

Menu 377

Chapter 377: The Opportunity Is Given to You...

Ang City 'Sanctuary' supervisor Chuck looked at Edmund, who was pointing a gun at him, his eyebrows slightly furrowed, his face filled with confusion.

"Edmund, what's happened?"

"If you have any demands, we can sit down and talk."

Chuck raised his hands.

"Why would you do that?"

Edmund asked coldly.

"What do you mean?"

"I don't understand what you're talking about."

Confusion again filled Chuck's face; then, he saw Edmund, who was holding him at gunpoint, take his gun out from his own desk drawer, followed by turning on the monitor.

The image on the monitor still showed Jason sucking on the chocolate fountain.

How did he know?

Surprise filled the bottom of Chuck's heart.

Edmund had just found his hidden gun without any searching, and similarly, he had turned on the monitor without any hesitation, as if he knew that everything was supposed to be this way.

"Is it because of Esther's report that you suspect me?"

"But why don't you suspect Esther?"

"He should also have his doubts."

Chuck began to ask.

"Esther is a good young man, even if he was confused before."

"Besides, he could never issue the 'eradication of traitor' command for the escort team!"

"In the whole of Ang City, only you, Chuck, could issue such a command to every member of the six-person task force, it was you who controlled them to kill each other!"

Edmund's voice grew ever colder.

And hearing such words, Chuck just smiled.

He did not deny it.

In the face of facts, he had no need to deny.

But there was one thing he still wondered about.

"Why not 'anomaly' control?"

He asked.

"Because my feeling did not tell me there was an 'anomaly'."

Edmund answered.

"Feeling?"

"What a laughable reason."

Chuck scoffed at Edmund's answer.

How could a person form a premonition-like intuition toward 'anomalies'?

Could it be that fear-induced muscle reactions were used as judgment?

How could that be?

Ridiculous!

After finishing his speech, Chuck turned to walk toward his own desk.

He had more than one gun hidden.

"Don't move."

Edmund shouted lowly, lifting his foot and kicking Chuck right in the back of the knee.

Crack!

With a crisp sound, Chuck dropped to one knee.

Immediately after, the gun's muzzle was pressed directly against the back of Chuck's head.

Edmund's bent finger was already tightly clenched on the trigger, his hand's veins bulging, he glared at the person in front of him, his breathing becoming uncontrollably rapid, he... wanted to pull the trigger.

On his knees, Chuck looked astonished.

That kick just now was more shocking to him than Edmund discovering his secret.

Who was Edmund?

He was very clear.

Seeing danger, he would back down; seeing benefits, he would still back down; relying on his meager salary for nearly ten years, he had finally saved enough for a down payment on a house, and then, facing the pressure of mortgage payments, he was still unambitious, just drifting through life.

A complete salted fish.

But even such a salted fish dared to kick him.

Chuck was angry.

He wanted to stand up and harshly discipline the other party.

But he did not act rashly.

The muzzle behind his head told him that now was not the best time to act carelessly.

"Very agile."

The kneeling Chuck said with a light laugh.

"I was promoted to Class C from the action team too."

Edmund stated coldly.

"So was I, which is why our meeting turned out like this?"

Chuck continued to chuckle, then continued, "I think we need to talk. Maybe I'm not as frank as you, but I'm still upright and open."

As he spoke, Chuck tried to stand up.

"Upright and open?"

These words provoked Edmund.

He lifted his foot once again, kicking the same part of Chuck's knee, just as Chuck had stood up.

It was the same leg as before.

And this time, Edmund kicked with even more force.

Crack!

In the subtle sound of bone, Chuck fell to his knees again, pain spreading from the knee upward, making him shudder all over.

How many years had it been since he'd been hurt?

Since he was promoted to supervisor, he hadn't had such an experience; he was accustomed to commanding from behind the scenes.

He was accustomed to using his brain.

Not his body.

And this time was no exception.

"I was forced to do it!"

"I never thought something like this would happen!"

"I swear!"

Chuck raised his voice.

He wanted to use this tone of voice to prove he really was coerced.

Similarly, he hoped someone would discover the situation here.

Once someone discovered it, he had a hundred ways to make Edmund, this bastard, pay.

Certain rules of the 'Sanctuary' could be very useful.

"And the cooperation with 'Sanctuary' too?"

Edmund squeezed out the words almost through his teeth.

Chuck's body, struck by lightning, trembled.

He knew!

He actually knew about my cooperation with the 'Sanctuary'?!

Subconsciously, Chuck turned his head to look at Edmund.

