

## Menu 1001

Chapter 1001: Jason: Someone Gave Me an Offer to Compete That I Couldn't Refuse (2)

"And they're even giving me the rank of Superintendent, which is quite a breakthrough from the 'inherent circle.'"

Ryosuke chuckled self-deprecatingly.

Then, the officer's smile turned inexplicably strange.

It was a sneer.

Mixed with sadness.

"I used to try hard to get promoted to Superintendent, but the rank of Superintendent was my limit; most likely, I'd become one upon retirement, but meanwhile? No chance."

"After all, I am not a top graduate like Urashima."

"And now?"

"I've reached it effortlessly."

"But I don't feel joyful."

Saying so, Ryosuke lowered his head.

"That's being overly sentimental!"

Jason commented.

"Hmm?"

Ryosuke looked at Jason, puzzled.

He never expected Jason to comfort him; he just instinctively wanted to vent his feelings to someone.

The people around weren't appropriate.

Urashima?

Although a nice guy, some things were destined not to be told to Urashima.

"Do you think that something not earned by your own efforts is not a true achievement?"

"Do you feel that by doing so, you won't be recognized, that you're as wretched as those parasites you disdain in your heart?"

"But have you ever considered that everything that happened yesterday was obtained by risking your life?"

"Don't tell me the gunshot wound on your arm is just for show."

"Talk about being sentimental."

Jason judged once more.

Ryosuke wanted to rebut, but after opening his mouth, he found himself unable to say anything.

Because what Jason said was the truth.

How could he argue?

Seeing Ryosuke's expression, Jason's mouth curved into a smirk.

When Jason first met Ryosuke, he could clearly sense an aura similar to the residents of Nightless City, in other words, this guy was likely not a good person.

But as they interacted more, Jason was certain Ryosuke was a man of principles.

That is, the aura Ryosuke emitted similar to the residents of Nightless City was only towards certain specific groups.

For example: criminals.

Undoubtedly, such a person is upright.

A good person.

Someone who could be considered a reliable acquaintance.

So, Jason didn't mind spending more words on him.

Definitely not because Ryosuke treated him to a meal when they first met.

"Let's talk business."

"Do you still remember Yan Xia?"

"That fugitive, I personally arrested him, but during the transfer, he escaped—I can't fathom how a bastard with 20 kilograms of shackles managed to kill the transporters and escape from the search grid of more than five hundred police officers."

Ryosuke said this through gritted teeth.

Yan Xia was dead.

But the matter was far from over.

Jason quickly grasped Ryosuke's implication.

"Are you suggesting there's a mole?"

Jason inquired.

"Yes."

"When I investigated afterward, I faced layers of obstacles, and moreover, I was almost framed as an accomplice of Yan Xia."

"Given these circumstances, I can't pretend like nothing happened—I hope to continue the investigation, as a member of the Zero Section, and then, I need your help."

Ryosuke shrugged, looking like he couldn't bear the slander.

But Jason could see that when Ryosuke spoke of defamation, his eyes involuntarily glanced at Urashima in the distance, full of vigor.

This wasn't about being unable to bear his own slander.

It was clearly out of concern that young people like Urashima might suffer similar harm.

Really insincere, these middle-aged men!

Jason sighed inwardly.

The older people get, the less they reveal their true feelings.

As children, if we wanted something, we'd say it.

But as we age, even if we want something, we tend to hold back.

Because that's growing up.

Some say it's maturing.

But is it really so?

For example, are two people who love each other deeply really grown-up or mature if they can't tell each other "I love you"?

Not really.

It's just about saving face.

It's the reluctance to be the first to yield.

Or perhaps, it's just about wanting to win.

The self-restraint in life isn't about competing to win or lose, it requires mutual concession, understanding, and tolerance.

Think back to when we were kids; why was everyone so pure?

Because of the tolerance of parents!

Parents granted us the right to innocence!

At this moment, in Ryosuke's look toward Urashima, Jason saw something akin to a fatherly concern.

"Okay."

"But, I like equivalent exchange."



"If you come across any bizarre cases, please contact me—as a matter of commission, depending on the situation."

Jason nodded.

"Of course, that itself is Task Force Zero's responsibility."

"By the time I became an agent for Task Force Zero, you had already become my special liaison, and I will contact you for matters that cannot be resolved by conventional means."

"Also, aren't you going to ask if I need any help?"

Ryosuke curiously looked at Jason.

He never knew Jason would place such trust in him.

As for equivalent exchange?

To Ryosuke, it didn't seem like an equivalent exchange at all.

Because, that itself is his duty.

"It's nothing but providing cover."

Jason said, waving his hand dismissively and no longer paying attention to Ryosuke, and headed down the steps with strides.

Watching Jason's figure from behind, Ryosuke shrugged his shoulders again.

This time, however, it wasn't out of helplessness.

But out of habit.

The habit when good things come his way.

"This guy."

Ryosuke muttered and then stepped forward to grab Shimura Tetsuya.

"Check on that Sato."

"Contact the others to temporarily seal the scene."

Ryosuke instructed Urashima.

"Yes, sir."

Urashima saluted and responded.

...

After passing through the police tape set up by the officers, Jason and Hui Lijing returned to the car.

Seeing the sun setting in the west, Jason couldn't help but ask.

"Is there any food street or snack street nearby?"

He had arranged to meet with the Monk from Tongshou Temple in the evening.

There was still quite a bit of time left.

Jason thought that this time must be put to good use.

"Of course."

"I'll lead the way."

Hui Lijing nodded, her face showing considerable interest.

As a female detective who had always dreamed of being a barista, she naturally had an appetite for food, and having just completed a commission, it was naturally time to treat herself well.

"The commission is complete."

"The commission fee will be delivered to the Polar Bear Café in three days."

"A total of 2000 yuan, according to the previous division ratio, Jason, you get 1800, and I 200."

"So, we try to keep food expenses within this budget."

Hui Lijing had witnessed Jason's appetite.

She didn't dare to suggest treating him.

She didn't want to go bankrupt.

As for using the money left by Hui Lixiang?

