

Menu 326

Chapter 326: Just Right

Secret?

'Starlit Chanting Name'?

Old Tedi's words made Jason subconsciously think.

In fact, just as Jason had guessed, the next moment, the head of the Chen Xi Prus Family opened his mouth and said, "I have found an important clue to the 'Starlit Chanting Name'."

"The appearance of this clue proves that the 'Starlit Chanting Name' truly exists."

"And the secret of 'Transcendence' it holds is also real."

"As long as you become an important ally of the Chen Xi Prus Family, I am willing to share it with you."

With that, old Tedi looked towards Jason, his expression solemn, his tone formal, almost inviting word by word.

"Are you willing?"

"I am not."

Jason answered succinctly.

"Since you have agreed... what, what did you say?"

Old Tedi almost said subconsciously, halting mid-sentence before realizing, and he looked at Jason incredulously.

"Do you know what you're saying?"

"That's the 'Starlit Chanting Name'!"

"It contains the secret of 'Transcendence'!"

Unable to help it, old Tedi's voice rose, and the female pastry chef beside him cast a sidelong look.

Jason replied indifferently:

"I know."

"Knowing, you still..."

Old Tedi's voice rose again in emotional excitement, but soon, realizing his own loss of composure, the family head took several deep breaths until his emotions stabilized, then he asked with puzzlement, "Why?"

"I am more accustomed to our current cooperation."

"A mutual exchange of needs."

"Allies? This relationship is a bit too burdensome."

Jason said, half truthfully, half jokingly.

Old Tedi, looking at Jason's inscrutable face, ultimately, looked somewhat upset and shook his head.

"Is that so?"

"It seems I have been presumptuous."

"Later, I will have the reward sent to the 'Watchdog Pastry House'."

After finishing, the family head of the Chen Xi Prus Family did not stay much longer and took his people to leave in a car right away.

Watching the others leave, the female pastry chef couldn't help feeling a bit happy.

Definitely not because Jason's refusal meant a distance from Tedi.

She was simply happy for Jason's wisdom.

'Starlit Chanting Name' had circulated within the Chen Xi Prus Family for three hundred years, and despite so many years, no one through the generations found it. Why had old Tedi found it now?

It wasn't that she doubted old Tedi's abilities!

Rather, it was far too coincidental!

In the Silver Federation, the 'Starlit Chanting Name' had lured out the Ghost Squad in Newdeth City, and after continuous covert conflicts with the Chen Xi Prus Family, they suddenly found an important clue about the 'Starlit Chanting Name'?

Any way you looked at it, it seemed to be a setup by the Silver Federation.

But...

"How did the 'Silver Federation' do it?"

The female pastry chef couldn't help muttering softly to herself.

"It's simple."

"Exploit human nature."

"Human greed is the best point of breach, even if one knows it is false, who can resist getting involved when faced with rumors?"

Jason answered.

Then, his words pausing, he curved the corners of his mouth revealing a mocking smile.

"Moreover, did no one oppose old Tedi becoming the family head of the Chen Xi Prus Family?"

"You mean..."

The female pastry chef was startled.

"I didn't say anything, it's all your own guess."

Jason said, walking towards the side of the lawn.

There, Edward had arrived with little Bansey and a bunch of subordinates.

"Much later than expected."

Jason said to Edward.

Immediately, Edward looked at Jason with a sense of grievance.

"The explosion downtown just now was reported by Giselle on your orders, right?"

"And you know people died, right?"

"Those people were soldiers, you're aware of that, right?"

"So, the fact that I could come at this time is already an all-out effort!"

Edward said, rushing directly into the veterans post.

Bansey lagged a step behind.

"The military heads of the 'Silver Federation' called just now and scolded the captain, they think he's not handling things well, and they're planning to send a 'royal envoy' to Newdeth City."

Bansey whispered quietly.

However, his whisper was clearly a bit loud, and Edward, who had just rushed into the post, heard it all.

"Bansey, if you don't want to be cleaning toilets in the police station tonight, shut your mouth and come protect the scene."

Edward's somewhat angry voice came from inside the room.

Bansey stuck out his tongue and quickly ran inside.

'Royal envoy'?

Jason frowned.

"They're no longer satisfied with just scheming, are they planning to intervene directly?"

"No."

"The time is right!"

Jason thought of old Tedi's recent finding of an important clue to the 'Starlit Chanting Name,' his brows smoothing.

He turned his head and saw the female pastry chef also had a moment of realization on her face.

Clearly, the pastry chef had guessed as well.

No need for further explanation, the tacit understanding of finding the answer together made them smile at each other after a second of eye contact.

"Newdeth City seems to be getting more and more dangerous."

"Jason, should we go on a trip?"

"The south is warm, and the ocean is beautiful."

"When the sea breeze blows, the chilled coconut juice must taste great!"

The female pastry chef said, proposing the idea.

Gulp.

Jason swallowed a gulp of saliva.

But the sensible Jason immediately shook his head.

"Some things can't be truly avoided by just running away."

Jason sighed with this thought.

When he was first in Nightless City, he was very much in favor of avoidance.

But after a while, he realized the more he avoided, the worse the situation became.

