

Menu 248

Chapter 248: 'The Bystander

Wrapped in bandages and clutching his waist, Clive cautiously approached Peas Corner Street.

He always thought there was something wrong with Edward.

It definitely wasn't because Cecil had Edward temporarily in charge of the police station that he was worried about being troubled, so he ran out, and yet unwilling to go home, that's why he came to look for evidence.

The sheriff didn't directly enter 'Watchdog Pastry House'.

He didn't think he was a match for the veteran without resorting to firearms.

And to directly inquire?

The other party's relationship with Edward, he would surely not cooperate.

Therefore, silently observing and searching for evidence was the best choice.

Then, Clive saw Jason running.

“Physical Strength is not bad,”

“Speed is also good.”

Just by watching for a short while, Clive had to admit that the physical strength of this veteran was really good and his speed was enough, even if firearms were used, he and the opponent would at best be evenly matched.

Moreover...

“The build is a bit like that attacker with a knife.”

Clive didn't directly participate in the gunfight at the entrance of the police station.

But from inside the station, he had witnessed the scene.

Especially among a group of people holding firearms, that tall figure wielding a broad-bladed short-handle machete, charging back and forth, left a deep impression on Clive.

At this moment, that silhouette and the one in front of him kept overlapping.

Just as Clive was about to confirm something, the sheriff suddenly saw Jason walking and then clutching his chest, and then, the appearance of bleeding from all seven orifices.

Even though it quickly got better, but...

“This is a dying man, isn’t it?”

“How could such a person be the attacker?”

“No wonder he was discharged from service.”

“He must have some hidden illness.”

After the shock, Clive couldn’t help but think.

Then, he saw Jason turn his head and look at him.

That blood-covered face was rather frightening, especially those eyes; Clive felt as if he were being targeted by a ferocious beast, couldn’t help but step back a few steps, and even subconsciously began to grip his gun tighter.

Fortunately, Jason merely gave him that one look and left.

Even so, Clive was gasping heavily.

He felt like he had been torn to shreds in that instant.

How could it be?

It must be an illusion!

It must be because I've been staying up too late recently!

Clive comforted himself.

Phew.

A cold wind blew by, and standing there, Clive felt the skin on his face, which had been splashed with hot coffee before, sting again. What's worse, the cold sweat emerging on his forehead and cheeks was stinging the burn, making the injury feel even more fiery and painful.

What am I doing here?

I could have gone home to rest.

I am injured.

Why am I here in the cold wind?

Those things are none of my business, I'm just a pawn, what am I rushing for?

In the cold wind, Clive suddenly realized.

Clive, unwilling to admit he was frightened by Jason, sulkily pursed his lips, preparing to turn away and leave.

But when he turned around, the sheriff was startled.

Because behind him, unbeknownst to him, stood a person.

Dressed in slightly ragged clothes, with a dirty and unkempt appearance.

He held a sign in his hand.

It read: "Please help."

Without a doubt, this was a homeless man, and moreover, a disabled one.

As Clive looked at him, the man pointed to his mouth and made 'Ah ba, ah ba' sounds.

"Go away,"

Clive barked.

However, as soon as the words came out, he realized his voice was a bit too loud.

Would it attract that terrifying guy's attention again?

No!

This won't do!

I can't let him notice me again!

Thinking of this, Clive pulled out his wallet, grabbed a handful of banknotes from it, and shoved them into the hands of the mute homeless man in front of him, then continued as if nothing had happened, "Take the money and leave quickly, do you know how dangerous it is here? Just yesterday there were shootings and explosions here!"

To make his words sound more genuine and natural, Clive mentioned the previous day's incident.

After speaking, Clive hurried towards his car.

His car was parked outside Peas Corner Street.

Less than twenty meters away from where he was standing at that moment.

But as he was about to step away, the mute homeless man grabbed him.

Clive frowned involuntarily and glanced at Jason's retreating figure, who was still walking slowly in the distance. He tried to sound as gentle as possible:

“Don’t be too greedy!”

“That money should last you a good while!”

The mute homeless man smiled at Clive, first waving his hand at Clive and then handed over all the large bills in his hand to Clive.

He only kept a 20 cents in change for himself.

What does that mean?

Clive was stunned.

Then, the mute homeless man stuffed all the large bills into Clive’s hands.

Before Clive could say anything, the mute homeless man quickly ran towards the direction of ‘Watchdog Pastry House.’

Is he mad?

He doesn't want all that money I gave him?

Just wants 20 cents?

Watching the man's receding back, Clive couldn't help but sneer inwardly.

But before his sneer had time to fade—

Boom!

A huge explosion came from behind.

Unprepared, Clive was knocked over by the blast wave.

He turned around in a daze.

All he saw was his car, already turned into a fireball.

A bomb!

Someone wants to kill me?!

The answer that surged from within made Clive's hand tremble, and the banknotes he was supposed to clutch tight were carried off into the sky by the cold wind.

Clive sat on the ground, completely oblivious to this.

It wasn't until Edward, who had been alerted by the female pastry chef, arrived that Clive somewhat recovered his senses.

"Tell me about it."

Little Bansey walked up to Clive and said.

His tone was not pleasant.

Although both were from the same police station, they belonged to different camps, and Clive's reputation made Little Bansey disdain him even more.

Accordingly, his tone was anything but friendly.

"S-someone wants to kill me," Clive stammered.

"Of course!"

"They even used a bomb,"

"They must hate you to the core,"

"Do you have any suspects?"

Little Bansey asked.

Suspects?

Clive was taken aback.

Of course, he had suspects. The gangs that paid him protection money, the people he had extorted, and, and the innocents he had wronged... Every one of them must wish him dead.

Was it them?

A chill ran through Clive's heart.

Then he grabbed Little Bansey's hand.

"Protect me!"

"Hurry up and protect me!"

"Take me to the 'safe house'!"

Clive pleaded repeatedly.

Little Bansey shook off Clive's hand, put away his notebook and pen, and said coldly, "It seems that Chief Clive is still too agitated to give a proper statement."

"Someone give Chief Clive a cup of coffee to calm down."

With that, Little Bansey walked towards the explosion site.

And the people around?

Belonging to Edward's team, naturally, no one was about to pour Clive a coffee.

In fact, no one even glanced at Clive.

The clear division made Clive, standing amidst the crowd, feel not the slightest bit of safety. Instead, he felt as if the whole world had abandoned him.

Especially under the tangible threat of death, with his spirit already shaken by Jason's presence, Clive felt an unprecedented sense of despair spreading from the depths of his heart.

Who will save me...

Is anyone coming to save me?

I...

“Aba, aba!”

The strange noise made the despondent Clive lift his head, and he saw the mute man from before.

The mute man, holding a kraft paper bag and smiling broadly, took out two trough cakes from the bag and handed them to Clive.

The kraft paper bag bore an advertisement for ‘Watchdog Pastry House.’

At the bottom, it read—

Trough cakes, 10 cents each, 3 for 20 cents.