

Menu 218

Chapter 218: Hidden Danger

Edward furrowed his brows slightly and turned around again, his eyes filled with inquiry.

“At the central park earlier, two men asked me for pastries from the ‘Watchdog Pastry House.’”

“They were not after the pastries.”

“But after someone.”

Jason said directly, facing Edward.

“So, is this why you are here?”

“To repay a favor?”

“And to settle a score?”

Edward, the deputy chief, stepped back twice, stopping about a meter away from Jason.

It seemed as if he sensed Jason was playing him,
Edward simultaneously counter-queried as his eyes bore into Jason intensely.

Suddenly, those piercing eyes made one's heart tremble even more.

Jason, however, was unaffected.

Although the other party's eyes were sharp, they paled in comparison to 'The Piper.'

They weren't even equal to the puppets of 'Shepherd.'

In Jason's eyes, the danger posed by the other party was about... the same as two or three 'Jesters.'

Troublesome to deal with.

But not lethal.

Jason pointed to the trolley he parked in the corner of the shop.

"And to buy some food," he said.

The bag of sorghum cakes hung from his trolley.

After a glance, Edward continued to inquire:

“What about those two men?”

“Trash belongs where trash should be,” Jason answered.

“Anything else?”

Edward waved a subordinate over to investigate and continued asking as his subordinate left.

“What else...”

“Her sister has disappeared,”

“Just like those other girls, she is gone.”

Jason pointed at the female pastry chef.

“Ms. Giselle has already filed a report, and we are actively working on it,” Edward responded.

“I will also arrange protection for Ms. Giselle in secret.”

“If you’re willing to return to the veteran’s hospital, I can help there too.”

Jason didn’t say anything further.

Veteran’s hospital?

He didn’t have time to recuperate.

Facing Jason’s silence, Edward turned again, walking towards the exit.

However, this time, as Edward himself reached the door, he voluntarily stopped and turned his head to look at Jason.

Seeing Jason remain silent, the newly appointed ‘Special Deputy Chief’ truly left.

Jason watched him leave.

After the old-style car disappeared around the corner,

Jason couldn't help narrowing his eyes.

The man was fishing for information!

Using him and Giselle as bait!

Clearly, the recent shooting was related to military personnel, and his identity just happened to be that of a retired veteran.

Under normal circumstances, any sheriff or investigator, upon confirming his status as a retired veteran, would investigate deeply into the recent incident. **r**

Bringing him in for questioning would be the bare minimum.

But what about the other party?

He simply pulled out.

Jason didn't believe there wasn't something fishy about it.

Hence, he probed further.

Starting with 'recompense' and then informing the other party about the incident at central park.

The goal was to bring up the 'Women's Serial Disappearance Case' published in the newspaper.

Giselle's sister was one of the disappearances, and Giselle herself had been threatened multiple times; it all seemed undoubtedly related to the case that shocked all of Decheng.

The 'Women's Serial Disappearance Case' was not only published in the October 20th newspaper, but today's newspaper continued to report on it as well.

Still as the front-page headline.

With such a premise, would a normal person let down their guard?

Or to put it more precisely, would a normal person only arrange for two people to secretly keep watch?

No.

Because the simplest course of action would be to enter the 'safety house' and be comprehensively protected, instead of being exposed outside to the imminent danger.

Doing so, Jason could think of no reason other than acting as bait.

So, everything in front of him became clear.

He was serving as bait for the 'shooting case' murderer.

Giselle was serving as bait for the 'serial women disappearance case' murderer.

However, Jason was still a bit concerned about whether

the recent shooting incident and the series of women's disappearances that had already occurred were independent events or if they were connected in some way?

Standing at the door, Jason pondered silently for a moment.

Eventually, he shook his head.

There were too few clues to be certain.

Turning around, Jason walked back into the shop.

Seeing Jason return, Giselle sighed with relief again.

She had been very worried that Jason would just walk away.

After all, the crisis had passed, and she had no real reason to keep Jason there.

But to be left alone in this place, she was very scared.

In her conflicted state, Jason came back.

This brought an involuntary smile to the pastry chef's face.

Observing the relieved smile on the pastry chef's face, Jason said indifferently, "Go and make a new pastry, you promised me."

How could he possibly leave before trying the new basin pastry?

No one could stop his anticipation for food.

Even if staying here was dangerous.

But,

the greatest danger was merely death.

Conveniently,

he was immortal.

Touching his empty stomach, Jason said:

“I’ll clean up here.”

“You go to the oven.”

Having said that, Jason carefully picked up the pastries that had fallen to the ground, blew off the dust and glass shards, and delicately placed them on a plate.

The mess before him was created by the subordinates of the late Chief Sandwick.

In their hasty scramble, they had knocked over more than one counter.

Not only had the pastries from within the counters fallen to the ground, but glass shards were also scattered everywhere.

The only silver lining was that because of the glass shards on the floor, these people had deliberately avoided this area while they were painfully rolling around, preventing the pastries from getting stained with blood.

All the pastries were picked up.

Although Jason was careful, some damage was inevitable.

Several pastries were misshapen and obviously unsellable.

Therefore, Jason 'wrote them off.'

The cream-flavored one, not bad.

The chocolate-filled one, acceptable.

Strawberry flavored?

Highly praised.

The sweet taste lingered on Jason's tongue. Although it did not satisfy his hunger, Jason still felt content.

As for satisfaction?

That was impossible.

Until he ate real food, Jason's stomach could never be truly satisfied.

Even if he did eat.

He needed high quality and large quantities to be fulfilled.

But the pleasure on his taste buds put Jason in a good mood. After packaging the wood chips and glass shards on the floor, he walked toward the trash can across from the Watchdog Pastry House.

Only, Jason hadn't truly approached the trash can when he suddenly paused.

A faint scent drifted into his nose.

It was a smell Jason was intimately familiar with.

Blood!

The scent of human blood!

And under Jason's gaze, a striking red was slowly seeping out from the trash can.

Temporarily setting aside the trash in his hand, Jason returned to the pastry shop and said to the female pastry chef:

"Giselle, go, call the police."