

Menu 258

Chapter 258: Unexpected

When Dadas burst forth with the ferocity of a wild tiger, Jason was still somewhat surprised.

He had never thought that a little girl could possess such an aura.

Especially the posture of her lunging forward, it really felt like a fierce tiger pouncing.

Even the sound of a tiger's roar seemed to echo in Jason's ears.

Then, just as Jason reached for the hilt of the knife, Dadas knelt down before him.

Accompanied by an "I'm sorry."

That tiger's "roar" turned into...

Meow.

"I just simply wanted to be liked."

“But the harder I tried, the more people were afraid of me.”

“Even though I’ve kept a cute hairstyle, occasionally showed my sense of humor with laughter, carried around beloved items like bats, snakes, spiders, skeleton models, and actively participated in everyone’s activities, why are people still so afraid of me?”

Crawling on the ground, Dadas spoke almost plaintively.

And amid the soft sobs, she pulled a book from a table nearby and slammed it down on the ground.

The cover clearly read “How to Make Friends.”

Jason did not flip through it.

But from Dadas’s lament, Jason roughly guessed what the content was about.

The book isn’t wrong, you are.

Jason thought quietly to himself, bent down to pick up the book, and placed it back on the table.

This gesture made Dadas’s sobbing slightly louder.

“Are you trying to mock me?”

“If you want to mock me, just go ahead!”

“I’m destined to be alone forever!”

“Not even the ‘Libra Ritual’ can save me!”

The Libra Ritual?

Jason caught the information in Dadas’s words.

“Is The Libra Ritual what you were conducting in Classroom 13 earlier?”

Jason asked.

“Yes.”

“To exchange something precious for something precious.”

“That’s the ‘Libra Ritual’!”

When talking about matters related to the Mystical Side, Dadas stopped her crying and declared earnestly.

“So, you sacrificed a cat?”

“Was it your pet?”

Jason frowned as he spoke.

Sacrificing one’s own pet for something illusory was something Jason could not accept.

Or rather, Jason despised any act of sacrificing those around oneself or living creatures to satisfy one’s own desires.

“No!”

“I’m allergic to fur; I never kept a cat.”

“What I sacrificed was two eggs—they were dragon eggs I had bought at a high price from one ‘Mystical Side person’!”

Dadas shook her head repeatedly.

Then she took a box out of a drawer from a table nearby.

The box was about the size of a palm.

It was entirely black with intricate patterns on it.

Jason looked at the palm-sized box before him and felt a surge of energy welling up inside him.

Dragon eggs.

Not quail eggs.

Even the eggs of an Earth Dragon couldn’t fit in such a box, could they?

However, upon opening the box, the lingering smell inside made Jason's eyes light up.

It was the scent of the 'Crunchy Critter.'

The smell lingering in the box was very faint.

But Jason was certain about the taste of 'food' he had eaten before.

Yet deep down, there was a faint sense of loss.

After all, it wasn't a secret technique that could attract 'food.'

In fact, just now, in that brief moment, he had already thought of a name for the technique.

It would be called 'Hungry Yet?'

What a pity...

The inevitable sense of loss made Jason shake his head.

He took a deep breath, adjusting his emotions.

He reminded himself that 'food' tastes best when one hunts it oneself.

As for the food that comes to your door?

The more, the better, of course!

He, Jason, did not mind the source of 'food.'

"Do you still remember that 'Mystical Side person'?"

"Where did you encounter him?"

Jason held the box and asked,

"Yes."

“He has eyes and a nose.”

“I met him at the vegetable market.”

Dadas’s answer made Jason frown.

Seeing Jason frown, Dadas immediately got a bit scared.

“Otherwise, I...”

“Draw it down?”

Dadas tentatively asked.

“Mm.”

Jason nodded.

However, he didn’t hold much hope in his heart.

In his opinion, Dadas's drawing skill should only be at the level of an elementary school student.

But as Dadas pulled out a piece of paper and picked up a pencil, it took only a few minutes for Jason to see a very realistic sketch.

What's more important was...

He recognized the person on the paper.

The man drowned in a toilet: Barra.

It was actually him!

Jason was very surprised.

In his opinion, his encounter with Barra should have been an accident.

The other's death should have been an accident too...

No!

That's not right!

My encounter with him should have been an accident.

But his death?

Was it really an accident?

What if it was premeditated?

Jason almost subconsciously thought of the Ghost Squad's assassination attempt on Edward.

Then, he naturally began to hypothesize.

If I hadn't been at the Watchdog Pastry House before, Edward's chance of being assassinated would have been high.

Then, Edward's subordinates would definitely conduct a carpet search around the sniper point.

That is to say, the deaths of Barra and his accomplice would not be concealed from the police.

The man who caused their deaths, Simond, would definitely have nowhere to hide under a thorough search.

Then, just like before, it would be classified as a vendetta killing.

If Barra hadn't disguised himself as a person from the Mystical Side, that's how it would have been.

But after this incident, Jason thought of even more.

Would a professional swindler return to a place where they've successfully conned someone?

To vanish and never return is the best choice!

So, let's assume again, even if he did come back, what were the chances he would run into his victim?

And what were the chances that this victim managed the apartments he rented?

Almost none.

And if you combine the two factors, it's virtually nonexistent, impossible.

So...

Kill to silence him?

Jason thought silently.

At the same time, more thoughts emerged in Jason's mind.

Was Barra killed to silence him after disguising himself as a person from the Mystical Side to trade the so-called dragon egg, as arranged by the Ghost Squad, or was it because of some other unknown reason?

Or maybe, this was part of a ritual itself?

With this thought, Jason looked at Dadas again.

“Besides you trading for the dragon egg with him, was there anyone else?”

“Or say...”

“Do you know anything extra about him?”

Jason asked.

“No.”

“Only I chose the dragon egg.”

Dadas replied.

“Only you chose the dragon egg?”

“Does that mean, he had other things as well?”

Jason asked, frowning.

And seeing Dadas nod, Jason's frown deepened.

Dadas continued,

"I wanted to buy all those things, but they were too expensive. I could only afford one, and the other three were bought by a guest professor from the academy!"

"That professor seemed to be called, called..."

"Hannibal."