Because he felt as if he had never known this subordinate at all.

He needed to look at the other carefully, meticulously.

Unfortunately, Edmund did not give him the chance, smashing the gun butt heavily onto Chuck's face.

Smack!

Chuck fell to the ground, teeth mixed with fresh blood spat out, but Chuck paid no attention to these things.

"Give me a chance."

Without hesitation, Chuck began to beg.

"How do I give you a chance?"

Edmund's eyes had narrowed to slits, dangerous light in them reaching a limit.

"I had no choice in the past, now I want to be a good person, even God has said he could give a second chance to those who've erred..."

Bang!

Before his words finished, Edmund had pulled the trigger.

The bullet lifted the top of Chuck's skull.

The manager's eyes widened in disbelief as he died.

To his death, he didn't understand why Edmund would fire the gun.

"Good."

"I'm sending you to meet your God now, let Him give you that chance."

Looking at Chuck's body, Edmund spoke.

The sound of the gun finally alerted the guards of the 'Sanctuary's secret base.

They rushed into the office with weapons drawn.

After a quick scan of the situation in the office, unable to discern the truth, the guards instinctively aimed their guns at Edmund.

Without any resistance, Edmund tossed his gun and surrendered.

"Senior Edmund?"

Esther appeared behind the guards.

He was surprised by the scene before him, completely clueless as to what had happened.

"I want to say a word to Esther."

"In front of all of you."

Edmund indicated to the guards, who nodded their approval without objection.

Although Edmund might be the killer of the base's manager, these guards were no fools; the footage on the monitor was enough for them to make a guess.

"Esther, immediately mobilize the team to the address on the screen, send support to Lord Jason."

"Remember to bring heavy weapons!"

Having said this, Edmund walked outside of his own accord.

The guards immediately followed him out.

Watching Edmund being escorted away by the guards, Esther stood stunned in place.

After a long while, Esther finally murmured to himself.

"Senior, the address on the screen... where is it?"

...

Sweet, aromatic.

Warm, yet not scalding chocolate always made one feel pleased.

Someone had once said that sweets could make a person happy.

Jason had always believed this to be true.

This sweetness spreading from the taste buds truly could make one forget sorrows.

But happiness is always fleeting.

Soon, the chocolate was gone.

No, to be precise, it had stopped.

A strange noise began to emanate from inside the chocolate fountain.

It was as if countless tiny things were crawling.

And Jason?

He didn't let go of his mouth.

The taste of 'food' had been at the tip of his nose constantly.

Now?

It was no exception!

Even, it was becoming richer.

His mouth involuntarily began to secrete saliva.

These saliva converged into streams of thick liquid, naturally dripping over the chocolate fountain, enveloping the spout at the top.

Jason's saliva slowly flowed down.

Those countless tiny creatures, about to approach, touched this saliva for the first time.

Then, they all stiffened.

A primordial, soul-deep fear arose.

The huge black shadow opened its gaping maw and let out a roar unique to itself.

Hungry!

Without hesitation, these tiny creatures turned and fled.

But Jason's saliva made it difficult for them to escape.

That stickiness, like glue.

But more terrifying was the ensuing suction.

After sensing an even richer scent of 'food' from inside the chocolate fountain, Jason secreted more saliva and, on impulse, inhaled.

Suddenly, the sweet sensation returned.

With each chew, it felt like eating sweet sesame seeds.

More importantly, there was plenty of this sweet sesame to go around.

Inhale.

Inhale again.

Crisp crunch.

Jason's eyes grew brighter, the chocolate fountain before him seemed like an inexhaustible treasure trove.

After chocolate was sweet sesame.

But what followed the sweet sesame?

What would it be?

Encountering such an 'anomaly' was really too...

Crunch, crunch!

Just as Jason was about to rate the chocolate fountain as 'fantastic,'

It began to make a strange noise.

A sense of distortion appeared on the chocolate fountain.

As if invisible giant hands were flattening it.

Moreover, the once pristine chocolate fountain began to decay.

In just a few breaths, the entire fountain turned into a rust-spotted 'iron cake,' and the scent of 'food' disappeared completely.

Jason stared blankly at the chocolate fountain before him.

His newly arisen expectation had been dashed so quickly.

It took several seconds of stunned silence before Jason came back to his senses.

"A piece of trash slightly better than the 'kitchen'!"

Jason muttered lowly.

Then, he looked towards the door.

Footsteps sounded on the metal stairs, along with a prayer-like voice—

"Lord, the heretic has been purified."

"Your glory will shine forth again..."

Bang!