She didn't want to do that either.

Better to leave that money for Hui Lixiang!

What if she encountered an emergency and urgently needed the money?

She must ask the Monk from the Tongshou Temple during dinner if he knew of her whereabouts.

"Okay."

Jason did not oppose Hui Lijing's suggestion.

Under financial limitations, tasting unlimited delicacies was his dream.

When funds are insufficient?

Naturally, it's time to save.

However, such commissions were quite generous.

They were beyond his expectations.

"Such commissions, apart from the client, some detectives also contribute a fund—they are mostly not short of money, but each one of them is curious."

"If it were a normal case, they would have swarmed in already."

Seeing Jason's confusion, Hui Lijing explained.

Then, the female detective started the car.

"Let's go, snack street!"

Hui Lijing stepped on the accelerator.

The car smoothly entered the road, and then began to accelerate.

The snack street was quite far from the school where the incident occurred.

Only after a full half-hour did Jason and Hui Lijing arrive at their destination.

'Foodie Paradise'!

A huge signboard, full of colorful lights, stood at the entrance of the snack street.

Many restaurant staff were distributing their respective promotional flyers.

To such flyers, Jason was always receptive.

He accepted each one, looking over them carefully.

Not to select.

Food cannot be omitted.

He was just planning where to start eating from.

And at that moment—

"Sir, hello, would you like to participate in an eating contest?"

Chapter 1002: Jason: How do I impersonate to make myself look like an ordinary person?

Eating Contest?

Jason was momentarily stunned upon hearing such an invite.

It felt both familiar and foreign.



Back in his 'hometown,' he had watched similar competitions.

Seeing those contestants, strong as bulls, devouring a hundred hot dogs or fifty burgers.

Of course, most of them failed.

Success was rare as phoenix feathers and unicorn horns.

However, it attracted enough attention, making a killing for the businesses.

Because not only did the audience get their appetites whetted, enhancing the effect of advertisements, the contestants usually had to pay a hefty entry fee.

If they won, the return was significant.

But most of the time, they lost.

Hence, the businesses were the true winners.

After arriving at 'Nightless City', those leisure days had long left Jason.

Even thinking about such things was beyond him.

He was afraid.

Afraid that longing too much for his 'hometown' days would hinder his survival in 'Nightless City.'

Without experiencing light.

One wouldn't comprehend the terror of darkness.

Although most of the time, reminiscing about returning to his 'hometown' was the strength that kept Jason going in 'Nightless City.'

He used the thought of 'going home' to reassure himself of hope.

Telling himself, he had to survive.

To return.

Everything was endurable.

Isn't it contradictory?

Humans are inherently contradictory.

This contradiction is like two hedgehogs cuddling for warmth.

Too close, they hurt each other.

Too far, and they can't keep warm.

So, there must be a 'degree' to maintain.

Jason had been doing just that.

In 'Nightless City,' he strictly controlled himself, reminiscing about his 'hometown' just once a week.

Anything more?

He would exhaust himself through various practice routines.

So tired he couldn't recall anything.

Naturally, this weekly remembrance became the happiest moment for Jason in that week.

Even, in a way, it was like a reward.

Because of this reward, Jason survived those most challenging days.

With hope, he could endure the days.

Jason knew this better than anyone.

Therefore, at this moment, Jason was somewhat bewildered.

This bewilderment caused some misunderstanding for the inquiring staff member.

"Sir, this challenge is to eat 100 hamburgers!"

"The entry fee is only 50!"

"If you finish within the stipulated time, you get 500 dollars!"

"And if you win the championship, you can win the cumulative prize from the first to the 33rd round: 66,000 dollars!"

The staff member's tone was seductive, especially when mentioning the figures, emphasizing them.

Great rewards bring forth brave souls!

This principle is universal.

If there are no brave souls?

Then the reward isn't enticing enough!

Of course, we must select appropriately.

You can't find a lion in a flock of sheep, just as you can't expect a skinny person to participate in an eating contest.

So, seeing Jason, the staff member approached him.

Tall, strong, he looked capable of eating a lot.

Just like the contestants he had been scouting.

However, like before, he didn't think Jason could eat 100 hamburgers within 20 minutes.

In fact, since the onset of this eating contest, no one has been able to do it.

It's just a promotional gimmick!

This time?

No exception.

"Stipulated time?"

Jason raised an eyebrow.

Can I keep eating during the stipulated time?

If so, can I eat 10 at a time? Or 20?

Would that be too terrifying?

Could it cause unnecessary trouble?

Jason thought.

And hearing Jason's question, the staff member misunderstood again.

"Yes, 20 minutes."

This time, his answer was lethargic.

In the face of such high rewards, to still inquire calmly about the specific time equates to a cool-headed person.

Such people, with a bit of analysis, would detect the gimmick.

Naturally, they wouldn't participate.

And he would lose the 5 dollars per head reward.

As the staff member sighed inwardly, Jason spoke up again.

"Can I keep eating within those 20 minutes?"

Jason asked.

"Of course!"

"You can eat as much as you can within 20 minutes!"

The staff confidently nodded.



Within 20 minutes, one could eat as many of the 100 burgers as possible.

As for finishing them?

The staff thought for a moment, then quickly shook his head.

Impossible!

He had seen some formidable competitive eaters, and even they couldn't do it.

Jason might be tall and strong, but that didn't mean he could eat.

"Good."

"I'll participate."

Saying this, Jason took out 50 dollars.

The staff looked at the 50 dollars before him, blinking in surprise.

He thought he was going to fail this time.

Unexpectedly, things took a turn.

"Are you sure?"

The staff asked.

"Sure."

Jason answered.

"We have to sign an agreement, and if you fail, the entry fee is non-refundable."

The staff reminded.

"Will what you just said about 'continuously eating within 20 minutes' also be written in?"

Jason asked.

"Of course."

"That's the rule."

The staff affirmed.

"Good."

"I like places with rules."

Jason smirked.

"Please follow me, we'll sign the agreement immediately."

"You have about half an hour left to prepare."

Seemingly worried that Jason might back out, the staff spoke very quickly and led Jason towards the 'Gourmet Row' inside.

