

Menu 268

Chapter 268: A cold night, the heart also turns cold

Watching Jason about to leave, Hannibal quickly snapped back to reality.

“I have a vacant room here.”

He immediately added.

“I’ve made a promise to Giselle and will be staying there for a while.”

Jason shook his head, explaining.

“Giselle?”

“The pastry chef?”

Hannibal frowned slightly, then nodded his head.

“A promise, you say?”

“Understood.”

“May I come to visit you?”

Hannibal asked.

“Of course.”

Jason would naturally not refuse a visit from a culinary master, not to mention the two of them shared a considerable bond—the ‘food’ he had consumed was testimony to that.

“I’ll walk you out.”

Hannibal escorted Jason to the gate.

And then, silently watched as Jason’s figure disappeared around the corner, before he reluctantly closed the gate.

Looking at the empty room, the psychiatrist felt quite unaccustomed.

However, he quickly returned to the bedroom.

He stared at the 'food' information on the wall and once again began to analyze it.

...

At the corner, Jason saw Edward and little Bansey shivering from the cold.

The two of them held a cup of coffee, warming up in turns.

"Why not buy another cup?"

Jason asked.

"Because we're broke..."

"Because one cup is enough."

Before Bansey could finish, Edward interrupted him, and the words 'this cup was a gift from a colleague' remained unsaid.

Edward stepped forward, shielding Bansey behind him.

He was worried his assistant might say something inappropriate.

Wasn't he, the leader of the special action group, concerned about his reputation?

How could it be possible that he couldn't afford a cup of coffee?

Although he really couldn't.

But, he couldn't let others know!

Edward maintained his last bit of stubborn pride.

"Oh."

"Bansey, do you need a new hot coffee?"

"My treat."

Jason nodded, looking towards little Bansey.

Bansey blinked, glancing at the back of his team leader, thinking of his persistence, he quickly nodded in accordance with his genuine desires, saying, "Yes! Double milk! Three sugars! Extra large!" **R**

Taking 1 dollar, Bansey sprinted toward the 24-hour coffee shop across the street.

Edward looked at his assistant's retreating figure, then at Jason, and finally chose to hold onto the coffee that had long gone cold.

He had his dignity.

He had his limits.

He...

Also wanted a sip of something warm.

Silently sipped the cooled coffee.

Bitter.

The wind blew.

The body was cold.

The heart even colder.

But when he saw Bansey returning from the distance with two cups in hand, Edward's eyes brightened, and a small smile curled at the corners of his mouth.

There was no doubt that his assistant knew what he needed.

Truly a Bansey!

Edward silently praised in his heart.

Then, he stepped forward to meet him, ready to reach out and take the hot coffee.

But Bansey didn't stop; he walked straight past him.

Edward paused, his hand frozen mid-air.

His neck stiffly turned like a robot.

He watched as Bansey handed the other cup of coffee to Jason with a smile, saying:

"Jason, although it's a bit more expensive after midnight, the store has a buy-one-get-one offer."

"This one is on the house."

"And here's your change."

Jason took the steaming coffee, pocketed the 40 cents change, and took a sip right away.

A hint of sweetness amidst the bitterness.

The milk blended in just right.

Though the ingredients were certainly not top-notch, the skill was admirable.

Especially on this cold winter night, sipping it in the biting cold wind felt truly comforting.

Jason evaluated.

“So warm.”

Little Bansey squinted his eyes, uttering in contentment.

Edward, standing a few steps away, lowered his head and looked at the coffee in his hand that had gone cold, and felt it was even harder to swallow, but he was determined, for he was a man of dignity.

Cold coffee isn't so bad after all!

Edward comforted himself with this thought.

Then, he turned and walked towards the street corner.

Whoosh!

As he neared the corner, a chilly wind blew.

Edward shivered and sneezed involuntarily.

Achoo!

Immediately after, his hand trembled, the coffee tilted, and spilled onto the ground.

Edward looked at the coffee on the ground, quickly congealing in the low temperature, and felt as if his heart was freezing over. He silently walked to one side and threw the coffee cup into the trash bin.

Then, he got back into the car.

The temperature inside the car, parked for most of the night, wasn't much warmer than outside.

But at least there was no more wind.

Similarly, in the enclosed space, the steamy coffee would emit an even more intense aroma, especially after adding milk and sugar, the flavor made Edward's nose twitch uncontrollably.

He wrapped his coat tighter around himself.

He told himself it was all an illusion.

He wasn't cold or hungry.

His focus was solely on work.

"How's it looking?"

To distract himself, Edward asked.

"It's not him."

Jason replied with certainty.

Then, after a moment's thought, he continued,

“It must be ‘Ghost Squad’!”

“Do you remember the ‘Trick Mine’?”

Jason reminded Edward.

“That bastard Mika!”

Edward said through clenched teeth.

“A guy like Cecil, he’s also a target for ‘Ghost Squad’?”

“He shouldn’t be in the way of ‘Ghost Squad,’ should he?”

“On the contrary, someone like him would be more beneficial for ‘Ghost Squad,’ right?”

With a hot coffee in hand, Bansey turned his head and said.

“Exactly.”

“Him being alive is beneficial for ‘Ghost Squad’.”

“But what if there’s a reason he absolutely has to die?”

Jason nodded and said.

A reason he absolutely had to die?

Edward was taken aback, but then he realized,

“You’re saying...”

“Cecil is connected to ‘Ghost Squad’!”

“Mika is silencing him!”

Edward, looking towards Jason, said.

Jason nodded slightly.

“Bastard!”

Edward cursed under his breath.

He had always felt like his operations were somehow foreknown by Ghost Squad, and although Ghost Squad was powerful enough, it couldn't possibly be like ghosts, not only appearing and disappearing without a trace but always preempting every move.

But it would be a different story if someone was tipping them off.

And moreover, the informant was his superior in name.

The outcome was naturally inevitable.

Bansey was also filled with rage.

Because he thought of his comrades who had died in vain.

Dying on the battlefield, he had no complaints.

It was the military duty.

But to die under such a nearly treacherous circumstance?

He couldn't accept it!

Huff, huff.

Bansey breathed heavily, taking deep breaths.

He needed to calm himself.

At this moment, anger wouldn't solve anything.

After several deep breaths, Bansey calmed down.

He wanted to ask something else, his gaze instinctively turned to Jason.

That's when Bansey noticed Jason had turned his head, looking outside the car window.

Bansey quickly turned, looking where Jason was looking.

Suddenly, his breath caught.

Because...

He saw —

Cecil!

Cecil, who had been blown apart, appeared at the edge of the streetlight and darkness, his body shattered, only his head relatively intact, rolling forward.

The head rolled and at the same time, called out in a low voice:

“Where's my flesh?”