

## Menu 951

### Chapter 951: The Missing Sister (2)

Jason had gleaned plenty of useful information from the other party's words.

He arrived here two weeks ago.

Hui Lijing, the client, seems to be a bottom-tier private detective who specializes in finding lost pets and exposing affairs, and most of the time, she has to rely on information from her sister to complete her assignments.

Another point that proves the other party's identity as a low-end detective: the two police officers just now didn't recognize her.

If she were a well-known, capable detective, those two officers would definitely have recognized her.

As for lying?

Jason doesn't think she is the type to tell such easily debunked lies.

And the key figure in the case: Hui Lixiang.

As Hui Lijing's sister, a high-ranking tea artist with great skill, amassed a considerable fortune at a young age, this place—though not in the bustling city center—is not an old district either. A two-story building with its own storefronts is enough to show off her 'efforts' over the years, which, of course, would have incurred quite a few enemies.

Especially those... ex-boyfriends!

How many could there be for a high-skilled tea artist like Hui Lixiang?

The thought alone was enough to make Jason's scalp tingle.

Besides, Jason believed that Hui Lijing must have already looked into these ex-boyfriends.

The result?

Needless to say.

A vast number and complex connections are not something a low-end detective could handle.

Hence, he was entrusted with the task.

In fact, that was exactly the case.

As Jason was pondering this, Hui Lijing angrily started to vent.

"That bastard Xiang, to have dated over 1000+ boyfriends!"

"And I still don't have a boyfriend until now!"

"Really a bastard!"

"It's such shallow jerks like her that make the good men turn bad, all the more scarce."

"No, wait!"

"Men are just pigs to begin with, otherwise they wouldn't have been attracted to that bastard Xiang."

The female boss continued, obviously frustrated, before storming back towards the bar.

Then, the female boss came out carrying a stack of documents as tall as half her height.

This was a considerable amount of documents.

Keep in mind, the lady boss was much taller than the average woman, towering over an average man by half a head—documents of her height surely meant a great volume.

And... pretty heavy.

Yet she made it look effortless.

Strength wasn't bad.

Jason glanced at her seemingly frail body and mentally appraised her.

She was nothing like Aras with his visually striking, explosive physique, but such hidden strength should not be underestimated; at least by Jason's estimation, it would be as easy as flipping his hand to take down one or two adult men with her strength.

Seemingly noticing Jason's gaze, Hui Lijing placed the documents on a nearby table and directly stated:  
"While pursuing my dream of becoming a coffee master, I became a detective!"

"I have diligently learned the relevant skills."

"Combat, shooting, driving, explosives, I scored A+ in all these at the training grounds!"

Hui Lijing said proudly.

Shouldn't the most important trait of a detective be observation?

Your training clearly indicates a mercenary.

Jason quietly thought to himself.

Hui Lijing then patted the documents and continued to speak to Jason.

"I've done my best gathering information about Xiang's ex-boyfriends, everything is here, you can look through them if you like—although I didn't find any useful information inside."

"Do you know?"

"Xiang must have fed those guys some kind of love potion; they were all very cold towards me at first, but as soon as I mentioned I'm Xiang's sister, these guys were warmer than my deceased parents, going on and on about their past mistakes, how they shouldn't have done what they did, making Xiang heartbroken, that her drastic change in search for thrills was to numb herself, and it was all their fault. They are willing to compensate and even hope to start over with that bastard Xiang."

"Damn it!"

Hui Lijing couldn't continue, ending her speech with an expletive.

She then sat there, fuming, lost in thought.

However, Jason was overturning his previous thoughts.

A high-ranked tea artist?

No, no, no!

'High-rank' isn't sufficient to describe it.

This is the level of a King!

Truly. The supreme level of a King!

Thinking this, Jason swallowed the last piece of his steak.

Then, his gaze moved back to Hui Lijing.

"I've already looked through these documents, you can ask me if you have any questions."

"I wonder how that guy is doing?"

"With his actions, he might have met with divine retribution!"

Hui Lijing said as much.

But, she clearly misunderstood Jason's meaning.

Jason quickly corrected her.

"The steak is good."

"I'll take ten more."

Jason said earnestly.

Hui Lijing caught her breath.

"Are you a food trough?"

"You've already eaten so much!"

"And you still want to eat?!"

Hui Lijing shouted.

However, when she saw Jason placing a hundred-dollar bill on the table, she immediately shut up and headed towards the bar.

Sizzle!

The distinctive sound of fat sizzling upon contact with a hot pan filled the air as Jason casually picked up a document and flipped through it nearby.



This gesture made Hui Lijing heave a sigh of relief.

At least, Jason was genuinely working.

But the lady boss didn't see that Jason's eyes scanning the documents lacked focus.

Clearly, Jason was thinking about something else.

Could Hui Lixiang's disappearance, the King-level tea artist sister, be related to 'himself'?

Chapter 952: The Missing Sister (3)

This 'self' of course refers to the person Jason saw writing the diary earlier.

Was Ichiro Sakajo's visit earlier also arranged by this 'self'?

Jason's cautious personality cultivated in Nightless City had long decided that he would be quite wary of anyone who suddenly appeared around him, even if they appeared because of him.

Not to mention that so-called 'self'.

After all, looking at that 'diary,' Jason could always smell a hint of conspiracy.

Master Tongshou Temple's guidance.

Hui Lixiang's disappearance.

Jason muttered two extremely important names involved in the events.

Hui Lixiang, the direct disappearer.

And Master Tongshou Temple?

Ichiro Sakajo came to find him following the other party's guidance.

Who could this party be?

Acquainted with him.

A friend?

Or an enemy?

Or perhaps, is this itself a trap?

A person hidden behind the curtains, using this name to set a trap for him.

As long as he searches... no, as long as he approaches this so-called Master Tongshou Temple, will he be doomed?

Is it because of Master Tongshou Temple himself?

Or because of the opponent's arrangement?

Dangerous!

Too many unknown factors!

Compared to the clue of 'Master Tongshou Temple'.

Hui Lixiang's disappearance, undoubtedly, is much simpler.

However...

Too cumbersome!

Jason scanned through the documents in his hands, looking at a photo of a well-dressed, young and handsome gentleman, whose resume was quite impressive, having become a mid-level leader of a foreign trade company before the age of thirty, with great potential for development, without any bad habits.

No need to look at the others, Jason was sure, all the gentlemen in that stack of documents were like this.

Otherwise, they wouldn't be the targets of that King-level tea artist.

Looking at this meter-high stack of documents and then at the two pages in his hands, Jason once again marveled at the skill of this King-level tea artist.

Then, Jason thought about why Hui Lixiang could repeatedly succeed.

Very simple!

Choice!

Moments later, Jason thought of a key point.

Why are outstanding men more popular than ordinary men?

Apart from objective factors like being handsome and earning more.

There's another more important subjective factor—

They have too many people to choose from!

Suppose!

