

Menu 244

Chapter 244: The Justice of Newdeth City?

Jason saw the newspapers at the breakfast table.

Giselle didn't have the habit of subscribing to a newspaper, but after noticing that Jason seemed to enjoy reading them, she specifically walked to the newsstand at the corner to purchase them.

Jason looked at the enlarged and bolded font, at his own photo, at the increased 5% "City Approval Rating," silently eating his breakfast.

A large portion of luncheon meat sandwich and hot milk.

The milk had sugar in it.

Warm and sweet.

Beside the luncheon meat was a fried egg.

The slightly charred fried egg was just perfect with the crispy softness of the meat.

Throughout the entire breakfast, Jason didn't say a single word.

The female pastry chef looked at Jason with concern.

She knew what had happened last night.

Similarly, she also knew why such reports appeared in the newspapers.

Little Davide's father.

Councilor Davide.

The other party had made a move.

Turning black into white.

Or should it be said...

Turning the tide?

No matter what it was, little Davide must be safe now.

But those girls...

Thinking about this, the female pastry chef's eyes reddened slightly.

But immediately, the pastry chef shifted her attention to Jason as he stood up.

"Jason?"

The pastry chef asked with worry.

If it weren't for Jason's habit of reading the newspaper, she would never have given these newspapers to him.

She would rather have Jason know nothing, lest his illness worsen.

"It's nothing."

"Isn't that just the way Newdeth City is?"

“Just like what those people say, it has long since changed.”

“Became... unfamiliar.”

Jason waved his hand and said, as he walked upstairs.

As he turned the corner to the second floor, Jason looked back at the pastry chef and said, “I want to sleep for a while, call me for lunch.”

Having said that, Jason entered the storage room.

Click.

The door closed gently, and the latch clicked crisply.

Jason slowly took off the homewear he was wearing—not given by the pastry chef, but the only set of presentable clothes he could muster from beneath his handcart. **x**

So, it was better not to stain such clothes with blood.

Especially the blood of certain beasts, which is filled with foul stench.

He put on the slightly dirty vagabond garb again and lifted his hand from within the clothes, taking out the hockey mask.

He slowly put on the mask.

Took a deep breath.

Then, exhaled heavily.

Whoosh!

The long-missed feeling of comfort and security appeared once more.

Picking up the broad-bladed short-handle machete, the cold gleam on the blade reflected in the eye sockets of the hockey mask, the eyes showing no flicker or movement, just cold killing intent.

The world has become sullied.

It naturally needs to be cleansed.

Blood, is the best detergent.

...

Crack!

Another cup was smashed fiercely onto the ground by Edward.

The cup shattered into pieces.

Panting, panting.

Edward was gasping for air in great gulps.

Like a wounded beast.

No.

A wounded beast would still know to lick its wounds, whereas Edward's wounds could never heal.

He had always ignored them.

Or rather, he had been avoiding them, but now they were thrown directly in his face.

It hit him until his nose was blue and his face swollen.

It hit him until he was covered in blood.

It hit him until he...

became lucid.

Yes.

Lucid.

Edward turned his head to look at the release order signed by the chief, his lips stretching into a smile.

A silent smile.

Ferocious.

And, mad.

He pulled out his keys and opened the bottommost drawer on the left side of the desk.

Inside was a revolver and a row of bullets.

The silver-white revolver, with its slender barrel shimmering with beauty.

Edward picked up the revolver, swung open the cylinder, and took the bullets, loading them one by one.

Sky, unyielding.

He, come to collect.

...

“Hahahahaha!”

“Hahahahaha!”

“Hahahahaha!”

After reading the morning’s newspaper, Griffin lay on the hospital bed in the police station, laughing aloud until tears flowed out, gasping for breath with laughter.

“This is Newdeth City!”

He said.

Then, he shook his hand.

The handcuffs binding his right hand clanked, awakening Bansey.

Bansey lifted his head, shifting his gaze from the newspaper, his face filled with confusion.

“Hey, Bansey.”

“Don’t feel so bad.”

“You have to learn to get used to it.”

“You know, this is Newdeth City!”

Griffin said with a laugh.

“But, but...”

“He made so many mistakes.”

“Shouldn’t he be punished by the laws of Newdeth City?”

Bansey muttered.

“Punished by the laws of Newdeth City?”

“Hahahahaha!”

Griffin laughed again, then suddenly paused and asked lightly, “The law is just, the last hope of people, the umbrella for the weak, but that’s elsewhere.”

“In Newdeth City?”

“Its value lies in being the tool of the strong... no, it should be called a fig leaf for recklessness.”

Griffin said and then lay back down.

Then, he saw Bansey stand up and run out.

“Where are you going?”

Griffin shouted.

“Captain!”

“The Captain’s in trouble!”

Bansey answered without looking back.

Edward?

That guy shouldn’t, should he?

He seems to be a very calm person, doesn’t he?

Griffin was startled, pondering subconsciously, then suddenly he thought of another man suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder.

Instantly, Griffin’s face changed.

He didn’t want to get involved in any big trouble that couldn’t be solved.

He had to stop that madman.

Thinking this, Griffin's hand trembled.

Click!

The handcuffs binding him snapped open.

Then, he limped outside.

However, just as he was leaving through the door, he turned around, tore off a hospital bedsheet, pulling off the sheet with the hospital bed number on it, and slipped it over his head.

...

In the police station corridor, Davide, elegantly dressed in a suit, walked ahead with little Davide, followed by the groveling chief of police.

"Well done,"

Davide said.

“As it should be, should be,”

“It’s my honor to serve Councilor sir,”

The chief bowed and scraped as he spoke.

“If I win the mayoral election, I’ll reserve a position in the Mayor’s office for you or someone associated with you,”

Davide whispered.

“That would be more than wonderful,”

The chief bowed again and again.

Wasn’t this what he wanted?

Just a little movement of the pen, a signature, and it was done.

Then, why not?

Davide paid no further attention to the chief but turned to his son.

“Remember what I’ve charged you with.”

“There will be reporters later.”

“Just recite it directly— as for that veteran, I will take care of him afterward.”

Davide said, a hint of malice crossing his face.

How could he not hate?

His trump card of many years was lost just like that.

If he didn’t tear Jason to pieces, how could he quell the hatred in his heart?

But that was for later.

Now?

A perfect press conference was the best conclusion to this matter.

With this in mind, Davide raised his hands and pushed open the police station's main door—

Squeak,

The door opened.