

# 1888: Memoirs of an Unconfirmed Creat...

## Chapter 5: Confrontation in the Gutter

[ 1,350 words ]



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The appearance of the two uninvited guests made the air in the entire common sleeping area seem to be sucked away, plunging into a deathly silence.

The lodgers, who had been drowsy from alcohol and exhaustion moments before, were now holding their breath, feeling the oppressive force emanating from the doorway.

They might not know the origins of these two well-dressed men, but the survival instincts of the lower classes allowed them to accurately sense the scent of danger.

Lin Jie's brain, upon seeing the antique shop owner's icy face, immediately underwent a violent overload and reboot.

Countless possibilities flashed through his mind in one second: "Gang revenge? Official secret police? Or perhaps some mysterious organization related to that diary and that gun?"

He had no time to think carefully; his body had already reacted ahead of his thoughts.

The moment the other party's gaze locked onto him, he snapped the diary in his hand shut, shoved it into his chest with a backhand motion, and simultaneously threw his body backward. Like a startled cat, he rolled off the simple bed he had been lying on.

"Grab him!"

The top-hatted man at the door broke the silence with a brief command.

His companion, a burly man with an old scar on his cheek, immediately strode in with large steps, his fan-like large hand reaching directly for Lin Jie's shoulder.

His speed was fast, far exceeding that of ordinary people, clearly a trained professional.

However, he underestimated the chaos level of this room, and Lin Jie's burst of survival instinct.

As the burly man charged over, Lin Jie had already landed on the floor. Instead of getting up, he rolled on the spot and directly crawled under the adjacent bed.

That bed was low and filthy; only someone who had lived at the very bottom for years could unhesitatingly stuff themselves into such greasy darkness.

The burly man's confident grab missed its mark; his fan-like large hand only grasped a clump of tattered cotton batting.

"Damn rat!" the burly man cursed under his breath, and without hesitation lifted the bed board with one hand, preparing to drag Lin Jie out from underneath.

However, Lin Jie's goal wasn't to stay here for one more second; rolling under the bed was only to buy a little reaction time.

The moment his vision was obscured, he had already crawled out from the other side of the bed, then immediately kicked a wooden crate piled high with empty liquor bottles beside him.

"Crash—!"

Dozens of glass bottles scattered like exploding shrapnel, rolling across the floor toward the burly man, emitting piercing shattering sounds. The burly man instinctively sidestepped to avoid them, which once again delayed his steps.

Meanwhile, Lin Jie had already taken advantage of this opportunity to lunge toward the room's only window.

This was an old wooden lattice window that could only be pushed upward halfway, outside lay the deep and filthy alley of the church district.

The top-hatted man had anticipated his intention and had already blocked the doorway, so the window was his only escape route. He didn't attempt to undo the long-rusted latch, but instead curled his body and slammed into it hard with his shoulder!

"Bang!"

The rotten wood and glass shattered violently under his explosive charge.

Cold wind mixed with wood splinters poured back into the room, also sending a burning, sharp pain through Lin Jie's right shoulder. Ignoring this, he grabbed the window frame with both hands and flipped over, preparing to jump down.

Just then, several sharp whistling sounds came from behind!

Lin Jie's scalp prickled; driven by some instinct, he subconsciously swung the Webley Revolver he had been tightly gripping in his left hand backward, protecting his back and heart.

"Clang!"

A crisp sound of metal clashing!

A tremendous force transmitted from the gun body, numbing his wrist and sending his entire body uncontrollably tumbling forward out the window.

He caught a glimpse of a silvery flash passing before his eyes—it was an accurately thrown, peculiarly shaped throwing knife!

If not for this subconscious block with the gun, those knives would have been enough to pierce through his back and heart, nailing him to the window frame. But a burning pain still came from his right shoulder.

He fell from the second floor.

The less-than-three-meter height wasn't fatal; the ground below was a pile of foul-smelling garbage. The soft garbage pile served as a natural cushion, saving his life.

Without time to register the nauseating sensation, he immediately scrambled up using both hands and feet, and without looking back, plunged deep into the maze-like alleyways.

"Useless! He got away!" The burly man's furious roar came from inside the room.

"Don't rush. He can't run far in the church district. Notify our 'eyes,' seal off this area. An injured Easterner stands out here more than a firefly." The top-hatted man's voice remained as

calm and emotionless as ever. He walked to the window, looked down at the empty alley, his gaze profound.

Lin Jie was running.

The wound on his right shoulder was bleeding, mixed with filth from the garbage pile, making him feel dizzy.

But he didn't dare stop.

Although the sound of footsteps behind him hadn't started yet, he could feel an invisible net rapidly closing in around him.

His chosen escape route was chaotic; he darted wherever there was a fork, rushed toward wherever was darker.

He imagined himself as a rat living in the London sewers. Now, he was immensely grateful he had chosen to live in the church district.

This was London's appendix, the castaway of order and law.

The winding, twisting lanes, countless dead ends and hidden doors, structurally similar yet irregular cheap apartment buildings—it was itself a natural maze prepared for fugitives.

After turning another corner, he abruptly stopped, hid behind a large wooden trash bin, and desperately suppressed his panting.

He needed to catch his breath, and he needed to think even more.

Who were they? Extremely strong operational capability, ruthless methods, possessing equipment and discipline far beyond ordinary police.

They were clearly after that diary and that gun.

Could it be that the German Gentleman belonged to some secret organization?

This realization filled him with a wave of despair.

Just then, a tremor that seemed to originate from the depths of his soul jolted his chaotic thoughts.

He looked down at the Webley Revolver he still held deathly tight in his hand.

That unique icy sensation was continuously seeping from the gun grip into his palm, like a handful of ice water on a scorching summer day, dousing part of the flames of anxiety and panic in his heart.

Lin Jie's eyes gradually regained clarity.

He realized a crucial problem: in that life-or-death moment moments ago, he had subconsciously used this gun to perform what could be called a perfect block.

That wasn't just a coincidence; it was more like the gun was guiding his muscles to make the most reasonable response.

This gun, this scale embedded in it—its function might not be merely "soothing the spirit." It could also enhance his reaction speed to some extent.

This discovery thrilled him wildly.

But following it came deeper confusion.

How exactly did this work? The knowledge in the diary, he couldn't understand a single word. He now possessed the skill to slay dragons, but couldn't even read the most basic instruction manual.

A whistling sound came from the alley entrance, a tune mimicking an owl's call.

He couldn't stay here any longer.

Lin Jie took a deep breath and tightened his grip on the cold iron in his hand again. That chill gave him the courage to continue. He abandoned the idea of continuing to wander chaotically through the maze.

He needed a place where he could truly hide, a hiding spot these professionals wouldn't expect and wouldn't dare to easily set foot in.

A map of London and records about the dirtiest, most chaotic areas of this era surfaced in his mind.

Although the church district was chaotic, it was still under Scotland Yard's jurisdiction. But within the heart of this chaos, there was another place—a "lawless land" that even the police feared and regarded as a forbidden zone.

That was the true hell on earth, and also the only possible refuge where he might find a sliver of survival at this moment.

Lin Jie identified the direction, lowered his body again, transformed into a wisp of gray phantom, and melted into London's deep, filthy night.

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