Just suppose!

If their choices were limited to one person.

What would they do?

Most people would obediently comply.

The rest, just a little manipulation would suffice.

With this basis, Jason thought of a crucial point.

"Does your sister have any good friends?"

Jason asked the proprietress.

It's impossible for Hui Lixiang to do this alone; she would need a few friends to help at the very least.

Or maybe, there is even a team operating behind her.

"Friends?"

"That guy doesn't really have any friends."

"Nor any close people."

While serving Jason the steak, the female boss thought hard and then shook her head.

"Is that so?"

Jason nodded noncommittally and began eating his steak.

One bite at a time.

Chewing thoroughly.

The cooking point is good, the black pepper sauce is just right, only the ingredients are average.

Jason internally critiqued.

Without any malice.

Just a simple evaluation.

As for the ingredients?

Any kind of rare food is always pricey.

Expecting to eat such food in a roadside café is unrealistic, even though their charges are not low.

"Have you discovered anything?"

Hui Lijing looked expectantly at Jason.

You could tell, this female boss verbally expressed her disdain for her sister, cursing her as a bastard, and 'that guy', but she still genuinely cared about her sister.

"Um!"

Jason nodded, swallowed the last bite of steak, then said—

"Can you give me some of her personal clothes?"

Chapter 953: Life Needs Calmness!

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Freak!

Big freak!

After hearing Jason's request, Hui Lijing stepped back decisively, looking at Jason with a wary gaze, and an electric baton appeared in her hand.

Zap, zap.

The electric baton pointed directly at Jason, with bluish electricity sparking at the tip.

In this flickering light, Jason's rugged face seemed to darken and suddenly looked more ferocious.

Hui Lijing took another step back.

"Don't come any closer!"

Hui Lijing threatened Jason.

Jason spread his hands helplessly, indicating that he was just sitting there and hadn't moved at all.

The female boss realized she might have overreacted.

However, thinking of Jason's words, she gripped the electric baton tighter again.

Then, she began to study Jason.

Not a normal scrutiny.

It was the kind that scrutinizes Jason's vulnerabilities.

Clearly, the female boss was ready to strike Jason at the first sign of trouble.

However, the other party didn't remain silent.

Instead, he took a deep breath and asked in a relatively calm voice.

"Why do you want that person's... personal clothing?"

As she spoke, Hui Lijing's gaze towards Jason returned to one of disgust, and her hand with the electric baton seemed uncontrollably ready to jab forward.

"To track her whereabouts."

Jason answered calmly.

Moreover, faced with Hui Lijing's intense gaze, Jason did not dodge but returned her look nonchalantly.

Such calm voice and indifferent gaze surprised Hui Lijing.

Is it really to track that person?

The female boss's momentum faltered.

Yet, her questioning continued.

"Don't tell me you want to sniff... that person's personal clothing."

"I won't."

"It couldn't just be sniffing."

"I use my perception."

Jason explained seriously.

In fact, it's true.

Jason's perception is eight times that of an ordinary person; it's not just the singular senses, but combined, even beyond. Jason's sensitivity to 'food' makes him superior, even compared to hunting dogs renowned for their strong sense of smell.

Like trained hunting dogs can detect particular scents like alpha-violet and butyric acid, which are 100,000 to 100 million times more potent than human olfaction.

Jason's sensitivity to 'food' scents is similar.

Plus, there is one aspect where Jason far surpasses hunting dogs.

Combined strength and intellect.

Thus, if Hui Lijing's sister's disappearance is indeed related to 'food', Jason would certainly be able to find some clues.

After looking at Jason again,

Hui Lijing thought for a moment and finally nodded.

"Follow me."

"You go ahead."

The female boss leaned over and said.

She didn't want to show Jason her sister's underwear here, even though her sister was a jerk.

Similarly, she didn't let her guard down against Jason.

Thus, she followed behind with the electric baton, leading the way for Jason.

"Go up the stairs."

"The first room on the left."

Hui Lijing said.

Jason didn't say much, but followed Hui Lijing's directions and entered the room.

Luxury!

That was Jason's first impression.

It was hard to imagine that just on the second floor of the coffee shop, next to 'Mask X Machete X Meat' agency, there could be such a luxurious room.

It wasn't the decorations but the furnishings and some items.

On the rosewood table, there was a statue of a miko.

The statue wasn't carved from wood or stone, but from ivory.

Slightly yellowing white that gave the already lifelike miko an appearance of having skin textures.

Next to the miko statue lay several casually tossed pieces of jewelry, with red gems the size of pigeon eggs, emerald as large as cat's eyes set in gold rings surrounded by a row of tiny diamonds, and there was also a lustrous, well-polished pearl necklace.

Probably wild pearls!

Jason assessed.

His gaze shifted to one side.

A huge painting occupied the whole wall.

The painting depicted a scene of hunters returning from a winter hunt.

Three hunters with four or five hunting dogs, carrying just two catches.

One was a chicken, and the other was also a chicken.

Walking on a wet and cold forest path.

Below, in the far-off hillside, lay a town where people gathered joyfully, playing ice hockey, curling on the frozen lake, and even though they fell on the ice, it didn't affect their enjoyment at all.

Looking at this huge painting, Jason didn't really understand this kind of art, but just from the frame and canvas, it should be an antique, and a famous one at that.

Besides this huge painting, there was a wardrobe on one side.

With Hui Lijing's push, the wardrobe opened directly.

Countless branded clothes tumbled and fell onto the floor.

Jason glanced at the wardrobe.

He saw ten gold bars.

Each weighing 1000 grams, stacked in the corner of the wardrobe.



Stacked up and down, but not neatly, showing the owner's indifference towards these bars.

Just like the black suitcase beside it.

The suitcase casually thrown inside, the banknotes inside had already burst the suitcase, but the owner kept stuffing money into it, causing the suitcase to burst open completely, exposing stacks of hundred-yuan bills.

Jason turned his head to look at Hui Lijing.

At that moment, Hui Lijing's mouth was wide open, completely stunned.

She knew her sister must be very rich.

Chapter 954: Life Needs Composure! (2)

But she never thought he would be this rich.

"What exactly is this guy up to?"

"How did he swindle so much money?"

"What a bastard!"

Hui Lijing muttered under her breath, her worry intensifying by the minute.

As a barista-turned-detective, Hui Lijing knew full well what all these things represented.

Wealth?

In some ways, yes.

Just that one case of money could easily buy a shop downtown.

And the more valuable gold, jewelry, paintings, ornaments?

She couldn't even begin to estimate.

But Hui Lijing was even more aware that if this wealth was not obtained through legitimate means, it effectively meant nothing.

A disaster waiting to happen!

The items here were more than enough to get her despicable sister into big trouble!

At that thought, Hui Lijing's hand, clasping the stun gun, trembled.

"Have you never been inside this room before?"

Jason, meanwhile, had removed his gaze from Hui Lijing and was scanning the room while he spoke.

