

Menu 521

Chapter 521: Emerging Clues!

The crisp sound abruptly silenced the leader's words.

He looked down at his wrist, now grasped in Jason's hand—the same hand that had held the dagger, which should have been poised at Jason's nape at this moment.

However, Jason had slightly shifted his body, causing the dagger to miss its mark, and Jason's right hand had shot out to seize his wrist.

What mattered most was when Jason twisted his wrist with force.

Pain!

An incomparable pain surged to the leader's brain.

His grip failed him, and as it loosened, the dagger was effortlessly caught in Jason's left hand.

Then, Jason, who had been with his back to him, spun around and stood up.

During this movement, Jason's right hand, still holding the other's wrist, continued in motion.

Suddenly—

"Ahhh!"

"It hurts, it hurts!"

Amidst agonized cries, the leader, following the twist of his wrist, turned from facing Jason to having his back to him, his elbow locked straight.

"Let go!"

"Stop it right now!"

"Do you even know who you're striking at?"

The six or seven men who had followed the leader charged over furiously.

Having a numerical advantage always creates the illusion of strength.

In reality, no matter how many weaklings gather, a quantitative change doesn't necessarily lead to a qualitative one.

What you get is just... a mob!

Whoosh!

Jason didn't alter his grip on the leader's wrist; he just swung his arm with force, spinning the man around like a specially designed Wolf Fang Club.

Swing left, smash right!

Thump, thump thump!

A series of collision sounds followed, and the men who had just rushed over all fell to the ground.

They each rolled and groaned on the floor.

Jason then hurled the leader towards the four people who had first entered, across the distance.

Whoosh!

Amidst cries of pain, the first four to enter turned around to look in this direction.

But everything happened so fast that before they could come to their leader's aid, he was already thrown at them.

Instinctively, the four stretched out their arms to catch their boss, but as soon as their arms touched his body, an immense force erupted from it.

Crack, crack.

With the sounds of bones breaking, the four men became tumbling gourds on the floor.

Cries of agony rose once again.

And at that moment, Kemi finally recovered her senses and stood up, staring at Jason with wide eyes, her mouth opening instinctively, yet not knowing what to say. RANoBÈž

Kemi knew Jason was strong; otherwise, he wouldn't have been able to rescue her.

But she had never seen Jason in action before.

Now that she did, she was truly shocked.

Jason, a tall and burly man, certainly possessed great strength.

Anyone would confirm that at a glance.

But...

Using a person as a weapon and then throwing him—wasn't that a bit too exaggerated?

Keep in mind, the man wasn't frail; to the average person, he was tall and strong.

"Jason, Jason."

Kemi said nervously, reaching out to tug at Jason's sleeve.

It was obviously time to leave first and foremost.

As for the bill?

She would repay it.

After she saved up enough!

But Kemi clutched at the air, as Jason easily avoided her hand and turned toward the interior of the restaurant.

"Don't come any closer!"

"Stay away!"

Men who had seemed fierce and vicious just a moment ago could now only wail on the floor.

Even if they still tried to appear ferocious, their cries rendered them hollow threats.

Jason didn't even spare them a glance.

His eyes were on the kitchen now.

The next moment—

"Don't move!"

A waiter holding a shotgun stepped out.

Jason looked calmly at the barrel pointed at him, while the waiter holding the gun turned pale, especially when Jason's gaze met his.

"Don't move!"

The waiter emphasized again.

Then, he raised his voice.

"Do you know whose turf this is?"

"This is Emod's turf!"

"If you keep this up, Emod won't let you off!"

Emod?

This restaurant belongs to Emod?

Jason was quite surprised.

Then, he glanced at Kemi and at the younger girl hiding behind the middle-aged man.

Suddenly, he remembered the conversation between two of Emod's men he had overheard in the surveillance room.

Before abducting women at special occasions, they would scout for potential victims.

No doubt, this was one of those places for scouting.

Even...

One could take action right here.

A restaurant late in the night, with hardly anyone around, streets deserted—what place could be more perfect?

And it wasn't mere speculation!

Just look at those men lying on the ground.

If it were anyone else, they would have already been taken away.

As for calling the police?

Would you expect this waiter with a shotgun to make the call?

Don't make me laugh.

He would only clean up the traces.

Make everything spotless.

Jason's head turns and his contemplative demeanor obviously led to some misunderstanding in the waiter; his frantic heart steadied a bit, and his gun-holding hand stopped shaking.

"It seems you know Mr. Emod."

"Now please leave at once."

"I'll pretend nothing has hap..."

The waiter started with a calm voice.

Of course, that calm only lasted as long as Jason remained still.

Chapter 522: Emerging Clues! (2)

Just as the word "live" hadn't left his mouth, Jason's right hand grasped the shotgun's barrel, he lifted the barrel to point it at his own forehead, and then said indifferently, "I bet your gun is unloaded!"

The waiter was stunned.

Not only the waiter was stunned.

Kemi, who was watching, the two men and women nearby, and the people lying on the ground were all stunned.

They had never seen such an arrogant person.

Actually lifting the gun to point at his own forehead.

Could there be someone who isn't afraid of death?

Impossible!

Everyone is afraid of death!

How could they not be afraid of dying!

Unless...

The gun really had no bullets!

Such a thought emerged in the minds of the people around him.

The waiter holding the gun also had such a thought.

Unconsciously, the waiter lowered his head to check the shotgun in his hand.

And at that moment, Jason, who was holding the barrel, suddenly lifted it.

Bang!

The barrel of the gun slammed straight into the waiter's nose.

Immediately, the waiter saw stars, tears and snot streamed down, and fresh blood from his nose sprayed uncontrollably.

The waiter let go of the shotgun and raised his hand to cover his nose.

Jason, however, grabbed the gun handle and fired directly to one side.

Bang!

The muzzle flashed brightly.

Shotgun pellets spread out in a burst.

The intruder who had fallen to the ground and sneakily taken out a pistol from his bosom, aiming to shoot, was turned into a sieve.

The sound of the gun shocked everyone around.

They looked at the shotgun in Jason's hands.

Wasn't it supposed to be unloaded?

How could it fire?

Especially the waiter, who was holding his nose, his voice not clear, but extremely angry, roared, "You lied to me?!"

Then, Jason turned the barrel toward the waiter.

Immediately, the waiter raised his hands high.

"Don't shoot!"

"I surrender!"

"Spare me!"

The waiter shouted while voluntarily kneeling down.

