

## Menu 250

Chapter 250: The Neighbors

Ghost Squad?

Jason watched Edward impassively.

Having played roles several times before, he knew exactly what to do when others thought he was in the know and he actually wasn't.

Keep silent.

It's best to look directly into the other person's eyes.

If you feel you can't do that calmly, you can also move your gaze upward, fixing it on their hairline.

This causes a sense of urgency in the other person, and if their hairline is receding, the urgency doubles, prompting them to speak more quickly.

Of course, you can also pretend that they are bald.

This will not double their sense of urgency.

But it will make you feel at ease.

A lion with a mane is majestic, but what if it were bald?

Probably not a single lioness would pay it any mind.

Luckily for Edward, his hair was still lush, appearing full even tied back in a ponytail.

The Special Operations Team Commander nodded slightly in response to Jason's gaze.

"You really do know," he said.

"But that's to be expected," he added.

"After all, you've been through all that."

Edward spoke slowly, his tone taking on an inexplicable sadness.

After a silence of two or three seconds, the commander of the Special Operations Team continued,

“‘Ghost Squad’ was formed from the elite of various corps and divisions.”

“Each member is exceptional and equipped with the most cutting-edge weapons.”

“They work closely together to carry out all kinds of difficult missions.”

“But...”

“During the ‘Defense of Decheng,’ they rebelled, killing General Will, the then commander of Decheng, and then successively assassinated several high-ranking military officers—externally, these generals were declared to have died in battle.”

“Afterwards, ‘Ghost Squad’ really became ghosts.”

“They moved around like phantoms, including the reestablished Decheng, now Newdeth City, which became their hunting ground.”

“And me?”

Edward chuckled self-deprecatingly.

“I am the person in charge of hunting ‘Ghost Squad’ in ‘Newdeth City,’ from the Ninth Infantry Division.”

“I was selected to be in charge here, not because I am the strongest in the Ninth Infantry Division.”

“It’s only because there’s information that the ‘Ghost Squad’s’ leader here is Mika.”

“He was the commander of my former squad.”

“I know him best.”

With that, Edward leaned slightly back.

His upper body relied entirely on the back of his chair for support, his eyes becoming somewhat hazy.

Clearly, the Special Operations Team commander was starting to reminisce.

In the distance, towards the counter, the female pastry chef gestured to Jason with mint lemon water.

After Jason nodded, the pastry chef brought it over.

“Thank you.”

As the pastry chef poured the water, Edward finally came back to himself.

The commander thanked the pastry chef.

And the pastry chef had the self-awareness to return to the oven.

She needed to think about making something different for lunch.

As for what Edward was discussing?

She wasn't interested.

Even if Edward lowered his voice, making it sound mysterious, to her it wasn't as important as pondering the right proportions of milk, eggs, and sugar.

What Ghost Squad.

What Mika.

Where sweet pastries are important.

“Mika was once someone I admired,” Edward said.

“His abilities were excellent, his character noble, and his personality tenacious.”

“But when he became an enemy, he also became the most troublesome one.”

“Because, you never know where he’ll strike at you.”

“So, at first, I hoped to use you as ‘bait’ to draw him out.”

“I’m sorry.”

Once again, Edward apologized.

And this time, he did it with much more gravitas.

He straightened his body and then bowed his head, inclining forward.

Next, he was grabbed by Jason and they both rolled to one side—

Bang!

The moment their bodies hit the wall of the shop, a bullet pierced through the glass of the store, precisely passing through where Edward had just been, and ultimately, penetrated the table, the floor, and buried into the basement.

“Sniper!”

“Take cover!”

Outside the shop, Bansey shouted loudly as people around quickly looked for cover, while Bansey leaned against a mailbox, drawing his gun to aim in the direction of the shot.

However, he couldn’t find any trace of the other party.

In his line of sight, there was no one.

Even though he had locked onto the sniper spot immediately, it was in vain.

Inside the shop, Edward got back on his feet.

“Thank you.”

“You’ve saved my life again.”

“Consider it a debt I owe you.”

Having said this to Jason, he ran outside.

Based on his knowledge of the former commander, the opponent would have already left after missing his shot, but clinging to a ray of hope, he still wanted to check and see if he could find any clues.

“Captain Edward.”

The female pastry chef suddenly spoke out.



“Don’t worry.”

“I’ll be careful.”

Feeling the long-missed care, Edward turned, pushed his glasses up habitually with a smile, and said,

“It’s not about that.”

“It’s about compensation.”

The female pastry chef pointed to the shattered windows, the damaged tables, and the floor.

Immediately, Edward’s hand, still pushing up his glasses, froze in mid-air.

“Write up a bill.”

“We will compensate at full value.”

With a similarly stiff smile, Edward finished speaking and walked out of the shop.

Jason stood up, dusted off his clothes, gave a nod to the female pastry chef, and followed Edward outside.

Jason was uninterested in the so-called 'Ghost Squad'.

But he was certainly interested in the [City Recognition] that 'Ghost Squad' could bring.

Casting a glance at the [City Recognition] that had reached 6%, Jason quickened his pace.

Although it was only the second day and with 60 days to reach 100%, he had plenty of time.

But Jason wouldn't assume he could gain 6% [City Recognition] every day.

Therefore, he wouldn't pass up the chance to gain [City Recognition].

Following Edward, Jason arrived across from Pea Corner Street, close to the next block.

"This is the sniping point!"

Bansey stated confidently.

Edward didn't ask questions but just waved his hand.

He wouldn't question Bansey's capabilities.

The others felt the same.

Seeing Edward's gesture, they quickly dispersed, setting up a blockade while forming an assault team ready to search the five-story building that seemed to be an apartment in front of them.

Everything was being carried out in an orderly fashion.

Edward also drew his gun, ready to join the assault team.

Leading from the front was Edward's habit.

And it was because of this that Edward had won the even greater admiration of Bansey and others.

However, this didn't mean Edward was a reckless brute without a brain.

He hadn't forgotten about Jason.

Jason, who could stand against a hundred men, had left an indelible impression on him.

Edward turned to look at Jason.

It was then that Edward realized that Jason's gaze was not on the apartment building in front of them, but instead, he was looking at... the shorter building next door.

"What's wrong?"