He could see the surprise on Hui Lijing's face.

And he could hear the spike in her heartbeat just now.

Both were telling him she was unaware of these things.

Meaning, it's highly likely she had nothing to do with her sister's disappearance.

Suspecting Hui Lijing to be the criminal?

Hmm.

Jason never took a stranger's word for granted.

Too many cried thief while being the thief themselves.

In Nightless City, those who frame others and then pose as the pitiful party are all too common.

Dare to believe them?

You'd be their next victim.

"That guy wouldn't let me into her room."

Hui Lijing responded.

"Not even after she disappeared?"

Jason asked again.

"Two weeks ago, she asked me to take care of the shop because she was going to a party in the evening, and coincidentally, they needed help here for a small 'Rose Flower' storytelling event."

"I initially refused, but she said if I helped her out, she would let me sleep on the sofa in the downstairs hall for free."

"So, I agreed."

"Who knew she wouldn't return."

Hui Lijing recounted truthfully.

Sleeping on the downstairs sofa?

Hearing this, Jason dismissed his initial assessment of Hui Lijing as a third-rate detective and relegated her to outsider status—a detective without even a place to sleep was truly bottom-tier.

The fact that a downstairs couch was enough to make her compromise clearly indicated a long-term lack of stable housing.

Sleeping?

A park bench would be the choice.

She probably even built a 'home' out of cardboard boxes.

Such a difference between sisters!

Looking at the surrounding bills, gold, jewelry, statues, and antique paintings, Jason couldn't help but inwardly exclaim.

Then, he continued to ask.

"What's this 'Rose Flower' storytelling event?"

"What was the evening party all about?"

"Did you report to the police before?"

After three questions in a row, Jason stared intently at Hui Lijing.

Because by this time, Hui Lijing's breathing had become hurried.

"'Rose Flower' is a novel released recently, the author is quite famous and writes well—everyone says so. I read one page and couldn't stand to read on. The female protagonist is too weak, facing a scumbag she should just give him a piece of C4 - what's with all this silent endurance? The male lead is really a bastard, to be attracted to another scumbag while having such a good girlfriend like her, and then this scumbag started having feelings for the protagonist, it's infuriating, if it were me I'd twist their skulls off and scatter their ashes."

Hui Lijing said indignantly.

Clearly, this wasn't a stance of someone who couldn't read more than one page.

She must have read it very carefully... and even put herself into it.

Jason speculated.

Hui Lijing continued after being enraged for quite a while.

"That guy was very secretive, and didn't mention anything about the party—but I figured, it must be some shady gathering. The last time she said this, I followed her, not because I was worried about her! I was just afraid someone might get tricked by her, but I lost her!"

Hui Lijing reluctantly spoke.

"I also called the police."

"But about the police's responsiveness..."

"If it weren't for my strong insistence, they wouldn't even have filed a case."

"Do you know what that bastard said?"

Hui Lijing continued to speak, then, with renewed anger, she mimicked the police officer who had handled her at the time.

"Maybe it's romantic trouble, eh? Maybe she'll come back in a day or two?"

"Is this something a police officer should say?"

"Moreover, my detective license was revoked by that bastard."

As she spoke, an increasingly angry Hui Lijing waved her fist furiously in the air.



"Did you physical assault someone?"

Jason guessed.

"How could it be?"

"Facing that kind of guy, of course, I used my folding stool to hit him hard."

Hui Lijing said it as if it were only natural.

"You just got your detective license revoked, not put into prison, which shows good people are still the majority."

"But my skills are really quite average!"

"There's no news even up to now."

Hui Lijing obviously knew it was wrong to resort to violence and was guilty, but she was unwilling to admit it, pouting while muttering under her breath, and Jason, after saying this, began surveying the room again.

He took a deep breath.

He hoped to catch a scent.

But there was no smell of 'food'.

Instead, there was a strong fragrance of perfume filling the place.

Mixed with the strong scent of rouge, further smelling would reveal musk and vetiver, followed by a faint scent of smoke—the mixture of scents made Jason frown.

The fragrance was too intense.

It was a bit too much for him.

Similarly, Hui Lijing found it overwhelming too.

The female boss directly opened the window.

The evening afterglow shone directly into the room.

Jason sat on the only somewhat clean chair in the room, thinking quietly.

Previously, he had guessed that Hui Lixiang had a team behind her.

The words just spoken by Hui Lijing confirmed his guess.

Hui Lixiang had a quite professional team behind her.

In fact, Hui Lixiang had even undergone some kind of professional training.

Otherwise, it would not have been possible for her to detect Hui Lijing's tailing and make her return without success.

Moreover...

Jason thought of something, scanned the room again, and finally, his gaze rested on Hui Lijing's face.

"How is it?"

"Did you find anything?"

Hui Lijing asked eagerly.

"Your sister must have left voluntarily."

Jason said.

"Of course she left voluntarily... wait, what do you mean?"

Hui Lijing spoke subconsciously before realizing something was off.

She thought of something and stared at Jason.

"Just what you are thinking."

"For some reason, she chose to leave voluntarily."

"And with the wealth in this room not attracting any malevolent persons, it implies that the environment she is in should not be dangerous; at least the team familiar with her identity has not made a move."

Jason said.

"How could that person leave voluntarily?"

"She barely managed to establish her current business!"

Hui Lijing still could not believe it.

"Do you see how these things are placed?"

"Very casually, it's clear your sister didn't care much about them."

"And..."

"Why did your sister open a cafe?"

Jason asked.

Then, without waiting for Hui Lijing to speak, he continued.

"You once wanted to be a barista, right?"

"So, she opened the cafe."

"She let you move in, probably to let you inherit this cafe, fulfilling your once cherished wish."

"And these things were probably left for you."

Jason said slowly.

Two awkward sisters.

Wouldn't it be better to just speak directly?

Going around in circles, what a bother.

Jason thought to himself.

Hui Lijing meanwhile opened her mouth, wanting to say something, but in the end, all the words turned into one sentence.

"Where did she go then?"

"Can't be sure."

"Maybe she wanted to move to a new city, to a place where nobody knows her, and start anew?"

Jason was looking for a reasonable explanation.

Such an explanation was obviously hard for Hui Lijing to accept.

"Damn it."

"I will definitely find her."

Hui Lijing said resolutely.

Jason did not try to persuade; this was the other party's matter. He had completed his part, the rest was for her to decide.

He then turned to leave.

But just as he was turning around, Jason was suddenly startled.

Chapter 955: As ordinary citizens, when encountering trouble, you should...

Jason turned around and what met his eyes was the gigantic painting.

With the curtains pulled back, the windows opened.

This massive oil painting, thus exposed in the sunlight.

The light made the painting even more colorful.

But Jason wasn't focusing on that.



What he was more interested in was the content of the painting.

He remembered clearly that the previous painting was of three Hunters returning from the hunt with despondent expressions due to scarce game, accompanied by four or five hounds; essentially nothing had changed.

