

Menu 229

Chapter 229: Smart in Different Ways...

Different things?

Jason, the female pastry chef, couldn't help but sit up straight.

"The missing person had once joined a 'Philosophy' club."

"But a week before her disappearance, she quit the club."

"What's more interesting is..."

"The club dissolved following her disappearance."

Edward said as he picked up his cup and took a slight sip of tea, although he had a preference for red wine, he abstained from alcohol during work hours.

Quitting the 'Philosophy' club.

Then disappearing.

The club dissolved subsequently.

The female pastry chef once again propped her left elbow with her right hand, the thumb of her left hand resting on her chin, the second joint of her index finger against the tip of her nose, the remaining three fingers loosely curled into a fist, her expression becoming more serious.

The next moment, she asked.

“Who was the founder of this club?”

Edward looked at the female pastry chef with surprise.

The leader of the special operations team had not expected the pastry chef to identify one of the keys so quickly.

“The founder of the club was Bella, a junior at St. Mungo’s Academy.”

“However, she had transferred to another school before I inquired.”

“The contact address she left behind was empty, including her parents.”

Edward answered.

“You didn’t find her?”

The female pastry chef frowned.

“No.”

Edward sighed.

“Another disappearance?”

The female pastry chef murmured softly.

“Yes.”

“Another missing case.”

“But this one wasn’t registered because, no one reported it.”

“Or rather...”

“All those who could report are gone.”

Edward nodded.

Then, the leader of the special operations team summarized, “This case is different from the subsequent ones; it left behind quite a few clues. Although the clues ultimately ran cold, they were still present, unlike the following ones—neat and clean, with no traces to follow.” Ĩ

“The first case.”

“The first crime.”

“So, inexperienced, and then...”

“Swiftly becoming mature, leaving no flaws.”

The female pastry chef pondered aloud.

Then, both the female pastry chef and Edward looked troubled.

They seemed to have hit a dead end.

Jason, watching them, gently knocked on the table.

Thump.

Immediately, both of them were drawn to the sound.

“Don’t forget, the two people in the central park this morning chasing pastries, the attacker who broke into the patisserie afterward, and... that killer.”

Jason reminded them.

Edward was startled.

Indeed.

How could I forget such an obvious clue? Could it be that too many late nights have compromised my memory?

The leader of the special operations team couldn't help but shake his head.

The female pastry chef, however, quickly associated something.

"Maybe..."

"It's not that there are no clues."

"They have been wiped clean by someone."

"Just as before, if it weren't for Jason, I would have been dead already."

The female pastry chef said, then turned to look at Jason, revealing a smile.

A very sweet smile, especially fluffy under the white coat.

Edward's expression was solemn.

“I will start looking into it immediately.”

The leader said, but he did not take immediate action.

Jason knew what the other party was waiting for.

“If I encounter those people or if they contact me, I will inform you.”

Jason spoke thusly.

“Pleasure doing business.”

Edward extended his right hand.

Jason shook hands with the man, and just as he withdrew his palm, a fully armed figure suddenly charged into the restaurant. After a standard combat roll, he bellowed—

“Commander, I’m here to rescue you!”

The gun raised high.

A face that accepted death as an inevitability.

The Miss & Mr Restaurant lobby quickly fell silent.

Especially Edward, whose complexion changed several times.

“Bansey, what are you doing?”

Edward rushed over and asked in a hushed voice.

“Commander, you’ve been kidnapped, I’ve come to rescue you!”

Bansey answered earnestly.

“Who said I’ve been kidnapped? I...”

“Commander, are you wearing a bomb, threatened by someone?”

"It's fine, I can defuse it!"

"If it's inconvenient to speak, just blink at me."

"Not glare, blink."

Before Edward could finish explaining, Bansey rapidly interjected.

Edward glared at his subordinate.

He subconsciously wanted to cover his face, but to avoid his subordinate's misunderstanding and to leave this awkward situation quickly, Edward could only maintain his composure and whispered to his subordinate, "Did you bring money?"

"Exactly, Commander, you've been kidnapped!"

"Don't worry, I..."

"Did you bring any money?"

Edward interrupted Bansey.

“A true warrior is not threatened, we face difficulties head-on!”

“We will not pay any ransom, it will only embolden them. We shall tell them what true Strength is with bullets!”

Bansey replied with conviction.

Dr. Hannibal put down his knife and fork, looking at the two clown-like guys, feeling as though his good mood for the day was ruined, especially seeing Jason get up to leave.

Jason gestured to Edward, then left with the female pastry chef.

He believed Edward could handle such a small matter.

The female pastry chef believed it too.

After all...

Two people washing dishes would be faster.

“Eh, where are we going?”

Following Jason dazedly for several minutes, the female pastry chef realized this was not the way home.

“St. Mungo’s Academy.”

Jason answered.

Upon hearing Jason’s answer, the dazed pastry chef instantly became alert.

“Though the traces have been wiped away, the act of erasing them has left new traces.”

“And with time, some of these traces fade while others become increasingly clear because...”

“The one who erased them believes they are safe and becomes careless!”

She muttered softly.

Then, looked up with a smile at Jason again.

A sweet smile, tinged with a bit of naiveté.

I just want to go to St. Mungo's Academy to use "Death Perception."

Jason thought to himself.

Then, he nodded.

"Exactly."

"Just as you've deduced."

Jason replied frankly.

"No, no."

“It was through your guidance, Jason, that I noticed these things.”

“I’m usually quite slow, I wouldn’t have picked up on these on my own.”

The female pastry chef said shyly, looking down and blushing slightly.

No.

You’re just intelligent in a way that’s different from others.

Unexpectedly, Jason thought of her.

A girl who was also smart in a different way.

Thank goodness I’m a normal person.

Jason felt relieved.

Then, he hailed a public horse-drawn carriage.

Even though Newdeth City already had automobiles, these to Jason's view ancient cars were still cutting-edge products of the era, exceedingly expensive and thus difficult to popularize.

Most people still used horse-drawn carriages for transportation.

Jason and the female pastry chef boarded the carriage.

Just as the coachman was about to snap the reins—

“Wait.”