The situation was back in Jason's hands.

At least, that's how Kemi saw it.

She let out a slight sigh of relief.

Then, she ran to Jason's side, picked up the pistol, and pointed it at the people on the ground who were still groaning.

Since a pistol had appeared, who could guarantee that a second one wouldn't appear?

Jason, however, pushed open the kitchen door.

A chubby chef wearing an apron, with his hands raised innocently, stood there, and as soon as Jason pushed the door open, the chef immediately said, "I have nothing to do with this place; I'm just a chef, the kind that gets paid."

Jason took a close look at the other guy.

He didn't find any malice, nor any scent of blood.

This relieved Jason.

From the bottom of his heart, he did not want someone capable of making delicious food to be a scumbag.

It was not only insulting his taste buds but also defiling the food.

"Carry on, being a chef is a promising career."

After saying this, Jason exited the kitchen.

His gaze turned to the two peculiar-looking man and woman.

The man appeared to be around forty, with a bald head and a cleanly shaven chin, deep nasolabial folds, and sunken eyes with sharp, gray pupils resembling a hawk's.

His palms were broad, his muscles solid, and from Jason's angle, the man's index fingers, the base of the thumb, and thumbs all had thick calluses.

Accustomed to using firearms.

And capable of shooting with both hands.

The standing posture maintained a combat-ready stance, indicating he had certain combat skills.

The girl standing next to the man was much simpler, quite young, with a rounder face and nothing else that was noteworthy.

However, the two standing together looked quite odd.

Jason had not forgotten their conversation just now.

The girl seemed to be like Kemi, both were targeted by Emod's people.

But unlike Kemi, the girl had escaped on her own.

Or it would be more accurate to say she was helped by the man by her side.

The probability of the latter was much higher.

If that was the case, why would the man say, "I guarantee you, we're safe here—at least in this place"?

Didn't he know it was one of Emod's strongholds?

Possible.

But it's highly unlikely.

The man was not an inexperienced greenhorn; he should be very clear on what truly constituted safety.

So...

Jason thought of something and subconsciously glanced at the group of people on the ground and the waiter.

"Did you come here for them?"

Jason asked.

"If you choose to help, you must help to the end."

The man said, his gaze on Jason seemed a bit strange.

It was a complex mixture of surprise, disbelief, and a bit of relief.

Jason had seen such a gaze not long ago.

In John, in Brian's eyes.

Therefore, Jason was deeply impressed.

Almost immediately, Jason thought of the third letter's sender.

"McCaul?"

Jason asked tentatively.

The man across smiled and nodded his head.

"Pleased to meet you, Jason."

"I didn't expect our meeting would be so peculiar."

"Hope I haven't disappointed you."

McCaul answered.

"Did you also read the advertisement I posted on the notice board?"

Jason inquired.

McCaul nodded.

Jason immediately frowned.

What exactly had 'he' advertised on the notice board that had attracted John, Brian, and McCaul?

"At first, I thought you were just blindly arrogant," McCaul said.

"But after what just happened..."

"I think you had confidence."

"At least, you had confidence in protecting yourself."

McCaul said with a touch of praise.

Chapter 523: Emerging Clues! (3)

However, Jason was still frowning.

His gaze first measured McCaul, then shifted to the little girl by McCaul's side, and finally, he turned to look at Kemi standing beside him, his frown deepening by the second.

He had thought of a possibility.

But before that, Jason looked toward McCaul.

"Can you prove you're McCaul?"

He asked in such a way.

"Of course, do you need to see my ID?"

"And the letter from before—I've thought it over for a long time... I just want to give you a piece of advice."

McCaul recounted the contents of that letter, proving his identity.

"Hmm."

After Jason nodded his approval, he solemnly asked, "If, I mean if! I hadn't shown up here, would you have eliminated them all cleanly?"

"The chef wouldn't."

"That chef is innocent."

"He's just here cooking, earning a salary."

McCaul explained.

Being a man of principles, McCaul felt he had to make things clear.

"And then?"

Jason continued to inquire.

"After that, I will take care of Telly."

"And then..."

"Find an opportunity to eliminate Emod!"

McCaul answered earnestly, without a hint of flippancy.

Clearly, this wasn't a joke, nor was it an empty boast.

McCaul truly intended to take out Emod.

And Brian was out to kill Emod.

John's dog... might it also be related to Emod.

At that thought, Jason couldn't help but want to contact John.

But just at that moment, the sound of police sirens appeared—earlier than expected, obviously the detectives monitoring Jason had activated their sirens immediately after hearing gunshots. ~~It~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~an~~ ~~empty~~ ~~boast~~

Next moment, an older and a younger detective, guns drawn, walked in.

Both were taken aback upon seeing the intruders wailing on the floor.

Involuntarily, the barrels of their guns pointed towards Jason, who was wielding a shotgun.

"What are you doing?"

"We're the victims!"

"They're the bad guys!"

Kemi shouted indignantly, but still tossed the gun she was holding aside.

Jason, however, touched the shotgun reluctantly before finally placing it on the ground.

For Jason, the most comfortable weapons besides his broad-bladed, short-handled machete were shotguns; with every shot fired, the rhythm of the gun's slide action enthralled him.

Unfortunately, no gun fit his hand as well as the Winchester Brothers'.

Seeing Jason put down his gun, both detectives let out a sigh of relief.

Then, they began checking the intruders on the ground.

When they discovered that all the intruders had broken bones and shredded tendons, the detectives' perception of Jason changed.

Although Jason had a physique that seemed fit for a wrestler, no one believed he had the strength of one since Jason was a writer.

But now it seemed...

A typical wrestler would be more likely to lose than win against Jason!

Especially after seeing the intruder turned into a sieve by the shotgun, the hearts of the detectives sank involuntarily.

Such a person needed their protection?

If that mimic criminal dared to come after Jason, would he not just have his neck snapped outright?

The detectives thought to themselves.

Detective Davide, who arrived shortly after, also took a sharp intake of breath.

Gazing at the scene before him and then at Jason sitting there, his expression calmly detached, he couldn't help but take a deep breath.

Things were more troublesome than he had anticipated!

With that thought, he approached Jason.

"Hey, Jason, good evening,"

Davide maintained his amiable appearance, smiling before speaking, and warmly greeted.

"Good evening, Davide,"

Jason responded.

"You really are stronger than I imagined!"

"Look at all that you've done."

"If it weren't for the surveillance capturing everything so clearly, I would've thought there was a brawl."

