

Menu 277

Chapter 277: Provocation

As Bansey chased after “Private” towards the outside, Edward saw Jason walking out of the cafeteria, his expression composed.

Edward found nothing strange about Jason’s ability to eat the breakfast of 30 people. On the battlefield, he had seen too many capable of the extraordinary; such was the nature of Jason, and it certainly didn’t surprise him.

But...

Edward genuinely admired Jason’s ability to eat so much of Gillick’s cooking.

“You are truly remarkable,”

Edward said, giving Jason a thumbs-up.

“The food I choose for myself, I must finish. That’s my table etiquette,”

Jason said indifferently.

“Hm, I seem to have heard something similar somewhere...”

“That’s it!”

“I remember now!”

Musing, Edward suddenly clenched his right fist and struck it into his left palm. He turned his head to look at Jason and deliberately slowed down his voice, saying, “The path you’ve chosen for yourself, you must finish, even if you have to crawl.”

Having said that, Edward looked at Jason, expecting to see his reaction.

Unfortunately, Jason was unfazed, his face impassive. Life in Nightless City had long accustomed him to a blank façade; even if his mind was in turmoil, his face remained calm and composed.

This expression was profoundly misleading.

At least, observing Jason’s demeanor made Edward involuntarily doubt himself.

Did I not say it right?

Just as Edward was about to say something else, Bansey’s exclamation clearly reached his ears.

Edward turned and ran towards the small gate.

Jason was one step quicker.

Pushing the door open, both of them saw on the ground a complete set of offal—heart, liver, spleen, stomach, kidneys.

And...

It was human!

The experienced Edward needed only one glance to confirm it.

Jason frowned.

When he entered the police station, he had checked with his “Aura of Death” ability.

At that time, he naturally noticed the aura of death in the trash can, but because it was close to the kitchen, Jason subconsciously assumed it was some food scraps and never thought it was human.
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Looking at the crimson on the ground, Jason once again reminded himself.

He had made an obvious error once again: “Aura of Death” could detect corpses, but it had never specified whether the corpses were human or animal.

“Secure the scene...”

Click-click-click!

While Edward was instructing Bansey, he hadn’t finished his sentence when a flurry of footsteps suddenly erupted.

A group of journalists holding cameras appeared at the back of the police station.

They looked at the blood and organs on the ground with horror on their faces, but excitement was also mixed in.

Without hesitation, these journalists pressed their shutters.

Click, click.

The flashbulb flickered repeatedly.

“No photography!”

“Photography is prohibited!”

Edward instinctively shouted.

Unfortunately, the journalists, who outnumbered them, paid no attention to the head of the special operations team.

And because of the journalists’ status, Edward couldn’t possibly get rough; he could only use his body to block the camera lenses, but in order not to disturb the scene, he had to maneuver around the edge of the blood.

The effectiveness of such a block is naturally imaginable.

This made Edward even more frustrated.

Still, anger did not affect Edward’s thought process.

How did these journalists get here?

Edward pondered.

Similarly, Jason was also thinking.

His first reaction upon seeing these journalists was that someone inside the police station had sold the information to them.

But immediately, Jason shook his head.

Wrong!

Bansey had just discovered these organs, and the ones who arrived on the scene were only Edward and himself.

Bansey and Edward weren't likely to do such a thing; otherwise, they wouldn't be in such financial distress.

Besides, even if someone wanted to sell the news, the journalists' arrival was too quick, too coincidental, as if it had been rehearsed in advance.

Rehearsal?

Wait a minute!

Did they know about this in advance?

Jason had grasped a key point and once again looked at the reporters, directly activating his “Death Perception.”

There was no hint of death on the people before him.

Meaning, they were not direct participants.

It must have been...

Someone had informed them!

Thinking this, Jason’s brow furrowed slightly.

And at that moment, after the reporters had finally finished photographing the scene, they began to take pictures of the people present.

Without doubt, Jason was the most conspicuous among them.

In the past two days, the reporters from Newdeth City had already come to recognize this retired soldier, now serving as a consultant to the police department's special operations team.

From the earliest rescue operations to yesterday's apartment murder and Cecil's explosion case, Jason's figure was already etched in the mind of every reporter.

Even to some extent, to gauge whether a reporter from Newdeth City was competent, one had to see if they recognized Jason from the last few days.

Click, click.

The flashbulbs flashed again.

When the camera pointed at him, Jason stood up straight, very cooperatively, and during the intermissions of the flashing lights, spoke indifferently, "When an avalanche occurs, not a single snowflake is innocent."

Without giving a direct answer, Jason chose this ambiguous sentence.

Because he couldn't be one hundred percent certain that someone had informed these reporters about what had happened here.

This statement, placed here, could be taken to mean that the reporters knew what had happened, or it could be interpreted as frustration at the reporters' incessant defiance in taking photographs.

However, when he saw the surprise on the faces of the reporters after he had spoken, Jason felt sure of his answer.

Indeed, that was the case.

"Your Excellency Jason, did you know someone had sent us a letter?"

A reporter directly asked.

"Of course, it was quite obvious,"

Jason replied.

"Truly, as would be expected of Your Excellency Jason,"

that reporter exclaimed admiringly, then another reporter could not help but interject:

“The person who sent the letter said that he had left some ‘small gifts’ we might be interested in, in the rubbish bins behind the police station. If no one discovered them, it was up to us to open them ourselves.”

“If someone found them, he wanted that person to know he had also prepared some additional ‘gifts’.”

“They would need to be found by that person.”

“If found, he would give a ‘reward’.”

“If not, he’d give a ‘punishment’.”

As the reporter spoke, he watched Edward approach and very cooperatively took out the letter.

The other reporters did the same.

They had come in pursuit of news, not to challenge the police.

If cooperation was needed, they would cooperate naturally.

Of course, they would take preliminary photocopies and photographs as necessary.

Upon receiving the letters, Edward scanned them and his face immediately turned grim.

The content of the letter was exactly as the reporter had described.

The signature was the same too: Jack the Ripper in the Night.

“This bastard!”

Edward cursed under his breath.

It wasn't just because of the provocation, but also because the person in question had once again undoubtedly harmed innocent people.

More importantly, there were no clues whatsoever in the letter.

Edward checked them repeatedly but found nothing.

He then handed one of the letters to Jason.

He hoped Jason might have some clues, and the surrounding reporters also hoped Jason would make some discovery.

“Your Excellency Jason, do you have any clues about the additional ‘gifts’?”

the same reporter asked, unable to withhold his curiosity.

The other reporters also watched Jason intently.

Under everyone’s gaze, Jason did not answer immediately.

He appeared to be reading the letter in his hands seriously, and then...

He activated “Death Perception.”