

Menu 236

Chapter 236: Not Giving Up Food for 'Food

Jason's fist viciously smashed into Griffin's stomach.

Instantly, the self-proclaimed negotiator's unfinished words were abruptly cut short. His body bent like a shrimp, but before he could fully bow, Jason had grabbed him by the collar and hoisted him up to face him.

In the midst of excruciating pain, Griffin, faced with Jason, whose nostrils were twitching incessantly and whose face exhibited a mix of excitement and anticipation, was utterly confused.

He couldn't understand why Jason would show such an expression.

Was it a symptom of post-traumatic stress disorder?

Thinking thus, Griffin didn't stop talking.

"Wait!"

"I am just a negotiator!"

“I mean no harm!”

Griffin explained.

But Jason didn't pay any attention to these words.

“Who sent you to talk about my food...”

He asked directly.

“No!”

“I can't tell!”

“It's about the dignity of a negotiator; I would rather die than reveal it!”

Griffin declared resolutely.

Jason frowned, and a predatory aura, mixed with a sharpness no longer containable due to hunger, erupted from within him.

Suddenly, Griffin trembled all over.

The self-proclaimed negotiator felt as though he was being targeted by fierce beasts like tigers or lions.

Especially when he saw Jason's eyes turning increasingly cold, he couldn't help but tremble deep inside.

Immediately, Griffin made a life decision.

"If I don't die, I'll confess everything."

"Mr. Jason, do you need a guide?"

"I am known as the living map of Newdeth City, at your service."

Griffin offered with a beaming smile.

Backtracking?

Can a negotiator's words be called backtracking?

This is a survival strategy for a negotiator.

“No rush, just wait a moment.”

Jason responded in that manner.

‘Food’ had appeared, but Jason didn’t forget about the pastry.

Especially when that pastry’s aroma filled the pastry house at the moment of its emergence from the oven, Jason could smell it.

Not forsaking food because of ‘food.’

Jason made his decision in an instant.

Of course, the food was his alone.

So—

Bang!

With a chop of his hand, Griffin collapsed to the ground.

Jason carried him back to the 'Watchdog Pastry House.'

The female pastry chef was picking out walnut buns and, upon seeing Jason enter with an unfamiliar man, almost reflexively asked:

"Call the police?"

The female pastry chef had come to take it in stride.

There was not a hint of panic at this time.

"Mhm."

Jason nodded without objection.

That was another matter for Jason upon returning to the pastry house.

He wanted to know Edward and Newdeth City's attitude towards 'food.'

Or rather...

Whether it was kept hush-hush.

Or known yet met with silence.

Whether he sought greater recognition from the city, or to find more 'food,' he needed to know these things.

When the female pastry chef saw Jason nod, she immediately reached for the shop's telephone.

After the telecom company's repairs, the telephone was operational again.

"Hello..."

"Why is it you again, time after time?"

The off-duty Ada recognized the female pastry chef's voice the moment the call connected, because it was all too familiar.

Five times!

Five times in one day!

And every time, a crime!

Thinking of this, the receptionist's heart tightened.

"It didn't happen again, did it?"

"Ah? Someone was knocked out."

"That's better, much better."

"I'll pass the message to Chief Edward."

After hearing the female pastry chef's account, the receptionist let out a sigh of relief.

“

It's good no one died.

If someone else had died, I'd really start thinking you were the Reaper!

After hanging up the phone, she stood up and prepared to go to the 'Special Operations Group' office.

In the office, Edward was not there.

Only Bansey and the others were present.

“Bansey, where's Chief Edward?”

The receptionist asked.

“Interrogating a suspect, what's up?”

Bansey answered.

“That lady called again.”

The receptionist said.

“Which lady?”

“Giselle?”

“I’ll go find the captain right away.”

Thinking of Edward’s repeated instructions to ‘inform me immediately about anything concerning Jason or Giselle,’ Bansey stood up and headed toward the interrogation room.

A moment later, he returned with Edward.

The receptionist immediately started recounting the story in the corridor.

By this time, the sky had turned completely dark.

Yet, the corridors of the police station were bustling with activity.

There were officers working on cases or on duty, as well as some clerical staff who could leave for the day.

One of the clerks passing by the interrogation room glanced inside out of habit when she noticed the door was open.

Then—

“Aaaah!”

“There’s a dead person!”

She was already sitting paralyzed with fear on the ground.

Edward and Bansey, who had been in the corridor, ran toward the screams upon hearing them.

The receptionist hesitated for a moment before running after them.

Then she saw the suspect they had just brought back, with a face turned blue-black lying on the table, blood around his mouth, the 'ink' and a cup of coffee spilled over the desk, staining everything.

Another death?

Was it really the Reaper?

A delusion!

It must be a delusion!

The receptionist shook her head, denying her own thoughts.

Edward's face, on the other hand, was extremely grim.

It wasn't just the stable watchman who had died.

One of his subordinates who was questioned about the stable watchman had also died.

And...

If the receptionist hadn't called him out, he would have died at this very moment as well!

Edward guessed how the perpetrator killed his subordinate and the stable watchman.

Because it was way too conspicuous.

Coffee!

Someone had poisoned the coffee!

And the subsequent investigation proved it—

"Captain, the coffee was indeed poisoned."

Bansey's quick confirmation turned Edward's already sharp gaze into that of a knife.

The stable watchman did indeed know some things.

Therefore, when the stable watchman asked for coffee, Edward agreed.

The coffee came from inside the police station.

Even, it was personally served by his subordinate.

Naturally, the poisoner was from within the police station as well.

And this move showed nothing but sheer desperation.

Similarly, it also proved that the attacker was even more skillful than he had imagined.

“Find out who gave ‘Ink’ the coffee.”

“Keep a close eye on the riffraff, intruders, and assassins we’ve brought in.”

“And...”

“Those guys I told you to watch carefully, check who was around just now, and arrest anyone who was!”

Edward gave his orders calmly.

But even the receptionist could sense the anger in his voice.

Moreover, she guessed who Edward was keeping a close watch on.

The corrupt cops who took money under the table, making deals in secret.

This was no secret in Newdeth City.

The deceased Sandwick was one of the prominent figures among them.

However, the receptionist did not want to get involved.

She was just there to earn a living wage.

So, after greeting Edward and Bansey, she left the police station.

She walked out of the police station building, heading straight for the tram station.

At that moment, a car stopped beside her, and the window rolled down.

“Good evening, ma’am.”