Davide pulled up a chair and sat down beside Jason with a face full of awe.

Jason didn't speak, merely shrugged his shoulders.

Davide continued speaking.

"You hit too hard."

"Really, way too hard!"

"This is going to make things quite complicated to handle!"

"I..."

"We were forced to counterattack!"

Before Davide could go on, Kemi, seated next to Jason, interrupted.

The girl looked indignant.

She glared at the sheriff before her, her voice rising several notches uncontrollably.

"You watched the surveillance video; you should know what we went through."

"You should know that if Jason hadn't hit hard, we would be the ones lying here now!"

"No!"

"You wouldn't see us!"

"Because we would've been carried off to who knows where by now!"

"And everything here would've been wiped clean!"

"What would we do then?"

"After being killed and thrown in a gutter, should we still seek your help, listen to your so-called 'hitting too hard'?"

"Don't make me laugh!"

At this point, Kemi couldn't hold back any longer.

She slammed her hand on the table.

Bang!

The wooden table trembled, and the dishes and utensils that had not been put away jumped up.

The surrounding officers immediately turned their gazes.

Davide, a bit embarrassed, touched his nose.

"Don't get me wrong."

"I didn't mean to blame you."

"I was just... pointing it out!"

"Yes, just pointing it out!"

The middle-aged sheriff pondered for a moment before finding the right words, emphasizing immediately.

And clearly, he didn't want to dwell on this issue.

"Emod is dead,"

The middle-aged sheriff stated bluntly.

As he spoke, the middle-aged sheriff was staring intently at Jason.

Jason's expression didn't change one bit.

Brian was going to act, and Jason knew it.

All of this was expected.

After pausing, the middle-aged sheriff continued—

"It was two people who acted at the same time!"

Chapter 524: The Meeting of Four Men

Two people?

Apart from Brian, did Emod provoke anyone else?

Jason was taken aback at first, then he smiled.

"For someone like him, it wouldn't be surprising if he had enemies, would it?"

That's what Jason said.

"Of course."

"Very normal."

"It's to be expected."

Davide nodded his head and didn't argue.

After all, that was the truth.

However, the middle-aged Chief of Police kept his gaze fixed on Jason, hoping to detect something different in his eyes, his expression.

Because according to the encounter in the evening, Emod was supposed to be the "Cross Street Stalker" looking for evidence of his wife's infidelity, or from another perspective, he was supposed to be the one arranged by the 'copycat'.

As for Emod seeking out Jason on his own?

Davide didn't believe it for a second.

Let alone the style of Emod's actions dictated that if Emod had issues, he would never seek out a detective.

Not to mention, as far as he knew, Emod didn't have a wife at all.

Lovers, however, he had a few.

But none of those lovers would dare to betray Emod.

His ruthless tactics were well-known in Cherry City.

Because of this, Davide grew even more curious.

Who was this 'copycat'?

Daring enough to 'blackmail' Emod.

What kind of leverage did they have over Emod?

If so, what could that leverage be?

The middle-aged Chief of Police speculated silently in his heart.

Throughout, the middle-aged Chief of Police was watching Jason, without glancing at Kemi with her head bowed.

Naturally, he also missed the flash of worry that passed over Kemi's face.

Two people taking action at the same time?

Dad is one.

But who is the other?

Could Dad be in danger?

Kemi thought almost subconsciously.

She wanted to control her expression, but Kemi, with no such training, couldn't possibly control her own face and could only rely on lowering her head to cover it up.

Jason shifted his body slightly, unnoticeably allowing his tall and robust frame to completely shield Kemi.

"It seems your conversation this afternoon wasn't very pleasant?"

The middle-aged Chief of Police, having observed with no results, began his verbal probing.

"Hmm."

"He made it very clear that he would take care of everything."

"And me?"

"I was just lucky to have seen him."

"All that was left was for me to say, *Your Excellency, it's an honor to meet you*."

Jason didn't deny it.

"Yes, that's Emod's style."

The middle-aged Chief of Police laughed.

Aside from his ruthlessness, Emod's domineering attitude was also well-known.

Only this time, Emod had clearly provoked the wrong person.

"Do you think Emod's death is connected to the 'copycat'?"

The middle-aged Chief of Police asked.

"I don't know."

Jason simply shook his head.

The middle-aged Chief of Police looked at Jason once more, lingered his gaze for another two or three seconds, then a smile appeared on his face.

"Very well, I understand."

"If there's anything, call me."

The middle-aged police chief said as he pulled out a business card.

It displayed a number separate from the emergency line.

"Okay."

Jason nodded and took the card.

At this moment, McCaul approached with Telly by his side.

"Chief Davide, can I leave now?"

McCaul asked the middle-aged police chief directly.

Clearly, they knew each other.

But... the relationship was not good.

Jason could see that when McCaul walked over, Davide's brows furrowed instantly, although it was just for a moment, Jason's sharp eyes still caught it.

"Of course you can't!"

"Detective McCaul, I need you to cooperate with my investigation."

"Why are you here?"

"Please answer carefully, otherwise, I will write a report to revoke your private detective license."

The middle-aged police chief said sternly, his usual smile gone.

"I'm here to eat, of course."

"What else? To cause trouble?"

"Don't joke. I would not provoke Emod."

McCaul asked rhetorically on purpose.

"It's better not be."

"And her? Who is she?"

Chief Davide pointed at Telly.

"She's my new assistant, just started her internship today, so it's best not to scare her."

McCaul answered without blinking.

Chief Davide looked suspiciously at Telly's somewhat youthful face; despite her matured look, she still appeared too young, young enough to cast involuntary doubt.

But McCaul quickly produced documents he had prepared in advance.

"These are her employment papers, with a copy of her ID card on the back."

McCaul handed the employment papers to the middle-aged chief.

Chief Davide scrutinized the employment papers and examined the copy of Telly's ID card. He even had someone check it,

And finally, after everything checked out, he allowed McCaul to leave.

Jason, of course, left with him.

"Lord Jason, please be cautious of unrelated individuals."

As Jason was leaving the restaurant, the middle-aged police chief reminded him.

"Okay."

Jason agreed.

"That chief seems very wary of you?"

A hundred meters away from the restaurant, making sure there was no one around, Jason asked McCaul.

"Not me."

"It's the same with all private detectives."

"Some incidents in the past have made this chief very sensitive to private detectives."

"But, he's a good man."

McCaul said.

Jason nodded noncommittally.

Kemi couldn't hold back.

