

Menu 269

Chapter 269: The Playful Little Bansey

Cold sweat spilled from Bansey's forehead.

He subconsciously reached for his gun.

But his body was as heavy as if it were filled with lead, or frozen stiff in the cold wind, completely unable to move.

And just at that moment—

Bang, bang bang!

The gun fired.

Edward, with a calm expression, fired three shots in rapid succession, shattering the rolling head, which could no longer move.

The car door swung open, and Jason stepped out.

His expression was just as calm, his demeanor indifferent.

Edward followed closely behind.

Bansey was the last to step out.

Moreover, by the time Bansey came over, Jason and Edward had already started a meticulous examination of the scene.

He turned his head and glanced surreptitiously at Jason and Edward.

Eventually, he couldn't hold back any longer.

"Captain, Jason, aren't you scared?" Bansey asked.

"Scared?"

"Why should we be scared?"

"Dead people aren't living people, what's there to be afraid of?" Edward retorted.

"But, but..."

Bansey felt that Edward made sense, yet he still felt something was off. He opened his mouth but couldn't articulate his thoughts, while Edward went on with a smile, "Don't be afraid of these things. Just shoot. If a gun doesn't work, use a grenade; if a grenade doesn't work, use a mortar. If one mortar shell isn't enough, use a bunch."

"Level the place, and it'll be quiet."

With that, Edward looked at Jason.

"You think the same, right, Jason?"

"Mhm," Jason nodded.

As long as the caliber was large enough, the yield sufficient, in his view, any 'physical' bizarre entity wasn't something to be feared.

Even some of the insubstantial bizarre beings could be categorized in the same way.

If it didn't work, it just meant that your caliber wasn't big enough, your yield not sufficient.

What really concerned Jason was the 'Bizarre'!

Those that couldn't be understood through normal reasoning, the 'Bizarre'!

This was also why he was always so committed to enhancing "Protection Against Evil."

However, Edward's decisiveness still caught Jason by surprise.

He had thought that Edward had never been exposed to the 'Mystical Side.'

Seeming to notice Jason's confusion, Edward explained:

"Although I may not have been in as many battles as you have, Jason, I have been on the battlefield."

"You know, there are too many strange things on the battlefield."

"These?"

"They're nothing at all."

Edward pointed at the wreckage beneath his feet, shrugged his shoulders, and continued:

“I’m just curious now...”

“How did it get here?”

In the afternoon, the whole street had been under martial law to collect Cecil’s body.

Simply put, Cecil’s body should have been in the police morgue.

“Bansey, use the radio in the car to inquire,” Jason ordered.

“Yes, Captain,” Bansey replied and turned to sprint toward the car.

Edward headed towards the martial law officers running their way.

Suddenly, Jason was left alone at the scene.

His gaze no longer lingered on the remains.

Instead, he kept flaring his nostrils.

The cold air rushed into his nasal passages.

Carrying a hint of sweetness.

That was the sweetness of food.

Regrettably, it was very faint.

In the cold wind of the night, such a scent couldn't linger, and it dissipated with the breeze.

But it was enough to pique Jason's interest.

Hannibal had said that the 'Ghost Squad' had a fairly stable 'supply chain' for 'ingredients.'

Clearly, in the previous case of Cecil's murder, these guys hadn't wasted an opportunity; they must have allowed a certain 'ingredient' to act, creating the bizarre scene before them. ❖

As for why?

To demoralize the Newdeth City police.

Or to put it more directly, to trouble Edward.

Edward knew Mika.

Mika naturally knew Edward.

Two people familiar with each other 'fighting', and the one who shows the first flaw is naturally the one who fails.

“

Tap, tap tap.

Hannibal, clad in a thin shirt, ran out from the distance.

The recent gunshot had awakened the contemplative Hannibal.

Jason gave Hannibal a slight shake of his head, and the latter immediately nodded in understanding, his expression quickly adjusting.

By the time he reached Jason, he even spoke in the tone of a doctor:

“What happened, Jason?”

asked Hannibal.

His eyes then glanced at the debris on the ground.

“Nothing,”

Jason replied calmly.

He made no superfluous movements and uttered no unnecessary words.

In public spaces, it was better for him and Hannibal to maintain the relationship of 'doctor and patient' as people knew it.

This facilitated Jason's search for the 'Ghost Squad' even more.

Naturally, Hannibal understood what Jason meant.

He again reminded Jason about various matters to be cautious of.

When Edward returned, Hannibal nodded politely and turned back to his dwelling.

"He's got nerve,"

Edward remarked.

The recent gunshot had alarmed the entire street.

Yet the only one who came out to check was Hannibal.

"Maybe it's because he's a doctor."

“And I’m a patient,”

“He came out because he saw me here,”

said Jason.

“Hmm.”

“I’ve checked the files; his professional integrity is not in question.”

“Many big shots are pleased to befriend him.”

Edward nodded.

The two conversed as they walked back to their car.

Edward looked at the coffee still warm inside the car, steaming, and curled his lip, trying his best to sit in the back corner.

“Captain, everything’s normal back at headquarters.”

“They haven’t found Cecil’s head this afternoon.”

“It must be... hidden ahead of time.”

Bansey carefully chose his words, starting the car while he spoke and heading toward Pea Corner Street where Watchdog Pastry House was located.

“When we get back, file this case specially, in the special action team’s special filing cabinet,”

Edward instructed.

“Yes,”

replied Bansey promptly.

However, Jason noticed some of the vocabulary in Edward’s words.

“Special filing cabinet?”

“Are ‘The Ripper Beneath the Night Sky’ and ‘The Hanged Man’s Echo’ also in there?”

Jason asked.

He wasn’t surprised by the existence of the ‘special filing cabinet.’

After all, it was only natural for certain special cases, which couldn’t be made public, to be kept in a special place.

He just wanted to know more about the ‘food.’

Although he had learned some from Hannibal,

Jason never underestimated the police’s investigative capabilities.

Edward likely knew things that ordinary people didn’t.

Indeed, it was so.

“All there!”

After confirming, Edward then explained:

“For ‘The Ripper Beneath the Night Sky,’ we’ve locked on a few doctors and butchers. We’ve been monitoring them. I’m quite confident that our guy is among these few people.”

“As soon as he strikes again, I’ll definitely catch him,”

Edward said confidently.

But then, Edward hesitated.

“As for ‘The Hanged Man’s Echo?’”

“I don’t have more information!”

“Based on witness accounts from the scenes, we only know that the bastard likes to strike at night against parties of two or more in a vehicle. In all three incidents, the vehicles broke down, and when one

or more got out to check, they were attacked and hanged outside, with the bodies suspended above the vehicle, so the deceased's shoes could just graze the car's roof, producing a gritty noise."

"Those who stayed in the car were safe, but were terrified out of their wits."

"I tried to inquire further, but there were no more clues,"

Edward said, frowning deeply,

clearly contemplating the case.

Bansey, driving the car, was much more relaxed.

In a half-joking tone, he said, "We're also multiple people in a car now, aren't we? What do you say, will that guy show up? If he does, I'm going to let him..."

Click, clunk.

The normally running car's engine shook and suddenly died.