

## Menu 246

Chapter 246: Righteous Edward

Griffin was stunned by Jason's words.

Is that even an option?

In an instant, Griffin realized.

"Yeah, the driver was a weirdo wrapped in cotton, what does that have to do with me, Griffin?"

"I am the one with injured feet, lying in the hospital."

Griffin said and then laughed.

Edward and Little Bansey also came to their senses.

"Yeah!"

"Those attackers must be the armed militants dissatisfied with their den being busted, what's that got to do with us?"

“I’m going back right now to give my all to crack this case!”

Edward said with righteous indignation.

“So...”

“Gentlemen, we shall part ways here.”

With that, Griffin turned the steering wheel.

The car came to a stop.

Jason and Edward got out of the car, respectively.

One headed for the ‘Watchdog Pastry House’ on Pea Pod Street.

The other tossed his cloak on the car and walked toward the police station.

Watching the departing duo, Griffin shook his head and restarted the car.

"I hope this is the end of it!"

"I don't want to be dragged into any more dangerous events."

"I'm an injured person!"

"An injured person with wounded feet!"

Griffin emphasized.

"And yet you drift?"

Little Bansey retorted.

"A man may break his skull, but his hairstyle must remain impeccable."

"I may have an injured foot, but I can't stop drifting."

Griffin replied earnestly.

Then, he turned to Little Bansey and asked.

“Was my drift posture cool just now?”

“Did any beauties scream for me at the scene?”

“No.”

Little Bansey shook his head and then replied with the same seriousness, “It was all gentlemen there, and they indeed screamed for you, all crawling.”

“Hey, hey, aren’t you going to lose friends like that?”

“Don’t forget that I got us the ‘typewriter’ and this very car!”

Griffin raised his voice.

“Hmm.”

“Now, I suspect you, Griffin, are not only involved in fraud but also in illegal possession of military weapons and theft.”

“Once this is all over, I’ll conduct a thorough investigation.”

Little Bansey nodded earnestly and said.

Griffin fell silent all of a sudden.

He had a phrase at the bottom of his heart but wasn’t sure if it was appropriate to say it.

Meanwhile, seeing Griffin fall silent, Little Bansey quietly curved the corners of his mouth.

...

The front of the police station was still chaotic, drawing the attention of the vast majority, which allowed Edward to easily avoid most people’s gazes and return to the police office with a cup of coffee in hand.

Not two minutes after he sat down, a knock came on the door.

Knock, knock-knock.

"Come in,"

Edward said.

As the voice fell, a dark-skinned middle-aged man pushed the door and entered.

The man was dressed in a dark coffee-colored coat, black trousers, and wore a sweater underneath.

Upon opening the door, he saw the cup fragments on the ground and the coffee by the desk.

"Team Leader Edward, where were you earlier?"

The man walked in and asked directly.

"Are you interrogating me, Chief Clive?"

"And..."

“Please address me as Deputy Director Edward.”

After taking a sip of his coffee, Edward replied nonchalantly.

The dark-faced man paused.

After a few seconds, he continued.

“Director Cecil asked me to inquire.”

“Oh?”

“Cecil?”

“Why didn’t he come himself?”

“Is he afraid that in a fit of rage I might end him with a shot?”

Edward sneered.

“You?!”

The corrupt cop in front of him froze, his mouth agape, never having imagined Edward would speak like this.

“Roll back.”

“Don’t let me catch any evidence against you.”

“Otherwise, I’ll personally see you strapped to the electric chair,” Edward rebuked.

Clive was stunned. Then, in the brief moment of his stupefaction, the scalding coffee splashed onto his face.

“Ah!”

The police chief screamed, and then, he was kicked out by Edward.

The people in the hallway jumped in fright.



Looking at Clive lying on the ground, they were completely at a loss.

“I have to thank those attackers.”

“Even though I will investigate who they are,”

“I don’t need commands from people like you,” Edward’s roaring voice echoed through the hallway.

Such a voice naturally reached Cecil’s ears.

Feeling the rage and powerful shouts of Edward, the cunning Cecil frowned.

“Could it really not be him?”

“Could it actually be those militants?”

“But aren’t those militants Councilor Davide’s men?”

“Could it be...”

Suddenly, Cecil thought of something.

Davide was a councilor and a strong contender for the mayor of Newdeth City.

But,

Not the only one.

There were several others competing against this councilor.

Could it be that they took this opportunity...

At this thought, cold sweat immediately broke out on his forehead.

He immediately stood up, grabbed his coat, and walked out.

As he went along, he spoke to the office secretary:

“I’m feeling a bit under the weather and need to take a break for a while. The cases before, as well as the one that just happened, give them to... Edward! Yes, Deputy Chief Edward.”

“He’ll be in charge of the police department affairs from now on!”

Cecil paused, then decided on the person in charge.

He was well aware of what the other guys were like.

Letting those people ‘make a fortune,’ they were all top-notch.

But maintaining order, solving cases?

Apart from Edward, he couldn’t think of anyone else.

He had always harbored no good feelings for Edward, who wasn’t in the same camp as him.

But at this moment, he actually felt a sense of relief in his heart.

Thank goodness for Edward!

With this relief, Cecil left the police station.

However, he didn't go home.

Instead, he drove his car into Sausage Street.

If he was feeling unwell, naturally, he needed to see a doctor.

Dr. Hannibal on Sausage Street was famously proficient, naturally the first choice.

...

Jason returned to 'Watchdog Pastry House' through the window.

The hockey mask and broad-bladed short-handle machete were tucked away again.

After changing out of the bloodstained vagrant's clothing into more fitting attire, Jason disposed of them in the trash.

After completing all this, Jason smelled the faint scent of pastries.

The female pastry chef downstairs was apparently preparing pastries for sale.

Cream, chocolate, banana, strawberry.

The sweet scents instantly diluted the smell of blood in his nostrils.

“What will lunch be, I wonder?” Jason guessed.

Downstairs, the female pastry chef returned to the shop with a bag, approaching the oven. She calmly tossed the bloodied vagrant’s clothing into the furnace.

Not the baking oven.

It was the stove used for caramelizing sugar and making some scraps.

The clothes blazed fiercely among the firewood.

The pastry chef stirred the clothes with a poker, ensuring they burned thoroughly before placing a kettle on the stove.

Then, she looked up towards the second floor.

Her eyes were filled with passion, an intoxicating gaze.

However, a moment later, she snapped out of it.

It was as though the pastry chef had been abruptly awoken from sleep.

She exclaimed in shock.

“Ah, I forgot to whip the cream!”