Eventually, it would escalate to losses far exceeding ten times the original.

To put it more vividly, it's like this: you're just lying on the bed, listening to the radio, when suddenly, the radio slips from your hand and smashes toward your face. With agile reflexes, you flip to avoid it hitting your face, but you end up rolling off the bed.

And...

The bed is a bunk bed.

You happened to be sleeping on the top bunk.

Therefore, even though the female pastry chef's suggestion was very tempting, Jason still wouldn't agree to it.

It's not just that he didn't want to dodge.

It was also because, at this moment, his city approval rate was just barely 55%.

After two days of fermentation, the news in the newspaper had boosted Jason's city approval rate once again.

But the pace was already gradually slowing down.

People are inherently forgetful.

They are always in pursuit of novelty and excitement.

Only a continual stream of fresh things can satisfy their curiosity.

Jason was very clear about this.

Therefore, he never gave up on solving various difficult cases.

However, as the 'Serial Female Disappearance Case,' 'Jack the Ripper Under the Night,' and 'Echoes of the Hanged' cases were resolved, the number of cases reported in the newspaper suddenly began to dwindle.

Undoubtedly, Newdeth City was not a 'Nightless City.'

While there would be occasional chaos, it wasn't always chaotic.

And this posed a different kind of challenge for Jason.

After pondering for a moment, Jason greeted Edward and little Bansey, who were still investigating the scene, and then headed towards the public carriage.

The female pastry chef immediately followed him.

"Jason, where are we going?"

The female pastry chef asked.

"Back to 'Watchdog Pastry House,'"

Jason replied.

"But that place must be surrounded by reporters now."

"If they see us..."

"Wait, I get it now!"

The female pastry chef said, suddenly clenching her right fist and striking her left palm with it.

Jason paused in his steps and turned his head towards the female pastry chef.

He was curious about what the pastry chef had understood now.

"Public opinion!"

"Jason, you want to use public opinion to make yourself... no, to ensure my safety."

"You can protect yourself well."

"And I can't."

"So, you want to go back to the pastry house and take me to meet those reporters with you."

As she talked, the female pastry chef's face began to turn slightly red.

And at the bottom of her heart, a voice emerged once again.

This is the man I've taken a fancy to!

Strong, smart, brave!

'The man I've taken a fancy to'?!'

The involuntary thought made the female pastry chef, who was just slightly blushing, suddenly turn beet red, and she started swaying from side to side, staggering in her steps.

"What's wrong?"

Jason quickly supported the female pastry chef.

"No, nothing."

"I'm just a bit overwhelmed."

"And feeling a bit dizzy,"

The female pastry chef said, then hurriedly stepped onto the carriage before Jason.

She was now a little afraid to face Jason.

Of course, there was no way she could tell the truth.

That was her secret.

It would only be mentioned at the right time.

There should be candles, the sound of a piano, food, and preferably, something she made herself.

In the female pastry chef's fantasy, Jason also got on the carriage, glanced at the evidently lost-in-her-daydreams pastry chef and did not interrupt her.

Let her fantasize. After all, it doesn't destroy anything, does it?

"Green Bean Alley, 'Watchdog Pastry House,'"

Jason reported the address.

"Alright,"

The coachman immediately snapped the reins.

The public carriage smoothly returned to the center of Newdeth City, after bypassing the park in the city center, it entered Green Bean Alley.

Only at the end of the street could one see a crowd of people squatting in front of 'Watchdog Pastry House.'

"Sir, do you need to go there?"

The coachman hesitated.

He was just a coachman; he had experienced enough for today and did not want to encounter any more incidents.

"No need, this is fine,"

After paying 1.3 for the fare, Jason grabbed the female pastry chef and stepped down from the carriage.

You have to admire those reporters for their professionalism. The moment Jason stepped down from the carriage, they spotted him.

Suddenly, a bunch of them with cameras and notepads charged over.

Click, click!

Amidst the flashes of the cameras, the female pastry chef was jolted awake.

She was shocked to realize that they were already at her doorstep.

Equivocally, the press had also promptly turned their attention to the pastry chef.

Compared to Jason, who always gave watertight answers, they hoped that this woman holding Jason's hand would say something.

So—

"Could you tell us about your relationship with Sir Jason?"

"Are you Sir Jason's girlfriend?"

"Have you and Sir Jason already started living together?"

One question after another was hurled at her, and the female pastry chef was immediately dumbfounded.

She had no idea how to respond.

Instinctively, the female pastry chef looked to Jason.

After catching the female pastry chef's gaze, Jason abandoned his initial plan to stop for interviews. Clutching the pastry chef's hand, he did not stop his pace and moved forward.

Breaking through the crowd was really simple for Jason.

A bit of 'predator' aura was enough to make the crowd scatter.

In the astonished retreat of the reporters, Jason pulled the female pastry chef into the pastry house.

Bang!

As the door shut behind them, the female pastry chef finally exhaled in relief.

"That was terrifying..."

The pastry chef murmured, but as soon as she spoke out, she found that Jason's gaze was directed towards one side of the counter.

Following Jason's gaze, the female pastry chef turned her head.

In an instant, a somewhat corpulent figure entered her line of sight.