Chapter 1003: Jason: How can I imitate to make myself look like an ordinary person (2)

"Can you handle it?"

Hui Lijing and Jason walked behind, the female detective asked in a low voice.

Jason could eat, that she had seen.

But even if Jason could eat a lot, could he finish 100 burgers?

Especially within 20 minutes!

That's impossible, right?

Moreover, it seems that in the eating contest held here, there has not been any winner.

It's been rolled over 33 times, and the prize money has reached a huge sum of 66,000 bucks.

Such a large amount of prize money naturally attracted many professional eaters.

However, as far as Hui Lijing knew, none of the competitors clinched the money.

Obviously, it had almost become a gimmick, a scam.

Thinking that Jason had also become part of it,

Hui Lijing felt a bit uncomfortable.

Nothing special, just the worry between friends.

"I'm already very hungry."

Jason replied, out of the blue.

Hui Lijing was taken aback.

Then she nodded, suddenly understanding.

Jason could really eat!

There was no doubt about that.

They came here to eat in the first place.

They also prepared the corresponding funds.

Moreover, with Jason's appetite, he was bound to spend a lot.

Now there's a chance to eat fully with just 50 bucks, how could Jason let that slip by?

Even if he couldn't finish 100 burgers within the time limit, breaking even was definitely no problem!

In fact, one could say he was saving money.

"So that's it!"

"Good luck!"

Thinking about Jason's appetite, the detective who thought she discovered the truth immediately made a fist gesture with one hand.

Then the contract signing afterward went extremely smoothly.

The organizer was all smiles when he saw Jason, very enthusiastic.

Even when Jason proposed to write the 'keep eating for 20 minutes' agreement in the contract, the other party did not hesitate at all.

To the organizer, he had seen too many people like Jason who had 'eyes bigger than their stomachs.'

Weren't all those professional glutton contestants like that?

But what was the result?

The most anyone ever ate was just over 60, and then they couldn't go on.

Keep in mind, the burgers at his place were 'solid,' made with 'real materials'!

Absolutely the same ratio as in the pictures!

At least that's the case during the contest!

"Contestant Jason, here is the competition venue."

The organizer pointed to a temporarily set up stage.

A red carpet was laid on top, with 4 tables and 4 chairs. At the moment, there were already three people sitting on them, two men and one woman, all men looked tall and sturdy, bulky, and seemed to be big eaters.

And also very imposing.

The woman was of average build, even slim.

Golden ponytails, green eyes, and healthy wheat-colored skin, sitting in the chair, a bit restrained under everyone's gaze.

However, even so, she still had a naïve vibe.

The empty seat was beside this lady.



Facing Jason who walked up, the two male contestants gave him a cold glance and then averted their eyes.

But the female contestant greeted him.

"Hello."

"Hello."

Jason returned the greeting.

"I'm Sagaraso."

The healthy girl introduced herself.

"Jason."

Jason responded with his name, then glanced at the girl named Sagaraso's hair. Even though it was tied into golden ponytails, there were still some messy strands.

It was clear that she was a carefree girl.

In fact, that was indeed the case.

Before the contest began, this girl kept talking to Jason.

Even if Jason didn't respond, the girl was chattering on her own.

Ding! Ding-a-ling!

The organizer shook the service bell normally used in restaurants.

"Welcome everyone to watch the 'Gourmet Showdown' eating contest episode 33."

"The rules are the same as before!"

"Eat 100 burgers within 20 minutes to pass!"

"If you are the only one to do it this time, you're the champion!"

"And will win the grand prize of 66,000 bucks!"

With these encouraging and provocative words, cheers erupted from the crowd.

However, Jason keenly noticed that it was always the same few people leading the cheers in the crowd.

Shills?

Jason thought.

Then he shook his head.

Whether there were shills or not, what did it matter to him?

He was just here to eat.

Jason was all about eating, but the organizer, after a pause, said,

"This time, we have a very strong contestant—"

"Jason!"

"In the contract that I just signed with contestant Jason, it's clearly marked that he can keep eating for 20 minutes! That's right, keep eating!"

"Contestant Jason is very confident in himself!"

"I also wish him really can keep eating!"

"However, I believe more in our 100 burgers being more than enough!"

Without a doubt, the organizer was hyping up the atmosphere for the show effect.

And such a move was clearly very effective.

Without those skills even saying anything, the catcalls started one after another.

Everyone turned to look at Jason following the organizer's gesture.

Even the three contestants couldn't help but look at Jason.

"You're really amazing!"

The girl named Sagaraso complimented.

"Mm."

Jason nodded.

The two male contestants next to him both snorted coldly.

They hadn't even started eating, how could they tell he was amazing?

Playing to the gallery!

Both of them thought that.

Many in the audience thought the same.

But what did it matter?

Didn't everyone come here just for a good show?

Someone playing to the gallery?

That was even better.

Just don't be like the previous two times when some so-called 'professional eaters' made the whole contest utterly dull.

Chapter 1004: Jason: How do I imitate to look like a normal person (3)

The organizer saw that the time was almost up and immediately started directing.

Four small carts were pushed in by the staff.

They were loaded with hamburgers.

Just like small mountains.

Each one wrapped in paper.

The scent of the burger meat was enticing.

Chicken flavor?

Jason sniffed, confirming the hamburgers wrapped inside the paper.

And next to him—

Slurp!

A girl named Sagaraso, her eyes shining, stared at the hamburgers in front of her, drool continuously dripping.

What about the other two male contestants?

They were on high alert.

"Ready—Start!"

As the organizer drew out his voice, a huge timer began the countdown.

The two male contestants immediately started.

They tore open the wrappers and shoved the hamburgers into their mouths.

They devoured them voraciously.

Their speed was surprising to the average person.

But compared to Sagaraso, they seemed a bit lacking.

Suddenly, two strands of hair stood up from the messy bangs of Sagaraso.

These two strands resembled both antenna and cowlicks.

But as these strands stood up, the previously daft Sagaraso's demeanor suddenly changed.