Except, the gaze of one of the Hunters seemed different.

And upon closer inspection by Jason, some subtle changes appeared in the snowy forest landscape.

Rabbit footprints!

A trail of rabbit footprints emerged next to the shrubs.

Jason was certain that just moments before, there were no rabbit footprints.

And then there was the Hunter's gaze!

It was different too.

The Hunter was looking at the rabbit tracks!

When did the change occur?

Jason took a step back to view the painting as a whole.

When he saw the open window and the sunlight, he suddenly realized.

A special pigment?

In Nightless City, Jason had encountered similar pigments.

However, those pigments would vanish with heat.

It was a scam concocted by a group of 'con artists'.

Of course, eventually, these 'con artists' became the butt of jokes in Nightless City.

Because they had expected the lenders of Nightless City to honor their promises.

"This is a secret pigment that appears in response to air currents and sunlight... it was left by Hui Lixiang for Hui Lijing!"

Jason's gaze followed the Hunter's in the painting, looking towards the rabbit footprints, and then, he glanced up at the ceiling of the room.

There was no doubt that Hui Lijing had left something for Hui Lixiang.

Because besides Hui Lijing, nobody else could possibly come into this room.

And when Hui Lijing would enter this room, it would necessarily be at a time when she had run out of patience, thus, compared with the enormous wealth visible in the room, these items must be the top priority.

"What's the matter?"

Hui Lijing might be a bottom-tier detective, but after all, she's still a detective.

Jason's sequence of actions had alerted her to the disparity.

"Should there be something there?"

Jason looked toward the ceiling, gesturing to Hui Lijing.

Since it was something left for Hui Lijing by Hui Lixiang, he thought it was only proper to get Hui Lijing's consent before taking the item down.

"I'll do it!"

Hui Lijing valiantly moved a chair from across the room and stood on it.

With a push at that corner of the ceiling, a hatch opened.

Hui Lijing reached in and took down a tightly wrapped pouch.

Though called a pouch, it was actually palm-sized.

Wrapped layer upon layer with oil paper and then further wrapped with several layers of clear tape—obviously intended to prevent moisture and mold.

Without a doubt, Hui Lixiang knew her sister well and had made 'long-term preparations'.

Or rather, made preparations for the 'one time' when Hui Lijing would fail to discover it,

And it would only be found when 'thoroughly cleaning the house'.

After all, who could expect more from someone whose dream was to be a barista but ended up a mercenary detective?

Without using any scissors, Hui Lijing began to tear open the wrapping with her hands.

Rip!

The sturdy tape and oil paper were torn apart in a few motions, revealing the small box inside.

The small box resembled an exquisite jewelry case.

Upon opening it, Hui Lijing's face showed disappointment.

Because there was no immediately visible text information inside.

There was just a white business card and a photograph.

Hui Lijing picked up the business card and unconsciously read it aloud.

"Master Tongshou Temple?"

This female owner was understandably perplexed about why her sister would hide such a business card so cautiously and secretly in the ceiling.

But Jason's eyes narrowed!

Master Tongshou Temple!

This was the second time he had heard this name or title.

The first time was from Ichiro Sakajo's mouth, who claimed that he came to the 'Mask X Machete X Meat' law firm guided by 'Master Tongshou Temple'.

And this time, it was Hui Lijing's missing sister who left behind 'Master Tongshou Temple's business card.

Originally, Jason had thought of 'Ichiro Sakajo's commission case' and 'Hui Lijing's sister's disappearance case' as two separate matters, seen as 'his own' arrangements before his arrival.

However, it now seemed that they could be combined into one.

But this did not bring Jason any joy.

It seemed like there was more time left, but in reality, it reduced the amount of useful information.

And moreover...

When everything pointed towards 'Master Tongshou Temple', Jason, already wary, grew even more cautious.

The other party was so eager to lead him on that it was likely a trap.

Even if not a trap, there must be some unspeakable motive involved.

"Do you know this person?"

Seeing Jason deep in thought, Hui Lijing asked.

"Heard of it once."

"Previously, 'Ichiro Sakajo' said it was under the other party's guidance that he came to me for exorcism."

"Then... he died."

Jason replied.

This response seemed a bit humorous, but Hui Lijing's frown deepened.

"Based on my detective intuition, there must be a problem here!"

Hui Lijing asserted confidently.

In the face of such certainty, Jason was almost inclined to roll his eyes.

Anyone could see there was a problem here.



"Detectives talk about evidence, not intuition."

"You're not a medium!"

Jason corrected her.

As Jason finished speaking, Hui Lijing stared intently at him, sizing him up once more.

Chapter 956: As an ordinary citizen, when encountering trouble, you should... (2)

Such scrutiny was different from the previous examination of appearance.

It was a kind of appraisal, trying to see through a person's heart.

Unfortunately, Hui Lijing still only saw a tall, strong physique, and a rough face that was frightening.

After a good four or five seconds, the female proprietor spoke again.

"You're a detective too, aren't you?"

"Relying on exceptional observational skills, you've dressed up as an Exorcist, and then, you've solved various cases that were disguised as 'monsters' and 'Evil Spirits'."

"No wonder you're taller and stronger than the instructors at the camp I was in before."

The female proprietor concluded with conviction.

Is there a necessary connection between detectives and being tall and strong?

Shouldn't detectives use their brains?

Jason really wanted to ask her this, but felt too lazy to explain.

He didn't think it was necessary.

Seeing is believing, hearing is not.

Once she saw it for herself, it would far surpass anything he could say.

Jason's silence led the female proprietor to misunderstand.

"I've heard before of detectives who pose as mediums. He did so because his wife and kids were killed, and he chased after the culprit... What about you?"

Hui Lijing's eyes were shimmering as she looked at Jason, seemingly trying to dig out some secret.

Those sparkling eyes conveyed curiosity but also pity and sympathy.

Jason didn't need to ask; he knew Hui Lijing's mind had already concocted a melodramatic story of life and death separation.

"I'm an Exorcist."

"Not married."

"No kids."

Jason had to clarify.

"What about cats, dogs? Any pets?"

Hui Lijing was relentless in her questioning.

This line of questioning inadvertently made Jason think of Dennise.

What was that guy doing right now?

Definitely curled up on a sofa or bed reading a novel!

Then, immediately Jason figured out the answer, imagining Dennise lying on her side reading, her body becoming numb from the pressure, having to turn over, but then cramping up and calling out loudly for help, forcing the corners of Jason's mouth to rise unwittingly.

But immediately, Jason's expression turned solemn.

Other than the 'Dining Etiquette' instance, it was impossible to return from all the others.

What on earth happened?

Jason's change in expression was clearly noticed by Hui Lijing.

"I've also had a dog before..."

"It's not a dog."

"It's an Alaskan Malamute."

Jason emphasized.

"Isn't an Alaskan Malamute a dog?"

