

Menu 242

Chapter 242: C Position

Who are you?

Upon hearing Jason's question, the people around him were taken aback.

That included the female pastry chef herself, who also paused in bewilderment.

Then, the female pastry chef spoke with a hint of confusion,

"I'm Giselle, aren't I?"

The frown on Jason's face deepened.

Just a moment ago, he could confirm that the scent of the female pastry chef had changed slightly, like a steamy sensation similar to boiling fish, but now she had reverted to her original sweet scent.

What's going on?

Jason's nostrils flared instinctively.

It wasn't the smell of 'food.'

There was no malice either.

Jason was puzzled.

Concern showed in the female pastry chef's eyes, which was shared by Edward, Bansey, and the others.

Griffin muttered subconsciously,

"Do you think..."

"Could he be sick?"

"Is he dangerous?"

"He wouldn't bite someone, would he?"

Slap!

Another slap was heard.

It was the female pastry chef who delivered it again.

“Why did you hit me?”

“And always the same side?”

Griffin bellowed indignantly.

Slap!

Before the words were even finished, the female pastry chef struck back with her hand.

After slapping, the confused pastry chef seemed to wake up suddenly.

“Sorry, sorry.”

“I don’t know why but...”

“I couldn’t seem to control myself just now.”

The female pastry chef kept apologizing.

Griffin, covering both cheeks, looked at the pastry chef in front of him and instinctively took a step back.

He suddenly realized that she was the most dangerous one here.

Not only were her attacks unanticipated, but there was also no sense of remorse afterward.

Was that bewildered look on her face just a façade?

Griffin recalled the odd behavior of the other party in the car.

“Jason, are you okay?”

“The police have a special psychologist.”

“He has considerable experience dealing with post-traumatic stress disorder.”

Edward, clearly misunderstanding the situation, walked over and spoke.

“I’m fine.”

“That scene just now made me feel uncomfortable.”

“He must be the ‘Serial Women’s Case’ killer, and there’s another girl who survived.”

Jason shook his head, then changed the subject without elaborating.

He pointed at little Davide on the ground.

Then, he looked seriously at Edward’s expression.

Excitement, elation.

All these expressions appeared on Edward’s face.

However, as for the vomit and such, Edward did not show much of a reaction, exhibiting only an instinctive response.

Had Edward not been exposed to special incidents?

Jason silently speculated.

The female pastry chef, after sizing up little Davide and the surroundings, crisply said:

“Jason, did you grab him by the back of the head and slam it into the ground?”

“He must have suffered a concussion, hence the vomiting.”

“The surviving girl was unfortunately splashed with the vomit, so she ran into the washroom.”

The speculation was almost as if she had witnessed it herself.

Jason did not object.

“Go check the washroom.”

Edward quickly ordered Bansey.

However, before Bansey could head to the washroom,

the police dispatcher lady had already come out.

“Ada?!”

“Bansey?! ”

When the two spotted each other, they were both astonished.

Then, seeing a familiar face, the dispatcher lady’s emotions were instantly released.

She burst into tears.

What had she been through that night?

First, she was kidnapped.

Then toyed with.

And finally...

She was smeared with vomit across her face, drenched in it.

Until now, she could still faintly smell that sour stench.

It was like hell itself.

Jason looked in surprise at the familiar faces of Bansey and Ada.

“She’s the police department’s dispatcher lady.”

“I recognize her voice.”

The pastry chef was explaining.

By her side, a flash of anger crossed Edward's face.

He had never thought he would encounter Ada here.

"Damn bastard, truly deserves to die!"

Edward roared.

"Ordinary stimulation is no longer enough to please him."

"He is in pursuit of more thrilling behaviors."

"Yet in his instincts, he still carries a hint of rational caution."

"So, the identity of this lady operator fits that very well."

"Close to the police, yet not a real officer."

The pastry chef spoke slowly.

Listening to the pastry chef, Edward couldn't help but nod slightly.

Standing by, Griffin looked at the nodding Edward as if he were looking at a fool.

Hey, hey, aren't you guys curious about how a pastry chef knows all this?

Isn't that strange?

Don't you have any reaction?

Griffin thought to himself but didn't want to stay here a moment longer.

It's bad enough there's one terrifying man.

But now there's a dangerous woman as well.

Especially since these two are together.

It's really too dangerous.

Better to take my leave.

Thinking this, Griffin gave Jason and the others a polite bow.

"Ladies and gentlemen, it was a pleasant yet brief evening."

"But all things must come to an end."

"We shall meet again in the future."

As he spoke, Griffin retreated to the edge of the hall.

Upon noticing that no one was paying attention to him, the self-proclaimed raconteur turned and ran.

He already smelled the sweet scent of freedom!

He couldn't wait any longer.

He never wanted to see the likes of Jason and Giselle again.

He wanted to leave this city.

He wanted to go to the warm south.

Thinking this, Griffin didn't watch his step.

He happened to step into a crater formed from an explosion, and then, with inertia, his body swayed.

Crack!

After a crisp sound, Griffin fell to the ground, his ankle rapidly swelling.

"Ahhhh!"

"My foot!"

Griffin cried out in pain.

Edward frowned looking at Griffin.

He was beginning to think there was something wrong with his source of information.

How could a guy like this possibly survive in the 'gutters'?

Must be some sort of imposter or swindler, right?

Edward thought and said to Bansey beside him:

"Urge the reinforcements."

"And get this guy an ambulance."

"Right."

"Cuff him, because we're going to thoroughly check for any fraud cases or the like."

Bansey executed Edward's commands with a hundred percent precision.

Directly, he handcuffed the sprained Griffin.

"Aren't we on the same side?"

"I showed you the way!"

"I made a contribution!"

Griffin shouted again.

Unfortunately, just like before, no one paid any attention to him.

Edward and Bansey took the opportunity to search for more evidence.

Jason was also searching.

But unlike Edward, he was searching for 'food' evidence.

He needed to confirm whether the 'Pusak Elf' was parasitic or born.

The pastry chef just followed behind Jason, her face still showing confusion.

Unfortunately, neither Edward nor Jason found anything.

Jason was prepared for this.

But Edward just frowned.

The next moment, what made Edward frown even more was that a group of reporters had somehow appeared here.

As soon as the reporters showed up, they began snapping photos of the place.

Edward and Bansey instinctively dodged.

Griffin, however, tried to hide his handcuffs while offering a smile.

He wanted to stand in the most dazzling spot.

He wanted to strike the coolest pose.

To be in the newspaper, yay!

It was his first time in his life!

But just as Griffin hadn't steadied himself, suddenly, he felt a powerful force squeezing.

Griffin stumbled several steps to the side.

When he turned his head, he saw Jason standing there.

Jason stood there erect, looking coldly at the reporters... No! Not just the reporters, it seemed his gaze was coolly sweeping over everything in the world. He said indifferently, "This world is truly filthy."