An invisible aura, which made even Jason take notice.

Then, to the naked eye, it looked like Sagaraso's hands were grabbing the burgers in front with layers of phantoms.

One, two, three!

Almost instantly, three burgers were devoured by Sagaraso.

Seeing this, Jason breathed a sigh of relief.

If a girl can eat three at once, it wouldn't be unusual for me to eat five, right?

Thinking this, Jason prepared to start.

At this moment, the organizer spoke again.

"A surprise contender!"

"Sagaraso is a surprise contender!"

"Such speed, if she were a competitive eater, would be quite impressive!"

"On the other hand, Jason has yet to make a move!"

"Is he intimidated by Sagaraso?"

"Or is he planning to give up?"

"Indeed... uh!"

The organizer wanted to stir up the audience's emotions with his words, but his voice suddenly stopped.

What did he see?

The hamburgers on the table in front of Jason were disappearing at a visible rate.

As if the burgers were being thrown onto the floor.

But there were none on the ground!

The organizer couldn't help but glance at the ground.

Many others did the same.

The competition area was clear, with no burgers falling.

That leaves only one possibility...

Eating!

But is this speed even human?

Way too fast?

"This, this..."

The organizer was at a loss for words.

At this moment, Jason spoke.

"Continue."

Jason said.

"What?"

The organizer was taken aback, completely at a loss.

"Keep eating for 20 minutes, as per the contract."

Jason stated blandly.

At this time, the organizer came to his senses, looked at the empty table, and was at a loss for words.

There were 100 hamburgers just now!

Where have they gone?

Looking at Jason's belly, which was not the least bit distended, the organizer's forehead broke out in a sweat.

He had a bad feeling.

It seemed...

This time it's gone overboard!

But now, he wouldn't dare break the promise in front of so many people. If he broke the promise, his carefully built momentum would be ruined.

Instantly, the organizer gritted his teeth.

"Bring more!"

As he said this, he gestured to the staff.

The staff immediately nodded in understanding.

Although they hadn't anticipated anyone beating the eating contest, they were prepared.

No dirty tricks, just making the burgers 'more genuine,' with denser patties and more sauce.

Soon, much larger burgers were brought up.

But under the host's desperate gaze and the astonished expressions of those around, Jason's speed did not decrease.

He continued to eat rapidly.

Then—

"Continue!"

Jason said.

"Keep them coming!"

After a moment of shock, the organizer waved again.

"Continue!"

Jason spoke again.

"Keep them coming!"

The organizer began to sweat profusely.

He felt weak.

"Continue."

Jason spoke once more.

The organizer's gaze was already vacant.

He wasn't worried about Jason eating too much, but about the prize money he'd promised as a publicity stunt.

Was he really going to pay out that prize money?

To let go of that money unwillingly!

Moreover, due to that specific matter, he really didn't have that much money!

The organizer was internally anxious, but he had no choice but to tough it out and respond.

"Keep them coming..."

"Hold on!"

Jason suddenly spoke up to stop.

The organizer breathed a sigh of relief.

Indeed, no one could eat so much.



Must have reached his limit, right?

You did say to keep eating for 20 minutes, now not even 20 minutes have passed, and you've stopped, I can say you haven't fulfilled the contract, so, no need to pay you the prize money.

But, you did complete the 100 hamburgers.

I'll give you 500!

But that's just this one time!

Next time, I'll post your photo at the door to bar you from the competition!

The organizer thought thus, a smile forming on his face.

"Jason the contestant..."

"Change the flavor."

Jason interrupted the organizer.

"What?"

The organizer couldn't believe his ears, staring blankly at Jason.

"I said switch the flavor and keep them coming."

"Less than 20 minutes, I won't stop."

Jason explained.

"Alright, alright."

The organizer's voice trembled.

Just as the new hamburgers were served—

Bang!

The organizer fell over backward, breathless.

Chapter 1005: Not a Serious Punch!

Bang!

The organizer's body slammed onto the ground, making a loud thud.

Instantly, everyone's attention was drawn to the scene.

Some curious onlookers even tried to get closer.

"Nobody move!"

Hui Lijing shouted loudly, stopping the crowds that were trying to approach.

Then, this female detective with aspirations of being a barista quickly approached the organizer to confirm the individual's death.

Although from her previous position, she strongly suspected that the organizer was already dead, her face still registered surprise when she confirmed it.

Because this was murder!

There was a faint almond scent on the organizer's body, and the skin had an unusual discoloration. According to the detective's knowledge, only cyanide could cause such effects!

Murder was common.

Murder by cyanide was also common.

But to use cyanide to commit murder under the watchful eyes of so many, that was unusual.

The female detective looked up and scanned the crowd around her.

At this moment, everyone looked like a suspect to her.

"There's been a death."

"Call the police."

"Lockdown... try to keep everyone from leaving."

The female detective subconsciously made a request to the surrounding staff to secure the scene, but she had to change her instruction midway through.

Because—

"There's been a murder!"

"There's been a murder!"

A slightly panicked voice rang out sharply in the crowd.

It was like pouring cold water into a hot oil pan.

Whoosh!

The dense crowd instantly began to boil.

People started to push and shove.

"Wait, everyone!"

"Don't panic!"

"Everyone stop!"

Hui Lijing shouted loudly, but such yelling was futile against the chaotic crowd, who couldn't hear her at all; the noise of the commotion, panic, and cries filled her ears.

The crowd became increasingly unruly.

Just when a stampede seemed unavoidable, the female detective didn't care about anything else and picked up the microphone that the organizer had been holding.

"Quiet down!"

"This is just a drill!"

"Repeat, this is just a drill!"

The shout amplified by the loudspeakers suddenly overpowered the noise from everyone present.

The tumultuous crowd went silent.

A drill?

Wasn't there a dead person?

What drill?

Everyone stared blankly at the female detective.

"This is a drill in preparation for emergency situations, aimed to enhance everyone's ability to respond to sudden events. Our host is an actor participating in the performance, and he's now 'dead' and cannot move, so the event has started."

Facing the crowd's gaze, the female detective showed no panic, confidently spouting nonsense.