Hui Lijing paused for a moment, but then said nothing else.

Clearly, Jason had already considered that Alaskan Malamute as family.

At this moment, to insist on calling it just a dog seemed improper.

So, Hui Lijing quickly changed the subject.

She picked up another item from the box.

That photograph.

In the photo were two girls, around nine or ten years old, wearing the same plaid skirts, standing side by side with joyful smiles on their faces. Notably, one girl was a head taller than the other.

Even though the photo was in black and white, it seemed to burst into brilliant colors in tandem with the pure, sweet smiles of the two girls.

"This is the only photo I have with that guy."

"Back then, I used to follow her around every day."

"Even though I was a bit taller, every time something happened, she was the one protecting me—we were in the countryside then, and some of the local kids were really annoying; just because I was tall, they would throw cow dung at me, and even called me 'Yao's ghost!'"

"I'm not a Yao, I'm E who pushes forward, handsa!"

Hui Lijing gestured as if charging forward with a long sword.

Jason ignored Hui Lijing and continued to look at the photo intently.

He hoped to find some possible clues within it.

But the black and white photo had been stored for over ten years, and even though the owner had protected it carefully, it still turned yellow. Furthermore, the printing technology at that time was clearly outdated, and beyond the two girls, nothing else could be discerned.

With no findings to show for it, Jason handed the photo back to Hui Lijing.

Hui Lijing put the photo away carefully, then closed the room's window and drew the curtains. After tidying up the room a bit, she turned to Jason and said, "Let's go."

"Where to?"

Jason asked knowingly.

Hui Lijing kept the photo close to her.

That business card, Hui Lijing held it in her hand.

The thoughts of the female proprietor were crystal clear.

"Of course, we're going to find this 'Master Tongshou Temple'!

"With all his secrets, as long as we find him, everything will become clear!"

"If he really has something to do with my sister's disappearance, I'll make him experience a journey through hell!"

After saying this very seriously, Hui Lijing looked down at the business card.

"Next to Tongshou Town Primary School, right?"

"It's in the Silver-09 district."

"We can get there in an hour by taxi."

Hui Lijing was talking to herself, ready to take action.

But only after Hui Lijing had taken two steps did she realize Jason hadn't moved at all.

She looked at Jason with perplexed eyes.



They'd found a clue, so why not take action?

Jason then said with all seriousness,

"What should an ordinary citizen do when they encounter such a situation?"

Ordinary citizen?

Hui Lijing looked at Jason and couldn't help but purse her lips.

She had no idea what Jason was up to.

"Can I borrow your phone?"

Jason headed downstairs.

He remembered there was an old-fashioned landline on the bar.

The clueless Hui Lijing followed behind and saw Jason take out a business card and dial the number listed on it.

"Is this Officer Ryosuke?"

"I've made some discoveries."

"Uh-huh."

"It's about the death of Ichiro Sakajo, he said it was 'Master Tongshou Temple' who referred him to me... Uh-huh, of course, it's not suspicion, just a clue."

"Okay, goodbye."

Watching Jason speak on the phone with an expressionless face but a rich tone, Hui Lijing was totally lost.

It wasn't until Jason hung up that Hui Lijing still stood there, dazed.

"You, you..."

"Call the police!"

"As a good citizen, you must call the police when you're in trouble!"

Jason replied.

"But, but... you're a detective!"

Hui Lijing retorted.

In her mind, detectives were never favored by the police.

"It's because of people like you that detectives remain disliked by the police."

"Why not cooperate?"

"I know of a person who works quite well with the police, he's even been hailed as a savior."

While saying this, Jason walked towards his TV and radio.

And Hui Lijing's attention was completely captivated.

A detective being treated as a savior by the police?

How could that be?

How incompetent were those police to regard a detective as a savior?

Subconsciously, she wanted to inquire.

Yet Jason was already picking up the TV and radio, heading out of the café.

But how could Hui Lijing, her curiosity piqued, let it go?

"Wait for me!"

"Who is this detective you're talking about?"

"To achieve such a feat, he must be very famous, right?"

"Why haven't I heard of him?"

"You're not just bluffing me, are you?"

Hui Lijing, following behind Jason, kept asking questions.

Then, eager for answers, she quickened her pace and used the spare keys to open the door to Jason's room.

"Your sign is too shabby!"

"Just a piece of paper?"

"At least it should be wooden!"

Looking at the A4 paper stuck to the sign below the door nameplate, Hui Lijing couldn't help but comment.

"As long as it's functional."

Jason replied with a single sentence, carrying the TV and radio into the room.

While following Jason, Hui Lijing stopped in the hallway.

"Are there no slippers?"

Hui Lijing asked.

"I'm not used to them."

Jason replied offhandedly, ignoring Hui Lijing and began to place the TV and the radio on the desk—one on each side. The spacious desk seemed a bit crowded after the TV and radio were placed, but it was still manageable.

After plugging in the radio and tuning it, Jason was ready to turn on the TV.

But just as Jason was about to touch the TV's power button—

Click!

Shh shh shh!

The TV turned on by itself.

The screen was filled with static.

Gradually, the static disappeared.

And what appeared was...

A well.

Chapter 957: Wants and Needs

The bizarre scene occurring on the television was enough to scare the average person senseless.

But Jason was used to it.

Even more, the corner of his mouth curled into a smile.

Because he could smell the faint scent of 'food'.

Directly from this television, directly from that deep well--as Jason stared at the well and saw a pale hand extend out of it, his face was full of excitement.

How should he eat this?

Directly devour the television?

Or take it apart to eat?

As Jason was contemplating, a disheveled woman in white had already climbed out of the well.

Her?

Let's just use that term for now.

She seemed to 'see' Jason.

Her body, previously climbing in a unique rhythm, stiffened.

Then...



She slowly retreated.

Exactly!

She returned to the deep well.

It wasn't just that.

Under Jason's gaze, the well began to distance itself.

As if the camera was zooming out.

Moreover, the situation hadn't ended.

Just as Jason's hand touched the television, wanting to stop this from happening—

Zzzt!

Bang!

Amidst the sound of electricity, accompanied by a muffled explosion, thick black smoke billowed from the television.

The TV exploded.

What?!

Jason frowned.

Hui Lijing, who had been hesitating at the doorway, could not care less and quickly slipped off her shoes and rushed in.

"Is this from 'Rock Electronics'?"

"It shouldn't be."

"Even though Rock's electronics are a bit pricey, the quality is definitely fine."

Hui Lijing stared at the still-smoking television, somewhat stunned.

As a neighbor, she was well-acquainted with the owner of 'Rock Electronics'.

Though he was old and somewhat long-winded, he was genuinely a good person.

He got into the second-hand electronics business simply because he couldn't sit still. After all, half the street they were on belonged to the old man.

Just the rent he collected was enough to make people envious.

The money from selling second-hand electronics, in comparison, was really just a drop in the bucket.

