

## Menu 278

### Chapter 278: Outside Support

Gray filled Jason's vision, permeated with the breath of death.

This time he began to widen the search area.

In the back alley, apart from the viscera at his feet smeared with the aura of death, there was nothing else worth noting.

He moved his footsteps, walking out of the alleyway.

As for the police station?

Before he arrived, he had already confirmed that there was nothing inside tainted with the same aura of death.

As Jason moved, the surrounding reporters immediately dispersed.

After walking out of the alley with ease, Jason immediately locked his eyes on the mailbox opposite.

This mailbox looked no different from those in other locations, almost as tall as a man, painted green throughout, and somewhat mottled.

But inside, the aura of death was so dense it reached the extreme.

Much more than the viscera contained in the trash bin.

Torso!

Jason guessed.

Then, he walked straight toward the mailbox.

From a distance, the mailbox looked no different from others.

However, upon closer inspection, one could find that it had been tampered with; from the mail retrieval slot upward, it had been sawed with something like a saw, forming a shape similar to an inverted “U”, then it was repaired, and although cement and paint were used for mending the edges, a careful examination revealed a trace.

Thump, thump-thump.

Jason knocked.

A hollow sound.

“Shall we open it?”

Edward, who had been following Jason, asked.

At the same time, he flared his nostrils.

He wanted to use the scent of blood to determine if there was a body.

But he smelled nothing.

“Open it.”

Jason nodded.

“Bansey, the crowbar.”

Edward called out.

Little Bansey instantly ran back to the police station and shortly afterward returned with a crowbar in hand. He jabbed it fiercely into the repaired spot of the mailbox.

Bang!

The cement splattered, and with Bansey's sufficient strength, the crowbar penetrated the crack with one strike.

Then, he exerted a little force.

Creak.

The side of the mailbox was directly pried open.

Immediately, the scene inside the mailbox was revealed.

Not a single letter, but instead a headless corpse hanging.

"Ah!"

“A body!”

The exclamation came from reporters a little further away.

By this time, Edward’s subordinates had already rushed out to maintain order.

They not only formed a solid wall of people but also kept their distance.

However, this did not prevent the reporters from raising their cameras high and pressing the shutter.

Even less so did it hinder the taller ones from standing on tiptoes to peek inside.

The shorter ones?

They bent down, peering through the gaps.

At this moment, they were each displaying Divine Skills.

But Jason and Edward both ignored these people, both were examining the body in front of them.

The corpse was split open through the middle, just like a slaughtered pig hanging in a butcher's shop, suspended inside the mailbox, and on the neck of the body, hung a note.

The note wasn't folded, clearly written on it was:

Clever one, you've found the 'extra gift'.

Therefore, I will give you a reward.

But of course, you have to search for this 'reward' yourself.

Friendly tip: You better be quick, otherwise this 'reward' might go up in smoke.

Another hint: The 'reward' is close to you.

— Looking forward to your performance: The Ripper in the Night.

...

“A bomb?!”

Edward scanned the note, its tone full of arrogance.

Instantly, he was drawn to the phrase ‘go up in smoke’.

And he immediately thought of a bomb.

It was the only way he could think of for something to ‘go up in smoke’ quickly.

“Mm.”

Jason nodded.

He agreed with Edward’s conjecture.

After seeing Jason nod, the leader of the Special Operations Team immediately turned around and said in a low voice to little Bansey, “There’s a bomb, evacuate the crowd, quickly.”

“Yes, Captain.”

Little Bansey set into motion at once.

But the journalists were not so easily evacuated.

“You can’t do this!”

“The public has a right to know!”

“Exactly!”

“We have the right to know the truth!”

The journalists began to clamor loudly.

Especially a few who were leading the pack, they even tried to break through the human wall during the chaos, in search of a better angle to shoot from, but they were all pushed back by little Bansey.



Unfortunately, these people hadn't given up, they were prepared to try again.

In the face of news, journalists were more persistent than hounds.

And that was a big headache for little Bansey.

That's why he'd rather be on the battlefield than face journalists.

Then, just as little Bansey didn't know what to do, he suddenly noticed that these journalists who wanted to break through the human wall moments ago had all stopped.

And they were moving in a certain direction.

No!

It wasn't the journalists who had moved.

It was His Excellency Jason who had moved!

The journalists were simply following His Excellency Jason!

Turning his head, little Bansey saw Jason heading in a certain direction.

That was...

The police dormitory!

And the journalists, chasing after Jason, swarmed toward it.

“Mr. Jason, have you discovered something else?”

“The body just now, how did you find it?”

“Did you find any clues in the ‘Night Stalker’s’ message?”

There was no human wall around Jason, as soon as the journalists surged up they immediately started asking.

Jason kept walking, his expression remaining indifferent.

He said lightly—

“It’s all quite obvious.”

Having said that, Jason continued on with large strides.

What could he say?

He certainly couldn’t say that it was through the “Dead Air Sense” that he had discovered the body, right?

At this time, Jason unexpectedly began to miss the woman confectioner.

If she were here, she would surely be able to ‘explain everything accurately’.

It’s all quite obvious?

The journalists looked at one another, trying to see if anyone had discovered something from their colleagues’ faces.

But everyone was just baffled.

Subconsciously, they looked toward Edward.

The leader of the Special Operations Team by now had quite a bit of experience, following behind Jason, maintaining a breezy demeanor.

“Deputy Director Edward, do you know what this means?”

The journalists immediately shifted their attention, starting to question Edward.

“Just as Jason has said—it’s all quite obvious.”

Having said that, Edward quickened his pace.

However, he didn’t forget to pull little Bansey with him.

He didn’t want little Bansey to slip up.

Of course, he had even more important things to instruct Bansey about.

“Call Giselle, report what happened here... no, have someone report to Giselle, then, you immediately go by car to invite Giselle over.”

Edward said in a low voice.

Seeking Miss Giselle?

Little Bansey was stunned, not understanding why Edward would do such a thing.

But that didn't hinder him from following orders.

“Yes, Captain!”

Turning around, little Bansey pulled over a team member to give instructions, then ran toward the car.

‘Private’ had been following little Bansey all along, and as little Bansey opened the car door, he jumped in the car.

Jason heard Edward's instruction.

He wouldn't stop it.

He was pleased for the woman confectioner to come here.

Then, he raised his hand and pushed open the door in front of the police apartment.

Squeak.