

Menu 271

Chapter 271: I Am the Partner of Justice

I've eaten you!

Come! Into my mouth!

Jason's gentle voice fell on the monster's ears, but it became a fierce roar.

It shook its head subconsciously while murmuring incessantly.

"I'm sorry, I didn't come, it wasn't me, it's all an illusion."

However, unfortunately for Jason, such mumbling was utterly ineffective.

Bang!

He took a step forward and punched the opponent in the stomach.

The strength wasn't great, but it was very precise, and just right.

The next moment—

Blargh!

The monster fell to its knees and started vomiting.

A dark object that looked like herbal jelly, accompanied by the vomit, fell to the ground.

Like the ‘Epuke Spirit,’ this palm-sized ‘food’ had neither hands nor feet nor facial features and could only move slowly on the ground.

The sweet scent instantly dissipated the sour stench of vomit.

Jason, well-practiced, scooped up this ‘food’ and turned to rinse it thoroughly with strong alcohol from a cabinet nearby.

After confirming that no trace of vomit remained, Jason gave it a shake and popped it into his mouth.

It tasted similar to the ‘Epuke Spirit’ but was a bit sweeter, with a hint of a milky fragrance.

All in all, it was quite a nice midnight snack.

[Consumed 'Epuke Spirit'!]

[Physical Strength, Vitality (Injury) fully restored to the maximum extent!]

[Fullness +3]

[Fullness: 106]

...

A fullness value worthy of a midnight snack.

In fact, this 'Epuke Spirit' already had the highest fullness value, while the rest fluctuated around 1-2.

But, a low fullness value doesn't mean they are less destructive.

Like the 'Epuke Spirit.'

The 'Epuke Spirits' too lurked within the human body as 'food.'

They used 'people' to accomplish various tasks.

Unlike the solitary 'Epuke Spirit,' these 'Epuke Spirits' were gregarious, therefore, using the unrelated bodies of various 'people,' they accomplished many unbelievable deeds.

For example, the case of 'The Echo of the Hanged.'

Jason had already confirmed this through 'Death Qi Perception.'

Inside this house, there were many things tainted with the aura of death.

Some faint, some intense.

A piece of rope attracted the most attention.

Three different death auras clung to it, and, considering the three concurrent 'Echo of the Hanged' cases, the answer was obvious.

However, this was just his deduction from the 'Mystical Side.'

Evidence from the 'scientific side' was still needed.

Jason turned and walked towards the living room phone, dialing the police hotline.

"Hello."

"Is this Mr. Jason?"

"Are you looking for Chief Edward?"

"I'll inform him right away."

Jason had barely said a word when the operator, Ada, began speaking in rapid succession.

For this operator, who took calls daily, she had grown used to identifying a person by their voice, never forgetting even the ones she had heard just once.

"Okay."

Jason replied and then gave the address.

After that, he waited quietly.

The entire house had already been checked while waiting for the last 'midnight snack' to arrive.

There was nothing of note.

Or rather, apart from the 'food' itself, the place was very ordinary.

"Is it the ordinariness that makes it difficult for Edward to make a move?"

Jason thought, his mind naturally expanding on the idea.

"Since they use 'people's' bodies, then these 'foods' should also be capable of communication."

"Likewise, when faced with life and death, the 'food' will also make choices out of fear and a desire to live."

“So, can I cultivate a ‘Food Traitor’?”

Jason seriously contemplated this question, analyzing the pros and cons.

Without a doubt, this cultivation plan was largely feasible on paper.

But the time it would consume was certainly not short.

And naturally, there would be setbacks from repeated trials and tests.

“^

This would again extend the time.

For him, with only 58 days remaining, it was not enough.

Then, Jason suddenly had a flash of inspiration.

He thought of “Ghost Squad.”

“According to Hannibal, ‘Ghost Squad’ has a stable ‘food supply channel’!”

“But the unpredictability of the ‘food’ makes it hard to do this unless ‘Ghost Squad’ can accurately grasp these ‘foods’ movements every time.”

“That is to say, ‘Ghost Squad’ most likely cultivated their own ‘Food Traitor.’”

At this thought, Jason clenched his fist fiercely.

He had already resolved to eliminate ‘Ghost Squad,’ an enemy with no honor and unscrupulous methods.

It was definitely not for that ‘Food Traitor.’

That was merely a spoil of war.

He simply could not overlook ‘Ghost Squad’ attacking and provoking killings in front of him time and again.

His dignity had been trampled on.

Naturally, he would retaliate tooth for tooth, eye for an eye.

“If there is a ‘Food Traitor,’ finding ‘Ghost Squad’ wouldn’t be difficult.”

“The only concern is whether the ‘Food Traitor’ has been specially placed.”

“Or rather...”

“The ‘Food Traitor’ is contacted through a single line.”

Considering ‘Ghost Squad’s’ way of operating, Jason thought both were possible.

Those in control could opt for slow-acting poison.

Controlling a ‘Food Traitor’ naturally might involve something similar.

Though he was unaware of it.

For Jason, eating was all that mattered.

Why bother with anything else?

But now he had to consider it, which made Jason frown.

He believed it affected the purity of the 'food.'

Thus, creating trouble, 'Ghost Squad' deserved to die even more.

And the 'Food Traitor' had to be controlled by his own hands.

Only in this way could the purity of the 'food' be guaranteed.

After all, no one can ensure that 'food' controlled by poison or other means wouldn't affect the taste.

The sound of a car engine approached from outside the door, getting louder.

After a sharp brake, Edward rushed in.

Seeing the five people lying on the ground, he asked breathlessly,

“Are they the ones?”

“Probably.”

“You can check over there.”

Jason didn’t give a definite answer, but just pointed towards the storage room at the end of the hallway on the first floor.

Edward immediately went there.

Unlike the storage rooms in other people’s homes cluttered with miscellaneous items, this one stored knives, daggers, ropes, and even two shotguns.

Seeing these items, Edward’s eyes instantly lit up.

In front of him, the weapons, some still with dried blood on them, automatically brought to mind several crime files involving similar weapons.

‘Miso Building Murder’!

‘Bitter Gourd Public Restroom Shooting’!

‘Crisp Street Throat-Slitting’!

Case after case surfaced, exciting Edward even more.

He turned around and gave Jason a thumbs up.

“Well done!” Edward exclaimed.

The matters that followed naturally didn’t require Jason’s concern any longer.

More professionals arrived at the scene to organize the weapons and evidence.

Those people infiltrated by Epuke Spirits?

They were also taken back for questioning one by one.

Perhaps they were pitiful.

But they were certainly not innocent.

Jason got into the car, driven by little Bansey.

This was the order of Edward, who needed to stay at the scene.

The car started up again.

Bansey gripped the steering wheel, keeping the car steady, and couldn't help but lament, "Sir Jason, it really has been a long night!"

Then, Bansey suddenly thought of something and said—

"Do you think we'll encounter anything else?"