

Menu 262

Chapter 262: A Moment Before Nightfall

Cecil was dead.

He died in front of everyone.

He swelled up like a balloon, then—

Pop!

He just burst open.

Flesh and blood flew everywhere, covering the whole Sausage Street.

And Cecil had just left Hannibal's clinic before his death.

Sitting in the back of the old car, Jason and Edward listened to Bansey's narration, with Jason sporting a playful expression, while Edward's face became solemn in an instant.

It was Hannibal again!

Once more, the figure of this psychologist appeared in Edward's field of view.

"Could this guy be some kind of a psychopathic serial killer?"

Bansey, who was driving, speculated.

"Probably not."

"He has a considerable status and position."

"Moreover, the charity foundation he runs does indeed do good deeds."

Edward shook his head, but his tone was not so certain.

He hadn't forgotten Davide.

The latter also came from an extraordinary background, possessing a status and position beyond the imagination of ordinary people.

But what had he done?

It wouldn't be too much to call him a scoundrel.

Then, subconsciously, the leader of the special operations group turned to look at the silent Jason.

"Jason, do you have any thoughts?"

Jason's remarkable performance on several occasions had already won Edward over.

He was eager to hear Jason's opinion.

"Do you think..."

"This Dr. Hannibal could be related to the 'Ghost Squad'?"

Jason said.

Hannibal had appeared when Dadas purchased what was called 'dragon eggs.'

Such an appearance, Jason did not believe to be a coincidence.

After all, Jason did not believe that a person like Hannibal would go to the market himself; he gave off the impression of someone who would prefer to cultivate his own plot of land, self-sufficiently.

If it wasn't a coincidence, Hannibal went there on purpose.

Then naturally, it had to be related to the 'Ghost Squad.'

Those items were given to Hannibal by the 'Ghost Squad.'

And more importantly—

Were those items 'food'?

Jason pondered, and then, his saliva began to secrete uncontrollably.

Upon hearing Jason's words, Edward fell into deep thought.

Given Mika's character, if he could choose, to have someone like Hannibal as a collaborator, with both connections and money, would be very pleasing to him.

Only...

Why would Hannibal choose to cooperate with Mika?

What did Mika have that someone like Hannibal would desire?

Or perhaps, Hannibal hoped to use Mika to eliminate some people?

The more Edward thought about it, the tighter his brows furrowed.

“Accelerate, hurry up.”

Edward slapped the driver’s seat.

“Understood.”

Bansey nodded and immediately floored the accelerator.

Suddenly, the speeding car became even faster.

However, even so, when Jason and his two companions arrived at Sausage Street, it was already evening.

The sun was setting.

The sun's blood-like rays scattered across the street.

Sausage Street had already been put under martial law.

Dozens of police officers were running around on the street.

They were picking up the pieces of Cecil's body.

Reporters who were blocked outside were staring at the scene, pressing their camera shutters from time to time.

Although they couldn't enter, it didn't hinder their work.

One photo after another, one record after another, was continuously sent back to the newsroom.

And when Bansey's driven car appeared, it immediately attracted the attention of the reporters, and when they saw Jason pushing the door open and getting out, the flashbulbs began to flicker non-stop.

They were no strangers to Jason.

“

The hero who confronted armed militants.

The detective who solved the case at the Aimeida Restaurant.

Such incidents had made him familiar to them.

Now, as Jason appeared here, the reporters swarmed toward him like sharks scenting blood, frantically converging on him.

“Mr. Jason, are you here to investigate the murder of Chief Cecil?”

“Mr. Jason, what is your opinion regarding Councilor Davide’s assassination attempt?”

“Mr. Jason, I heard you have taken an advisory role in the special operations unit of the police?”

...

The crowd of reporters bombarded Jason with one question after another.

Their words peppered him like machine gun fire, non-stop.

Remembering his “City Recognition,” Jason stood ramrod straight, allowing the reporters to take his photographs.

Only after the flashbulbs had ceased did he start to respond one by one:

“I’ve just arrived at the scene, so I cannot confirm anything about Chief Cecil’s case.”

“I regret the assassination attempt on Councilor Davide.”

“You are well informed, I am indeed an advisor to the special operations unit now.”

Jason's cooperation made the reporters even more excited.

Besides at press conferences, they rarely encountered someone so accommodating.

Most people would either sidestep the discussion or rudely push the cameras away.

"What do you think of the case before you?"

"Do you know why Chief Cecil exploded?"

"Is it a new kind of weapon?"

"Or is it sorcery?"

"Do you believe 'mysteries' truly exist?"

The reporters clamored with their questions.

And still, Jason maintained a composed demeanor.

He once again waited for the barrage of questions to subside.

“It’s a mistake to confuse the odd with the mysterious; the most ordinary crimes are often the most inscrutable because they lack strange features to serve as a basis for deductive reasoning.”

“And moreover...”

“There is only one truth!”

Having said this, Jason no longer gave the reporters a chance to speak and strode forward.

The slight air of a predator about him prompted the reporters to subconsciously clear a path.

Watching his broad, towering figure pass, the reporters pressed their shutters once more.

The flashbulbs twinkled again.

The veteran reporters turned their attention to the vehicle Jason had arrived in.

Noticing the mud on the tires that did not seem to come from the city, these savvy reporters immediately whispered to their assistants, "Check where Mr. Jason has come from."

The assistants nodded in agreement.

They then acted swiftly.

A reporter's instinct can sometimes be as sharp as a detective's.

Only, their lines of thought are different.

Jason walked ahead.

Edward walked shoulder to shoulder with Jason, while little Bansey followed behind.

"Jason, I can't believe you managed to handle that crowd!"

Edward expressed his admiration.

Behind them, little Bansey felt similarly.

“When they question me, I always feel like I’m being interrogated.”

“Even though I did nothing wrong.”

“Yet they seem to have already come up with the answers.”

“As if I was the one who did it.”

“It’s really... terrifying.”

Bansey, seemingly having a deeper experience, had a look of lingering fear on his face.

“Composure is your only way to respond,” Jason said, coming to a halt.

In front of them was a typical two-and-a-half-story building with a garden and a terrace; the walls were brightly colored and the windows clean.

At the entrance, on the left pillar of the black iron fence, hung a small sign: "Hannibal Psychological Clinic."

The door was not closed.

In fact, both the gate and the house door stood open.

Two police officers were in the hallway, questioning Hannibal.

Differing from the suit and tie he wore at their last encounter, Hannibal was now dressed in a light green striped shirt with a pure white apron tied around his waist. As he dealt with the officers' questions, he saw Jason standing at the doorway.

Immediately, the psychologist's face lit up with a joyful surprise.

"Good evening, Jason."