

Menu 280

Chapter 280: Detailed Explanation of Giselle

Turning his back on Jason to look for the hand sanitizer, Edward couldn't help but roll his eyes.

"Would he even be asking if he knew?"

However, Edward didn't linger.

Because everything would become clear when Giselle arrived.

Also, because...

The touch just now had felt utterly disgusting to him.

After washing his hands about ten times, Edward, smelling strongly of hand sanitizer, reemerged from the washroom just as little Bansey had already brought Giselle into the cafe.

Though the journalists outside were kept at bay by a human wall, they still persisted in snapping away with their cameras.

Edward paid no attention to these people as he walked directly toward the female pastry chef.

“Good morning, Giselle,”

Edward greeted.

“Good morning, Edward,”

the pastry chef replied, then turned her gaze to Jason.

“Jason, you knew something like this would happen and you were worried it would concern me, so you came to the police station alone, didn’t you?”

She asked.

Edward was taken aback.

Not here for breakfast?

It seemed that Edward’s confusion did not go unnoticed by the pastry chef, who spoke directly, “I have just been to the canteen, and Gillick’s cooking skills are simply not enough to entice Jason.”

“But that doesn’t mean Jason came specifically for ‘Jack the Ripper’, does it?”

Edward still had his doubts.

The pastry chef then raised a finger.

“You’ve forgotten one thing, the newspaper!”

“Jason habitually reads the newspaper, but I didn’t subscribe to it, so he would go out to buy one.”

“Isn’t it strange that today’s newspapers haven’t appeared yet?”

“Keep in mind, normally the newsboys would be out before it’s even light.”

Then, the pastry chef raised a second finger.

“The second thing is, you and Jason have said that you had roughly identified the suspect for ‘Jack the Ripper’.”

“Given his method of crime, he is someone with a high opinion of himself; he wouldn’t just sit and wait, he’d definitely create some grand event.”

“And what would be more fitting than striking back at the police station, watching the officers run around like headless flies?”

“Therefore, Jason has been here for ‘Jack the Ripper’ from the beginning.”

Hearing the pastry chef’s explanation, Edward couldn’t help but sigh deeply.

“I see now!”

“I knew Jason wouldn’t be interested in the food made by Gillick!”

Edward exclaimed, then looked toward Jason, who appeared indifferent.

Under Edward’s gaze, Jason maintained his composure.

What could he do?

Giselle's reasoning was coherent and well-founded, and had he not been the person involved, he would have believed her himself.

So—

"Yes, that's right."

Jason admitted frankly.

"Indeed, Sir Jason!"

"You had foreseen the criminal's plan and thus were able to locate him so quickly."

Bansey praised.

"No!"

"Although Jason had anticipated the criminal's plan in advance, the ability to quickly locate him was due to the observation at the scene,"

the pastry chef shook her head and, under the watchful eyes of Edward and Bansey, continued, "Let's start with that letter. The murderer mailed so many letters simply to escalate the situation, and whoever wants to make a big deal about it would certainly be nearby to watch, wouldn't they? So if the internal organs were found in the trash can, naturally the torso would be close by, and what better place nearby than a mailbox?"

"Similarly, since they want to provoke and get back at you, and even mentioned a bomb, what place could be more appropriate than the police station or the officers' dormitory?"

"Between the police station and the officers' dormitory, the latter, where not many people are around or, to be precise, most people are resting, is the more fitting location. And the third floor is a place less likely to draw attention, yet still risky enough for the criminal, so to be faster, more hidden, and safer, the perpetrator chose a room on the third floor near the staircase."

The pastry chef explained each point.

Edward and Bansey nodded continuously, their faces showing realization.

"But how did Jason finally decide on this lady?"

"There are many places around here, aren't there?"

Bansey couldn't help but ask.

“Have you ever seen a lady sitting inside a cafe at daybreak?”

“And yet, she’s dressed so incongruously, not at all like a lady.”

The pastry chef stared at the red skirt with lace edges, then glanced at the carefully groomed face, and couldn’t help but frown.

Each of these items was nice, especially the lipstick shade, which must be a new model she had only seen in magazines; it was very expensive.

While cheap things may not be of good quality, expensive items aren’t necessarily better.

Especially when it’s just a pile-up focusing on price, it completely ruins things.

“Not like a lady?”

“This is clearly...”

Bansey looked at the unconscious criminal and started to say something subconsciously, but Edward stopped him mid-sentence.

Bansey looked at his team captain, puzzled.

“Turns out bigger than yours.”

Edward whispered.

Bansey was startled.

He incredulously lowered his head to look at the unconscious criminal, and then, he noticed the Adam’s apple.

Although it had been disguised, it was indeed there.

But immediately after, Bansey thought of something.

Edward hadn’t mentioned an Adam’s apple!

Subconsciously, he looked at Edward, as if to confirm, and leaned in slightly to smell.

As the strong scent of hand sanitizer entered his nose, Bansey subconsciously looked at Edward’s hands.

Then, Bansey's expression changed.

After which, he subtly moved his feet, silently increasing the distance between himself and Edward.

The female pastry chef, however, ignored all this and walked towards Jason.

"Going for breakfast?"

"In the true sense of the word."

The pastry chef asked.

"Of course."

Jason nodded and stood up.

The two walked out shoulder to shoulder.

Seeing Jason come out, the reporters shouted excitedly:

“Your Excellency Jason, can you tell us what happened?”

“Is that woman the ‘Jack the Ripper of the Night’?”

“How did you pinpoint these clues?”

One question after another.

Jason paused in his steps.

“He’s the criminal.”

“As for more?”

“You can ask Edward.”

After speaking, Jason pointed to Edward, who was escorting the prisoner out, then left with the pastry chef toward the side.

There a police officer stood beside a car, waiting.

As a special consultant, Jason was entitled to be carborne.

However, just as Jason was about to open the door to get into the car, the unconscious Auchenberg suddenly woke up.

He struggled several times but failed to break free from Bansey's hold, then he shouted at Jason:

"Wait!"

Regrettably, Jason paid no attention to him and opened the car door directly.

"Don't you want to know why I did this?"

"Don't you want to know the secrets hidden within the human body?"

Auchenberg raised his voice.

Suddenly, the surrounding reporters were drawn to him.

They aimed their cameras at Auchenberg.

The flashes started twinkling incessantly.

Not only at Auchenberg but also at Jason.

All this was within Auchenberg's expectations; he wanted to use these reporters to fight for a slim chance of survival, but Jason didn't stop for a moment and got straight into the car.

With the car moving away, only a faint voice was heard—

"I don't want to."