

## Menu 261

Chapter 261: Death Comes as Promised...

For Tedi, in Jason's mind, she was something akin to a familiar stranger.

Of course, that was before.

After she treated him to afternoon tea, Jason automatically upgraded her to an acquaintance.

When an acquaintance faces danger, and he can lend a hand, naturally, he would help.

So, when the man at the next table pulled out a gun, Jason leapt into action.

His roundhouse slap whistled through the air, landing squarely on the man's cheek.

With strength twice that of an ordinary person and skills from an expert-level "Barehanded Combat," the man's feet left the ground after a crisp sound, his body spiraling into the air to roll behind the sofa, as the gun naturally fell from his hand.

Such a noise, naturally, alarmed everyone around.

"A gun!"

The cafe server cried out in alarm.

Some of the customers in the cafe panicked and ran out.

The female Student Council President did not follow the crowd.

She returned with an unpleasant expression on her face.

She was no fool and naturally knew the gunman was here because of her.

“Thank you.”

The female Student Council President thanked Jason once more.

And this time, her gratitude was even more intense than before.

This was, after all, a life-saving favor.

A life-saving favor should be repaid...

The female Student Council President seriously considered Jason's face.

After a thought, she revised it to: A life-saving favor should be rewarded with a fountain of gratitude.

Then, glancing at a stack of empty plates piled as high as the ceiling, she made a special note: except when treated to a meal.

Step, step.

The Student Council members responsible for patrols burst into 'Flowers and Sizzling Coffee Pots'.

"President."

"Teacher Jason."

The Student Council members greeted.

"Call the police."

Jason said sharply.

Even though Edward should be almost there, what happened here still needed to be reported to the police.

An armed individual in the academy was no small matter.

As Joel ran to call the police, the female Student Council President approached the gunman, scrutinizing his face and then furrowing her brow.

He wasn't someone from the academy.

And she had no recollection of him.

Could he have been sent by those people?

The female Student Council President speculated.

Then she noticed Jason was watching her.

Had she been found out?

It was to be expected, after all.

This kind of incident had occurred.

Perhaps, I should be a little more open...

“Can we continue?”

Just as the female Student Council President was about to confess something to Jason, he, who had been staring at her, pointed to the plates on the table.

“You, you still want to eat?”

The female Student Council President’s eyes widened in shock, as the slight thought that had just risen in her was instantly cast aside.

“To eat is to finish what you started.”

Jason responded as if it were a matter of course.

Then he shouted to the stunned messenger in the distance:

“Serve the food.”

Edward was on his way to St. Mungo’s Academy when he received the dispatcher’s notification.

It wasn’t the familiar female dispatcher.

After what had happened previously, the female dispatcher took a temporary leave, replaced by someone else.

However, Edward’s earlier instructions were still in effect.

In fact, they were even more effective.

Due to Cecil’s orders, Edward was now effectively in charge of the police station.

Already on his way to St. Mungo’s Academy, Edward, upon receiving the notification, sped up and mobilized two platoons to the academy.

In only half the usual time, Edward burst into 'Flowers and Sizzling Coffee Pots'.

Then, he was stunned by the scene in front of him.

Two tables were pushed together, laden with stacks of empty plates.

Jason sat in the middle, wielding his knife and fork with the force of a gale, as quick as lightning.

Course after course of food disappeared at a speed visible to the naked eye.

The students around him watched agape.

“

They had never seen someone with such an appetite.

Edward had once witnessed it.

Therefore, he possessed a considerable immunity.

After checking the gunman to confirm that the latter couldn't escape, he walked over and sat down opposite Jason in a chair.

Without interrupting Jason's afternoon tea, he just nodded to Jason as a greeting.

It was only after Jason had finished another serving and let out a long sigh that Edward finally spoke,

"Is the food here cheap?"

The poor, debt-ridden leader of the special operations team eyed the stacks of dishes with great interest.

"Don't know."

"She's treating," Jason said, nodding toward Tedi.

Edward was at first taken aback, then his gaze towards the female student council president was filled with admiration.



He involuntarily gave her a thumbs-up.

Internally, he silently praised her.

Girl, I respect you like a true man.

Although he didn't voice it, the female student council president inexplicably felt like she had been insulted.

"Cough, cough."

"Mr. Jason has given me considerable help," she said.

"So, this is my way of saying thanks."

After coughing lightly twice, the female student council president emphasized the word "thanks."

Edward, with experience in these matters, instantly understood and nodded slightly.

"What do you know about this gunman?" he asked, not dwelling on the previous topic.

Because if he did, he would start smelling the scent of dish soap again.

“I can be sure he’s not from the academy.”

“As for how he got in, I’m still investigating.”

“I believe we’ll have the results soon.”

the female student council president said.

She could have revealed more, but in the end, she chose to hide it.

Because she couldn’t determine which side the man in front of her was on.

Or rather, no matter which side, her identity was not something she should disclose to him.

After all, her identity was too special.

As the female student council president had said, the results came quickly.

But they weren't good.

"Chairwoman, according to the gatekeeper's log, he was admitted under the guise of 'campus visit.'

"I've checked the application form; it was issued by the academy."

"The registered name is 'Marion.'

the secretary handed a form to the female student council president.

She checked it without showing any emotion, then passed it to Edward.

"From here on, it's over to you. You're more suited for this," she said.

"Hmm," Edward nodded.

Compared to St. Mungo's Academy's student council, it was more appropriate for the police to conduct the investigation.

Edward lowered his head to review the application form—

Name: Marion

Gender: Male

Home Address: 12 Basin Street

Reason for Visit: For the entrance of a distant nephew

...

After scanning the information, Edward was quite confident that not a word on it was true.

Including that name.

However, this did not prevent him from memorizing the address, 12 Basin Street.

Afterward, Edward asked Jason for further details about what had just happened, and with additional input from the female student council president, he acquired a more complete set of information.

Until little Bansey arrived with a team.

Seeing the newcomer, Edward was somewhat surprised.

Logically, Bansey should still be investigating 'Ghost Squad' at this time.

Yet here he was...

"What happened?" Edward's face immediately turned serious.

Bansey walked up to Edward, lowered his voice, and said,

"Chief Cecil is dead."