

Menu 249

Chapter 249: Do You Know...

Edward was a bit embarrassed when he saw Jason again.

Because, the leader of the Special Operations Squad remembered his own promise: "There's a reward from the police for 'The Women's Serial Disappearance Case,' a total of \$500. I will get it for you without missing a cent."

However, what happened?

Let alone \$500.

He didn't get a penny.

Due to a series of events before, he hadn't thought about it, but now that he did, Edward felt increasingly embarrassed.

Especially after he had come to view Jason as a friend.

Edward did not have many friends.

Therefore, he wouldn't let down a friend.

So, he went to great lengths to come up with a solution.

"Join the Special Operations Squad as a consultant?"

Jason looked at Edward, surprised.

"Yes."

"Our Special Operations Squad has its own budget. It's not much, but it's still possible to hire a special consultant."

"The salary is \$12 a week, with an additional allowance of \$3."

"And you can use the police station's cafeteria and dormitories."

Edward nodded and then added

"The cafeteria is free?"

Jason zeroed in on the key point.

Instantly, Edward broke into a sweat.

He remembered again the fear that Jason's appetite had dominated in the cafeteria.

It was as if his hands were being dipped into cold water once more.

The scent of dish soap arose once again in his nostrils.

But immediately, Edward told himself.

This is your friend!

You can't let down a friend.

"Yes, it's free."

"But you can't waste food," Edward gritted his teeth and said.

“Okay.”

Jason nodded, then turned his head to look at the female pastry chef who was listening to all of this in a daze.

She didn’t understand why Jason would take on two jobs.

He had clearly promised Tedi to become a special instructor for the Saint Mango Student Council.

Now he had also promised Edward to become a special consultant at the police station.

Was it because he wanted to switch dining halls to taste different flavors?

Impossible, right?

Jason loved food, but he wouldn’t do something so unreliable.

Um!

It must be my overthinking.

The female pastry chef immediately gave Jason a sweet smile. Jason restrained himself and didn't pat the female pastry chef on the head, always feeling that when she smiled, there was a bit of Dennise in her. R

Not in appearance.

But in some sort of... essence.

It must be my overthinking.

How could Dennise be the same as the female pastry chef?

They're completely different people.

Thinking this, Jason formally asked:

"How much is the rent?"

"Hm?"

The female pastry chef was taken aback, having not expected Jason to ask such a question.

Then she shook her head instinctively.

“There’s no need, I...”

“It’s necessary!”

“If I’m living here, I need to pay rent.”

“And... food.”

Jason interrupted the female pastry chef’s words and said seriously.

Seeing Jason’s serious expression, the female pastry chef immediately came to her senses.

She knew she had to state a reasonable rent; otherwise, Jason might leave.

But...

She had never rented out a room before and had no idea how much to charge.

As she anxiously wondered what to do, a voice suddenly emerged in her mind.

Rent, \$2 a week for the storeroom.

Food, count by the amount eaten.

"Two dollars a week."

"For food, we'll calculate it based on the amount you eat, Jason."

Without much thought, the female pastry chef said.

"Okay."

"Here's the first week's."

Jason nodded, pulled out two dollars, and handed it to the female pastry chef.

“Do you have money?”

Edward looked at the banknotes in Jason’s pocket, completely taken aback.

Because, he could tell at a glance that it was at least an amount over 100+.

“Yeah, I do.”

Jason nodded again.

“But aren’t you a homeless person?”

Edward asked.

“Who says homeless people can’t have money?”

Jason retorted.

“Then why did you let me treat you?”

Edward pushed his glasses.

“It was you who offered to treat me, and besides, I intended to return the favor last night, but you and little Bansey said you were too busy with official business...”

Jason said candidly.

Edward’s movements froze again, and his hand trembled slightly as he pushed his glasses.

“Chief Edward, are you alright?”

The female pastry chef asked worriedly.

“I’m fine.”

“Just a sore hand.”

Edward said with a forced smile.

His hand was once again stung by the icy water.

Thinking of his own debt of 50+ while worrying about Jason, who had savings of 100+, the smell of dish soap in Edward's nose became overwhelmingly strong.

Ding-a-ling!

With the crisp sound of the doorbell, little Bansey pushed the door and came in.

He immediately saw Edward's desolate face.

"Captain, are you going to wash dishes again?"

Little Bansey asked.

"No!"

“I’ve never washed dishes!”

Edward emphasized.

He was struggling to maintain his dignity.

And he kept making eye signals to little Bansey.

Unfortunately, little Bansey was clueless.

“About earlier...”

“Was it to experience life?”

Little Bansey asked confusedly.

“Cough, cough.”

“What happened with Clive?”

After coughing a few times, Edward didn't dwell on the previous question. He knew that if the conversation dragged on, he would completely lose face.

Upon mentioning the case, little Bansey quickly became serious.

"Someone is targeting Clive."

"But it's not certain if it's those people."

"I suspect that guy is being retaliated against by someone else."

"However..."

"A homeless person just gave him food."

"Even such a person can be pitied."

Little Bansey said, shaking his head involuntarily.

“That guy is just a craven flunky, not worth our attention.”

“You advise the others to watch the figures that need to be watched.”

“Davide, little Davide is dead, but the person who poisoned ‘Ink’

“He must be severely punished!”

Edward said.

“Yes, Captain.”

Little Bansey saluted and turned to leave.

After little Bansey left, Edward’s gaze turned to the female pastry chef.

“Do you guys need some mint lemon water?”

Smartly, the female pastry chef stood up, walked to the counter corner, and left the space to Jason and Edward.

“I’m sorry.”

After the female pastry chef left, Edward spoke again.

His first words were an apology.

His voice was very low.

So much so that it became heavy.

Such a heaviness was naturally not about the bounty.

It was because he believed it was wrong to get Jason involved in such murky waters from the start.

But what’s done is done, and it was too late for regrets.

Therefore, Edward could only let Jason know as much as possible about what they were up against.

After a brief pause, Edward spoke again.

He lowered his voice even more, and if it weren't for Jason's keen perception, it would have been impossible to hear such a hushed tone—

“Do you know about ‘Ghost Squad’?”