"It must have been my mistake in handling."

Jason spoke.

Jason was not someone to place blame on others without cause.

Although he didn't mind being cunning against enemies, for Jason, the best outcome for an enemy was death.

As for other people?

Jason was simply cautious.

"Are you an electronics idiot?"

"Even such simple operation, and you blew it up."

"I'll go check with Mr. Rock, see if he has any ideas."

With that, Hui Lijing turned and ran out in a hurry.

Watching Hui Lijing's panicked figure, Jason couldn't help shaking his head.

Although he wasn't a real detective,

He knew that Hui Lijing had a long way to go if she wanted to become a real detective.

Next, Jason's gaze returned to the smoking TV.

The 'Bizarre' entity that just appeared on the TV seemed to recognize him too.

Just like the 'Bizarre' in the teacup.

Did he have that kind of reputation?

Or could his 'other self' really achieve such a feat?

After this afternoon, it was the first time he set foot here.

Before that, it must have been that 'other self' of his.

But if the other party could achieve this level, then how could the incidents in that diary happen!

It shouldn't happen, yet it did.

This was the contradiction!

It was something that could arouse suspicion.

Something that could spoil success.

If the other party truly reached this level, they would never allow such a flaw.

So...

Can these 'Bizarre' entities sense my presence?

Like a herbivore drinking by a river suddenly encountering a predator.

If that was the case, it would be troublesome!

Jason frowned.

If his guess was correct, then in this alternate world, hunting for 'food' would become extremely difficult.

The 'food' would all run away at the slightest whiff.

Without even a chance to touch it, how was he supposed to eat?

Like the 'Bizarre' earlier.

He certainly couldn't just devour a whole television set as soon as they appeared, right?

Actually...

It wasn't impossible!

Jason stroked his chin, pondering.

If he had devoured the entire TV earlier, even if he couldn't eat all the 'food', at least he would have consumed some of it. The flavor might've been less, but it wasn't without gain.

"Decide on the spot to eat it?"

Jason thought, frowning again.

The cautious nature of his couldn't help but think of other possibilities.

What if the 'food' had gone bad?

What if there was poison in the 'food'?

What if the 'food' was a trap?

What if...

More 'what ifs' emerged from Jason's mind; he immediately shook his head, casting them out.

"I must make contact with the 'Mystical Side' of this world as soon as possible."

"Since the 'Bizarre' has changed, surely the 'Mystical Side' has methods to deal with it."

Jason thought, his gaze shifting back to the business card.



Master Tongshou Temple!

I wonder how Officer Ryosuke's investigation is going?

...

Chewing on his plain pancake and sipping water, Ryosuke sat in the passenger seat, frowning deeply.

The pancake for dinner should have included a sausage, but now?

A slice of lettuce was good enough.

He couldn't afford bottled water anymore.

He could only use a thermos to get water from restaurants.

The egg for breakfast had to be discarded.

The soup for lunch had to be discarded.

Just thinking about having to endure such a lifestyle for at least a month, all because he offered to treat someone too hastily, made Ryosuke's frown even deeper, causing Urashima, sitting in the driver's seat, to chew much more quietly.

Chapter 958: Wants and Needs (2)

The young policeman's dinner was also a vegetarian pancake.

But, he didn't choose lettuce.

He opted for pickled vegetables.

Salty and spicy, the water was also hot water fetched from the shop.

A bite of pancake, a sip of water.

Crisp at first, the salty spiciness permeates the mouth, then swallowed down mixed with water.

Urashima couldn't help but laugh.

It was delicious.

Although not as good as a usual dinner.

But it had its own special flavor.

Especially since it was shared with senior Ryosuke, it was really great.

The easily satisfied young man ate while his gaze shifted towards the temple not far away.

Tongshou Temple!

A very small temple.

If it weren't for Jason's information, they wouldn't have noticed it even if they passed through Tongshou Town.

After all, the bustling street had long obscured this little temple, not to mention the elementary school in the distance.

"Senior, did you notice..."

The young man stared at Tongshou Temple in the distance, wanting to say something, but the words hung at the edge of his lips, and he didn't know how to describe it.

"Hidden in the wild, hidden in the city."

Ryosuke said slowly.

"Yes!"

"That's exactly the feeling!"

"When I didn't know about this temple, I felt nothing, but when I discovered it and saw it, there was always this extraordinary feeling."

The young man nodded repeatedly.

"A place related to that guy would naturally be no ordinary place."

Ryosuke said very naturally.

The young man knew that 'that guy' referred to Jason.

He vividly remembered Jason, who had spent 271 yuan on a meal.

However, apart from being a big eater, tall, and strong, the young man had no other impressions of Jason.

"You must be wary of such guys."

"I smell the scent of some bastards on him."

"But even those bastards compared to that guy, are just children."

Ryosuke warned his assistant.

He certainly didn't want his assistant draped in the national flag one day.

Faced with such a solemn warning, the young man immediately nodded seriously.

Then, the young man saw Ryosuke open the door and step out of the car.

"Stay in the car."

"I will be back in half an hour."

"If I don't return, head back to the police station immediately."

Ryosuke stopped his assistant who was about to get out of the car.

"Yes, senior."

The young man responded with a nod, but his face was filled with confusion.

According to the rules, he and Ryosuke were supposed to act together.

And by habit, they would as well.

Could something be wrong?

Thinking of Ryosuke's unusual behavior, the young man was filled with worry.

But to defy Ryosuke's order?

The young man didn't have the courage.

He could only watch Ryosuke's retreating figure with concern.

Ryosuke could clearly feel his young assistant's concern, but he didn't reassure him—it wasn't his habit to do so and the situation gave no opportunity.

With a stern face, he stared at the figure that appeared beside Tongshou Temple, then swiftly entered the temple.

Yan Xia!

A bastard in his words.

A fugitive!

Ten years ago, he had committed robbery in residences three times, each time killing the homeowner and plundering their possessions.

Then, he was arrested by Ryosuke himself.

But en route to transport, the man killed the escorting officers and ran away.

More importantly, he stole the officers' gun.

And when they were all ready, the bastard disappeared.

Vanished without a trace.

As if he never existed in this world.

Ryosuke had put in a lot of effort in searching for him.

But all was in vain.

Ultimately, he had to lock the memory away in his mind.



But Ryosuke didn't expect that he would see this bastard outside Tongshou Temple.

Was it a coincidence?

Or...

A trap?

As an experienced detective, Ryosuke almost subconsciously thought of this.

Of course, it wasn't just these he thought about.

There was also the mystery of the man's disappearance.

'Someone helped Yan Xia!'

Everyone was sure about this; otherwise, how could a wanted criminal just disappear.

Who helped Yan Xia?

There were many answers.

None of them were good.

The worst one made Ryosuke wish he could smash the teeth of the person who said it.

He was accused of aiding the fugitive.

Damn!

Every time Ryosuke thought of this, it would enrage him.

