

Menu 49

Chapter 49: The Counterattack

Counter!

The other party's ability had been countered by protection from evil!

It might even be restrained!

Thinking back on how Bondy looked, Jason was quite confident about this speculation he had come up with.

"That also goes to say..."

"The other party has set out with a target of weakening me right from the start."

Jason was whispering to himself, and his eyes were glimmering with a kind of piercing cold.

The other party had come with evil intentions.

Naturally, he had to reciprocate the other party's intentions.

Life in the Sleepless City had long taught Jason what he should do.

When someone extended malicious claws at him.

That was to... chop and mince it up!

Cut, cut-cut.

One by one, bullet-13s were stuffed into the magazine of the lever shotgun.

Jason took out the entire box of explosives that was hidden under his seat and placed it in the chair that he was originally sitting on. Then he, on the other hand, sat down at the place that was across where he originally was. He was pouring kerosene all around him while he raised his left hand to knock on the window of the driver that was on the side of the cabin.

Tok, tok-tok.

The gentle knocking sounds were enough to catch Finch's attention.

This young constable stayed calm and collected as he began to exercise control over the speed of the carriage and got it to move at a speed that was a third slower than usual.

Since the other party had chosen to abduct Bondy as the opening of their plan.

Then, everything else that followed naturally would be arranged.

In other words, whether Jason discovered the other party's intentions but chose to stay in the police station, instead of heading over to the Moon Mask Club, or whether Jason did not discover anything and headed straight to the Moon Mask Club, the other party still had a defensive position.

Under such a premise, Jason certainly could not possibly do what the other party wanted him to do.

Therefore, it was necessary for him to disrupt the rhythm of the other party.

And at the moment, Finch was doing that as he acted according to Jason's instructions.

Finch was doing his best to make his performance as normal as possible. But his eyes could not help looking all around.

Seeming as though they were searching for something.

This was nothing difficult for Finch.

Because he truly wished that he could find the mastermind of the plan.

Unfortunately, amidst the early morning mist, there were many early risers. It was difficult for the young constable to differentiate them all, so he could hardly tell which one was the mastermind.

From Finch's perspective, it might even be that all of them were equally suspicious.

And the way Finch looked naturally drew sidelong glances from the passers-by.

In particular, when the carriage turned a corner and entered Kensing Street, the speed of the carriage was, again, further reduced. This drew even more attention to Finch, making him all the more conspicuous.

Because there had never been a carriage moving so slowly along Kensing Street in the early hours of the morn.

But, soon, people were letting out cries of alarm. Because this slow-moving carriage that was about to reach the street that the Moon Mask Club was on, suddenly sped up and dashed right ahead instead of taking the bend as it should have.

"Finch? Finch?"

Hall's shouts were heard coming from the carriage that was following behind.

It was just that the young constable turned a deaf ear to Hall's shouts. Instead, he accelerated and got the carriage to move even faster.

"Have we been discovered?"

"What a pity..."

"It was a little late!"

In the early morning mist, a figure, who had been attracted to Finch's strange behavior, was looking at the departing carriage. And this figure could not help shaking his head.

He had to admit that the young night watchman had indeed exceeded his expectations.

But that was all.

He might be quite capable, but his experience was just too superficial.

He only discovered that something was wrong after he got on the road.

“Just as I’ve expected!”

“It’s really because he was lucky that he managed to destroy the ‘Moon Mask’ layout.”

“But being lucky once doesn’t mean good luck all the time.”

This figure whispered to himself.

But this figure had forgotten that it was precisely Jason’s superficial experience that allowed him to avoid the traps that had lain in wait for him at the Moon Mask and the police station.

Or rather...

The other party did remember but was deliberately feigning ignorance.

People always valued how fortunate they were.

And, selectively received the information they wanted.

For information that was not beneficial to self?

They would always choose to turn a blind eye to these.

Step, step-step!

