

Menu 243

Chapter 243: Newspaper

A faint tone of voice, low-pitched words.

They were like magnets, drawing in the reporters that had suddenly appeared.

One by one, they raised their cameras and pressed the shutter at Jason.

Click, click.

Under the flashing lights, Jason felt a bit nervous inside, but his exterior remained as indifferent as ever.

He reminded himself, it was all for the “city recognition.”

That’s right.

It was all for the “city recognition.”

Previously at the Amida Restaurant, when he first gained the “city recognition,” Jason had some speculations.

And the scene before him was his test: to see if letting more people know about him would increase his “city recognition.”

The flashlights flickered for a while.

When Jason estimated that it was about time, he ignored Edward and the others, and said to the female pastry chef,

“Let’s go.”

Having said that, Jason took large strides forward.

Releasing a hint of a sharp aura, the reporters who had been crowding in front of him quickly made way.

The female pastry chef hurried to catch up.

Before long, the two of them had disappeared from sight.

At this time, the reporters then turned their attention to Griffin, who was closest to Jason.

“Are you the criminal?”

One reporter asked bluntly.

“No!”

“I am a helper!”

After repeatedly denying it, Griffin emphasized his introduction with a stronger tone.

“What about your handcuffs?”

“That’s my hobby!”

“A hobby, understand?”

“Doesn’t everyone have some sort of hobby, right?”

Griffin stressed.

At this time, Edward's subordinates finally arrived.

"Have the reporters leave the estate for now."

"And..."

"Shut this guy up."

Edward ordered.

"Yes!"

The subordinates responded in unison.

The reporters cooperated and left the estate.

They had already obtained their exclusive stories, and staying longer wouldn't be of much use.

Of course, it was still necessary to keep someone for guard interviews.

As for the rest?

They exchanged glances, clearly seeing the determination in each other's eyes:

The big news of the day will be mine!

Then, one by one, they hurried towards Newdeth City.

Of course, most of them were on bicycles.

A few were in cars.

Swarming in.

Swarming out.

After these people had gone, a male and female figure emerged from the shadows to the side.

The man was tall and sturdy.

The woman was quiet and gentle.

“These people are really scary.”

The female pastry chef commented.

“People who work hard for their job are indeed very scary.”

Jason responded in such a way.

Then, he headed straight for the car he had come in.

This was already outside of Newdeth City, and Jason certainly didn’t want to walk back.

But just now, there had been too many people, making it unsuitable to discuss how to return.

Therefore, Jason made a decision on his own.

When Jason got into the car, the female pastry chef got in from the other side.

It was a subconscious act.

Once inside the car, the female pastry chef suddenly realized it seemed a bit inappropriate.

However, she did not get out.

Instead, she sat with her head lowered, blushing.

“Could you tell me about your sister?”

Jason suddenly asked.

The female pastry chef was taken aback.

“Evelyn?”

“She’s very active.”

“She doesn’t like cooking or baking all that much.”

“Liking to go out, but if I talk more...”

“She kind of hates me.”

At this point, the female pastry chef looked somewhat gloomy.

“Hates you?”

Jason turned his head, watching the pastry chef’s expression.

It seemed natural, not like an act.

But it could also be that she was so good at pretending that he couldn’t tell.

That, however, didn’t prevent him from continuing to listen.

“Yes.”

“We used to be together all the time.”

“But later, I didn’t know why, Evelyn began to hate me.”

“She never communicated with me directly and even avoided meeting me.”

“So much so, that she would always contact me by leaving notes.”

“Notes?”

Jason raised an eyebrow.

“Yes, notes.”

“When she came back, she would write me a note and leave it on the table.”

“Then, I would respond to her.”

“When she was in a good mood, she would occasionally bring me a postcard.”

The female pastry chef nodded, and when she mentioned the postcards, a kind and gentle smile spread across her face, like that of an elder sister or a mother.

Jason’s brow furrowed even more.

If he had felt something was off before, now it definitely seemed wrong.

He subconsciously flared his nostrils.

But,

there was still no scent of ‘food’.

“Not

Jason sighed inwardly.

And at that moment, Edward, who was escorting young Davide with his subordinates, stepped out.

The special operations team leader had a deep impatience on his face.

Upon seeing Jason and the female pastry chef in the car, he paused for a moment, then hurriedly shoved young Davide into the prison van.

Pulling open the car door, Edward hopped into the driver's seat.

"You're smart, knowing to stay out of the way."

"Do you know what I've just been through?"

"Questions! Endless questioning!"

"It made me feel like I was the criminal!"

Edward began to complain non-stop as soon as he got into the car.

Then, suddenly, he paused,

The leader of the special operations team turned around and said formally,

“Thank you.”

“We have already found the remains of those missing women in the basement of the mansion... that bastard can’t get away, I will make sure he hangs!”

“I express my gratitude on behalf of those poor souls.”

Saying so, Edward bowed slightly to show his thanks.

“We are allies.”

Jason responded like that.

“Right, we’re allies!”

Edward smiled, then promised, “The police have a reward for the ‘Serial Women Disappearance Case’, a total of 500 dollars, I will ensure you get every penny you’re entitled to.”

“After all...”

“Your appetite, it needs plenty of money to be satisfied.”

After finishing, Edward laughed again.

It was no longer the polite, formal smile.

It was the teasing shared between close friends.

Undoubtedly, the experiences before had made the leader of the special operations team start to recognize Jason.

Not just his abilities, but also his character.

Especially the latter, unmoved by a 2,000-dollar fee, knocking out Griffin immediately, and unflinchingly charging towards an armed crowd to capture young Davide.

Edward thought that someone like him was worth befriending.

Someone he could consider a friend.

Of course...

Just don't let him pay for meals.

The car continued on its way.

After dropping off Jason and the female pastry chef at the Watchdog Pastry House, Edward left.

Jason and the female pastry chef returned to their room.

A night without words.

The next day, before dawn, editions of the newspapers spread from the press to various locations.

Different front pages of the newspapers boasted enlarged, bold headlines—

“Nameless Hero Bravely Rescues Councilor’s Son from the Tiger’s Den!”

“Armed Men Kidnap Councilor’s Son, Creating a Tragic Incident!”