

Menu 220

Chapter 220: Role Exchange

The massive explosion sent shockwaves through the air.

The display windows of the 'Watchdog Pastry House' were shattered outright.

So were the display windows of the surrounding shops.

Amidst the clatter of falling glass shards, Edward rushed outside immediately.

Jason was a step behind and said to the female pastry chef, who was once again stupefied:

"Do your job, I'll take care of the rest."

Having said that, Jason caught up with Edward.

The female pastry chef nodded subconsciously at the sight of Jason's retreating figure, then she looked around at the shattered counter, the blood-stained floor, the broken display windows, and the fire rising from across the street... Wasn't it agreed that the war was over?

In her daze, the female pastry chef started picking up one egg after another, automatically separating the yolks and whites into a bowl, instinctively stirring.

By this time, Edward had already reached the street where flames were emanating.

His team members lay here, bodies torn and dismembered.

Only Assistant Bansey's body was intact,

his face charred as he leaned against a low wall.

On seeing Edward, Bansey started to speak in fits and starts:

"Captain."

"Hidden bombs."

"Invisible hidden bombs."

After speaking, Bansey fell silent.

Edward hurried over to check, and upon confirming that his assistant was merely unconscious, he turned to the team members who had followed behind him, searching the other streets, and said, "Secure the site, call an ambulance."

"Yes, Captain."

The team members began to act.

Jason, meanwhile, went against the flow and entered the blast site.

All around were fragments of stone and bodies.

Black, grey, and red intermingled.

The black marks of the explosion.

The grey chunks of broken stone.

The red of fresh blood.

It was a scene that could send a chilling shudder through anyone who saw it. Jason walked carefully among them, avoiding the corpses with every lift and placement of his feet.

Then, his nostrils flared constantly.

Jason hoped to smell the scent of 'food.'

Unfortunately, the only thing filling the area was the pungent odor left by the explosion, with not a hint of any pleasant fragrance.

Undoubtedly, the scene before him was targeted at Edward and his group.

Edward, who thought he was the bait, had become the fish that bit the hook.

The roles of hunter and prey had switched since the moment the 'Scarecrow' was killed and his head was tossed into a trash can.

The 'Scarecrow's' body must've been used as a bait for the hidden bombs.

Of course, the most crucial was that invisible hidden bomb.

“Illusion?”

“Or...”

“Some kind of trick?”

Jason pondered silently.

After his assistant was carried away, Edward returned.

Without paying attention to Jason, Edward began to meticulously search through everything that could serve as a clue.

Unfortunately, after a full search, even after the ambulance had arrived, he found nothing.

“Captain?”

An underling indicated softly.

“Load everyone’s bodies onto the vehicle.”

Edward said, and was the first to start collecting the bodies.

They deserved respect.

So, Edward was careful and earnest, trying his best to keep the bodies intact.

At that moment, Jason spoke up.

“Be careful of the hidden bombs.”

Having said that, Jason stepped out and walked away.

Edward, who had been about to collect the bodies, stiffened,

and his team members were also taken aback.

When Jason returned to ‘Watchdog Pastry House,’ Edward and his team members also left the blast site. Then, they started long-distance bomb disposal.

They prodded the corpses with long wooden sticks or by throwing objects at them.

This method was quite effective when not considering loss.

About half a minute later—

Boom! Boom!

There were two more explosions.

The few remaining pieces of glass in the windows of the 'Watchdog Pastry House' completely fell out.

Jason picked up a broom and dustpan and began to clean up.

The completely absorbed female pastry chef didn't notice any of this.

A short while later, after Jason had finished cleaning, Edward came up to him.

"How do you know?"

Edward's face was gloomy.

"Invisible mines?"

Jason asked in return.

Edward nodded slightly.

Jason laughed.

"Such a handy thing, no hunter would use it just once."

Jason said this slowly as he placed the dustpan filled with glass shards to one side of the shop's entrance.

"Hunter?"

Edward was startled.

After that, the not-so-foolish Edward seemed to think of something.

All at once, his face grew even uglier.

A few seconds passed before Edward's complexion returned to normal.

"Why warn me?"

Edward asked.

"Why?"

"Probably because you're stronger than that Sandwick guy?"

"At least..."

"You're willing to collect the bodies of your own men."

Jason said as he walked into the shop.

He had already smelled the fragrance of the freshly baked trough cakes.

He had waited for quite a while.

Watching Jason's retreating figure, Edward opened his mouth to speak, but in the end, he said nothing.

After leaving some people to preserve the scene, Edward personally drove back to the police station.

Jason didn't notice any of this.

At that moment, Jason was standing quietly in front of the stove.

The scents of eggs and honey began to spread under the high heat, and Jason couldn't help but swallow his saliva.

Just as the female pastry chef had said, the freshly baked trough cakes were much tastier than those left overnight, at least twice as fragrant.

Crack!

The oven opened.

An even richer fragrance hit him, and Jason closed his eyes, inhaling deeply, his face a picture of bliss.

The female pastry chef, wearing heatproof gloves, carried the mold filled with trough cakes, upended it, and the cakes fell into a nearby container.

After tumbling for a few turns, the somewhat thickened, biscuit-shaped trough cakes stood still within.

The tops were a brownish red, with slight cracks revealing a hint of golden yellow.

The bottom was slightly scorched, but not at all off-putting, rather it made one's mouth water even more, wanting to taste that particular flavor.

That's how Jason felt.

He picked up a hot trough cake and bit into the bottom first.

Sweet.

Not at all cloying.

For within the simple sweetness was a hint of a sour, refreshing tang.

It was...

Lemon juice!

He must have added a touch of lemon juice to the oil smeared on the bottom during baking.

Jason speculated as he swallowed the rest of the trough cake in his hand.

The crispy and soft texture made Jason pick up another one right away.

Almost one bite per cake.

Quickly, twenty trough cakes went down Jason's throat.

The female pastry chef brought over a cup of mint water.

Jason took it and drained it in one gulp.

Whew!

After a satisfying exhale, Jason's gaze involuntarily swept across the surrounding counters.

He remembered they didn't just sell trough cakes here.

There were other pastries as well.

"How soon can you resume business?"

Jason asked.

"Ah?"

The female pastry chef, who was considering how to make Jason stay, was startled.

Before the pastry chef could regain her composure—

Thud, thud thud.

A well-dressed middle-aged man stood in front of the door with a hole in it and knocked on the doorframe.

“Hello, are you Miss Giselle?”

“I come on behalf of my master.”

“He would like to hire you to make pastries.”