"A good man?"

"I feel like he's like a sly, smiling fox."

Chapter 525: The Meeting of Four Men (2)

"Malicious and crafty."

Kemi said.

"Hmm... your feeling isn't wrong."

"He's a fox."

"But that doesn't necessarily make him a bad person."

McCaul stressed, and then his gaze turned to Jason.

"What do you think about the Emod situation?"

McCaul seemed to trust Jason completely, without any hesitation or doubt, and asked directly.

"He's messed with someone he shouldn't have."

Jason said as such, his gaze however was on the 3A apartment close at hand.

An unusual expression emerged on his face.

...

After settling his daughter in Jason's apartment, Brian finally breathed a sigh of relief.

With Jason around, Brian believed that his daughter was safe.

Then...

Emod!

Brian's eyes grew cold.

His career had taught him that enemies must be eradicated.

And his life after retirement reminded him that if he didn't want to live painfully in self-blame, he had to kill Emod.

Both of these vastly different life experiences issued a warning.

Brian naturally had no more hesitation.

He left the apartment, got into his car, and headed directly for Emod's mansion.

After his own stronghold was turned into ruins, he was sure that Emod would return there.

Emod's status in Cherry City did not allow him to "retreat in the face of battle."

Once retreat was observed, not to mention Emod's enemies, even his own subordinates would not be able to resist tearing him apart.

This was, after all, the rule of the underworld.

Of course, Emod would surely be prepared.

So before entering that rich neighborhood, filled with millionaires, Brian left his car in a small alley on the roadside.

He opened the trunk, then pressed a hidden lock on the side.

Click!

The crisp sound signaled the opening of a secret compartment.

Brian propped up the compartment, and under the subtle moonlight, three handguns, a submachine gun, several magazines, and five grenades were neatly laid out. ~~AN OB~~

This was Brian's personal 'small arms cache.'

Though it had no heavy weaponry, the basic arsenal was sufficient.

He placed one of the handguns at his waist and the other under his arm, slipped the magazines into the lining, and hung all the grenades in the hidden pockets on his belt before taking the submachine gun, pulling back the bolt, and slipping into the shadows.

...

John stood on the rooftop, leaning against a chimney, concealing his body behind it, while his eyes observed Emod's mansion down below.

John was not unfamiliar with Emod.

Although he had never dealt with him directly, John was well aware of Emod's notorious reputation.

Of course, it was anything but a good one.

John had heard several times of the things the man had done to "maintain his business."

However, at that time, he did not care.

Because he was retired.

He had a wife; he needed a stable life, far away from such darkness.

But an accident occurred.

The death of his wife left him devastated.

Fortunately, she left him with one last hope.

Daisy!

But now... Daisy was also dead.

Killed by the henchmen of the bastard before his eyes.

There surely were some details of the process he did not know.

But he couldn't care less about them now.

Buzz, buzz buzz!

The modified phone at his waist emitted a faint vibration.

This type of vibration could only be felt with direct contact; otherwise, it was imperceptible, let alone audible. Shrinking back, John took out the phone.

There wasn't the slightest backlight; he could only read the words on it by moonlight.

*****: You can't do this!

The hidden name issued a warning to John.

John, with an icy expression, replied—

Tell them!

Tell everyone!

Whoever dares to stop me!

It doesn't matter who!

I'll annihilate them all!

Having sent the reply, John put away his phone and picked up the sniper rifle beside him.

...

Emod looked at his house with a dark expression.

Before he left in the afternoon, this house had deservedly been a mansion.

And now?

It was a wreck!

No!

"Wreck" didn't even begin to describe it!

It should be called... ruins!

Rage mixed with the intent to kill assaulted Emod's reason.

One must understand, this mansion was not just a symbol of his entry into 'high society.' It was also one of his secret bases.

Compared to the other bases outside, this one located in the rich district had a natural advantage.

Even those annoying cops wouldn't casually come here for a check.

Therefore, he had placed many important things here.

Top-notch goods!

And...

The collection!

Just thinking about the latter made Emod's face grow even darker.

To him, the mansion and those goods were insignificant compared to his collection.

The mansion could be repurchased.

The goods could be found again.

But if those collections were lost...

That would be tantamount to depriving him of his ultimate hope!

This was something that Emod could not accept.

As for the dead subordinates?

Money could buy as many of those goons as you wanted on the streets.

He truly did not care.

Even his so-called top lieutenant, Asa, was no exception.

Just a slightly more useful 'Tool Person,' that with enough money could also be found elsewhere.

But his collections were different.

Taking a deep breath, Emod gestured to his men around him.

"Dig for me!"

Emod ordered.

Although the ruins before him had basically told him that his collection was doomed, Emod was not yet willing to let go.

None of Emod's subordinates around him dared to defy their boss. Aside from a team of personal bodyguards, everyone else got to work.

Chapter 526: The Meeting of Four Men (3)

Some people took tools like shovels out of the trunk of the car, while others simply used their hands to dig, hoping that their 'diligent' efforts would catch the attention of their boss.

Unfortunately, it was completely useless.

In Emod's eyes, the people in front of him were the same as his subordinates who had died earlier.

They were all 'Tool Persons'!

'Tool Persons' weren't anything to care about, especially when these 'Tool Persons' didn't seem very useful.

"Sir, you might need some excavators and the help of professionals,"

The Butler suggested quietly.

"Hmm, go and contact them,"

Emod spoke to the Butler in a much gentler tone.

The Butler before him was different from those 'Tool Persons'.

He was another proof of his entry into 'high society'.

He had been hired for a hefty price.

Most importantly, this Butler was very useful.

A useful Tool Person.

Just like at this moment, all it took was one phone call to sort everything out.

"The so-called 'Butler Alliance' is really quite good,"

"Apart from being expensive, it has no drawbacks,"

Emod thought to himself, unable to help it, after he saw the Butler nodding to him.

He had thought about making a move against this 'Butler Alliance', but if he failed, the consequences were something he couldn't afford.

So, he endured.

However, Emod could not endure any longer against the one who had destroyed his mansion.

"Just wait!"

"I will find you soon!"

"And then I will..."

Emod muttered to himself in a low voice, but before he could finish speaking, he felt a sudden heart palpitation.

Years in gang life almost instinctively made him shrink his body and hide behind a bodyguard.

Emod's movements were very quick.

But!

The bullet was quicker!

Bang, bang!

Two gunshots were almost simultaneous.

Two bullets, one aiming for the heart and one for the head.