As if everything happening was just part of a drill.

Then, without waiting for the audience to speak, the detective continued.

"Everyone, please stand to my left."

"Those with children, and the elderly, please go to the right."

"Please line up in an orderly fashion."

"The staff will assist everyone."

While saying this, the detective signaled to the staff.

They immediately understood.

Promptly, they dispersed to calm the crowd.

Meanwhile, one of them ran towards the phone inside the establishment.



The staff member hadn't forgotten to call the police.

The crowd began to move in order.

Hui Lijing let out a sigh of relief; she had been genuinely worried that something terrible might happen.

Good thing she remembered seeing Hui Lixiang pull off something similar.

She had committed it all to memory.

Back then, the situation was similar—there had been an accident, and people around were in a mess.

'Why do those people listen to you?'

'They're not listening to me; they're just obeying 'authority'.'

'I don't understand.'

'Put simply, treat them as a flock of sheep, and see yourself as the shepherd.'

'Still don't get it?'

'Then let's put it another way; take the initiative, act 'above them', and they will submit.'

She still clearly remembered those words even now.

Although she still didn't quite understand, she knew this method was very effective.

As it turned out, Hui Lixiang's approach was even more effective than she had thought.

Looking at the crowd that had chosen to comply, Hui Lijing inexplicably thought of her sister's 'boyfriends.'

'Could that guy be taming men the same way?'

Hui Lijing thought subconsciously.

Finally, she shook her head vigorously.

Unwittingly, her thoughts had gone astray.

Not allowed!

Love is wonderful, pure!

Such methods cannot be used!

Hui Lijing reminded herself, seeking a way to divert her attention.

This wasn't difficult.

The very next moment, Hui Lijing looked at Jason.

Jason was still sitting behind the competition table; he had finished his hamburgers, and no new ones had been sent by the staff, so he got up and walked towards the other two male contestants.

Without a word, just a glance from Jason, and the two male contestants immediately jumped up from their chairs like they were stricken by cold.

Jason raised his hand and gathered the hamburgers in front of the two men back to his own table.

Sagaraso, who had finished her hamburgers, was stunned by the scene.

She felt like Jason, just now, was like a fierce beast driving rabbits out of its territory.

Yes!

Rabbits!

Miss Sagaraso looked at the two tall, hefty, yet trembling men, and reaffirmed her thoughts.

Then, she curiously turned to look at Jason.

This was the first time she had seen someone who could eat even more than her.

"Um, everyone's busy with the drill, how about I go get you some hamburgers?"

Chapter 1006: Not a Serious Punch! (2)

Sagaraso scratched her head and asked Jason.

She remembered that Jason had signed a contract to 'eat continuously for twenty minutes'.

Now half of the twenty minutes is still left, so naturally he had to keep eating.

Otherwise, what if he breaches the contract!

"Okay!"

Without any hesitation, Jason nodded in agreement.

Sagaraso immediately sprang into action.

Soon, a cart of hamburgers was pushed in front of Jason.

"These are all the hamburgers that have been prepared."

"But, there are plenty of raw materials over there."

"Do you need my help to make some more?"

"Don't worry, I've worked in many shops, hamburgers are no problem for me."

Sagaraso grinned, revealing a silly smile, and her small protruding canine tooth was extraordinarily conspicuous.

"Okay!"

Jason nodded again.

Immediately, Sagaraso sprang into action.

Hui Lijing almost had her scalp tingling as she watched Sagaraso, like the wind, constantly moving in and out of the hamburger shop, pushing cart after cart of hamburgers to Jason.

And Jason?

He sat there, devouring the food.

It seemed like he was still in a competitive eating contest.

But please!

Someone just died!

And it's the organizer!

Hui Lijing couldn't believe that Jason hadn't realized this wasn't a drill.

Could it be that for Jason, eating is more important than his own life?

Impossible!

That leaves only one option...

Everything is under Jason's control.

Jason has already taken control of everything.

He has already figured out who the culprit is!

Moreover, the culprit is nearby and hasn't left!

Otherwise, Jason wouldn't be so calm!

Realizing this, Hui Lijing quickly calmed down, and the female detective began to scan her surroundings.

Who could it be?

Then, she smelled that familiar almond scent again.

It was coming from the microphone in her hand.

"Microphone?"

The female detective was startled and immediately bent down to examine the organizer's corpse.

When she saw how the nails on the organizer's hands were chewed and pitted, she immediately understood.



The murderer had smeared poison on the microphone.

Unknowingly, the organizer held the microphone and unconsciously chewed on his nails.

Naturally, he got poisoned.

That is to say, the murderer was someone who could have access to this microphone before.

"Hello, who could access this microphone?"

The female detective asked the staff member who had just returned.

"It was always kept in the boss's office."

"Because the boss does not allow anyone to enter or leave the office at will."

"So, other than the boss, no one could have accessed it."

The staff member honestly said.

"Oh."

The female detective nodded and then continued to ask, "Is there surveillance in the shop?"

"There is."

"But, we need to wait for the police to arrive before we can check it."

The staff at that moment had completely calmed down, naturally knowing what to do.

"No problem."

The female detective didn't object.

Detective Hui Lijing's first rule: Don't make anyone feel uneasy.

The female detective was fulfilling her creed very well.

She stood in front of the body, using her height and angle to completely block the view of the people around her, and occasionally, she would bow her head as if the organizer were still alive, as though she were chatting with him.

This demeanor completely made the people around her feel at ease.

Everything was just a drill.

Naturally, people's emotions relaxed.

Even laughing and talking.

People here grew up with various drills and were accustomed to this atmosphere.

And they could relax themselves during these drills.

The familiar atmosphere put everyone at ease.

Except for the murderer.

The murderer, hidden among the crowd, kept his head down, not looking at the female detective, and appeared very normal, but the hatred in his eyes was unmistakable.

Damn!

Where did this woman come from?

She messed up my plan!

The murderer thought, beginning to regulate his emotions with his breath.

Even though the plan was disrupted, the original purpose had been achieved.

Now he just needed to continue hiding among the crowd and quietly leave.

