

## Menu 221

### Chapter 221: Associations

I am an assassin, known by the nickname 'Box'.

Name?

I had forgotten it by the time I chose to become an assassin.

In Newdeth City, I am somewhat famous.

So, quite a few people are willing to hire me.

This time was no exception.

Moreover, two 'big jobs' came at the same time.

One was to assassinate a psychologist named Hannibal, apparently because he knew some significant information that necessitated his elimination.

The other was to kill a pastry chef named Giselle, who must have offended some important figure.

The rewards for both tasks were quite substantial.

However, the difficulty of the two targets was not the same.

The former had a wide network of connections and had set up a charity foundation.

Such a person's death would certainly cause an uproar in Newdeth City, those newspapers chasing circulation would definitely report on it incessantly, and the police would surely delve into the case under public pressure.

For an assassin like him, this was highly unfavorable.

But who was he?

He was 'Box'.

An assassin with some renown in Newdeth City.

What he was after was to take it a step further.

What he needed was soaring notoriety.

Only by overcoming numerous challenges could he achieve this.

Therefore...

He chose the female pastry chef, Giselle.

After consecutive stakeouts, he was ready to strike today as soon as 'Watchdog Pastry House' opened its doors.

But consecutive gunfire and explosions were thwarting his plans.

Watching those police officers cordoning off the scene, he had no intention of giving up.

Or rather...

He believed he could kill the female pastry chef and then leave safely afterward.

As long as there was no gunfire.

A knife would do just as well.

He had arranged his identity: the butler of a high-society gentleman.

The family needed to host a party and was hiring a pastry chef temporarily.

Such a rationale was sufficient.

Through his investigation, 'Watchdog Pastry House' offered such services, having gone to the homes of high-society individuals more than once before, and using this excuse was just perfect.

However, why was that homeless man still here?

It seemed he had been cleaning the shop since the morning.

Working in exchange for food?

It's a pity.

Originally, you didn't have to die.

But who told you to be so unlucky?

'Box' felt regret, yet he didn't even glance at Jason.

Maintaining the demeanor of a butler from high society, he said to the female pastry chef, precisely and methodically:

"Our family needs to host a party."

"You, as a pastry chef, are quite famous."

"Moreover, you've been recommended by more than one family to us."

"Thus, my master hopes that you can come and take charge of the pastry part of the party."

Having said this, the assassin respectfully bowed.

"Is that so?"

The female pastry chef looked troubled, but she declined:

“I am sorry.”

“Some accidents have happened here recently.”

“I simply cannot take on another party’s pastry orders.”

“I truly apologize.”

After repeating her apologies several times, the female pastry chef gave a slight bow.

And, to make up for the apology she felt in her heart, she began to turn around to pack up some clean pastries.

Everything is just as I had anticipated!

‘Box’ laughed inwardly.

After observing her for several days, he had discovered a very good habit of the female pastry chef: when she couldn't help and needed to express her apologies, she would give some pastries to the other person.

This time was naturally no exception.

Watching the female pastry chef approaching, the assassin made his final preparations.

Three steps.

Two steps.

One step.

"Consider these pastries as a..."

The female pastry chef began to speak, maintaining her smile when 'Box', with a flick of his right sleeve,

a dagger suddenly appeared in his hand.

Grasping the dagger with his right hand, 'Box' thrust it straight at the female pastry chef's neck.

In the assassin's mind, he planned to kill the female pastry chef with one blow, then pull out the dagger and throw it at the vagrant.

The female pastry chef was petrified by the sudden turn of events.

The paper bag filled with pastries just dropped from her hands.

However, a large hand caught the paper bag before it hit the ground, just as it caught the hand holding the dagger mid-thrust.

And then?

Jason, holding the paper bag full of pastries in one hand, swung the assassin in front of him with the other and slammed him hard onto the solid floor.

Bang!

The assassin crashed to the ground, eyes rolling back as he passed out.



After stomping on the assassin's neck once more, Jason then said to the shocked female pastry chef,

"Call the police."

"Oh, okay, sure."

The female pastry chef nodded blankly, staggering towards the outside of the shop.

Staring death in the face, narrowly escaping the Reaper's grasp.

Such a feeling is completely different from being a mere spectator.

When the dagger was thrust at her, she thought she was a goner.

Thankfully, thankfully...

Subconsciously, the female pastry chef glanced back.

She saw Jason carefully placing the paper bag filled with pastries on the counter he had just cleared.

This gentle act, for some reason, became incredibly attractive to the female pastry chef.

Earlier hesitation, not knowing whether to speak up, now suddenly turned into firm resolve.

After placing the pastries on the counter and thoroughly inspecting them, Jason noticed two of the puffs were ruined. Silently, he turned around and stomped once more on the neck of the assassin.

Then, he pulled over a chair from inside the shop, sat next to the fallen assassin, and watched him.

Jason began to sort through all the events that had happened from Heart Park until now that were directly related to the female pastry chef—

1. The hooligans she encountered in the morning came for the pastries with malice in their hearts.

2. The previous intruders did not truly harm Giselle; they seemed to be searching for something or preparing to interrogate her.

3. The guy before him came to kill Giselle.

1 and 3 exhibited a contrasting relationship.

Both had the same essence, but completely different methods.

1 was childish, mere mischief, while 3 was clean and decisive.

As for 2?

Jason started surveying the entire shop.

“Is there anything worth finding here?”

Without a doubt, there was nothing on the ground floor of the shop.

Go up to the second floor?

Without the female pastry chef’s permission, Jason would not go up.

The female pastry chef was not an enemy.

She had not caused him any trouble.

She had even made delicious pastries.

In front of such a person, Jason was willing to adhere to his principles.

Besides, he believed that Edward, who had taken the 'intruder' away, would likely know more.

And Edward?

He would probably be back soon.

Indeed, Edward returned even faster than Jason had expected.

Still driving solo, Edward stepped out of the car as soon as it came to a halt and headed straight for the 'Watchdog Pastry House'.

Entering the shop, he saw Jason sitting there. He glanced at the fallen assassin and involuntarily furrowed his brow. Only after confirming that the assassin was merely unconscious did Edward's brow relax.

Yet, his gaze towards Jason was somewhat strange.

“Are you ‘Calamity’?”

He couldn’t help but ask.

Hearing this, Jason answered seriously,

“Calamity?”

“How could that be?”

“I’m just Jason.”