

Menu 328

Chapter 328: Gradually Clear (2)

Is there a better collaborator than someone driven to desperation, with no other options?

Naturally, it's also someone who loves food.

"Can we start now?"

Charltay. Collan looked at the pondering Jason and asked cautiously.

"Of course."

"Let's begin with 221B Pea Pod Street, it was one morning when a war veteran suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder encountered..."

Jason moved a chair over, sat down, and began to narrate.

Charltay. Collan was hunched over, taking notes.

The female pastry chef watched the scene, couldn't help but smile, then turned around to start tidying up everything in the shop.

Although she had only been away for two days, some dust accumulation was inevitable.

After she finished cleaning the inside of the shop and was carrying a basin of water to the back door to pour it out, her expression changed abruptly.

Her hazy, tranquil temperament suddenly turned wild.

She cautiously glanced inside the door, gently closed it, and walked to the side of the alley, pushing open the back door of 221A where a group of people were waiting for her. As they saw her, they all knelt on one knee.

But just as they were about to speak, she stopped them.

"Take note of the journalists blocking the outside, investigate which newspapers and publishers they are from, and then buy those newspapers and publishers."

"And..."

"Never mind, that's all."

Having said this, she returned the way she came.

Originally, she wanted to buy the newspaper that Charltay. Collan worked for as well.

But because of Jason, she had to hesitate.

If Jason were to find out, it would not be good.

Back at the back door of the pastry shop, she stumbled slightly.

The pastry chef regained her senses.

"Huh?"

"Was I daydreaming again?"

The pastry chef gave herself a light tap on the forehead, then with a simple smile, carried the empty basin back into the pastry shop, and continued cleaning.

Jason, who was sitting there, seemed to have no clue at all, merely continued to tell Charltay. Collan about the happenings.

Only when the pastry chef passed by would he frown and glance at the figure.

But Jason showed no further reaction.

Life went on like this.

In the following six weeks, Jason kept his appointments at St. Mungo's Academy and the police station consistently, fulfilling his duties as a student council advisor and a special consultant. The rest of his time was spent walking throughout Newdeth City and telling Charltay. Collan what had happened.

It goes without saying, Charltay. Collan lived up to his once modest fame—the 'Jason Case Collection' was quite well-written.

In the second week, the city recognition rate reached 100%!

And now?

Jason glanced at [City Recognition 500%].

This wasn't the final result; the city recognition rate was still increasing.

This naturally thanked the circulation of the Newdeth City Daily.

As the oldest print media in Newdeth City, it has always been the publication that residents acknowledge the most.

Of course, this also had to do with Jason's occasional appearances in the news section.

Jason, walking in Newdeth City, would from time to time discover corpses.

Even though his initial purpose was only to search for the 'Ghost Squad.'

With similar incidents happening more frequently, Jason's reputation escalated once again, and many people casually started calling him a detective. Naturally, this brought troubles for Jason's outings.

In the past two weeks, he had to start wearing a scarf to cover his face.

Equally troubled was the 'Watchdog Pastry House.'

More and more people were blocking the entrance.

In addition to the original journalists, there were readers attracted by the 'Jason Case Collection.'

Among them were some fanatics.

Their behavior exceeded what ordinary people can tolerate.

As a last resort, Edward and little Bansey had to step in.

After detaining several fans who wanted to sneak into the pastry shop at night to express their love for Jason, this craze was finally contained. However, for a little peace, Jason had to pick a new residence.

He moved in with the female pastry chef to a house awarded by the military department, not far from Pea Pod Street, just diagonally across from Hannibal's clinic.

The pastry chef was somewhat reluctant about this.

But she would never give in.

She was not going to let Jason and Hannibal be alone together.

It wasn't just women who had their eye on her man.

Men were interested too.

Compared to those men who climbed into the pastry shop's windows at night, the man before her was more dangerous.

Because...

This man's culinary skills were too exceptional.

Even though the pastry chef did not want to admit it, she had to acknowledge that his cooking skills were better than hers—maybe not in pastry, but in other aspects, he was indeed one notch above her.

This made the female pastry chef feel as if she had been insulted.

She began to desperately research all kinds of recipes.

Today was no exception.

In Hannibal's kitchen, the female pastry chef was busy.

Jason and Hannibal sat facing each other, with an elderly man wearing glasses sitting beside them.

"Professor Coulson, do you mean to say that the reason the once-declining Chen Xi Church collapsed overnight was because of a certain plan?"

Jason held a teacup, asking with great interest.

Coulson, a history professor at St. Mungo's Academy, was a friend of Hannibal.

To investigate "The Name Passed Down Through the Starry Sky," they met through Hannibal's introduction.

Jason occasionally invited the other party under the pretext of hosting banquets.

After a few such meetings, they became friends and the conversation became casual; the old professor even spoke of certain taboo matters.

"Hmm."

"I can confirm it's related to the Prus Family and crocodiles."

"But beyond that, I do not know."

"Most of the records have been deliberately destroyed, and what I found was purely by luck."

The old professor said with a laugh.

"So, 'The Name Passed Down Through the Starry Sky' might be related to the Chen Xi Church?"

Jason speculated.

"Not might."

"Definitely!"

The old professor emphasized, first putting down his teacup, and then he continued speaking.

"The Prus Family is powerful, and that is an indisputable fact."

"But compared to the Dawn Family, they fall short by a great deal."

"Even at the height of the Prus Family's power, they could only control Decheng and influence some cities around, whereas three hundred years ago, even the declining Chen Xi Church had an influence over the entire Federation. You can imagine what the Chen Xi Church was like at its peak."

"Control over the Federation, a hegemon?"

Jason murmured to himself.

The old professor smiled, neither confirming nor denying, but the answer was obvious.

After all, the prefix of the Prus Family was "Chen Xi."

"The Prus Family's prefix is 'Chen Xi.'"

"Are there other families like the Prus Family?"

Jason asked, voicing the doubt in his heart.

"Of course!"

"Before the formation of the 'Silver Federation,' there were at least seven families with such prefixes, but with the establishment of the 'Silver Federation,' these families were reduced to only the Prus Family."

"The rest disappeared— that's the official story. The truth, no one knows, and naturally, neither do I."

"But I imagine, it wasn't a happy process."

The old professor once again picked up his teacup.

Through the rising steam, Jason seemed to see scenes of wars with swords waving and guns firing.

A battle for the exclusion of families?

It was bound to be a fight to the death.

And the outcome?

Just look at the 'Silver Federation' to understand.

If the 'Silver Federation' was established, then those families must have vanished.

Perhaps some had joined the embrace of the 'Silver Federation,' but their family names were probably gone.

Wait a minute!

If those families with the 'Chen Xi' prefix could have possibly merged into the 'Silver Federation,' then the 'Silver Federation' might know some of the secrets of 'The Name Passed Down Through the Starry Sky.'

This secret, or these secrets, might be unknown even to the Prus Family.

And because of this secret or these secrets, the Prus Family became the 'one that got away,' not being wiped out when the 'Silver Federation' was established.

And it was because of this that the 'Ghost Squad' came into being.

No!

It must have been even earlier!

The betrayal of the 'Ghost Squad' happened during the 'Battle for the Defense of Decheng'!

Decheng was the predecessor of Newdeth City.

Maybe by that time, all the arrangements had already begun.

Jason thought to himself.

The clues in his mind became clearer and clearer.

Just as he was about to open his mouth to inquire about something of more interest, a sound of rapid running came from outside the door, followed by Bansey's frantic knocking.

Thud, thud, thud!

Accompanied by such knocking, was Bansey's voice, more panicked than ever before.

"Jason, something's wrong!"