However, the police questioning later would be troublesome.

Can't use this identity anymore?

Time to change identity again.

This means a loss.

The murderer thought about the price of a 'real identity', and couldn't help frowning, knowing that the commission he received was indeed less than half of the cost of such a 'real identity'.

It's all this damn woman's fault!

Don't let me catch you alone!

The murderer thought, and subconsciously looked up.

But just as the murderer's gaze fell on Hui Lijing, she immediately sensed something and looked up.

The murderer was startled and quickly looked down.

So sharp?

This woman is not simple!

The murderer's forehead began to sweat slightly.

If she were just an ordinary woman, he could do whatever he wanted.

But if not, that's a big trouble.

Is the assignment in front of him a trap?

Did his carelessness just now make her target him?

Hmm?!

Hui Lijing looked puzzled in a certain direction.

She had just felt a very unfriendly gaze, making her hairs stand on end.

Is it over there?

Hui Lijing's gaze began to sweep over that area.

It was obvious where the unfriendly gaze came from earlier.

The murderer!

Besides the murderer!

It couldn't possibly be anyone else!

Definitely nearby!

Hui Lijing's gaze gradually became sharp.

The murderer, feeling Hui Lijing's sharp gaze, immediately clenched his fists.

He had prepared earlier.

As soon as Hui Lijing approached, he would strike back.

Chapter 1007: Not a Serious Punch! (3)

But contrary to the murderer's expectation, Hui Lijing merely glanced around and continued to act, once again pretending to talk to the corpse.

Was she worried about the safety of the people around her?

The murderer squinted his eyes, his caution remained, but the tension was gone.

A woman with such an obvious weakness, no matter how strong, is only limitedly strong.

Perhaps I can...

A new plan began to form in the murderer's mind.

Time ticked away by the seconds.

Just as the massive countdown was about to hit zero, Ryosuke, Urashima, and a group of policemen appeared.

Having just dealt with the 'Shimura Tetsuya' case, Ryosuke's eyelids twitched upon seeing Hui Lijing.

"Again, you?"



Ryosuke couldn't help but exclaim.

How many times had they met in the last 24 hours?

Three times?

Or four?

Except for the first time being about a financial loss, every subsequent time involved a body.

Is this woman a disaster?

Ryosuke thought to himself, greeting Jason who was walking over.

"Jason."

Compared to how he treated Hui Lijing, Ryosuke was much warmer towards Jason.

Their cooperative relationship, along with Jason's previous understanding and persuasion, were still freshly remembered by Ryosuke.

The middle-aged policeman considered Jason a friend.

And naturally, he treated friends differently.

"What happened?"

Ryosuke asked softly.

"The victim was the organizer of this eating contest."

"The murderer is the man in your two o'clock direction, wearing a black coat and a white hat."

Jason spoke concisely.

"Huh?"

Ryosuke was stunned.

He was just asking about the case and got the answer straight away.

He was prepared for an extended fight.

But the murderer was found just like that?

A bland feeling spread through the middle-aged detective's heart.

It felt like when he was a child, longing for a toy car, which he couldn't afford, but once grown up, could easily buy ten of such cars, yet no longer wanted them at all.

Indeed!

Jason had already locked onto the murderer!

Hui Lijing looked admiringly at Jason.

"Urashima, close in, it's that guy, be cautious!"

Ryosuke instructed.

"Okay."

Urashima nodded and discreetly approached the murderer.

Urashima was as cautious as he could be.

However, by the time Ryosuke and the others appeared and interacted with Hui Lijing, the murderer was already on high alert.

When he saw Urashima approaching, the murderer turned and ran.

"Stop!"

Seeing the murderer run, Urashima shouted.

The murderer immediately stopped.

Not because he was intimidated by Urashima.

But because he had taken a hostage.

Sagaraso's neck was gripped tightly by the murderer's burly arm, a small knife pressed against her major artery.

"Don't come any closer!"

The murderer growled.

"Drop the knife."

Urashima yelled, eliciting a cold laugh from the murderer.

"Do you think that's possible?"

After saying this, the murderer glared viciously at Hui Lijing.

"You, woman, messed up my plan! This isn't over!"

The murderer threatened Hui Lijing.

Hui Lijing was indifferent.

She wasn't used to being threatened.

Those who threatened her had all been fed cow dung.

However, with Ryosuke and others around, Hui Lijing did not speak.

The murderer's gaze, however, did not shift away.

Or rather, it was subconsciously drawn to Jason.

So tall and strong!

That was the murderer's first reaction.

Why does he smile so weirdly?

That was the murderer's second reaction.

Hey!

Why isn't this girl I've taken hostage scared or trembling?

And what's with her hair standing up like idiot hair?

That was the murderer's third reaction.

Then, he heard the last words before his consciousness plunged into darkness—

"Right straight punch!"

Chapter 1008: Regulars at the Polar Bear Cafe①

Bang!

Crack!

Amidst the dull thud of a cement bag being heavily thrown to the ground, a series of bone-cracking sounds followed. In the eyes of the onlookers, the assailant who had seized the simple-minded girl was sent flying.

He soared through the air and collided with the wall of a nearby shop.

Bricks and cement were smashed, leaving an imprint of a human figure.

The criminal was deeply embedded in the wall.

The spectators witnessing this scene were stunned.

One by one, in disbelief, they looked at the simple-minded girl with two stiff tufts of hair standing up like antennas.

Ryosuke, Urashima, and Hui Lijing were no exception.

As detectives, Ryosuke and Urashima would never believe, if they hadn't seen it with their own eyes, that a girl who appeared to be merely healthy could send an adult flying.

And even embed him into a wall.

That's not something a human could do, right?



Both of them almost subconsciously thought so.

Hui Lijing, on the other hand, thought much more simply.

What should she do if she faced this girl?

Keep her distance, use firearms, and kill from afar!

The moment the thought struck her, the female detective came up with this strategy.

And if the girl closed in?

Spray her face with pepper spray, chili powder, lime paste, then pull back and create distance.

During this, she could take advantage of the opponent's obstructed vision to set up booby traps.

