

Menu 279

Chapter 279: Exploring for True Love Edward

Jason pushed open the door and strode inside.

Guided by a pervasive aura of death, he needed no further observation.

He headed straight for the target to finish the job.

In a room beside the stairs on the third floor, Jason found the hidden bomb.

Placed in a basket, concealed within a closet.

It was meticulously arranged; without a thorough search, ordinary people would hardly be able to find it.

But to Jason, a bomb tainted with the aura of death was as clear as if it was placed right before him.

This isn't cheating!

It's because his abilities are exceptional!

[Detecting Aura of Death]is his specialty, what's wrong with calling it his own ability?

After checking for things like booby traps, Jason lifted the cloth covering the basket.

Immediately, a bomb with a timer appeared before everyone's eyes.

Less than five minutes remained on the timer.

Watching the time tick away, Edward shouted loudly,

"Bomb squad!"

Then, the leader of the special operations group estimated the bomb's power and felt an increasing hatred towards the 'Ripper in the Night'.

Clearly, if Jason hadn't found the bomb so quickly,

it would have had unimaginable consequences.

Although the entire police apartment building wouldn't be destroyed, the surrounding rooms would certainly not be spared, and if there were people inside...

The result was self-evident.

“This bastard, did he realize we were onto him and that’s why he provoked us?”

“No!”

“Wrong, it’s not provocation.”

“He’s trying to divert our attention!”

Edward pondered.

“Maybe it’s just pure madness?”

Jason offered a different opinion.

“Pure madness?”

“Whether it’s provocation or madness!”

“I must catch this bastard!”

Mr. Edward furrowed his brow, then shook his head.

For him, regardless of what kind of criminal the ‘Ripper in the Night’ was, only the gallows awaited him.

And he?

He was the one determined to personally send the criminal to the gallows.

Watching his subordinates begin to defuse the bomb, Edward thought to himself.

At that moment, he suddenly saw Jason heading downstairs.

“Where are you going?”

Edward followed and asked.

“To catch that bastard.”

Jason replied.

...

Auchenberg sat in the café opposite the police station.

He sipped his coffee, leisurely watching the police station across from him.

The corners of his mouth couldn't help but turn up.

A smug smile appeared on his face.

“Such foolish mortals!”

He judged the reporters who had started to appear at the street corner.

To him, these reporters were truly foolish.

They had completely missed the clues he had intentionally left behind.

Of course, those clues weren't real.

But they would add a bit more interest to the game.

That was what he was looking forward to.

That was what he wanted.

However, this didn't affect his mood for enjoying the show.

"Those 'little gifts' should have been discovered by now, right?"

Auchenberg thought.

Then, he saw reporters who had rushed into the alley come bolting out again, following someone.

That was...

Jason!

“Tsk.”

Auchenberg pursed his lips, a disdainful sound escaped between his teeth.

He recognized Jason.

From the newspapers.

A man suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder was hyped up by a bunch of fools as a so-called super detective and hired by the police as a special consultant.

From this, it seemed that the detectives led by Edward were also foolish.

They had never seen the world.

They didn't know what a true genius looked like.

Thinking this, Auchenberg took another sip of his coffee, his eyes full of arrogance.

But very quickly, this arrogance was replaced by a hint of surprise.

“They actually found the ‘gift’?”

“Not bad at all.”

“Different from the other mortals.”

“Somewhat clever, indeed,”

Auchenberg put down his coffee, the disdain in his eyes slightly subsiding.

But it didn’t disappear completely.

In his view, finding the corpse in the mailbox was to be expected.

After all, he had left clues on so many letters.

But still!

What about the 'prize' that followed?

Would you be able to find it?

Auchenberg was somewhat looking forward to it.

He then saw Jason heading toward the police dormitory.

Instantly, Auchenberg laughed.

Everything was as he had anticipated.

"That's how it is!"

"That's how it is!"

“It’s more fun with more people.”

Auchenberg murmured softly.

He wasn’t worried about the lack of smart people; on the contrary, he worried about their presence.

Without smart people leading the way, how could those foolish ones gather and appreciate the charm of ‘fireworks’?

As for Jason finding his ‘time bomb’ ahead of time?

Impossible!

He had many layers of arrangements, which concealed the ‘time bomb’ very well!

Even a team of people conducting a thorough search wouldn’t find the ‘time bomb’ within the safe time, let alone one person!

Do you think he is the son of the realm?

Or the beloved, protected son of Newdeth City?

Impossible!

So, Auchenberg sat there with his coffee, shifting his position slightly.

He wouldn't want to be hurt by shattered glass.

Even while enjoying the fireworks, one must maintain a safe distance.

However, just as Auchenberg was picking up his coffee again, he saw Jason walk out of the police dormitory.

"Hmm?"

"Given up, have you?"

"Realized you can't find it within the safe time, so you're evacuating first?"

“A smart choice.”

“Truly a clever person,”

Auchenberg thought with irony.

Then, he saw Jason stride in.

Has he found me?

Impossible!

I’ve made plenty of concealments!

No one could possibly discover me!

Auchenberg reassured himself at the bottom of his heart, then, pretending to sip his coffee elegantly, he watched Jason approach and greeted him with a slight smile, “Is there something you need?”

“No,”

Jason replied just like that.

Auchenberg exhaled in relief.

Just as I thought!

It was just a coincidence!

I said to myself, having dressed perfectly for concealment, even in a skirt, how could an average person possibly find me?

“Then you...”

Smack!

Auchenberg instinctively tried to say something, but before he could finish, Jason raised his hand and struck his neck.

In the crisp sound of the hand chop, Auchenberg’s eyes rolled back, and he collapsed to the ground.

At that moment, Edward finally caught up.

“Who is this?”

Staring at the unconscious Auchenberg, Edward was somewhat unsure.

“He’s the one we’re looking for,”

Jason said.

In the vision of [Perception of Death], the other party was tainted with the same aura of death as the previous organs and torso.

Without a doubt, the person should be the murderer.

Edward subconsciously nodded at first, then quickly realized.

“Wait, you said ‘he’?”

Edward looked down at Auchenberg, who was dressed in a bright red skirt with lace at the hem, nails painted, lipstick on, foundation applied, and eyebrows meticulously groomed, and found it hard to believe.

“Yes, he,”

Jason nodded.

Edward immediately began to check.

A moment later...

He lifted his hand in astonishment.

While disgustedly shaking his hand, he looked at Jason incredulously.

“How did you know he was a man?”

“And how did you know he was the murderer?”

As Jason glanced at the retreating figure of Edward searching for disinfectant, he stated simply—

“Everything was obvious.”