

Menu 252

Chapter 252: All Is Obvious?

I, Simond, the apartment manager.

Once I was a doctor.

Unfortunately, a medical accident cost me my license to practice medicine.

And with that, my future was completely ruined.

No hospital or medical institution in Newdeth City would ever hire a foolish doctor who left gauze inside a patient.

To survive, I had to swallow my pride and take on a more menial job.

Eventually, I became an apartment manager.

The meager salary was just enough for basic living.

I didn't really care about it anymore.

When I lost my pride as a doctor, I had already died.

But then Barra showed up.

The one who made me lose my medical license.

He clearly had forgotten about me.

Yet I still felt a twinge of guilt towards him.

Because of that twinge of guilt, I had drinks with him twice.

It made him think we were friends, and one day, when he was drunk, he actually told me stories about how he and his accomplice were con artists who specialized in tricking people.

Including me.

I was one of their victims back then.

Barra didn't tell me this.

It was after he had been drinking that I saw the wound hidden beneath his clothes.

That stitching was all too familiar.

Even after all these years, I had not forgotten.

It was my stitching.

At that moment, I wanted to kill him.

But my reason told me he was just one of them, and there was another.

If I killed him, the other would surely flee.

In fact, the other was the planner, the mastermind.

Barra?

He was just a lackey.

I didn't know why they returned to Newdeth City.

But I knew I only had one chance.

For that, I prepared and practiced many times.

All to make it flawless.

Everything went smoothly.

Until...

The appearance of that man.

"How... how did you know?"

The apartment manager's eyes widened in disbelief as he looked at Jason, his face filled with incredulity.

His plan was perfect, flawless.

So why could the man before him see through it at a glance?

Does he have supernatural powers or something?

Even if he did have supernatural powers, is it reasonable that supernatural powers can solve cases like this?

“Everything is obvious.”

Jason said calmly.

Then, having spoken, he walked outside.

With the female pastry chef not by his side, how did he know how to explain?

But his serene tone and sturdy back gave everyone the impression that “everything is obvious, and if you can’t see it, it’s probably because you’re too dumb.” R💎

At least that's what Bansey felt.

He looked at the apartment manager, now helplessly kneeling on the ground, and then at Jason's retreating figure.

He couldn't help but turn his head to ask his captain,

"Captain, did you know?"

"Of course."

"Isn't everything obvious?"

"I'll leave this place to you for now."

"I'll be right back."

Edward acted as if he knew everything and then went straight after Jason.

How could he possibly know?

But how could he admit ignorance in front of his subordinates?

He had to get a clear answer before returning.

Edward thought this and quickened his pace.

But Jason's pace was fast too.

As if he was...

Avoiding me?

Edward subconsciously thought.

But then he shook his head.

How could Jason be avoiding him?

I just want to ask how he discovered the culprit, what reason does he have to avoid me?

Edward immediately picked up his speed.

Just that Jason was a little faster.

It wasn't until he was nearly at 'Swiftness Dog Pastry House' that Jason slowed down.

"Jason, wait for me."

"Why are you walking so fast?"

Edward, having caught up, asked.

"Isn't it obvious?"

Jason retorted.

Edward was taken aback.

Obvious again?

Am I really that foolish?

Just as the head of the special operations team was sinking into self-doubt, a sweet scent of pastries wafted into his nose.

Suddenly, a light bulb went off in Edward's head.

"Pastries!"

"Did you come here for lunch?"

Edward blurted out.

When he saw Jason nod, Edward finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Thank goodness I'm not really foolish.

And as Edward was sighing in relief, so was Jason.

Good thing lunchtime came right on cue.

Ding!

Jason pushed the door open, and the doorbell chimed crisply.

“Jason, you’re back.”

“Lunch will be ready in a moment.”

The female pastry chef, busy with a chocolate banana boat, looked up with a smile.

“Hmm.”

“I’m going to wash my hands.”

Jason said, heading towards the hallway.

At that moment, Edward related the recent events to the pastry chef.

“How did Jason know?”

In the end, Edward couldn’t help but ask.

“Everything was obvious!”

“Mr. Simond, the apartment manager’s expression gave everything away.”

“He was far too calm.”

“He didn’t look at all like someone seeing a dead body for the first time.”

“Or more accurately, not like someone uninvolved who had seen a body.”

“With Jason’s sharp observational skills, he surely would have picked up on that.”

The pastry chef said matter-of-factly.

“So you mean... Jason was bluffing him?”

Edward, a bit stunned, asked.

“No, no, no.”

“Jason isn’t that kind of person.”

“It must have been when little Bansey took Mr. Simond to open the door, Jason had already checked the drawer where the murder weapon was stored, and that’s how he pinned down the murderer.”

The pastry chef waved her hand, correcting the mistake in Edward’s words.

“I see.”

“I understand now.”

Edward nodded in realization and then, gave a thumbs-up to Jason, who had just come out.

“Truly sharp observational skills and meticulous action.”

After speaking, Edward walked out.

He was not there for the meal.

Though the banana boat was tempting.

He needed to go back to Bansey and others to clarify their queries, proving that although he was not as observant as Jason, he was only slightly less so.

Ding!

As the doorbell rang out crisply, Edward ran back even faster than before.

The pastry chef carried over a jumbo-sized chocolate banana boat.

In the huge glass dish, cream circled the outside, twin rows of whole bananas lined up on top, with two scoops of ice cream, and a waffle, arranged in over a dozen layers.

Rolling chocolate sauce poured over from the top.

Instantly, the rich aroma was tempting.

Jason took his spoon and dug out a large chunk from top to bottom.

The bite contained chocolate sauce, hot waffles, cool ice cream, ripe bananas, and sweet cream all at once.

Upon tasting, these flavors burst forth rapidly on the palate.

Especially the hot waffles and the cold ice cream.

They were like a pair of protagonists constantly at battle, not only emitting their own appeal but also energizing the other flavors around them.

His hand moved with swiftness, creating layers of illusions.

Jason dug in, spoon after spoon.

The jumbo-size banana boat disappeared at a visible rate.

The pastry chef, smiling, brought out another plate from the counter.

Then, she turned and picked up a pot of freshly brewed red tea.

Just as Jason finished his second chocolate banana boat and picked up the tea cup—

Ding!

The doorbell rang.

“Good afternoon, Instructor Jason, Giselle.”

Tedi, the president of the Saint Mungo student council, walked in, greeting them both.

The pastry chef subconsciously moved towards her friend.

But, the next moment.

She was pulled behind Jason, who had grabbed her arm.

Then...

The sound of swallowing quietly emerged.