No, incendiary grenades would be even more practical!

The detective, who dreamt of becoming a barista, came up with a second set of plans.

And just as the female detective started to consider a third battle plan, the girl named Sagaraso's two stiff tufts of hair fell down. Realizing she was being watched by everyone, she immediately showed that characteristic bashful expression of someone simple-minded.

>.<

She scratched her head, offering a very perplexed explanation.

"I work out, so, I'm a bit stronger."

"That punch just now?"

"I occasionally go back to my friend's gym to train, so, that's normal too."

With the simple explanation, Ryosuke was the fastest to regain composure.

"May I ask if you are Miss Sagaraso?"

"Don't worry, I have no bad intentions."

"I'm a police officer, just wanting to ask about your situation."

Ryosuke asked very cautiously.

And unconsciously, he stepped back a bit from Sagaraso.

It was an instinctive reaction of a living creature!

After witnessing a man similar to oneself being sent flying and embedded into a wall, it was a natural response.

It wasn't just Ryosuke acting this way.

Almost everyone around was reacting similarly.

Except for Jason.

He remained calm, his expression indifferent.

As if completely unperturbed.

"Aren't you the least bit surprised?"

The female detective walked over to Jason and couldn't help but ask in a low voice.

"Why be surprised?"

Jason retorted.

"A girl so small, sending an adult flying and embedding him into a wall... isn't that a strange occurrence?"

The female detective recounted the scene, her face still showing surprise.

"A girl so small participating in an eating contest."

"And she finished 100 burgers within the allotted time."

Jason remarked.

"So what?"

The female detective was even more perplexed now.

"Energy is conserved."

"What is eaten, what enters the stomach, must be converted into energy."

"Most of the time it's hidden, but when needed, it erupts."

Jason offered his interpretation.

"Uh."

The female detective blinked her hair-obscured eyes, sporting an expression which suggested, "I'm not very learned, don't try to deceive me."

Was this a correct explanation for the conservation of energy?

She had the feeling Jason was fooling her.

Subconsciously, the female detective couldn't help but retort, "You might as well say that when she took three burgers in one bite, you knew she was far from ordinary."

"One bite for three burgers, far from ordinary?"

Jason was taken aback.

Isn't that supposed to be normal?

He furrowed his brows slightly.

Then he regained his composure.

"That's just routine."

After speaking these words with his usual indifferent tone, he turned to look at Sagaraso, who was approaching.

Ryosuke had just finished the routine inquiry.

Sagaraso was coming to say goodbye.

"Mr. Jason, I'm leaving now!"

"I've made plans with friends to go to the gym tonight!"

"I study at Royal Cherry, I'm a sophomore, if you need anything, you can come find me at Royal Cherry."

Though simple-minded, Miss Sagaraso was very polite.

"Mhm, I'm Jason from 'Mask x Machete x Meat' Agency."

"You can come find me here."

Replied Jason.

A friend who could eat and even brought him burgers, Jason didn't refuse.

"Definitely!"

"It's my first time seeing someone so amazing!"

"I look forward to the next meeting."

Miss Sagaraso waved and cheerfully walked towards the exit of the snack street.

Jason watched the young lady leave.

"Surprised at being unexpectedly welcomed, feeling a bit reluctant?"

Hui Lijing came over with her arms crossed and remarked.

"Reluctant?"

"Maybe a little."



"It's rare for me to meet friends I can eat with."

Jason admitted openly.

A foodie friend is surely a foodie.

Back home, Jason often made plans with friends, or they with him, to challenge all sorts of buffets in the area.

They would make it a lesson for every new buffet that opened.

Those times were truly joyful.

Sadly...

He couldn't return.

So, Jason especially cherished these new friendships with fellow foodies.

"Is that all?"

Hui Lijing seemed somewhat skeptical.

"What else could it be?"

"You don't think she likes me, do you?"

"Don't worry."

"Those who like me are never normal."

Chapter 1009: Regulars at the Polar Bear Cafe 1 (2)

"She is just an ordinary girl."

Jason waved his hand nonchalantly.

Thinking about Denis, with his goofy personality.

Thinking about Giselle and Evelyn, split-personality, no different from a Samoyed rolling in a mud pond.

Thinking about Aras, although he has a good personality, how could any normal person tolerate his behavior?

And...

Jennifer!

She's completely a madwoman.

Ordinary people would run into her and weep.

Compared to these, isn't Miss Sagaraso very ordinary?

Therefore, Jason didn't believe anything would happen.

"Ordinary?"

"Where is she ordinary?"

"Don't tell me that the girls who like you are crazy."

Hui Lijing muttered.

Jason stopped talking.

Hui Lijing's mention of a madwoman once again made him think of Jennifer.

A nonsensical madwoman who coerced him to near death.

...

In the vast endless universe.

A palace sped forward rapidly.

The palace was constructed with opulence as the benchmark.

Melodious music echoed within.

Anyone who heard such music would feel tranquil.

Suddenly, a peculiar cry of pain broke the peacefulness.

"Ouch!"

The woman reclining on the massive gold bed cried out softly.

Instantly, hundreds of witches appeared in front of this woman.

"Lady Jennifer."

"How are you?"

"Are you alright?"

Voices filled with nervousness and concern flooded the palace.

"I'm fine."

"Just now the little one kicked me."

Jennifer caressed her bulging belly, smiling as she spoke.

While speaking, she gently soothed the little one inside her belly, humming an unknown tune.

"Sweet baby."

"Wait till mommy finds the memory, and then we will go find daddy, alright?"

"Of course, baby comes first."

"Mommy is finding the memory also for baby."

"If I can find the memory, I have a premonition that once mommy regains her memory, nothing in this world will be difficult for mommy."

"So, baby, you need to be patient."

The Witch said as she stood up from the gold bed.

She wore a black robe and walked slowly to one side.

There stood a mirror.

A gold frame provided comfort to the magic mirror.

But, with the Witch's approach, the mirror knew that such comfort was ending.

If possible, it would want to change... Um? Change what?

Why do I also seem to have amnesia?