Both hit Emod at the same time.

The large-caliber sniper rifle tore a hole in Emod's chest, while the submachine gun's bullet shredded half of Emod's head.

Thump!

Emod's body, like a ragged doll, simply fell to the ground.

"Assassin!"

"There's an assassin!"

Emod's bodyguards and subordinates shouted loudly around him.

A few who were quick to react started looking for the shooter.

But this quick response brought disaster upon them.

Bang, bang, bang!

John, crouching on the roof, started calling names with his gun, one shot each.

He had said it, exterminate thoroughly.

And he meant to do just that!

The gunfire this time finally allowed the people below to pinpoint the assassin's location.

They each sought cover while aiming at John.

Just then, Brian, hidden in the shadows, glanced in surprise at the sniper on the roof. He didn't know John, but he knew it was a good opportunity.

An opportunity to wipe out the backbone of Emod's power in one fell swoop.

With Emod dead, his daughter was relatively safe.

But not secure!

There was still a chance of revenge!

But what if Emod, and the backbone of Emod's power, were all dead?

Then naturally she would be safe without worry!

Almost without hesitation, Brian pulled the trigger of his submachine gun, and at the same time, he threw out several grenades.

Da da da!

Boom, boom boom!

The sound of the submachine gun was quickly drowned out by the explosions of the grenades.

Emod's bodyguards and subordinates were directly stunned.

They were focusing intently on John, their attention wholly on the rooftop, never anticipating an attack from behind.

A group caught utterly off guard!

More importantly, John on the rooftop was also throwing grenades one after another.

Boom boom boom!

After a series of explosions, the bodyguards and subordinates of Emod lying on the ground were heavily injured or dead.

Then, as if telepathically linked, John and Brian began picking off their targets with precision shots, reaping the lives of these scumbags one by one.

To ordinary people, Emod's subordinates were like malevolent spirits, figures not to be trifled with.

But to John and Brian, they were amateurs among amateurs.

Especially after being completely caught off guard by the initial two rounds of attacks, these amateurs facing two of the top professionals saw a one-sided slaughter with no chance of resistance.

Minutes later, the gunfire ceased.

On the ground, Emod's bodyguards and henchmen had been completely wiped out.

In the distance, the sound of police sirens began to emerge faintly.

After exchanging glances from afar, John flipped off the rooftop and Brian vanished into the shadows.

By the time the police cars arrived, the scene was littered with corpses.

Only the old butler stood there, his face blank with bewilderment.

Hunter was reporting to Davide as he got out of the car.

"Chief!"

"Emod is dead!"

...

Jason and McCaul walked shoulder to shoulder in front.

Kemi and Telly followed behind, occasionally conversing in hushed tones.

Their conversation was mostly about hobbies, shopping, and the like.

When the two chatted about a trendy bag of the season, Jason couldn't help but turn his head and look at the two as if they were young girls.

If he hadn't known about their experiences, Jason would have thought they were just returning from shopping.

Women's hearts are really big.

Jason thought quietly to himself.

Then, he couldn't help but glance over at McCaul.

At this moment, McCaul had an expression of reflection tinged with nostalgia.

"Never anger a woman."

McCaul whispered just loud enough for him and Jason to hear.

Jason nodded slightly.

Then, their gazes both turned towards room 3-13.

Jason could clearly hear the breathing of two people inside the room, distinctly familiar.

McCaul's hand instinctively moved towards the gun at his waist.

Jason waved his hand.

"Acquaintances."

Jason said, as he took out his keys and directly unlocked the door.

In the room, John and Brian sat facing each other on the couch, with both observation and caution in their demeanor.

Neither had expected that less than an hour after parting ways in front of Emod's mansion, they would meet again so soon.

Fortunately, as soon as they confirmed that the newcomer was Jason, both maintained considerable restraint.

They waited in silence.

Waiting for Jason's return.

So, when the door opened, both their gazes shifted there.

Jason stepped in.

McCaul followed right behind him.

Kemi and Telly, who were a step behind, didn't come in immediately.

For a moment, the room contained only Jason, John, Brian, and McCaul—four men.

They looked at each other.

Then, they each pulled over just enough armchairs to form a circle around the round coffee table and sat down.

The men sized each other up.

Sensing the similar yet distinct aura of one another.

A look of surprise and contemplation appeared in each of their eyes.

About ten seconds of silence later, John, Brian, and McCaul's eyes all focused on Jason.

This was Jason's room.

Even if it were rented, it was still true.

Naturally, Jason should be the first to speak.

Jason didn't hesitate; he propped up his elbows on the armrests, rested his thumbs under his chin, and intertwined the rest of his fingers to cover his mouth, his voice emanating from between his hands.

"Gentlemen, do you think everything that has happened up to now... is a coincidence?"

Chapter 527: Who is the Biggest Beneficiary?

Coincidence?

John furrowed his brow, he didn't believe in coincidences.

Brian didn't believe in them either.

And McCaul?

He didn't believe in them as well.

After their gazes crossed, the three men looked towards Jason once again.

Jason stood up and walked to the study which also served as a bedroom, took out the letters the three men had written to him, and placed them on the small round coffee table, pushing each one towards the position closest to each man.

"Can you confirm that these are written by you?"

Jason asked.

John, Brian, and McCaul picked up the letters, inspecting and leafing through them.
Their actions, different due to habit, all carried the requisite caution and care.

"Hmm."

"No problem."

"It's my writing."

Eventually, the three men nodded in unison, almost speaking in chorus.

Then, all three were taken aback.

This time, without Jason saying anything, the men noticed the anomaly.

They had all simultaneously written letters to Jason?

That's not right!

To be precise, all three had 'taken notice' of Jason.

"You also saw the notice in the bulletin board?"

Brian looked at John and McCaul.

"Yes."

John nodded.

McCaul took out his notebook, flipped through it, and placed it in the center of the coffee table.

Tucked in the flipped notebook was a photo, the content of which was a notice—

Everyone:

I need some extraordinary stories to inspire me.

Do you have any?

If so, please tell me.

I am in Apartment 3A, Room 313.

Phone: 00544444944

Jason

99.7.10

...

The angle of the photo was quite good, and the image was very clear.

Jason scrutinized the photo.

In his memory, this photo didn't exist.

However, this photo was the beginning of it all.

Jason's gaze turned to John and Brian, whose assured demeanor informed Jason that they had seen the same notice.

"Then can you tell me why you decided to write to me after seeing this notice?"