The man was walking through the morning mist with hands tucked in his coat. And at this time, he drew out his arm and aimed his finger at the carriage that was speeding away.

The next moment—

A totally pitch-black carriage appeared soundlessly.

As if it were invisible, this carriage suddenly drove through a shop at the corner of the street and ended up right in front of the carriage that Finch was driving.

Both carriages were fewer than ten meters apart, so there was simply no time to apply their brakes.

“My Lordship, Jason, be careful!”

With such a cry, the young constable chose to jump off the carriage.

This was the best choice at that very moment.

By jumping off the carriage, it was possible that he could end up with a bloody nose and a swollen face, or even end up with some broken bones and torn ligaments.

But by not jumping?

That would be having his body smashed to pieces and his bones ground to powder.

The person walking amid the mist had apparently anticipated such a scene. But he simply had no concern for Finch.

After all, his target, right from the very beginning, was the night watchman inside that carriage, and not some insignificant constable.

Upon calculating the best distance apart, the other party made a prompt wave in a snap.

The pitch-black carriage, that was parked horizontally in the middle of the road, was seen rising into a vertical position, and then a displacement from its original position was produced when it was in the air.

And, at this point in time, the carriage that was driven by Finch was well on its way to ramming into the middle part of this pitch-black carriage. But with the pitch-black carriage rising up vertically, it immediately became a situation that felt as though both carriages would ram into each other head-on.

And then, the cabin door of the pitch-black carriage opened.

Whoosh!

A gloomy and cold whiff of air, like the cold wind in the far north, enveloped the cabin of the carriage next to it within an instant.

A winning smile was appearing on the face of the man who was walking amid the mist.

The pace of his footsteps was increasingly quickening.

By this time, both carriages had already come to a halt.

The pitch-black carriage was controlled by the man.

And the other carriage, on the other hand, stopped because its horse was affected by the cold whiff of air.

Very quickly, the man ran to the front of this other carriage.

The other party's face was filled with anticipation as he pulled open the door of the cabin.

But the next thing that followed the opening of the door was the frozen look of anticipation on the man's face.

Because he did not see the face of the man he was targeting. Instead, he saw a whole box filled with explosives.

Furthermore, the smell of kerosene found its way up his nostrils to fill his nasal cavity.

Trap!

This one word popped into the man's mind.

Subconsciously, he turned around and wanted to run.

But.

Too late!

An ignited explosive landed by his feet.

Boom!

Amid the colossal explosion, the shockwaves, that were mixed with the blazing flames, instantly engulfed the man and the two carriages.

The two carriages were utterly shattered into pieces.

Shattered pieces of debris were flying around.

The man was sent flying a distance away by the force of the massive impact.

But the man did not die on the spot!

With a body that was completely blackened and with multiple fractures in several parts of his body, the man struggled to get up from the ground. But Jason was much faster.

The very moment before it could turn into Kensing Street, Jason had leaped off the carriage. Then, he hid in the dark to observe the situation. And at this very moment, Jason pulled the trigger.

Bang!

Crack, crack!

The unique rhythm of the lever shotgun was continuously heard, and the upper body of the other party was ravaged by the bullets of the Bullet-13 projectiles.

However, the man did not die.

He was still struggling.

Of course, he had to put up a struggle!

He still had many means of escape that he had yet to use!

He was about to be promoted, in the true sense, from grave keeper to corpse carrier.

He was very reluctant!

Reluctant to die just like this!

“Wait!”

“I”

He shouted loudly, but...

Bang!

Crack, crack!

Bang!

The endless barrage of flares being shot out of the muzzle of the “Winchester Brothers” covered up everything.

Four Bullet-13s fired rendered the man utterly silent.

Jason looked coldly at the other party's corpse. After lowering the muzzle of his gun, he suddenly raised his hand—

“i!”

An invisible special force field instantly enveloped the corpse of the dead man.

Then...

Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah!