

## Menu 300

Chapter 300: Coming from behind you.....

“Don’t eat me!”

“Don’t eat me!”

“Don’t eat me!”

Griffin’s voice emanated from the bedroom, instantly drawing the attention of Jason, Edward, and little Bansey.

The three of them rushed into the bedroom.

They saw Griffin rolling around on the ground in agony.

“Bedding No.2, what’s wrong with you?”

Little Bansey called out using the code name.

During the operation, the four of them had agreed on code names: Jason was 'Mask', Edward was 'Cloak', little Bansey was 'Bedding No.1', and Griffin was 'Bedding No.2'.

Griffin paid no attention to little Bansey's words, just kept rolling and moaning incessantly.

"Jason, don't eat me!"

"Little Bansey tastes better!"

"Remember to wash him, he doesn't love taking baths!"

Griffin shouted as he tumbled.

Little Bansey, who was about to help Griffin up, was taken aback.

He then straightened up and kicked Griffin.

Little Bansey thought Griffin was playing a prank on him.

But right after he kicked Griffin, Griffin suddenly started to convulse, foaming at the mouth.

And his breathing grew weaker and weaker.

“Captain! Lord Jason!”

Little Bansey immediately became flustered.

Edward, on the other hand, pried open Griffin’s mouth.

””

He rushed to the separate bathroom, looking for water.

He hoped the cold water would snap Griffin out of it.

Jason raised a hand and pointed—

Yi!

After the short sound, Griffin stopped convulsing, then his body went limp on the floor.

He lay there with his eyes showing a trace of confusion.

After several seconds, he finally regained his senses.

Immediately, Griffin threw away the 'cipher book', got to his feet, and scurried behind Jason as if fleeing from a venomous snake.

Griffin's face was obscured by the bedding, but his eyes revealed sheer terror.

"Are those the guys?"

He said so.

"Mhm."

Edward nodded affirmatively and then naturally added, "'Paw' Brooke, being unable to come into contact with such people or items, can only mean he is an agent for the 'Ghost Squad'."

"'Paw' is?"

“But ‘Paw’ has already been taken out by Lord Jason.”

Little Bansey paused, turning his head to look at Jason.

Jason, however, bent down to pick up the ‘cipher book’.

He sniffed at it for a moment.

“‘Paw’ it is not.”

Jason said and walked out.

The three men exchanged glances, puzzled.

They weren’t sure how Jason knew.

He couldn’t have smelled it for real, could he?

There must be some clue they didn’t notice!

Of course, that was it.

They would ask Giselle later.

With that decided, they hurriedly followed after Jason.

...

Sidlin was a legitimate merchant.

The elderly man, who made his fortune in his early years, used his youthful capital to own three shops on White Pepper Street—two leased out and one operated by him.

Although many people questioned why he chose to live alone, every time, the old merchant would just shake his head and smile without a word.

Eventually, no one asked anymore.

However, many people frequented this shop selling handicrafts and portraits.

The entire shop was decorated somewhat like an art and sundry goods store.

But it was comparatively neater.

At the very least, Sidlin would keep the floor clean.

Then, he would place floral arrangements in the display window.

It was like this throughout all four seasons.

And the colors of the flowers varied, as did their forms.

Today, the window also boasted a potted plant.

The neatly pruned flowers sometimes showed a vivid red, at other times a mysterious purple, and at other times a charming pink, naturally drawing the gaze of onlookers.

Snake Whip Chrysanthemum, a so-called chrysanthemum that was quite distinct from the real chrysanthemums, more closely resembling a rattlesnake's tail.

This was the origin of its name.

Tss.

Sidlin held the watering can, spraying once more.

With the nourishment of water, the Snake Whip Chrysanthemums became even more beautiful.

Turning around, Sidlin began to place firewood into the fireplace. Even though the room already had heating, Sidlin still preferred the fireplace in the winter out of habit.

For this reason, his house retained a very large chimney.

Thick smoke billowed out.

From a distance, it could be seen easily.

Most people would ignore it.

But not those who were vigilant.

Smoke, in itself, was the most primitive signal.

After doing all this, Sidlin sat in the rocking chair, covered with a blanket, and picked up the book he was halfway through reading.

The book cover was tattered beyond recognition, its name indiscernible, but it was clearly very old.

Just as Sidlin was reading with great interest, the doorbell rang crisply—

Ding-dong.

Sidlin glanced up.

He saw two men enter, their heads covered with quilt covers.

Those covers were obviously finely tailored.

But they still bore an air of stupidity.

Shouldn't the head cover of choice be light, breathable black cloth or stockings?

Choosing such quilt covers, was it to... keep warm during winter?

However, the two men looked somewhat familiar.

Sidlin, unable to recall at the moment, spoke up.

"The money's in the cabinet."

"Take anything you want from the store."

"If you want it, it's yours too."

Sidlin said calmly and then handed the book he was holding to Griffin.

"You know that's not what I want," Griffin pretended to be icy.

“What do you want, then?”

“I’m just a poor, lonely old man.”

“This store is all I have in the world.”

Sidlin spoke slowly.

“No!”

“You have... your life.”

Griffin emphasized.

“Life?”

Sidlin finally sensed something was wrong.

At the same time, he thought of the recent newspapers.

The man before him seemed to be an accomplice in the assassination of Councilor Davide.

Then, he remembered something else.

The seemingly frail businessman immediately sat upright.

“Here’s my life, do you want it?”

“Let’s see if you’re capable!”

“I...”

Bang!

Sidlin began to speak with a sneer, but before he could finish, he was struck on the neck with the butt of a gun by Edward, who had sneaked in from the backyard, and immediately, the old businessman passed out.

Griffin and little Bansey were stunned.

This was a bit too easy, wasn't it?

Both were prepared for a fierce fight.

"Mask, got it," Edward stated clearly.

It wasn't until then that the tense duo realized Jason was gone.

Where had Jason gone?

A block away from White Pepper Street, on Black Pepper Street, Walker looked through his binoculars at the dense smoke in the distance, closely observing Sidlin's store's display window.

Although the distance was significant, this was a good angle.

He could see the Snake Whip Chrysanthemum clearly.

"Be vigilant!"

Muttering the language of flowers represented by the Snake Whip Chrysanthemum, Walker frowned.

He instinctively turned to send out the message with his radio.

But just as he was about to turn—

Gulug.

The sound of swallowing saliva emerged right by his ear.

And before he could react, a hockey mask flashed in the darkness.

Then, a burly arm reached out from the dark, and the wide palm grasped Walker's neck in one go.

“No!”

The voice squeezed out from his throat with difficulty, but as the grip tightened, the sound abruptly stopped.

All that remained was the thrashing of arms and legs, and Walker's horrified face as he disappeared into the shadows.