Jason continued to inquire.

His eyes swept across the three men.

There was no doubt that the men before him were no ordinary individuals.

One of them surfacing could stir up a storm of blood and violence.

What if the three came together?

With enough preparation, destroying a city wouldn't be too difficult a task.

But it was for this reason that Jason was all the more curious.

His plain and unremarkable notice, why did it attract the three of them?

"My wife had just passed away, and I was looking for someone to talk to."

"Coincidentally, Jason, you appeared and lived in my apartment."

"I investigated you, a writer who keeps his word, very fitting to be a confidant."

John was the first to speak out.

Previous events were enough for him to have a profound understanding of Jason, making him willing to trust Jason.

Moreover, he owed Jason a favor.

"I was anxious and agitated because of Kemi's matter."

"So, I also hoped to find someone to talk to."

"And when I saw that notice, I subconsciously thought, I wanted to talk to you."

Brian then spoke.

Like John, Brian was also inclined to trust Jason.

Remember, Jason was the one who had saved his daughter.

McCaul, unlike John and Brian, had only met Jason once, but his sense of justice made McCaul speak outright.

"I did not want anything to happen to you, Jason."

"I've read 'The Cross Street Stalker', you are a decent writer, although not first-class in terms of style, and the content and logic have their flaws, but you've made a real effort."

McCaul said, showing Jason an encouraging smile.

Jason responded with a smile.

Apart from smiling, he really didn't know what other expression to show.

Was he supposed to explain that the one who wrote it wasn't the current 'me', it was the previous 'me'? And also, that the current 'me' isn't even as good as the previous 'me'?

Let alone whether the three men in front of him would believe such an explanation, Jason just couldn't bring himself to say it.

It was definitely not because admitting the current him was inferior to the previous 'him' was embarrassing!

It was just a little awkward, that's all.

"McCaul, I really appreciate it."

Jason said earnestly.

"You're welcome."

McCaul responded.

Then, Jason's gaze turned to John.

"You said you investigated me before and concluded that I am someone who keeps his word... Was the investigation difficult?"

Jason asked.

"Not difficult."

"In fact, there are rumors among your readers that you had contact with some unique individuals, which is how you could write such stories, but later on, it seems you grew arrogant, wanting to write a truly personal story, but unfortunately, your talent and abilities were not enough to pull it off, leading you into obscurity."

John stated plainly.

"Is that so?"

Jason muttered to himself, then after a pause, he suddenly asked, "When did you read my book? Was it before or after seeing the notice?"

"Before the notice."

John was still the first to answer.

"Yes, before for me too."

Brian nodded in agreement.

"The same."

"I saw it over a year ago when I had just 'retired' and became a private detective. Naturally, I became interested in similar novels, and your book was being heavily promoted at the time, so I bought a copy at the bookstore."

McCaul's answer was more specific as he provided a definite answer before describing his experience.

Chapter 528: Who is the Biggest Beneficiary? (2)

"My novel is being heavily promoted?"

Jason furrowed his brow.

It wasn't strange for a novel to be heavily promoted, but what was strange was that he, an author who had only managed to write one fairly successful book in the past decade and who had faced much skepticism in recent years, was now being heavily promoted.

Businessmen are profit-driven!

It's in their nature!

To put it simply, they wouldn't get up early without the promise of gain.

What benefit would there be for them to push the book of a washed-up writer?

Unless...

Someone had given them a reason.

At that thought, Jason stood up and walked toward the telephone.

Although his phone was a landline, it had a call history function, and soon, he found the record of the editor's call. Without picking up the handset, he turned on the speakerphone and redialed.

Dut, dut.

After only two rings, the editor picked up the phone.

"Jason, did you finish?"

"If you did, fax it over."

"The postal service is too slow."

"The end of the month is coming. You promised me, remember."

No sooner had the call connected than the editor rattled off as if firing a series of shots.

"Not yet, I..."

"You're not thinking about taking a leave, are you?"

"Let me tell you, that's not possible!"

"You've used up all your vacation time!"

"Don't make any excuses!"

"Just sit down and write that draft honestly!"

The last sentence was almost roared out by the editor, causing the speakerphone to buzz with the volume.

John, Brian, McCaul exchanged glances, a hint of amusement in their eyes.

It was the first time the three men had witnessed an editor pushing for a draft.

Kemi and Telly, who had been staying in the combined study and bedroom, also peered out curiously.

Despite the many watching eyes, Jason remained composed.

He, Jason, was a gourmet... and a part-time novelist.

Gourmet first.

Novelist second.

Although he had not produced a true piece of work, he had eaten a lot!

And with the identity of a novelist, wasn't he able to go on normal research tours?

During those tours, it was only natural to eat and drink, wasn't it?

"I'm creatively blocked."

"I need to gather (eat) some inspiration (drink)."

"Besides, I haven't been sleeping well lately."

Jason responded in this manner.

"Not allowed!"

"Remember, you are a ruthless typing machine!"

"No need for inspiration, just need to type!"

"Sleep? Remember!"

"Dead people need sleep!"

"As long as you don't sleep, you have 24 hours a day to write!"

The editor continued to bellow.

"Oh."

"Why was my book heavily promoted in Cherry City more than a year ago?"

Jason asked casually.

"Cherry City heavily promoting your book?"

"Jason, are you truly not awake?"

"Stop fantasizing about such useless things and focus on writing your draft, that's the most important thing!"

"Remember the end of the month!"

"I still have to push a few other guys to update!"

After saying this, the editor hung up.

The speakerphone light also went out.

Jason turned to look at John, Brian, McCaul.

At this moment, the faces of the three men were somewhat serious.

Cherry City's promotion not connected to the publishing house editors?

Then it could only be an action undertaken by Cherry City itself.

And such an action?

It was aimed at them!

The three men almost instinctively confirmed this.

From the time Jason arrived in Cherry City to the appearance of the "Imitator," it was all just a part of the other side's plan, to draw them all out!

As for why they would do this?

They already had a guess in their hearts.

At that moment, McCaul straightened his back, ready to speak.

But at that moment, Brian gestured to stop him.

Brian stood up and walked towards the door of the study that doubled as a bedroom.

"Kemi, you and Telly go back to your room," Brian said, blocking Kemi's curious gaze.

Had this happened before, Kemi would definitely have resisted her father's "tyranny," but after the kidnapping incident, she had become much more sensible, nodded her head, and, pulling Telly with her, went back to her room and, obediently, shut the door. ¶

Of course, once behind the door, Kemi immediately pressed her ear against it.

