

Menu 228

Chapter 228: Understanding the Extraordinary Little Bansey

Bansey had regained consciousness by the time he was lifted onto the ambulance.

However, for safety's sake, Edward still ordered Bansey to undergo a brief examination at the hospital.

After being confirmed alright, Bansey returned directly to the police station.

Despite the doctor's suggestion that he rest for a few days.

As Edward's assistant, Bansey was well aware of the kind of situation his chief was facing.

Not just external enemies, but internal ones as well.

How could he possibly rest at a time like this?

Upon his return to the station, he saw Ada peering around nervously in front of the 'Special Operations Team' office.

"What's the matter?"

Bansey was familiar with Ada, the communication operator.

Not just because of her sweet voice, but also because she was one of the few people who didn't show hostility toward the 'Special Operations Team'; in fact, she could be said to be one of the only people in the entire police department. The communications team maintained this stance.

Because they were harmless to everyone.

"Bansey? You've been discharged?"

"That's great!"

"Deputy Chief Edward just called to say..."

Seeing Bansey behind her, the operator's face lit up with joy.

She immediately lowered her voice to pass on what Edward had just communicated over the phone.

After listening to Ada's relay, Bansey's brow furrowed in anger and a cold gleam flashed in his eyes.

Damn!

The chief was abducted?!

Who was behind this?

Those bastards? Or those big rats?

While thinking this, Bansey calmly instructed Ada.

“Keep what was just said buried in your heart, and do not tell anyone,” Bansey admonished.

“Okay.”

The not-foolish operator nodded and quickly returned to the communications room.

Bansey then walked seriously toward the ‘Special Operations Team’s’ armory.

Money?

Of course, there was none.

A true man must face challenges head-on.

Bansey picked up a rifle, placing grenades on himself, all the while thinking.

After consuming 20 portions of lamb chops, Jason finally put down his knife and fork.

He didn't have the Dada red wine, but ordered a cup of tea instead.

This act of his allowed Edward to sigh in relief.

"Thank goodness Jason isn't interested in alcohol, otherwise..."

"I'd have to stay behind to wash dishes, huh?" Edward silently mused.

As a frontline worker, his salary and subsidies were decent, but this meal really made his heart ache, even more acutely than the 'heartache' he felt earlier.

He had silently calculated that it would cost him at least three weeks of salary.

And as a single man, how could he possibly have savings?

So, borrowing money was the only option.

And for the coming period, he would have to cut back on expenses.

He hoped Bansey and the others had enough money.

Edward prayed, then, began actively steering the conversation back to the earlier topic.

“What do you need?”

“Certainly not food.”

“You’re full, right?” As soon as the words left his mouth, Edward realized the ambiguity in them. The leader of the ‘Special Operations Group’ hastily asked.

“Five parts full, just right,” Jason answered truthfully.

However, his gaze still swept over the pastry chef's tray of lamb chops.

The pastry chef saw this gesture.

"I have a small appetite, I'm good with just a salad," the pastry chef said as she pushed the lamb chops toward Jason.

Throughout, the pastry chef maintained an angelic smile, a white, fluffy feeling spontaneously arising.

“

"Thank you."

When it came to food, Jason really found it hard to refuse.

He silently calculated the price of the food, yet he realized that during such times, it was difficult to calculate courtesy by a specific price.

More needed to be given!

Thinking this, Jason started to pick up his knife and fork again.

Watching Jason eat at the same voracious pace as before, Edward gasped in surprise.

Can he still eat?

Does his stomach connect to another dimension?

That's what the team leader thought to himself.

Meanwhile, Hannibal, seated at a distance, found the other two at the table increasingly bothersome.

Especially that woman.

Casually offering food to Jason and showing that shameless smile.

I really want to slit your throats and grow mushrooms.

Unconsciously, the doctor's hand, which held the dinner knife, applied a bit more force, and the tip of the knife scraped against the plate, producing a faint noise.

However, that faint sound was fleeting,

For the doctor's attention was once more captured by Jason, who continued eating.

Focused.

Serious.

Without any waste.

Though lacking etiquette, he adhered to his own rules.

How nice.

Quietly, the doctor praised.

But the good times were short-lived, as Jason finished another portion of lamb chops, and the table once again entered into a dull phase of conversation.

The doctor started to focus on his own food.

Jason didn't have the habit of wasting food.

Neither did he.

Even the sauce on his knife and fork, he didn't let it go to waste.

After nonchalantly glancing around, Jason lowered his voice.

"I need information on the 'female serial disappearance cases'."

"Real, valid information," Jason said.

This was the method Jason had just thought of to repay the female pastry chef for 'courteously' offering him the lamb chops.

At the same time, he needed more “city recognition”.

It was a win-win for Jason.

And for the female pastry chef, it was an unexpected surprise.

The female pastry chef looked at Jason, just about to say something, when Jason pointed at the empty plate.

“Compensation,” Jason stated clearly.

The female pastry chef immediately nodded her head.

At that moment, she didn’t care that Edward was paying for the meal. All she knew was that if Jason helped her look for her sister, the chances of finding Evelyn would be much greater.

After all, she had personally experienced Jason’s insight.

“Okay,” she agreed.

Edward nodded as well, without any attempt to keep the conversation hidden from the female pastry chef, who was one of the concerned parties.

“Up to now, there have been seven cases of female disappearances,” Edward shared.

“The women who disappeared are mostly young and attractive.”

“The missing persons do not know each other, nor do they have similar backgrounds or identities, ranging from students to nurses, to ordinary sales clerks.”

“The most recent case was on October 26. The person who reported the case was Ms. Giselle, claiming that her sister did not return home normally after school. Based on our previous summaries, we included it in this series of cases,” Edward continued, glancing at the female pastry chef.

Noticing that the female pastry chef only looked sad, without any more intense emotions, he immediately proceeded:

“The first disappearance case appeared on May 20th.”

“Although people did not pay attention to this case at the time, as the incidents became more frequent, it too received attention.”

“I personally investigated the first case,”

“And then...” Edward paused, pushing his glasses up and elongating his tone:

“I discovered something different.”