

Menu 216

Chapter 216: A Different City

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Jason's response surprised the man inside the door.

It took the man a good two or three seconds to look through the peephole at the exterior.

The 'Watchdog Pastry House' had two doors.

One was the wooden door inside.

The other was the iron door on the outside.

At this moment, the iron door was open while the wooden door was closed.

The man had been peering outside through the peephole of the wooden door.

Then...

He saw a massive fist, speeding towards him.

Smack!

The thin wooden door shattered on impact.

Jason's fist penetrated the wooden door, sending splinters flying, and slammed into the man's face inside the room.

"Ah!"

The man screamed in agony, falling backward with blood streaming down his face.

Jason pulled his arm back and through the hole he just made, he instantly saw the female pastry chef.

The pastry chef was backed against the counter, her hair in disarray, her face bruised, her mouth gagged, and hands tied behind her back as she sat collapsed. There was no second person present.

Upon seeing Jason's gaze, the pastry chef started struggling violently.

Instead of reaching through the hole to open the door, Jason aimed a kick right at the lock.

It was just a simple L-shaped bolt, which was directly knocked out.

The door swung open.

Jason walked into the room, and the man who had just fallen was getting back up.

His face, covered in blood, appeared even more ferocious.

With a low growl, he raised his hands and charged at Jason.

Compared to the previous street thugs with no fighting skills, this man was undoubtedly much more professional.

Not only was he strong, but he also had technique.

One hand reached for Jason's collar while the other aimed for his arm.

Had he been grabbed, a shoulder throw would have followed.

With the pastry shop's hard floor, such an impact would have been enough to disable a normal person.

So Jason, accustomed to quick fights, raised his hands and caught the man's arms. As the man looked shocked and struggled, Jason forcefully twisted them downwards.

Bang!

The charging man kneeled directly in front of Jason.

Without waiting for the man to recover, Jason let go of his hands and struck both sides of the man's temples.

Crack!

With a crisp sound, the man's eyes rolled back as he collapsed motionless to the ground.

Unlike before, the man was now unconscious.

Jason checked him over.

No wallet.

He found a dagger.

Taking the dagger out, removing the man's jacket, and tying him up, Jason then turned his attention to the bound pastry chef.

Jason cut through the ropes with the dagger and yanked out the rag from her mouth.

"Th-thank you," the pastry chef stammered her thanks.

Her voice was hoarse from being gagged for so long.

Then, Jason glanced around the room.

The oven was clean.

The counter was also clean.

The cash box remained untouched.

However, the door leading upstairs was open.

“Not a robbery for money?”

“More than one group targeting her?”

“All because of her sister?”

“Or is it something else?”

Jason pondered, but it didn’t stop him from taking out a coin and placing it in front of the pastry chef.

On one side of the counter, it read: ‘Cupcakes 10 cents each, 3 for 20 cents!’

Then, Jason took 12 cupcakes from the counter and put them in a large kraft paper bag to the side.

“The bag is free, right?” Jason asked the pastry chef.

“Yes, it is,” the pastry chef responded, still in shock.

She still didn’t understand what was happening.

First her sister disappeared, then she was threatened by someone for unknown reasons, and now someone had broken into her shop.

Just when she thought it was all over, the vagrant she met that morning suddenly barged in, not only saving her but also leaving her a coin.

Was that for the pastries?

The pastry chef was finally beginning to grasp the situation.

By that time, Jason had already reached the doorway.

“Wait!”

“Please wait!”

Jason heard the voice behind him but didn't stop his stride for a moment.

“

“

Without understanding the world before him, he had no immediate plans to court any trouble.

“Those stale cakes are from yesterday.”

“I'll make you some fresh ones, they'll taste better straight out of the oven,”

said the female pastry chef.

“Okay.”

Jason immediately stopped in his tracks.

Trouble always seemed to find a way.

Even if one didn't look for it, it inevitably came knocking.

So, he might as well enjoy a good meal before dealing with it.

Seeing Jason stop, the female pastry chef breathed a sigh of relief.

She was truly frightened.

She was afraid that Jason would walk away without a care, leaving her alone to face the situation at hand.

It was something she simply could not handle.

"What should I do?"

Walking up to Jason, who had saved her life, she felt an unprecedented sense of safety in his tall, sturdy presence and subconsciously asked for his advice.

"Call the police,"

Jason offered the most sensible suggestion.

Only then did the female pastry chef nod in realization and walked over to the counter.

There was a landline phone.

However, when she picked it up, there was no sound at all.

“Has the phone line been cut?”

Jason frowned.

A pastry chef with a missing sister was being treated this cautiously?

Moreover, two groups had already shown up for her.

Was her missing sister involved with something—or someone—big?

Jason thought and pointed towards a public phone booth across the street.

The female pastry chef nodded, took out two coins, and ran outside.

This time the call went through.

The conversation was also very smooth.

The inside of 'Watchdog Pastry House' remained untouched, and about ten minutes later, two police cars arrived.

They were not the cars Jason remembered, but rather those from an even earlier era.

They had large fronts, short rear ends, and the tops of the cars were curved.

The two cars parked in a '1' formation at the entrance of the pastry shop, and six officers disembarked, led by a police chief wearing a tall hat.

The chief was tall and sported a thick beard.

As soon as he got out of the car, he walked into the pastry shop.

He first glanced around the environment and then looked towards Jason and Giselle.

However, after pausing only briefly on Giselle, his gaze settled entirely on Jason.

“Did you do this?”

He pointed at the wooden door that had been broken and a gaping hole created.

Jason nodded.

The chief then glanced at the unconscious guy on the floor.

“Him too?”

He asked again.

Jason nodded once more.

This silent way of responding made the chief frown.

“Have you served in the military?”

“Recently returned to Newdeth City?”

“Answer me, I don’t need nods.”

His voice unconsciously rose a notch.

Unfortunately, this posture was useless against Jason.

Jason merely nodded again.

This enraged the chief.

“I’m telling you, this city is not the same as when you left it!”

“It’s new!”

“Newdeth City!”

“Coming here, you have to abide by the rules!”

“Don’t use the rules of your battlefields or the old ways. Otherwise...”

The chief’s voice grew louder, as if to affirm his authority.

Moreover, after finishing, he raised his right hand and gestured a gun shape at Jason.

The chief’s finger, representing the muzzle of the gun, was about one meter away, pointing straight at Jason’s forehead.

“Pop!”

He made a mock shooting noise with his mouth and then burst into laughter.

The surrounding officers also started laughing along.

Jason looked emotionlessly at the people before him, his feet shifting slightly to protect the female pastry chef behind him.

And then—

Bang!

The laughter stopped abruptly, and blood and brain matter splattered everywhere.