

Menu 219

Chapter 219: Materials

In the car on the way back to the police station.

Edward sat alone in the backseat, his gaze shifted to the front passenger seat.

“Have you found the information on that vagrant?”

“Yes.”

The subordinate in the front passenger seat turned and reported—

“Jason, second infantry division, captain.”

“He’d been in the ‘Lanqiao Standoff,’ ‘Golden Blitz,’ ‘Dourburg Recapture,’ ‘Siege of Thankyou,’ ‘Thirty-three Day Endurance,’ and...”

At this point, the subordinate hesitated.

“Speak.”

Edward's tone grew sterner.

"He conducted 40 operations behind enemy lines."

"Completed 20 decapitation missions."

"All by himself... no support, no supplies."

After saying this, the subordinate couldn't help but swallow his saliva.

As a soldier, he was well aware of what this record signified.

"To let such a dangerous person back into the city..."

"Did the military brass have shit for brains?"

Edward started cursing under his breath.

Then, immediately, Edward calmed down.

“Why did he retire from the military?”

Edward inquired.

“It’s not detailed in the record.”

“Just mentions post-traumatic stress disorder.”

“He saw a psychologist, but it was ineffective.”

The subordinate answered, and without waiting for Edward to ask, he continued, “I’ve just sent someone to inquire with that psychologist Hannibal, but he refused to disclose Jason’s situation.”

“You didn’t tell them it was for the safety of the entire Newdeth City?”

Edward frowned.

“I informed them.”

“But the doctor was adamant in his views.”

“When we took necessary measures, he took down our guys and threatened them, saying that if they dared to violate what he holds sacred as a psychologist, he’d rip out their intestines and stew them with beans.”

The subordinate’s face showed helplessness.

Although they belonged to a special operations team, sometimes there were significant constraints.

Especially when dealing with people of very high reputation.

By coincidence, this psychologist Hannibal was one such person.

He was not only the private psychologist for several important figures but had also established a charity foundation to help war orphans.

With such a person, real ‘necessary measures’ could hardly be applied.

“Rip out intestines and stew them with beans?”

“Hmph, ridiculous.”

Edward appeared somewhat contemptuous.

What grandiose claims could a psychologist make?

And the subordinate seemed on the verge of saying more.

“Speak.”

Edward said coldly.

“I don’t think that doctor was joking.”

“Our guys reported that he seems like a veteran.”

“They felt uneasy just being watched by him.”

The subordinate reported.

“Hmm?”

Edward frowned.

He trusted his subordinates.

If his subordinate said the other party was a veteran, then he certainly was.

“Focus on those bastards for now.”

“After cleaning them all up, we’ll investigate that doctor.”

Edward commanded.

“Yes!”

The subordinate replied.

Then, looking at his team leader, he spoke cautiously:

“Captain, it’s impossible for someone like Jason to join those bastards, right?”

“He’s a hero!”

“With his military record, he could have become a staff officer without retirement!”

The subordinate said it like this.

“Those bastards also were... heroes.”

Edward replied.

Yet his tone involuntarily faltered.

He looked out the car window.

“Heroes?”

“That’s in the past.”

“Now they are just bastards!”

Edward muttered to himself.

The subordinate didn't speak further, his eyes filled with profound confusion and sighs.

No one knew what had happened.

But that was the reality.

For a moment, the interior of the car fell silent.

Only the sound of the engine remained.

Then—

“Headquarters calling, Director Edward!”

“Headquarters calling, Director Edward!”

A burst of static, and the car radio began to emit sounds.

“This is Edward.”

Edward picked up the walkie-talkie.

“Director Edward, the ‘Watchdog Pastry House’ you previously attended has reported another incident. They say bloodstains were found in the trash bin across the street.”

‘Watchdog Pastry House’?!

The hand Edward held the walkie-talkie with just shook.

MMP, he hadn’t gone back yet!

Internally he was in turmoil like thunder rolling across Tianshan Mountains, but externally, Edward was calm and indifferently replied, “I know.”

...

Less than half an hour later.

Jason saw Edward again.

The newly appointed 'Deputy Director Special' had parked his car once more in front of 'Watchdog Pastry House.'

As Edward stepped out of the car, he glanced at Jason and walked directly toward the trash bin.

Edward's subordinates had once again declared martial law and secured the scene.

When the lid of the bin was lifted, a rare shade of gloom descended upon Edward's gaunt face.

The surrounding officers who had cordoned off the area felt the same.

Not just because of the head that appeared inside the trash bin.

But also because that head belonged to one of their own.

“‘Scarecrow’!”

“He wasn’t supposed to be watching this...”

The subordinate who reported to Edward gasped as he recognized the head in the trash bin.

“Bansey.”

Edward silenced his Assistant’s exclamation.

Bansey immediately stopped speaking.

“Arrange a search here.”

“We must find ‘Scarecrow’s body.”

Edward commanded.

“Yes.”

The crowd around him responded in unison.

Then they swiftly dispersed to act.

Edward stood still, contemplating.

‘Scarecrow’ was one of his subordinates with the most experience and skill, and he was always armed as well.

That’s why ‘Scarecrow’ had been chosen to surveil this area.

But Edward had never thought that in just less than half an hour, one of his capable subordinates would be decapitated.

Who did it?

Edward wondered, his gaze unconsciously shifting towards ‘Watchdog Pastry House.’

At that moment, Jason was having the carpenter replace the door.

Feeling Edward's gaze, Jason turned his head.

The two made eye contact.

The next moment, Edward stepped forward.

"Talk?"

Edward said.

"Talk about what?"

Jason asked.

"Talk about your experience."

"Talk about that head in the trash bin that belonged to my subordinate."

“Talk about whether you noticed anything.”

As he spoke, Edward scanned the interior of the shop, and then his eyes naturally locked onto Jason’s handcart.

“May I have a look?”

Edward asked, eyes fixed on Jason.

“Sure.”

Jason said frankly.

The hockey mask and broad-bladed short-handled machete were already in a safe place, he wasn’t afraid of inspections.

Yet Edward did not move.

He just kept watching Jason.

Then, the other asked.

“Did you notice anything earlier?”

“No.”

“I was cleaning up before.”

Jason said truthfully.

When he was picking up the pastries, all his attention was on the food; he hadn’t noticed anything happening outside.

This had nothing to do with heightened senses; it was merely because his focus was too concentrated.

But Edward didn’t believe him.

“Is that so?”

He asked back, and then as he was about to speak again—

Boom!