She was very curious.

Telly was just as curious.

This action didn't escape Brian's notice; he gestured to the remaining men to keep their voices down.

"You are a good father."

McCaul praised after Brian sat down again.

"Just making amends."

Brian sighed.

Then, his voice grew somber.

"You know, I was once too focused on my career and neglected my family."

"After I retired, all I had left was making amends."

"So, I won't allow anyone to harm my family!"

These words resonated with John and McCaul to some extent.

"Hmm."

"Now, someone is scheming against us."

"And, they've already endangered our families or the most important things to us."

"More importantly, I can be sure that what he wants is far more than just that."

McCaul nodded,

John clenched his fists.

He thought of Daisy.

Brian's daughter was saved, but what about his Daisy?

His Daisy was dead!

He swore to avenge Daisy.

Now that a new target had appeared... it was time to take them out!

Threads of killing intent began to surface on John, and the other three men in the room immediately sensed it.

"Calm down, John."

"That guy won't get far."

McCaul tried to reassure John.

Brian remained silent.

His daughter was saved, while John's Daisy wasn't.

It wasn't the right time for him to speak.

John's aura slightly receded.

Brian and McCaul breathed a sigh of relief. At that moment, their biggest concern was John's impulsiveness, which might startle the snake in the grass.

After all, the target was far too clear.

They each came for different reasons, but at the end of the day, they did only one thing: take down Emod.

Emod had many enemies.

And even more people wanted Emod dead.

But!

Anyone who could have started plotting more than a year ago and quietly drawn Jason here was no simple individual.

It wasn't just patience; the ability had to be exceptional as well.

And, they would benefit from Emod's death.

Beneficiaries, even if not the murderers, were related to the murderers!

All three held this simple notion at heart.

And, conveniently, among Emod's enemies was just such a person.

Brian and McCaul exchanged glances.

Almost simultaneously, they said the name—

"Dodd!"

Jason frowned.

He hadn't been in Cherry City long, less than a day.

He didn't understand Cherry City.

"Can you tell me about this Dodd?"

Jason asked.

"Of course."

After exchanging a look with Brian, McCaul immediately said.

"Dodd, the Speaker of Cherry City, a true big shot, Emod's real enemy."

"And the person Emod hated to the bone."

"Dodd has more than once blocked Emod's entry into the council."

"However, don't expect Dodd to be a good person; he blocked Emod solely because their political views didn't align."

McCaul stood up as he spoke.

Staying here would only lead to speculation.

Now that 'Dodd' had appeared as a target, he wanted to try his luck.

John and Brian stood up as well.

They shared the same thought.

"Wait."

Just then, Jason, who had been silent for a moment, suddenly spoke up.

Instantly, he drew the attention of the three men once again.

"Dodd should be Emod's enemy."

"But don't you find it strange?"

"To take down an Emod, he lures all three of you here—doesn't that seem like an overkill?"

"Moreover, in a confrontation with Dodd, Emod should be at a disadvantage, right?"

"Does he really need to set up such a big scene to eliminate someone who is already inferior to him?"

Jason leaned back in the sofa chair and questioned.

John, Brian, and McCaul frowned, stopping in their tracks.

They did not refute Jason's words.

Because that was the truth.

But with this in mind...

Who exactly was plotting all of this?

Subconsciously, the three looked at Jason sitting there.

Jason spoke unhurriedly—

"Let's consider, if the three of you go to investigate Dodd and end up fighting him, taking Dodd down, then... who would be the biggest beneficiary of this conflict?"

Chapter 529: Findelter

After Dodd was eliminated, who would be the biggest winner?

John, Brian, and McCaul were initially startled but then their eyes lit up.

"Are you saying, Jason?"

McCaul tentatively asked.

"There's no conclusion yet, just a direction, and besides, it's hard to guarantee that the final result will be what we expect!"

"In fact..."

"There is a way to solve the problem once and for all!"

Jason said, checking the reactions of the three men.

"What way?"

Brian pressed.

Of the four men, apart from Jason, he was now the one most eager to see the matter concluded.

Otherwise, his daughter Kemi would always be in danger.

Thinking of the potential danger to his daughter, Brian's heart was filled with anxiety.

"We can't solve the problem, but we can solve the person who poses the problem."

"As long as all the people related to this are taken out, all the problems will be easily solved," Jason stated.

John instinctively nodded when Jason finished speaking.

He agreed with this approach.

Clean and decisive was his style.

Brian frowned slightly but then also nodded.

Although it wasn't his style, for his daughter's sake, he was willing to try changing his ways.

McCaul, on the other hand, kept shaking his head.

"Hey, guys, don't do this."

"We can't do this!"

"We have other ways to verify Jason's thinking—how about I get moving right now? I guarantee that within three days, I'll have everything investigated clearly." rAJNöBES

McCaul looked at Jason, John, and Brian.

His principles made it impossible for him to accept this approach, even though it was the most direct and convenient.

Moreover, he couldn't refuse outright.

Because he worried about angering the three men before him, and that was a consequence he couldn't afford to bear.

As for walking away?

Even less likely!

Who knew what the three guys might do after he left?

So, with a pleading look and a promise, he spoke.

Under McCaul's gaze, John hesitated before turning to Jason.

The method had been Jason's idea, and he had approved it.

According to the rules, the only one who could refuse now was Jason.

Brian felt the same.

Certain rules in the underworld are always so similar, even when in different factions.

"It's up to you!"

Jason said.

Jason didn't mind someone taking the initiative to conduct the investigation.

He wasn't some masked murderer, how could he possibly take everyone down?

His earlier speech was merely a probe.

Just like he was agreeing to McCaul now.

Trust?

It can't be built in a moment.

It may require countless tests.

McCaul, who had no idea of Jason's true intentions, immediately breathed a sigh of relief when Jason agreed.

"I'll get moving right now."

"Take care of Telly for me."

Having said that, McCaul walked towards the door to the bedroom cum study and knocked.

Kemi, who was eavesdropping behind the door, was startled.

However, the two girls promptly acted as if nothing was wrong and opened the door.

"Telly, I need to go take care of some things, and you'll be staying here for the time being."

"If you need anything, you can turn to Jason."

"He can be trusted," McCaul said decisively.

John had investigated Jason, and he naturally had done so as well.

Among Jason's many labels, his reputation for keeping promises was reassuring.

"Alright, I got it."

