

## **Menu 217**

### Chapter 217: A Different Kind of Police Officer

The previously arrogant police chief just collapsed to the ground like that.

The shattered skull splattered the faces of the surrounding officers.

Instantly, those who were laughing moments ago started screaming in terror.

Then, they scattered about like headless flies.

They bore no resemblance to how police officers should behave.

It was nothing compared to the Bondi and Holle in Jason's memory.

Even young Finch was far superior.

In terms of professional honor and personal cultivation, they were much too lacking.

But this was none of Jason's business.

He quickly pulled the female pastry chef into the corridor leading to the second floor; aside from the entrance door, there were walls on both sides for cover— it was the best place to block the ‘sniper’s’ line of sight.

At this moment, the female pastry chef was completely dumbfounded.

She had never imagined she would face something like this.

For Giselle, it was a daily routine to purchase flour, eggs, milk, sugar, and various types of fruit, and to stand in front of the oven, deep in thought about how to improve her pastry recipes.

When did such a change happen?

Right, it started after Evelyn went missing.

I wonder how Evelyn is doing?

Hope she hasn’t gotten involved in any trouble.

As an older sister, Giselle didn’t think too much.

She was just genuinely worried about her younger sister.

Meanwhile, inside the shop, screams of agony continued one after another.

The incompetent officers fell to the ground one by one, missing arms and legs.

Then, only wails remained.

“Could have killed, but only wounded?”

Jason furrowed his brow.

Such an anomaly truly concerned him.

The female pastry chef, who had snapped back to reality, curled up behind Jason completely.

“What, what should we do?”

The female pastry chef asked with a stutter.

“Wait,”

Jason replied.

Engaging in combat barehanded against a 'sniper' who had the advantage of distance was the least wise choice.

Not to mention, Jason didn't understand the current situation at all.

Therefore, waiting was the best choice.

Continuous gunshots would surely attract more attention from the police.

Just...

Hopefully, it won't be anyone like the officers from before.

Jason thought quietly to himself.

In just five minutes, two more old-fashioned cars appeared, accompanied by a squad of officers occupying the rooftops of the surrounding buildings.

These officers were clearly different from the ones before.

Not only were they neatly dressed, with solemn expressions, their skills were also excellent.

“Secure!”

“Secure!”

“Secure!”

Amidst a series of reports, a man wearing glasses got out of the car.

He was about thirty years old, thin-faced without a beard, and his long black hair was pulled back into a ponytail, a white scarf wrapped around his neck. Ǻ

What caught the eye the most were those eyes.

Even behind glasses, they couldn't hide their sharpness.

The man briskly walked into the Watchdog Pastry House, glanced over the officers writhing and wailing on the ground, and then glanced at the colleague who had lost his head, before heading directly towards the corridor.

“Hello, I’m Edward,”

“the deputy chief of Newdeth City Police,”

The man introduced himself.

Then, his gaze swept over the female pastry chef and Jason.

Like the previous chief, his eyes locked onto Jason right away.

However, unlike the previous chief, Edward was very polite but distant, “If Sandwich said something out of line, please understand; he does not represent the entirety of Newdeth City.”

After finishing, the deputy chief then turned his attention to the female pastry chef.

“Miss, could you please tell me what happened here?”

He asked.

“Ok, okay,”

The female pastry chef replied, but her eyes turned to Jason.

After Jason nodded, the female pastry chef began to describe what had just happened.

From the sudden attack she experienced to Jason’s arrival, and everything that happened after the police were called, the female pastry chef recounted it all in detail.

Jason didn’t make any additional comments.

The female pastry chef had already made things very clear.

Jason was more concerned about the officers who were moving the bodies, tending to the wounded, and securing the scene.

These officers were highly professional.

And, throughout the entire process, they hadn't spoken a single word.

Jason noticed something familiar about these officers.

It was...

The Harbor Guard Army!

The smallest in number yet strongest force, protecting Gerard's Harbor Guard.

Although the capabilities of these people in front of him might not be on that level, the aura was very similar.

Which means...

These officers came from a military background!

And not just any military, but a unit akin to an ace force!



How could such warriors become police officers?

Jason had no disdain for police officers; rather, he understood that each of these warriors was hard to come by, requiring not just time and money, but also innate talent.

Just as the Harbor Guard Army wouldn't join the patrol guards.

They were meant to execute missions like penetrating enemy lines or beheading operations.

Even if they were to go to the police department, they should be serving as special instructors, not regular officers.

But the scene before him had unfolded.

A group of elite warriors had become regular officers.

Then,

What kind of man would the self-proclaimed Edward, who was in command of these officers, be?

The deputy chief of police?

Jason found that hard to believe.

At this point, Edward's questioning of the female pastry chef had been completed as well.

He turned to look straight at Jason.

Jason calmly met that gaze.

He was also prepared to react.

The worst case scenario was merely being taken back for questioning.

Jason wasn't worried about this at all.

His experiences in two different copied worlds had made him realize that his identity was "genuine".

However, to his surprise—

“Newdeth City has changed.”

“Some methods no longer work here.”

“Be careful.”

After saying that, the man who claimed to be Deputy Chief Edward turned to his subordinates and commanded, “Withdraw.”

Jason furrowed his brows.

He keenly latched onto the key point: the changes in Decheng seemed to be related to the military? So, was the military dispatched for that reason?

Thinking this, Jason watched as Deputy Chief Edward was about to exit the pastry shop and directly spoke to stop him.

“Wait!”

Jason deliberately raised his voice.

Not only did Edward hear him, but so did his others.

These men paused, instinctively turning back.

“Compensation!”

“Compensation for the Watchdog Pastry House.”

Under the watchful eyes of everyone, Jason pointed around him with righteousness.

“The pastries scattered on the ground, the shattered door.”

“The floor stained with blood.”

“It should be compensated.”

As Jason was saying this, the female pastry chef attempted to pull at Jason’s clothes to indicate he didn’t need to do this.

But before she could touch Jason, he had already sidestepped her.

Then, he looked even more calmly at Edward.

Edward furrowed his brows slightly.

“I will report this.”

“The compensation will be issued within a week.”

“Any expenses incurred, please keep the receipts.”

After saying that, Edward turned and left.

But as Edward turned to leave, Jason spoke up again.

“Wait.”