Of course, this wasn't the main reason he left his assistant behind.

The most important reason is—

I couldn't possibly have done it!

What about the others?

What about the other bastards?

Ryosuke instinctively thought.

Aside from himself, he could not trust anyone else.

Even if it was a 'newbie.'

Because of the 'Yan Xia Incident,' he had been constantly investigating.

Through such investigation, he had already discovered that there was a different force, hidden by his side.

He couldn't confirm exactly who it was.

But!

This force was very powerful!

And it was pervasive!

At least some of his colleagues, who seemed normal to people, were likely accomplices of that force, appearing upright and law-abiding to the ordinary eye.

But in the shadows...

He couldn't confirm any more.

Thus, he had to be cautious!

Trust no one.

Like a lone wolf that has strayed from the pack.

Taking a deep breath, Ryosuke cautiously entered 'Tongshou Temple.'

Just like the 'Tongshou Temple' seen from the outside.

'Tongshou Temple' was very small, just past the threshold one could see the entirety of Tongshou Temple; the doors of the main hall were open, a Buddha statue under the lights looked benevolent and kind.

The door to the left chapel was closed.

The door to the right chapel was open.

An old Monk with a kind and merciful appearance was there tidying up some sundries.

There was no rear hall in the entire 'Tongshou Temple.'

What was before him was everything.

What about Yan Xia?

Thinking this, Ryosuke walked towards the old Monk.

"Hello, I am..."

"Take a rest first."

"Here, have some tea."

Ryosuke hadn't finished introducing himself when he was interrupted by the old Monk.

"Master, I am not..."

"Yes, yes."

"Follow me."

The old Monk said with a smile, then led the way to the main hall.

He didn't offer incense to the Buddha statue.

Nor did he show any intention of paying homage.

The old Monk led Ryosuke around the Buddha statue.

Suddenly, Ryosuke's pupils constricted.

He saw Yan Xia!

Sitting there, with an indifferent look, Yan Xia also spotted Ryosuke, initially startled, then, this wanted criminal sneeringly drew his gun.

Ryosuke did the same.

Moreover, he pulled the trigger even faster.

He didn't aim for a vital point.

Instead, he aimed at Yan Xia's gun-wielding arm.

Bang, bang, bang!

...

Clear water flowed down a bamboo tube into the 'startled deer.'

When the water reached a certain weight, the 'startled deer' responded, dumping all the water into the basin below, then, the 'startled deer' rebounded, striking the stone.

Poof!

The bamboo and the stone collided.

Suddenly, a crisp sound echoed in the courtyard.

Without fading, another sound followed.

A handsome man kneeled under the eaves, watching the courtyard with a smile, holding a folding fan in one hand, gently tapping the palm of the other hand.

Each tap synchronized with the 'startled deer's' strikes.

Snap, snap, snap.



Poof, poof, poof.

Swiftly, the tapping sound merged with the 'startled deer's' hitting sound.

Indistinguishable from each other.

The handsome man's presence also merged with the entire courtyard.

A special sensation emerged from him.

It made the servants hidden in the shadows feel bewildered.

It seemed as if the handsome man had disappeared.

Only the courtyard remained.

However, the servant soon saw his master again.

"How's it going?"

"That policeman named Ryosuke has taken the bait and entered 'Tongshou Temple.'"

Facing his master's inquiry, the servant honestly said.

"Good."

"But, we are still missing a few people."

"Let them enter the game quickly."

"Especially that Jason."

The handsome man instructed.

"Yes, Master."

The servant bowed and went down.

Leaving the handsome man whispering to himself—

"Do you really think you can escape?"

Chapter 959: Omagatoki

"Impossible!"

"It shouldn't be!"

The owner of 'Rock Electronics' meticulously examined the second-hand television he sold to Jason in the afternoon, his face full of confusion and his brows deeply furrowed.

As a qualified second-hand electronics shop owner, when he acquired the television, he didn't just check the various bills to ensure their legitimacy, but also carefully inspected the inside of the device, making sure there was no new aging or traces of refurbishment.

Just as he told Jason, this was a television that was eighty percent new.

According to normal usage, even if one watched twenty hours a day, it wouldn't pose any problems for three to five years.

Of this, the owner of Rock Electronics was quite confident.

After all, when he was young, he had ambitions to become a 'mechanic'.

But...

Broken is broken.

Even if he couldn't find any faults.

"I'll get you a replacement."

The owner of Rock Electronics spoke decisively.

No denial, no avoidance; Rock Electronics, the final dream destination for his life, would not be so fragile.

"This is my operational error..."

"Help me take this one back first; I'll bring you a replacement tomorrow."

Jason's principles made him instinctively attempt an explanation, but the owner of Rock Electronics didn't give him the chance; he let Hui Lijing pick up the television and head downstairs.

"Oh my god!"

But the moment he opened the door, the owner of Rock Electronics exclaimed in shock.

Hui Lijing even held the television above her head, ready to toss it out.

Then Jason pressed her down.

Outside stood a man.

A man covered in blood.

Urashima!

Even with a face smeared in blood, Jason still recognized that this was the policeman from the afternoon.

This was not about any careful observation.

Of course, careful observation was just a minor factor.

More importantly, it was about habit.

The habit of identifying the identity of 'bodies' amidst the carnage.

As a 'postman', Jason, during his time in Nightless City, had often retrieved the bodies of his 'colleagues'.

The old man still had some humanity in him.

Although there would be no coffin or a real graveyard,

The bodies would still be laid to rest.

Even if they were mutilated in various ways.

Missing arms or legs weren't unusual for Jason, but truly problematic were the faces that were damaged, especially those caught in the chaos of battle that also involved explosions. This made the search for bodies rely mostly on luck for Jason and others.

However, with time, they developed the ability to quickly identify the features of bodies amidst the gore.

As for whether there was a trick to it?

Yes, there was.

That was to remember the distinct features of the 'body' when they were alive.

After death, just make comparisons.

Urashima was no exception.

Jason had remembered at a glance that the man had an M-shaped hairline, the left side higher, with earlobes, and darker skin.

"What happened, Officer Urashima?"

Jason asked.

"Save, save..."

The young officer couldn't finish his sentence and collapsed on the spot.

However, before he hit the ground, Jason had already caught him by the back of his neck.

"Got a first-aid kit?"

Jason inquired of Hui Lijing.

"Yes!"

The female shop owner dropped the television and rushed downstairs.

Aside from the initial shock from seeing the blood-soaked Urashima, the shop owner was entirely thrilled for the remainder of the time.

She smelled the scent of a 'case'!



Finally!

Was her mundane life coming to an end?

Great!

Hui Lijing thought as she sped up.

So much so that when she dashed back with the first-aid kit, Jason had just laid Urashima on the sofa—on top of a blanket that was originally next to a camp bed.

"I'll do the bandaging!"

Hui Lijing volunteered eagerly.

Jason didn't stop her.

