver's seat.

He recognized the man, all too familiar.

In fact, as a seasoned Level C member, he knew all the escort personnel in the car, very familiar with each one of them.

The guy in the passenger seat had just gotten married a month ago, a shotgun wedding.

The one sitting against the left side of the car had just asked him last week how to live more frugally to save for a down payment.

The second one on the left side had just found a girlfriend, not too pretty but the marrying kind.

The first one on the right had moved his parents to the city two days ago, hoping they would have a better life in the big city, and he had thrown a party which he attended.

The second guy on the right had always been supporting his sister's education, and just yesterday he had said his sister would become the best archaeologist.

And the driver?

When he barbecued at the man's house on the weekend, the man's child would affectionately call him Uncle Edmund.

Edmund stood in front of the car, breathing rapidly.

It took a good ten seconds for him to calm his emotions.

"Senior Edmund?"

Esther looked at Edmund with slight concern.

"It's nothing."

"In our line of work, nobody can know if tomorrow or an accident will come first."

"Even what will happen in the next moment, we can't predict."

"So..."

"Live well, live to a ripe old age!"

After patting Esther on the shoulder lightly, the seasoned Level C member walked away.

He whispered to himself in a voice that only he could hear.

"I've attended too many funerals."

"I really don't want to go to the cemetery anymore."

Esther watched Edmund's retreating figure, feeling that he was beginning to understand the senior's thoughts even more.

At the same time, he became more determined to live well.

Live to a ripe old age!

Esther clenched his fist to encourage himself.

Then, he was about to say something to Jason.

After all, Jason was the key to whether he could live safely.

But before he could speak, Jason's nose twitched slightly and he strode out.

"Lord Jason? Lord Jason?"

Esther called out, but Jason did not pay him any heed.

Because he smelled the scent of "food."

The feeling of hunger surged within him again.

A mischievous smile appeared on Jason's face.

Everything was too perfect.

The attacked convoy.

The missing "anomaly."

Then, after he appeared, the "anomaly" showed up again.

It seemed everything was waiting for him!

Waiting for his arrival!

"A trap for me?"

Jason squinted his eyes, glanced at his remaining 118 points of satiety, and without hesitation, rushed out.

39.3 lives!

That would be enough!

After bursting through the blue canvas wall, Jason instantly locked onto a person wearing a duckbill cap and sunglasses in the crowd. As soon as the person saw Jason's gaze, they immediately walked away toward the distance.

Jason immediately followed.

The person was fast and knew the surroundings well.

After several twists and turns, the figure disappeared from Jason's view.

But the scent remained.

Following the scent, Jason quickly arrived in front of a building.

It was a two-and-a-half-story house with no garden; the front door opened directly onto the street, connected by an iron staircase on one side, with stone steps leading downward on the other.

The aroma of food wafted from the house.

Jason did not hesitate, ascending the iron staircase.

Clang!

The soles of the boots struck the step, producing a distinctive metallic sound.

After eleven such sounds, Jason arrived at the house's door.

The door wasn't locked; it opened with a push.

The room was empty, devoid of any furniture or decor except for the wooden floor, a chandelier, and... a chocolate fountain.

Yes, a chocolate fountain!

Through the bright window, Jason could clearly see a stainless steel chocolate fountain about one meter tall. It was extremely clean, shiny as if it were a new machine just off the factory production line.

He would often see similar chocolate fountain devices when eating at buffets in his hometown.

His favorite thing was to skewer a few marshmallows on a bamboo stick and then dip them beneath the chocolate fountain, coating them in chocolate sauce before popping them straight into his mouth.

The rich aroma of chocolate and the soft texture of the marshmallows burst together in his mouth.

It was quite delicious.

Apart from being overly sweet, there was no real downside.

Memories made the food even more delectable.

Especially when the brand-new chocolate fountain started working on its own, with a stream of heated, dark brown liquid chocolate flowing from the top of the fountain, cascading down through every layer into its base.

Without even trying, Jason was certain that the liquid was of very high-quality dark chocolate.

Rich and tempting.

He approached the chocolate fountain, bent down, and opened his mouth.

Whoosh!

With a whoosh of air, his mouth reached an extreme point.

Then, he completely enveloped the chocolate fountain within it.

Next, Jason began to suck.

The hot, rich liquid burst in his mouth, bringing Jason warmth and pleasure, prompting him to suck faster.

This scene, transmitted through a hidden camera in the room, appeared on a monitor elsewhere.

"Hehe."

"Foolish insect."

A voice of contempt echoed through the room.

Watching Jason suck, the voice whispered softly, "Eat, eat, eat more; how else will you be nourished?"

"Just not sure if your 'immortality' will work against it."

"I am truly looking forward to it!"

The person mumbled to himself.

Then, he took out a communicator, typed a message, and sent it.

Once the message was confirmed to be sent, the person in the room tossed the communicator into a drawer.

What happened next would be handled by others.

And him?

He would be the ultimate winner!

"Winner takes all!"

The person in the room leaned back in the chair, his voice becoming softer.

As for betraying collaborators?

They were merely partners of convenience from the start.

What was there to feel guilty about?

Besides, when it came to the secret of 'eternal youth,' he wouldn't care even if it were his closest friends or family.

With that thought, a greedy and fierce smile appeared on the person's face.

And at that moment—

Knock, knock, knock!

Suddenly, a knock on the door sounded.

"Who is it?"

Instinctually reaching for a gun at the sound, the person in the room asked.

"It's me, Edmund."

A familiar voice came from outside; the person in the room sighed in relief.

He put the gun into the drawer on his right, switched off the monitor, adjusted his shirt, and then stood up to open the door.

The door swung open, and Edmund walked in with a grief-stricken expression.

The man could see that his worthless subordinate's eyes were still red as if he had just been crying.

"Don't be sad."

"They are all heroes."

"I will sign off on the highest level of compensation for their rank."

Although filled with disdain inside, he had to feign a sympathetic face.

"Thank you, Chuck."

Edmund thanked his supervisor.

Then, he pulled out a gun.

He pointed the barrel at the other person.

Staring intently, he asked, word by word—

"Why is it you?"