

## Menu 222

Chapter 222: A Familiar Feeling...

Edward looked at Jason with a serious face, and a burst of words mysteriously swelled in his chest, eager to break out.

This individual first let out a light chuckle.

“Yes, it’s just Jason.”

“But the Jason I know wouldn’t meet me three times in a day.”

“Moreover, all at a crime scene!”

As he said this, his voice rose by several decibels.

Then, the person who had been wearing glasses and a scarf and appeared genteel, erupted like a volcano—

“Three times!”

“Three consecutive times!”

“I haven’t even seen the door of the police station before I’m back here again!”

“Do you know how the old Eastern saying would describe this?”

“Why is it you again?!”

Huffing, puffing.

After speaking loudly in succession, Edward began to gasp for air.

The female pastry chef, seeing Edward in this state, couldn’t help but want to defuse the situation.

“Maybe this is just...fate? Wonderfully indescribable?”

The female pastry chef said softly.

Immediately, Edward’s breathing grew even heavier.

He even started to see black spots before his eyes.

Looking at Edward's condition, even the slow-reacting pastry chef realized she had said the wrong thing. To show her apology, she quickly brought over two glasses of mint water.

One glass was placed in front of Edward.

The other was handed to Jason.

"Crap fate."

Edward picked up the mint water, drained it in one gulp, and muttered under his breath.

After that, he seemed to be pondering something and fell into silence.

Jason held his glass and quietly watched the other party.

Without any urge to rush.

Jason was always very patient.

It took over ten seconds before Edward spoke again.

“Sorry, I lost my composure,” he said.

Jason raised his cup slightly to signal it was okay.

It was really okay.

Jason didn’t mind the other’s lapse.

In Jason’s view, Edward’s outburst was partly genuine emotion and partly an attempt to close the gap between them.

The ongoing deaths of subordinates had suddenly increased the pressure on this person in charge; naturally, he needed to vent.

And close the gap?

Without a doubt, his situation was very bad.

Worse than Jason had imagined.

Was it because of a parachute appointment?

Or due to a working style greatly different from cops like Sandwick?

Or perhaps both?

Jason didn't know.

Jason only knew that the other was sending signals wanting to reconcile.

The other needed an ally!

And currently, who could be a more suitable ally than him?

None!

For his part, Jason was not opposed.

Being new himself, he also needed an ally.

Of course, an ally limited to Edward only.

The kind that's mutually beneficial.

Anything more?

Nothing.

After all, the other person was not like Bondi.

The other might have a sense of justice, but definitely couldn't reach the same level as Bondi.

Not to mention Bondi's selflessness.

So, it was just one collaboration.

Thus, Jason didn't refuse Edward's invitation—

"I think we need to talk," Edward said.

"Find a quiet place."

"Alright, where?" Jason answered, but his gaze drifted to the female pastry chef.

In the current situation, Jason wouldn't leave the pastry chef alone.

Edward immediately caught on.

"Miss Giselle is, of course, welcome to join," he said.

"I know a nice restaurant."

"It happens to be lunchtime."

"We could go together," Edward said. Jason had already stood up and was walking towards the door.

“What are we waiting for?” he urged.

“Hurry up.”

Hunters, when it comes to food, are always brimming with enthusiasm.

Just like how women tend to dawdle a bit before heading out.

Even though the female pastry chef said it would only take three minutes, by the time she got into Edward’s car, five minutes had passed.

She had changed out of her distinctive in-store outfit.

The female pastry chef was once again wearing the collared suit she had on when she first met Jason, the one with lapels.

The only difference was that it was white in color.

The scarf around her neck was pink.



Her shoes were similar.

The bag she carried had changed to a small, single-shoulder sling bag, about the size of a regular person's palm.

The female pastry chef sat next to Jason, and upon seeing him scrutinizing her, she felt somewhat bashful.

Nevertheless, eager to present her best side, she still maintained her poise, sitting up straight from the waist up.

"All show and no substance."

Jason suddenly remarked.

"Huh?"

The female pastry chef was taken aback, clearly not grasping the meaning behind Jason's words.

"It's too small, can't even fit half a roast chicken."

Jason pointed at the bag.

Can't even fit half a roast chicken?

The pastry chef blinked, failing to understand Jason's logic.

Shouldn't a bag match the outfit?

What does it have to do with roast chicken?

How could a girl's bag be possibly used for carrying things?

Nevertheless, the female pastry chef still patiently waited for Jason's further appraisal.

But Jason had already turned his attention to Edward who was driving.

Instantly, the female pastry chef felt extremely disappointed.

Did he only notice the bag?

Didn't he see me?

She thought to herself, growing even more disheartened.

Jason, however, didn't notice any of this, his mind was already fixed on lunch.

"Is it far?" he asked.

"Not far, about three blocks."

"It's at the far end of Sausage Street," Edward responded.

"The far end of Sausage Street?"

"Is it that 'Aimeida Restaurant'?" the previously disheartened female pastry chef suddenly spoke up.

"Yes."

"You've heard of it?"

Edward looked at the female pastry chef in surprise; he thought he was the only one who knew about that place, especially since it had only been open for a month. *r*💎

“Of course I’ve heard of it.”

“Rumor has it that it’s a restaurant that brings ‘happiness’!”

“I made plans with Evelyn to go there at the end of the month.”

She mentioned her sister, and her mood dropped once again.

“Brings ‘happiness’?”

Edward frowned.

He had never heard such a rumor before.

Jason also frowned.

Something about the scene before him felt vaguely familiar.

"It doesn't have dishes named 'Looking Up at the Starry Sky' or anything like that, does it?" Jason asked, unable to help himself.

"No."

"Their signature dishes are 'The Feeling of Heartache' and 'Lover's Tears'."

"But those two dishes can only be reserved if a man and woman dine together."

"I, being alone, just had some ordinary bones," Edward replied.

"Man and woman together, that's the only way to reserve?"

"'The Feeling of Heartache,' 'Lover's Tears'?"

"Is that where the 'happiness' comes from?" Jason couldn't help but let his imagination run wild at the names of the dishes.

He had already begun to fantasize about the taste of the food.

So when the car stopped, Jason immediately got out.

The female pastry chef naturally followed behind him.

A man dressed like a vagabond and another in proper attire naturally drew people's gazes, but the nearby onlookers just watched, not speaking out or coming forward to provoke them.

Anyone who could step out of a car, even looking like a vagabond, was not ordinary.

In a time when most people could only afford a bicycle, a car was enough to signify status.

And the people around were no fools.

Being looked at made the female pastry chef somewhat shy.

Jason, however, didn't care in the least, sniffing the air.

Then...

He frowned almost involuntarily.