Observing Hui Lijing bandaging Urashima, Jason's brows slightly furrowed.

It wasn't because her bandaging technique was incorrect.

Rather, it was because of Urashima.

Urashima, drenched in blood and appearing here, gave rise to more speculation in Jason's mind.

First, something had happened at the Tongshou Temple.

Second, the police didn't seem as reliable as imagined.

Third...

Was this yet another 'bait'?

Since the other party had made arrangements at Tongshou Temple, if Ryosuke hadn't emerged, even if Urashima stayed at the 'rear', he still wouldn't have a chance to escape.

Unless the other party deliberately let Urashima go.

Why would they let Urashima go?

Isn't it obvious why he showed up here?

They were after him.

"Such tenacity!"

"This kind of persistence... Surely 'I've' done something, haven't I?"

"Or am I related to something?"

Jason stood there pondering.

Meanwhile, the owner of Rock Electronics quietly tugged at Jason's sleeve, indicating he should come aside.

"Be careful, this young man was with Ryosuke."

"Ryosuke has made quite a few enemies; many people want him dead."

The owner of Rock Electronics whispered softly.

With a hint of goodwill as well as caution.

The owner of Rock Electronics had seen more than Hui Lijing could over the lengthy course of time.

And he knew better ways to resolve things.

"Let's call the police."

"Seek the police when in trouble."

"Both of us should call the police—at least the chances of something unfortunate happening will be smaller."

The owner of Rock Electronics said.

Clearly, the owner of Rock Electronics also saw the implications behind Urashima's presence here.

But he didn't want to get involved in it.

Hence, he suggested they both call the police.

Because even if the other party had people within the police force, they couldn't truly cover the sky with one hand.

"Hmm."

Jason first nodded.

Then, he shook his head.

He very much agreed with the owner of Rock Electronics' suggestion.

Chapter 960: Omagatoki (2)

Before understanding the enemy, he would not rashly make a move.

Especially when the other side had clearly set a trap.

But...

When he smelled the 'food' scent on Urashima, the plan unconsciously changed.

The Rock boss watched Jason's demeanor, first in shock, then with a sigh.

"Indeed, you're also a cold-faced but kind-hearted guy!"

"Though you might look fierce and malevolent, you're in fact warm-hearted... like a frog in a paddy field, seemingly ugly, but actually the farm's Guardian."

Fierce and malevolent?

Ugly?

Frog?

Listening to the Rock boss's praise, Jason's brows furrowed.

He was just a bit rough around the edges, how was he fierce and malevolent?

"I think it's because you're too short, so, you're looking at me from the wrong angle, when you grow to my height, you'll see how wrong you are."

Jason said earnestly.

"Hahaha."

"Perhaps."

"I guess it's too late for me now."

The Rock boss, seeing Jason's serious expression, couldn't help but burst into laughter.

"I'll deliver the TV tomorrow, and... be careful."

The Rock boss's final admonition was faint as he picked up the TV and slowly walked down the stairs.

Jason closed the door and on his return, Hui Lijing, who had finished bandaging Urashima, was standing there.

"I can confirm the Rock boss is not wrong."

The very tall Hui Lijing said seriously.

Jason looked down at Hui Lijing, who was 20 cm+ shorter than him, and chuckled lightly.

"Shorty."

Hui Lijing was startled.

This was the first time in her life she had been called shorty.

And with a tone of contempt.

Keep in mind she was known as an Eight-Foot-Tall person!

Instinctively, Hui Lijing wanted to retort.

But glancing up at the 2-meter+ Jason, Hui Lijing faced reality and found it hard to utter any insincere words.

Jason was indeed tall.



And also truly... fierce and malevolent.

"How is he?"

Jason asked.

"Just some skin and flesh wounds."

"The attacker didn't really want to kill Urashima, just kept creating wounds, inflicting pain, and exerting the maximum psychological pressure, then driving him here."

Jason looked at Hui Lijing in surprise.

It was hard for him to believe Hui Lijing could have such sharp observational skills.

"You're underestimating people!"

"I've been hunting, too!"

"Setting hounds on rabbits is not just for the one in sight but also for those in the burrow!"

Hui Lijing retorted with her head held high, as if it were the most natural thing.

Then, this female boss stood there, speaking with fervor.

"But who could have expected that not only were the 'rabbit burrow's' rabbits startled by the hound's barking, but it also woke up the sleeping tiger, and now it's our time to strike!"

As she spoke, Hui Lijing prepared to take action.

But she was stopped by Jason.

His large hand pressed on her shoulder, rendering her immobile.

"What are you going to do?"

"Go to Tongshou Temple, of course!"

Facing Jason's question, Hui Lijing answered directly.

"Don't you need to ask for more details?"

"Ask what?"

"Urashima has already fainted, we have to rescue him as if putting out a fire... Eh, Urashima, when did you wake up?"

Hui Lijing was interrupted by a coughing sound halfway through.

"Just now."

"Thank you."

The young man responded, then thanked Hui Lijing solemnly.

Then, the young man's gaze turned to Jason.

"Please save Ryosuke-senpai!"

While speaking, the young man knelt before Jason.

...

Time passed by the minute and second.

With the half-hour agreement with Ryosuke-senpai getting closer, Urashima couldn't help feeling tense.

This wasn't his first mission.

Though young, after graduating from university and being assigned to the police station, he had two years of police experience.

Even though Ryosuke called him a rookie.

But he had improved a lot since graduation, especially after qualifying to be on the field and following Ryosuke for a month, Urashima believed he was growing rapidly.

Yet his current tension told him he still had a long way to go.

He couldn't help but raise his hand and tug at his collar.

Urashima's eyes were fixed on the gates of Tongshou Temple.

28 minutes.

29 minutes.

30 minutes.

When the half-hour appointment was reached, Urashima didn't hesitate to pick up the car's police radio, ready to contact the station.

But just as he was about to grab the radio's handset—

Swoosh!

A gust of wind swept past his ear.

The wire of the handset got cut.

Not just the radio's wire but also a cut appeared on his cheek.

As if slashed by a knife.

Yet he saw nothing in front of him.

Let alone a knife.

And the wind!

The car's windows were closed, where did the wind come from?

Urashima was still thinking when he heard the sound of the wind again.

Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh!

Then came the pain.

His arms, his shoulders, one after another struck by an invisible blade, spewing blood.

Before he could scream, a huge force slammed into him.

Bang!

Urashima rolled out of the car and fell to the ground.

Then, it was like someone was kicking him.

Urashima felt a brute force at his waist and abdomen.

Bang!

Another muffled thud, and Urashima rolled several times, while a faint voice reached his ear—

"Ryosuke is in our hands!"

"If you want him to live, send Jason to Tongshou Temple!"

"Remember!"

"Just Jason!"

"If anyone else comes..."

"Then prepare to retrieve Ryosuke's corpse!"

The voice came swiftly and departed just as quickly.