It seems important.

Yet, not so important.

Forget it, let it be.

The magic mirror quickly cast aside these thoughts and began focusing on the Witch.

"Magic mirror, magic mirror, tell me..."

"You are the most beautiful person in the world!"

Before the Witch could finish asking, the magic mirror almost subconsciously responded.

The Witch's smile remained unchanged.

"Emily, go put it into the toilet."

The Witch instructed.

"Don't do that!"

"Please don't do that!"

"My great master, you surely won't punish me for a harmless joke!"



The magic mirror pleaded repeatedly.

"A joke?"

"So you mean to say that you just lied when you said I was the most beautiful?"

"Emily, put it into the unflushed toilet."

The Witch's expression turned cold.

Appearance, is forever a lady's taboo.

Even for a Witch.

Or rather, at times, she values it even more.

After all, she's about to become a mother.

Naturally, she would value her appearance more than ordinary girls.

"Continue forward!"

"We will soon find the important clue!"

As Emily's hand was about to touch the magic mirror, the mirror shouted.

"How soon is soon?"

The Witch pressed for an answer.

"According to your time about 6-7 months, that's the maximum time I can confirm."

The magic mirror answered honestly.

This response satisfied the Witch.

Thus, a young witch came forward immediately, sprayed the mirror surface with clear water, and then wiped it with soft cotton cloth followed by deer skin.

The magic mirror's comfortable surface almost trembled.

The Witch then returned to the gold bed.

6-7 months?

She could wait.

Her baby could wait.

Her baby's father could wait too.

Surely, Jason would be shocked when they meet again?

After all, Jason has always considered her a madwoman.

Never believing her words.

She indeed bore his child.

In fact, if it were not for the flesh she acquired being too little, she surely would have birthed ten offspring at once, and that would truly have shocked Jason.

The Witch could no longer contain herself at the thought of Jason's typically indifferent face showing astonishment and disbelief; her laughter echoed softly.

"Baby, be patient!"

"We will soon finish what we're doing now, and then, go find your daddy."

After comforting her child, the Witch once again hummed the unknown little tune.

Her mood was very joyful.

...

Achoo!

Jason, sitting in the back seat, suddenly sneezed.

It was the uncontrollable kind.

His whole body bent down with it.

He had sneezed similarly before.

Three times in a row.

However, unlike those three times, although this was just one, Jason felt a bit of a headache afterwards.

What's this?

Jason wondered.

With his physical constitution nearly eight times that of an ordinary person, such a thing should not have happened.

But since it happened, there must be a reason.

Chapter 1010: Regulars at the Polar Bear Cafe① (3)

"Is someone cursing me?"

Jason thought almost subconsciously.

But immediately, he shook his head.

Even with his current 'identity', indeed many would curse him.

But it definitely wouldn't be this 'mild'.

At the very least, it would be the life-threatening kind.

Thus, the other party wouldn't use such a 'mild' curse.

What else could it be?

A curse from beyond this world?

That's impossible.

What kind of power would it take to curse him across worlds?

If there really were such an enemy, he would've been dead and buried long ago.

"The weather is getting cooler."

"Remember to dress warmly."

Hui Lijing, who was in the driver's seat, said without turning back, then with a very stylish drift, parked the car next to the parking space beside the Polar Bear Café. This was a ground parking space, marked on the pavement, and indeed, it was bought by Hui Lijing's sister, Hui Lixiang. In fact, the lady had bought all three parking spaces next to the Polar Bear Café.

"Mhm."

Jason responded and got out of the car to head upstairs.

Hui Lijing watched Jason enter the second-floor room before heading towards the café.

Due to various accidents, the café had already been closed for the day.

This was highly undesirable!

Her dream was to be a barista!

Therefore, Hui Lijing immediately flipped the sign.

Welcome!

Under the afternoon sun, the four characters were particularly conspicuous.

After briskly wiping down the tables and chairs and changing her clothes, Hui Lijing stood behind the bar.

Even though she said she would run it well, she couldn't help but think about the events of the past few days.

"The firepower is too weak."

"I need a larger caliber weapon."

Almost involuntarily, Hui Lijing muttered to herself.



And at that moment—

Ding-a-ling!

The wind chimes sounded.

A group of children burst in.

Among them, a little girl with a yellow cap, short black hair, rosy cheeks, a white shirt, and a red suspender dress was particularly eye-catching.

"Sister Hui Lijing, Pudding!"

The little girl shouted loudly as she came in.

"Okay, Cherry."

Hui Lijing immediately responded with a smile.

Wasn't her love for being a barista because she could see such pure smiles?

Hui Lijing got busy.

Ding-a-ling!

The wind chimes sounded again.

A bald old granddad walked in.

Hui Lijing recognized him; he was Cherry's grandfather, a regular at the shop, a very cheerful old man who sometimes had a not-so-good memory.

And also, loved to boast.

Always talking about how strong he was in his younger days.

This time was no exception.

"Cherry, when granddad was young, I was really strong."

The old man said with a chuckle.

"Yep, with one punch, you could knock down a monster."

"I know."

"But, granddad, you'd be even stronger in my eyes if you don't snatch my Pudding."

Cherry protected her Pudding, warily watching her grandfather.

The old man patted Cherry's head, emitting a joyful laughter.

Wasn't this the life he wanted?

Simple, happy.

However, at this moment, a dark shadow appeared on the street outside the door.

He concealed his presence.

His fierce eyes scanned the Polar Bear Café.

Inside the room, the happy laughing grandfather suddenly slapped his forehead.

"Oh dear, I think I've dropped my senior citizen's card outside."

"Cherry, wait here for a moment for granddad."

The bald grandfather got up and walked outside.

"Granddad is always so forgetful."

Cherry muttered under her breath.

Then, worried, she called out to the grandfather's retreating figure.

"Go and come back quickly!"

"Alright, alright, I know."

The bald grandfather waved his hand and pushed open the door.

The slanting evening sunlight flooded in, bathing the old man's clothes in yellow, and the evening breeze gently fluttered the old man's clothes, making a fluttering sound like a cape shaking.