

## Menu 237

Chapter 237: Dinner Invitation

A young man was sitting in the car.

With his slightly fancy coat and long hair draped over his shoulders, he could be considered handsome, but something about his gaze made Ada feel uncomfortable.

It was like that of a hardened criminal pressed into a cage.

Repressed, yet crazed.

Faced with such a person, the switchboard operator wisely took a step back, watching him with a guarded look.

“Don’t worry, I’m not a bad guy.”

“I just saw you were alone and wondered if you wanted a lift.”

“But, it seems you don’t need one.”

As he said that, he rolled up the window and signaled the driver to drive off.

In the roar of the engine, the car slowly pulled away.

Watching the departing car, the switchboard operator let out a sigh of relief.

Had he insisted on her getting in the car just now, she would have run back.

After all, the police station was not far away.

It's just as well.

With that thought, the switchboard operator once again waited for the public carriage to arrive.

But behind her, a hand suddenly stretched out from the darkness.

A handkerchief was wedged in the palm of the hand, which was placed directly over the switchboard operator's mouth.

"Mmm, mmm..."

The switchboard operator struggled briefly before losing consciousness.

The car that had just left returned.

The young man who had appeared behind the switchboard operator without anyone noticing, and with an excited smile, threw her into the back seat of the car, then neatly adjusted his coat before getting in himself.

“Drive.”

He ordered.

The car started again.

However, the driver spoke up:

“Young master, you promised the master...”

“Shut up!”

“I know what I’m doing!”

“It’s none of your business!”

The driver hadn’t finished speaking before he was cut off.

Afterward, the driver maintained his silence.

The young man, on the other hand, gazed at the unconscious switchboard operator with a face filled with rapture.

Hunting!

Constant hunting!

The feeling was too great!

How could I stop!

The entire city will be my hunting ground!

The young man's face twisted and contorted unconsciously.

...

Under the light.

A dining table appeared inside the Watchdog Pastry House on the ground floor.

The front door had already been closed.

The female pastry chef sat opposite, resting on her hands, watching Jason who couldn't wait to reach for a walnut bun.

The walnut bun was soft and flaky, and the crushed walnuts on top weren't bitter at all but rather sweet.

It must have been treated using a special technique.

"I simmered it in broth before stir-frying and then crushing it,"

Seeing Jason's puzzlement, the female pastry chef explained.

Jason nodded, not even bothering to respond.

His hand moved so quickly that it left afterimages.

The twelve walnut buns were almost gone in an instant.

"Water."

The female pastry chef passed him a cup of water.

It had double the peppermint and lemon added.

It was to cut through the richness.

Jason downed it in one go.

Then, he picked up a tart beside him.

Crunch, crunch.

The golden egg tart, crispy on the outside, made a series of crunchy sounds when chewed, soft and sticky on the inside, and it had... apple bits.

The crispness, which should have been muted, was revived.

The hint of sourness didn't dilute the sweetness of the tart; instead, it made the sweetness even more pronounced.

"Actually, I wanted to add some light cream and raisins."

"But the pastries today are sweet enough already."

"That would not only fail to enhance the sweetness but render it tasteless."

The female pastry chef said.

Sourness can bring out sweetness?

Jason quietly took note of this.

And as Jason ate the last tart and had another cup of double mint and lemon water, the headlights flickered outside the window.

The footsteps of Edward and Bansey could be heard.

Then came a knock on the door.

Thump, thump-thump.

The female pastry chef walked quickly to the door and opened it.

“Good evening, Miss Giselle.”

“Good evening, Edward, Bansey.”

After exchanging greetings, Edward’s gaze shifted to the man lying on the ground, claiming to be a speaker.



After scrutinizing the man's appearance, the leader of the special operations unit immediately confirmed his identity.

"Griffin!"

Edward exclaimed.

"You know him?"

The female pastry chef looked at Edward in surprise.

"Hmm."

"This guy is an information broker, a middleman dealing in items that straddle the line between legal and illegal. He's somewhat well-known in Newdeth City."

"He'll do anything that makes money."

"But he doesn't go too far."

“Even if caught, it’s just a few months in jail, or at most a fine.”

Edward introduced the man.

Then, he turned to Jason.

“He claims he is a speaker?”

“The bastard behind the serial disappearance of women hired him to persuade you?”

The leader of the special operations unit asked for confirmation.

Jason nodded.

Right after Jason nodded, Edward grabbed the man by the hair and dragged him outside.

Jason and the female pastry chef looked at Bansey, who was also grinding his teeth with a puzzled expression.

“The racetrack guard is dead.”

“‘Ink,’ who interrogated him with us, is also dead.”

“If it weren’t for Miss Giselle’s call bringing the captain out, the captain would have...”

The sentence was left unfinished, but the implication was clear enough.

The female pastry chef covered her mouth, her eyes wide open in shock.

She had never imagined that such things could happen within the police department of Newdeth City.

Jason thought of the deceased Sundack.

Had things deteriorated to this extent?

About five minutes later, Edward returned, dragging a bruised and swollen Griffin behind him.

Even with a bruised and swollen face, Griffin’s eyes were still blurry.

Indeed.

He had to be confused.

He had willingly led the way only to be knocked out cold.

And then he had been brutally awakened.

If the knockout was so swift he hadn't felt the pain, the subsequent flurry of punches and kicks assuredly hurt.

He had wanted to resist.

But...

He couldn't beat Edward.

Instead, Edward's military combat skills had given him a savage beating.

That beating made Griffin instantly realize that not resisting meant just taking a beating.

If he had resisted, even if he hadn't been killed, he would have been disabled afterward.

Under the glare of the light, Griffin struggled to open his swollen eyes and with lips bruised and purple, he flashed a smile.

But beneath the swelling, his attempt to widen his eyes was only a narrow slit.

And as his lips, tinged with purple, parted, it inevitably resulted in a grimace displaying his teeth.

Griffin couldn't help but cover his mouth with his hand.

"Gentlemen, what can I do for you?"

"If it's something I can do, I will surely get it done."

"But... I don't have money."

Griffin said, maintaining his bottom line while covering his mouth.

“Who is that bastard?”

Edward asked.

He had not interrogated earlier because he believed Jason had the right to know these things.

Hearing the question, Griffin answered without hesitation.

“Councilor Davide.”

“What?!”

Edward, Bansey, and the female pastry chef all exclaimed in shock.

Seeing this long-anticipated scene, Griffin was extremely satisfied.

He had waited too long for this moment.

Only...

Why wasn't Jason surprised in the slightest?

Did he already know?

While Griffin was still pondering, he saw Jason stand up.

"What are you going to do? Don't you know the reputation of Councilor Davide?"

Griffin said cautiously.

He wanted to salvage some dignity while fearing to provoke Jason, so he chose his words carefully.

But Jason simply smiled.

He spoke indifferently—

"What does knowing or not knowing have to do with me, Jason?"

“I’m just going out for dinner.”