"You... be careful," Telly said, her eyes flashing with hesitation and reluctance but ultimately nodding firmly.

She didn't want to cause any trouble for McCaul.

Kemi immediately took Telly's hand.

"Don't worry, I'll be with you," Kemi reassured the younger Telly.

Seeing this, McCaul completely relaxed, nodded again to the three men, and left, his footsteps fading quickly.

"What do we do next?"

After signaling Kemi and Telly to return to the room with his eyes, Brian asked Jason and John.

Kemi hesitated to close the door; she wanted to hear what her father and Jason were talking about.

Alas, the rooms were too well soundproofed.

Just a door apart, and she couldn't hear anything.

What's the point of such good soundproofing in an apartment?

Kemi thought indignantly.

Then she noticed Jason and John staring at her.

Their gazes were indifferent, serene, especially Jason's, which held a pressure she found inexplicably daunting.

"Kemi?"

At that moment Brian raised his voice.

"Got it," Kemi replied reluctantly and closed the door.

But just as the door was about to shut completely, Kemi stuck her head out and stuck her tongue out at Jason.

Then the door closed with a 'click'.

Watching the closed door, Kemi huffed, arms crossed in front of her chest, while Telly came over carrying two cups and handed one to Kemi.

Kemi immediately gestured a thumbs up.

The two girls, holding cups to the door, eavesdropped on the conversation outside.

"Sorry, I was too busy with work before, and Kemi has been living with my ex-wife," Brian apologized to Jason and John.

"You got divorced?" John suddenly asked.

"Back then, I didn't understand the importance of family,"

"Now I deeply regret it,"

"So, I've been trying to make amends," Brian said with a soft sigh.

"At least, you still have a chance to make amends."

Chapter 530: Findelter (2)

John finished speaking and once again fell into silence.

Brian was also silent.

Jason didn't immediately break the silence. Both men, strong on the outside, harbored a tenderness within that was beyond ordinary people's imagination. When that tenderness was hurt, giving them some time was the least of the respect they deserved.

About several seconds later, Brian was the first to snap back to reality.

"What do we do?"

Brian asked again.

"Weapons, ammo."

"No matter how McCaul's investigation goes, these are essential for us."

"And about McCaul's investigation!"

Jason said, turning his gaze to Brian.

"Brian, I hope you can investigate this matter from other angles."

"From perspectives McCaul might not consider," Jason instructed.

"Understood," Brian nodded.

"Leave the weapons to me,"

"I have my channels," John promptly promised.

"Compared to those, I think you should rather get me another room," Jason indicated the room nearby.

As the landlord, John instantly understood.

"No problem," John said, standing up and walking toward the phone.

After finishing a conversation with his daughter, Brian left Room 313 at that moment.

Soon, the room was arranged.

It was also on the third floor, and just next door on the other side: Room 312.

After watching Kemi and Telly enter the room, Jason did not return to his own room. Instead, after signaling John, he headed straight downstairs.

He hadn't forgotten the critical point in the whole affair.

...

Outside the interrogation room, Davide watched as Assistant Hunter interrogated Emod's old butler and couldn't help but sigh.

His assistant was indeed an excellent young man, that was indisputable.

A standout among his peers.

But still too young.

Some matters inevitably led to impulsiveness.

Watching his assistant slam the table once again, Davide knocked on the door.

The middle-aged police chief knew he couldn't let his assistant continue the interrogation. If it went on, problems might arise.

He certainly didn't want his assistant's record tarnished with any stain.

Knock, knock, knock!

After the knocking, the middle-aged police chief entered.

"Hunter," Davide called out, looking at the young assistant who had angrily stood up, and couldn't help but raise his voice sharply.

"Chief, I..."

"Go wash your face,"

"Leave this to me," Davide patted his assistant's shoulder.

The young assistant nodded and walked out.

At this moment, rationality had returned to him; he knew that if not for Davide's timely arrival, he would have made a mistake.

Striking a prisoner!

That was no trivial matter.

Especially facing that person.

Just the thought of the man he was interrogating made the young Hunter's teeth ache.

He had never encountered such a difficult adversary.

Silence!

The suspect had been silent since entering the interrogation room!

A full two hours had passed without a single word spoken, without any demand made!

Seemingly a mute!

The thought reignited the anger bubbling inside Hunter, furrowing his brow.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!

Catching handfuls of cold water from the tap, Hunter splashed it over his face repeatedly.

The shock of the cold water calmed him down once again.

Then, without bothering to use a towel, he wiped his face with his sleeve and quickly returned to the room next to the interrogation room, eager to see how Davide would handle this tricky criminal.

In the interrogation room.

Davide smiled at the middle-aged to elderly man sitting in front of him, dressed in a tailcoat and wearing white gloves.

Even though he was in the interrogation room, he maintained a remarkable poise.

And for two hours, his back was straight. He had not leaned against the chair back or slumped his body even once from beginning to end.

Such bearing was exceptional, not something one would normally see, not just in a middle-aged man with white hair, but even young people rarely exhibited it.

"You truly are a capable butler,"

"For someone of your age to maintain such standards, I must say I am impressed," the middle-aged police chief began with customary praise.

Find more chapters on

Hostility only brings caution,

While praise can sometimes yield unexpected gains.

The middle-aged police chief was a firm believer in this principle.

"According to the information, you are a member of the 'Butler Alliance', aren't you?"

"Could you tell me about this organization?"

"You know, my fortunes have never qualified me to face this organization, so I'm very curious," the middle-aged police chief said with a smile, standing up to go to the water cooler, and poured a glass of warm water for Emod's old butler, placing it in front of him.

"Thank you,"

Emod's old butler promptly thanked him as the glass was set down,

His body slightly bowed, his right hand on his chest.

In his every precise move, there was no trace of rigidity, only an air of graceful poise.

Then he took a sip of water from the glass.

When putting the glass down, it was in precisely the same spot, not a bit off, as if measured out with a ruler.

"You're welcome," the middle-aged police chief responded with a smile.

Silence is only relative.

Once the right gap is found, seemingly impregnable barriers can be broken.

In reality, such barriers are not much stronger than a thin film,

All it takes is a poke to burst through.

Once that film is punctured, everything becomes easier.

But it takes skill.

Davide knew this well, so after responding, he didn't immediately press the old butler, instead, he began to peruse the documents on the table.

Findelter, male, 56 years old, born in 1943 in Cherry City.

The records of his elementary, middle and high school, as well as his further education at the 'Butler Academy', were crystal clear.

