

Menu 233

Chapter 233: How to Impress Jason

Two people?!

Edward froze for a moment before reacting instantly.

One was the bold and ruthless true culprit, who had tortured Bella!

The other was a flustered accomplice, responsible for burying the body!

Moreover, the latter must be someone intimately connected with the equestrian center!

“So that’s it.”

“Bansey, take people to investigate the equestrian center staff at the academy.”

“Bring back anyone suspicious to me!”

Edward let out a sigh, giving orders to his subordinate.

“Yes, sir!”

Bansey immediately sprung into action.

Edward then turned his gaze back to the female pastry chef, unable to resist praising:

“Miss Giselle, your perception is truly keen!”

“No.”

“The truly keen one is Jason.”

“Without Jason, I couldn’t have noticed all these.”

The female pastry chef immediately shook her head.

Then, she pointed into the distance.

“Also, Officer Bansey doesn’t need to hurry.”

“Jason has already caught the culprit.”

Caught the culprit?

“Look, it’s the stable keeper!”

“He killed Bella?!”

In that moment of shock, filled with momentum, Bansey heard the students’ exclamations, and as he instinctively turned around, he saw the tall Jason walking leisurely, dragging a man along. Pă

The man being dragged flailed his limbs, trying to break free from Jason, while shouting.

“It wasn’t me!”

“I didn’t kill anyone!”

“It really wasn’t me!”

“I was just forced to bury the body!”

No interrogation was needed; the answer was already clear.

But Bansey, who a moment ago was filled with drive, now felt a wave of confusion.

This feeling of achieving so much without doing anything...

Felt pretty good!

No!

That's not right!

Quickly, Bansey shook his head, feeling a great sense of guilt rising in his heart.

He felt he had betrayed his own honor.

How could I think of these things at a time like this?

I must redouble my efforts!

He is an accomplice!

I must strive to find the true culprit!

Bansey vigorously rubbed his face and smelling the dish soap on his hands, instantly felt invigorated and took big strides towards Jason.

Jason handed over the accomplice, tainted with the “aura of death,” to little Bansey.

“Although I’ve already experienced it once, your observational skills are truly admirable!” Edward exclaimed in praise.

Observational skills?

I just habitually scanned with [Death Perception] and happened to notice the buried body underground and the person contaminated with the “aura of death” in the distance.

Jason thought silently, glancing at the female pastry chef whose face once again carried that sweet, fluffy smile.

Then, he nodded calmly.

“Mhm.”

“I’m used to it.”

He truly was used to it.

With Peters before, and Giselle after.

Was there anything that the two couldn’t find a reasonable explanation for?

No!

Everything was logical.

Everything was so perfect.

Jason truly felt these sentiments spontaneously.

Yet hearing Jason's response, Edward obviously thought of something.

"Yes," he agreed.

"Without such observational skills, how could you possibly have survived until now?"

Edward said this, intending to pat Jason on the shoulder as a form of encouragement.

But Jason dodged it.

Jason disliked such contact.

Watching Jason's instinctive avoidance, Edward recalled Jason's trauma and stress syndrome.

Instantly, his eyes filled with regret.

He nodded and said:

"Don't worry, I understand."

“You do too?”

Jason was taken aback, then shook his head.

Forget it.

It doesn't make a difference with just one more.

Then, maintaining silence became a habit.

After all, for someone normal like him, just conscientiously and cautiously searching for food had already taken up too much energy. There really wasn't much left to care about other matters.

Not to mention explaining things that already had reasonable explanations.

Existence is reason.

If they believe it to be so, then it really is so.

Excessive explanations would only backfire.

Therefore, it was necessary to bring up something constructively meaningful—

“When are we going to have dinner?”

Jason asked.

Edward, who had wanted to say more, stiffened. It was as if his hands once again felt the soaking of Newdeth City’s cold November water, starting to shiver uncontrollably.

“The case is urgent, I must process it overnight right away.”

“If there’s anything, I will go to ‘Watchdog Pastry House’ to find you.”

After speaking, Edward turned and left.

His steps were quick as he hurried back to his car, bringing a gust of wind with him.

It was only when he realized Jason wasn't following that Edward breathed a sigh of relief, subconsciously wiping the cold sweat from his forehead.

Too terrifying.

A single meal had cost him three weeks of salary + allowance.

If there was another meal like that, he suspected he would be left to face the cold wind next month.

Could it be...

Because he could eat so much, was that why the military bigwigs let him go?

Suddenly, Edward thought of this.

Remembering Jason's seemingly insatiable expression at lunch, he couldn't help but somewhat believe his own conjecture.

Then, he shouted at Bansey:

“Speed up!”

“We have a lot to do!”

“Yes!”

Little Bansey answered.

After the bodies and belongings were loaded into the car, Edward ordered to drive off immediately.

He swore that he would never seek out Jason at a restaurant again.

Jason silently watched as Edward and his party vanished like the wind.

He had actually wanted to invite him for dinner.

From the lunch meal, he could tell that Edward was strapped for cash; therefore, he considered Edward's face and only ate to three-tenths full, kindly telling him it was half-full.

Then, he decided to invite him for dinner that evening.

But who knew Edward would be so busy?

Well, never mind then.

Thinking this, Jason turned and looked at the female pastry chef.

“I—I don’t have much money, to take you out for a meal.”

“But I can make all sorts of pastries.”

“Is that okay?”

The female pastry chef stuttered.

“Of course.”

As for food, Jason wasn’t picky.

Moreover, to increase his “City Recognition,” Jason, who was now highly interested in the ‘serial disappearances of women’, had intended to follow her for the time being.

It absolutely wasn’t because of the pastries.

Absolutely not!

And just as the two were about to take the public horse cart away, Tedi caught up to them.

“I have a car, let the driver take you.”

A car different from the police vehicle pulled away from St. Mungo’s Academy.

Jason and the female pastry chef sat in the back.

Tedi, before the car pulled away, took a seat in the front passenger side.

And, she would steal glances at Jason from time to time, her eyes filled with curiosity.

When they had been driving for about ten minutes, Tedi could no longer restrain her curiosity.

“Jason, were you in the military?”

“Yeah.”

“Then why did you become a homeless person?”

“Poor.”

“How did you just now stop the dog?”

“Hungry.”

Hungry???’

Tedi was taken aback, then blinked and soon let out a light laugh.

“Jason, you really have a sense of humor.”

“It must be the aura you honed on the battlefield that scared the dog.”

“We were scared too.”

“Although we’ve been training all the time, we’ve never had real combat training, so... I was thinking of hiring you as an instructor for the student council, would that be okay?”

Jason remained silent.

Looking at the silent Jason, Tedi felt a bit nervous.

Because she really didn’t know how much it would cost to hire someone like Jason.

All she could do was offer what she knew was the condition for an associate professorship at St. Mungo’s.

“A weekly salary of 35 dollars, with three meals included...”

“Okay.”