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### Chapter 76: With Bias

Jason had his back to the carriage.

Finch, on the other hand, faced it.

Almost the instant that blood-stained hand reached out, Finch saw it.

The numerous 'bizarre' encounters had long since changed Finch.

More importantly, the young man trusted that Jason could handle this special situation.

Just like he had done before.

Amid the uneasy whinnying of the horses nearby, the young officer did not panic. He took out his revolver, aimed at the position of the carriage, and waited for the commands from Jason, who was already approaching.

"Got a match?"

Jason stood in front of Finch and asked bluntly.

“Yes!”

Without hesitation, Finch took out the matches he carried with him.

The young man watched as Jason struck a match and then put it back into the matchbox, followed by...

A toss!

The whole box of burning matches landed precisely inside the overturned carriage.

Then—

Boom!

The carriage immediately flew into the sky.

In the rolling flames, the unknown ‘bizarre’ entity hadn’t even truly shown itself before it was annihilated.

From start to finish, Jason never looked back even once.

Finch just stared blankly at the scene.

In the heart of the young man, an unconscious thought emerged:

There's nothing that a box of explosives can't solve!

If there is—

Then two boxes!

“Ah!”

The urgent scream brought the young man back to his senses; he turned the gun in his hand towards the source of the voice.

It was on the side of the street.

A middle-aged man with a gaunt, extremely pale face was panting heavily.

Had the 'bizarre' just now been created by him?

Thinking this, the young man unconsciously tightened his grip on the gun handle.

It wasn't just because the man had orchestrated the 'bizarre,' but also because he was holding...

Taniel!

The young teacher from Deer Academy was unconscious, cluelessly throttled by someone's grasp. Finch could only tell from his complexion that Taniel wasn't in grave danger.

Then Finch saw Jason step decisively toward the kidnapper.

Finch opened his mouth to warn Jason that Taniel was in the man's hands.

But immediately, Finch shut his mouth.

"Taniel is such a big guy, how could Lord Jason not see him?"

“Doing this, he must have his reasons!”

Suddenly, the young man’s eyes widened as he watched Jason’s every move.

Just as he had learned from Bondi before.

In this moment, the young man was learning from Jason.

Thud, thud-thud.

Jason stepped forward, his towering figure putting immense pressure on the kidnapper.

Especially since his ‘secret technique’ had just been broken and he suffered backlash, the kidnapper had lost all will to fight.

He was merely treating Taniel as his last lifeline.

“Don’t come any closer!”

“Your friend is in my hands!”

The man holding Taniel shouted at Jason.

Then, Jason slowly pulled out a wide-bladed, short-handled machete.

The blade pointed downward, emitting a cold light.

The kidnapper's heart trembled.

"Just let go..."

Whish!

The man was about to say something more when Jason, holding the raised knife, slashed down heavily.

The kidnapper froze.

I have a hostage, right?

He didn't see?

Impossible, right?

With countless questions flooding his mind, the kidnapper had no time to think further in the face of the descending blade.

He pushed Taniel toward Jason.

Then, he turned and ran.

Jason sidestepped to avoid Taniel, letting Taniel fall face-down at his feet, and raised his right hand to lift the 'Winchester Brothers.'

Bang!

Click, click!

Bang!

Amid the rhythmic sounds of reloading, the kidnapper was shot and sent flying.

Jason didn't give him any chance to speak again, firing another shot to finish him off.

By this time, Taniel had awakened.

"Hisss!"

"My nose hurts."

Clutching his bleeding nose, Taniel staggered to his feet.

Then, he saw Jason searching the spoils of battle.

Taniel was taken aback.

Memories started to emerge in his mind.

After Holle had finished recounting the case, he ran into... Duke!



Yes, Duke!

And then?

Duke invited him for afternoon tea.

What next?

He then knew nothing at all.

Taniel, who was slow to react but not truly stupid, started to look pale.

"Duke is..."

Taniel, with an unpleasant expression, asked Jason.

"Um."

"It's just as you think."

Jason did not offer more explanation, he simply nodded.

He believed that Taniel should be able to guess what it was.

Meanwhile, Jason, who had gained no spoils from this victory, stood up.

Compared to Duke, this hostage-taker had absolutely nothing of value on him, except for a revolver.

After thinking for a moment, Jason placed the revolver in the pocket of his coat and quickly walked over to Finch.

Watching Jason approach, young Finch's eyes filled with immense respect.

He had just witnessed a perfect demonstration of 'saving hostages.'

It was a textbook example.

He would remember it by heart.

“Go to Bondi, have him bring enough men here.”

“And enough...”

“Bombs!”

Jason spoke in a low voice, subtly indicating towards Pea Street.

Instantly, Finch nodded with understanding, mounted his horse, and galloped toward Kensing Street.

Clip-clop, clip-clop.

Amidst the sound of horse hooves striking the ground, Finch’s figure swiftly disappeared.

Only then did Jason turn his head to look at Taniel, who was applying potion to himself.

Taniel skillfully poured the potion from the top of his nose.

He let the liquid flow down his nose and cheeks, and when it reached above his mouth, he quickly lowered his head and began to rub it in with his palms.

“Do you often get injured on the nose?” Jason asked.

“No.”

“Just twice.”

“Once when you saved me, and the other time also when you saved me.”

Taniel shook his head.

“As for being proficient?”

“That’s a Pharmacist’s dignity!”

Taniel said, his tone involuntarily carrying a touch of pride.

But what did a Pharmacist’s dignity have to do with being skilled at applying potions to his injuries?

Jason didn't understand.

And yet, the young teacher from Deer Academy was already standing straight and looking at Jason seriously, his eyes filled with emotion.

He had just lost a friend.

But in exchange, he had gained a true friend.

Although he had experienced pain, he had won a sincere bond of friendship.

Compared to that, what was a little suffering?

Taniel, filled with excitement, was about to speak.

"Saving you was incidental."

"You were involved because of me."

“If I can save you, of course I will.”

Jason interrupted Taniel’s words.

Taniel was stunned for a moment, blinked, and thought about it.

It seemed...

It appeared...

It really was like that!

He was just collateral damage!

As this thought struck him, the excitement and emotion inside him flew away,

and his nose, which wasn’t hurting, began to ache once again.

Instinctively, Taniel wanted to ask Jason for some compensation.

But then he looked at the wide-bladed, short-handled machete in Jason's hands.

Taniel thought seriously about it.

Better not.

After all, we are friends, aren't we?

Having come to his senses, Taniel was about to say something to lighten the mood, but he suddenly realized that his good friend Jason's attention had already moved elsewhere.

He was looking toward Pea Street.

Taniel immediately understood what was on his friend's mind.

He emphasized immediately:

"Sir Beta would never get involved in this kind of thing!"

“His fairness is well known to all!”

“Moreover, he is very willing to help... Ah!!!”

“My goodness!”