

Life at The Top – Chapter 1649

Although most of the snitches at the gate of the embassy were attracted by Coreana, in this day and age, no one was completely dumb. Therefore, there was still a group the gate of the Somerland Embassy standing by just in case.

“Boss, why is this garbage truck driving out at this time?”

A snitch in charge of monitoring the front door asked his superior in doubt.

“Isn’t this weird?”

The superior glared impatiently at the suspicious subordinate. Recently, he had been trying to mobilize work and said stiffly, “These diplomats have just had a party inside. Of course, the garbage needs to be cleaned up and they are coming out from the front door brazenly. What’s so strange about that?”

The subordinate asked worriedly, “Do you want to check it?”

“It’s just a garbage truck. You can do it if you want to. I’m not going to. It smells so bad.” The superior lay back in the car, closed his eyes, and said, “Call me again if there’s a situation. Don’t make a fuss about things like garbage trucks. I was on an all-night shift yesterday and now I need to take a break. Don’t disturb me.”

The subordinate hesitated for a while but decided to go and take a look. He stopped the garbage truck and asked the driver to get out.

The driver was just a very ordinary garbage transporter. He asked impatiently, "What is this? Do you have to check the garbage truck too?"

This person ignored him. He got into the car and looked in the cabin. However, he found that there was no one inside. He wanted to go to the back and check again, but the stench of the rubbish discouraged him.

"Forget it, a big shot like him wouldn't hide here. He must have either gone with the Coreana Embassy's convoy or is still in the Somerland Embassy."

The man waved his hand and signaled the garbage truck to leave.

The driver grumbled and got into the truck. After a while, the truck shook and staggered back onto the road. This garbage truck drove out of the city and soon arrived at the garbage disposal plant, which just so happened to be deserted.

From the back of the garbage truck emerged a figure.

After confirming his safety, Jasper lay on the side of the truck and gasped for air. The small oxygen cylinder he was carrying ran out of oxygen two minutes ago. He could not help taking two mouthfuls of air from the garbage truck and almost fainted on the spot.

While the garbage truck stopped at the red light, Jasper rolled over and jumped out of the car. Then, he picked a

direction and quickly ran away.

More than an hour later, in a place similar to the urban rural fringe, Jasper bought some new clothes and changed them under the clerk's extremely disgusted gaze. Then, he threw away the valuable suit on him.

After all this, Jasper found a safe place to dial a number. This was the number that Ambassador Werner gave him before he left, so he could contact the person immediately after he was safe. Then, the other party would send someone to pick him up.

"It's me," Jasper said briefly.

There was a moment of silence on the other end of the phone. Then, a voice said, "Stay where you are, I will send someone over immediately."

“Don’t you need me to tell you where I am?” Jasper was surprised.

“If I can’t locate you, people in my line of work would be out of the job.”

The other party finished speaking coldly and directly hung up the phone.

“How great,” Jasper exclaimed.

In less than half an hour, a humble commercial vehicle that could be seen everywhere on the streets stopped in front of Jasper. Jasper got into the car without saying a word. Besides the driver, there was also a middle-aged man in the car.

The other party did not speak and Jasper did not want to communicate with them either. It would be best if a businessman like him stayed away from these kinds of people unless absolutely necessary.

The more he knew, the more troublesome it would be for him.

The other party seemed to be very satisfied with Jasper’s tactfulness. Although he still did not say a word, his gaze became milder.

The car drove for more than two hours before stopping at a small pier in a fishing village.