

Menu 215

Chapter 215: The Watchdog on Pea Pod Street

In the oddly echoing voices, two men with oversized clothes, multicolored hair, and strange hairstyles approached Jason.

The leader had a chain around his neck as thick as an index finger.

Not gold.

Probably iron, or stainless steel.

It somewhat resembled a dog chain.

A malevolent smile spread across the faces of the two men as they stood before Jason.

Jason frowned.

The scene before him was a bit odd.

Though the hierarchy of contempt was as omnipresent as the food chain.

Homeless people, being at the very bottom of this hierarchy, were naturally stepped on by everyone.
Especially by these idle thugs.

They took particular delight in bullying those at the very bottom of the contempt hierarchy.

Thus, it wasn't strange for these two to want to bully a homeless person.

But!

It was morning!

To be precise, early morning!

Would two street thugs appear at dawn to hassle a homeless man?

That in itself was quite surprising.

As for being up all night?

The two of them bore no scent of smoke or alcohol, and their faces didn't have the drooping look of someone who hadn't slept all night.

Specially coming to trouble him?

Jason thought.

At this moment, the leader spoke.

"Hand over the pastries in your hand?"

He said.

They want to rob me of my food?

Jason narrowed his eyes and slowly closed the paper bag.

The two men laughed immediately.

The leader, in particular, looked down on Jason, having seen too many homeless like him; no need for any tricks, a simple scare was enough to get what they wanted.

This time, naturally, it would be...

Huh!

This homeless man is tall.

And his eyes... they look kind of fierce.

Why am I feeling a bit scared?

Why can't I control my limbs?

The leader's Adam's apple bobbed, and as he looked up at Jason standing up and met Jason's downward gaze, his legs began to tremble, and his entire body shuddered.

That sharpness, like a knife coupled with the aura of a predator, completely intimidated the little thug in front of him.

“What, what are you going to do?”

The leader stammered.

“Taking out the trash.”

Jason grabbed the leader’s collar and hoisted him up.

With his feet off the ground, the leader became even more panicked.

“Let me go!”

“Let go!”

The leader shouted, but this did not hinder Jason from opening a nearby trash can and dumping him in headfirst.

However, before throwing him in, Jason gave him a shake.

Slap, slap.

A wallet, lighter, cigarettes, and the dog chain fell onto the ground.

The other thug turned to run.

But after only taking one step, Jason caught him by the back of the neck and hauled him back.

“Please, spare my life.”

The thug cried out.

“Trash belongs where trash belongs.”

Jason said, shaking the second one as well and stuffing him headfirst into the trash can.

Another wallet appeared on the ground.

Jason picked up the two wallets, pocketed the lighter, and casually tossed the cigarettes and dog chain into the trash can.

“You provoked me for no reason and made my breakfast go cold for 5 seconds, causing me significant emotional distress; consider these as compensation for my emotional distress.”

Pulling out the paper money, Jason tossed the wallets back and casually closed the lid of the trash can.

The paper money totaled one hundred and twenty.

The sum of both men’s.

Jason was unclear about the purchasing power of this money, but he knew their motive wasn’t the pastries he held in his hand.

It was the female pastry chef who had made these pastries.

Or more precisely, the recent actions of that female pastry chef searching for her sister, which scared certain individuals.

Therefore, they had sent these two guys to cause trouble.

“

Of course, the tactics of two small-time hooligans were destined not to be aboveboard. After they stole more pastries, they would most likely slander the female pastry chef, claiming that the pastries she made were unclean and could cause diarrhea or similar issues, leading those around her to misunderstand.

Such a simple scheme.

Yet, it was certainly effective.

Jason was confident that after such an incident, even the most well-meaning people would harbor suspicions.

It's not easy for people to trust one another.

Building trust takes a long time.

Destroying trust?

A moment is enough.

emmm...

The pastries really are delicious.

The sweet, soft steamed buns had been chewed and swallowed, filling the empty stomach with a sense of satisfaction.

As Jason took out the second steamed bun, he glanced at the other side of the pastry bag.

This side displayed the pastry shop's advertisement.

Quite a simple design, it just featured an image of a dog sprawled atop a pile of pastries, with "Watchdog Pastry House" written at the very top.

Watchdog?

What a strange name.

Even if it weren't for the act of searching for his sister, this name would sooner or later trouble someone.

Thinking this, Jason took out the third steamed bun.

There were a total of three steamed buns in the bag.

After eating the last one, Jason dusted off his hands.

He folded the bag neatly and placed it in the pushcart.

He planned to go to the pastry shop, firstly to settle the score for the just-acquired money, and secondly to give that female pastry chef a heads-up.

It wasn't because he hadn't had enough to eat and wanted more.

'Watchdog Pastry House' was at 115 Pea Corner Street.

Both the bag and a slip of paper stated this address.

And the Central Park was right opposite Pea Corner Street.

Pushing the cart, Jason didn't attempt to cross the road directly.

Standing at the corner, he only started pushing the cart across when the green light came on.

A wandering homeless individual, squatting by the roadside, had been eyeing Jason closely, who had just stood not far away. Upon realizing that Jason hadn't noticed him at all and was merely passing by, the homeless man breathed a sigh of relief.

Then, he lifted the piece of paper in his hand toward another passerby approaching from behind.

On it, written in bold black marker, was—

I'm very tired.

I need food.

...

Jason, of course, saw such a sign.

And after crossing the street, he flipped through the pushcart.

Soon, he found a similar sign.

However, his read: I'm very hungry, I need food.

"Very fitting."

Jason chuckled softly and then forcefully used both hands.

Crack, crack.

With a crisp sound, the cardboard turned into a crumpled ball.

A real man doesn't eat the food of pity!

He had limbs to work with, wasn't dumb or demented, nor old and decrepit.

The talent for "Predator" deep within his soul echoed the shouts of those pursuing great beasts, relentlessly telling him that he was a hunter, not a beggar.

With a raise of his hand, Jason tossed the ball of paper into a trash can.

Moving forward, Jason spent 0.1 yuan at a newspaper stand to buy today's newspaper.

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The newspaper not only provided Jason with the exact date but also gave him a rough idea of his purchasing power.

It also gave him more concrete evidence that the two hooligans were directed by someone else.

Moreover, the person directing them was quite generous.

With such speculation, Jason arrived in front of 15 Pea Corner Street.

The sign for 'Watchdog Pastry House' was already hung up.

There was also a sign hung on the door indicating that they were open for business.

However, the showcase had been closed from inside.

Jason raised his hand and knocked on the door.

Thump, thump thump.

Footsteps were audible inside, but nobody responded.

Thump, thump thump.

Jason knocked on the door again.

This time, an impatient and hoarse voice came from inside.

“Who is it?”

“Checking the water meter.”