

Menu 223

Chapter 223: The True Feeling of Heartache

Perception beyond ordinary humans allowed Jason not to need to enter the kitchen of the restaurant to clearly smell the aroma of various foods.

The scent of pan-fried steak.

The scent of roasted lamb.

The scent of braised pork bones.

The mixed scent of greens and fruits.

And the scent intermingled with various seasonings.

Each scent was rich and fragrant, making it obvious that the Amada restaurant only selected top-quality ingredients.

Only...

Among these ingredients was mixed a bizarre scent.

To say it was fragrant wasn't wrong, as there was fragrance to it.

But it was more a sense of decay.

It was like seeing a piece of carefully cooked rotten meat.

Moreover, Jason felt an inexplicable sense of familiarity.

"What could it be?"

Jason continued to frown in recollection.

"What's wrong?"

Edward, who had parked the car, asked.

"Nothing."

"Let's eat."

Jason shook his head and pointed at the people queuing at the door.

There was still about half an hour until the real mealtime, but a long queue had already formed in front of the Amada restaurant. When Jason and the two others walked to the back of the queue, a waiter handed Jason a number card with '33' on it, which Jason then passed to Edward.

He, a vagabond, had no money.

Edward, who had suggested the outing, naturally did not refuse.

And he even approached the waiter.

Moments later, Edward came back with a smile.

"We're in luck."

"There was a couple who had reserved but had to cancel last minute, so you and Giselle can take their places."

"And me?"

“You get the benefit too.”

Edward said, signaling for Jason, the pastry chef, and himself to follow.

Customers with reservations don’t need to queue.

And so Jason and his two companions took the place of the reserved customers without queuing.

To this, the people in the queue had no objections.

Because this meant that Jason and his company fully accepted the previous customers’ orders, which was certainly a substantial expense—Amada restaurant had a considerable minimum spending requirement for reservations. R

Compared to spending high prices for food they didn’t like, these customers would rather wait a little longer to eat something they liked, something that was high-quality and cost-effective.

Following the waiter, Jason and the others passed through a long corridor.

This corridor wasn't fully enclosed. One side was a wall, and the other was the main hall, with a waist-high railing on the side facing the hall. Below the railing was a water canal about fifty centimeters wide, which converged like rivers into a central pool in the middle of the main hall.

The pool was about a meter deep and had a radius of more than five meters. In the center of the pool, there was an artificial hill from which water flowed like a waterfall down the hillside. The pool churned with white waves, fish swam around, and some lively fish even leaped into the water canal, playing freely.

Small bridges connected the canals.

By crossing these bridges, one could reach each dining table.

Inside the grand hall, there were only ten tables in total.

"These tables are arranged in contrast to the artificial hills and bridges."

"Each table's guests, unless standing up, simply cannot see the guests at other tables."

"The privacy is quite good."

Edward, on his second visit, explained to Jason and the pastry chef.

The pastry chef looked at the decorations in the hall and thought of her own pastry shop, unable to hide the envy in her eyes.

Jason, on the other hand, was secretly vigilant.

Because the elaborate layout in front of him always reminded him of the 'Starry Sky' restaurant, and that meal filled with malice called 'Looking Up at the Starry Sky'.

"No!"

"No, no!"

"I must be overthinking it!"

"The arrangement in front of me is enough to show the restaurateur's thoughtfulness; the food must be good!"

The expectation Jason held towards food always made him unconsciously comfort himself.

In simple terms, not to give up until the very end.

Or maybe...

Even at the very last moment, one still wants to struggle a little.

Most people are like that.

Some with feelings between men and women.

Some with their bewildering careers.

Jason, it was about food.

People have their own preferences, right?

“This is your private room.”

The waiter stood at a corner, bowed to Jason and his companions, and then opened the door to the private room.

Inside it was spacious, yet the furnishing was minimal.

One side had the dining table and the other a sofa set with a coffee table. Against the other side of the dining table stood a television—square-shaped and quite old-looking, with built-in antenna.

Jason stood at the door, took a quick glance at the decor inside, and then stepped in.

And as he entered the private room, Jason saw the room number that had been obscured by the waiter's head.

1024.

What a bizarre number.

Jason thought, as he took his seat on the sofa, quietly waiting under the waiter's direction.

Edward sat opposite him, while the female pastry chef conscientiously took a seat next to Jason.

"Please wait a moment."

“The meal will be ready shortly.”

After brewing the tea, the waiter poured it for the three of them, speaking as he did so.

Then he stood up, bowed, and left the private room.

When the door to the private room closed, the sound of flowing water outside abruptly ceased.

“The soundproofing is quite good.”

Edward remarked, looking towards the female pastry chef.

The pastry chef was taken aback for a moment before she realized what was happening.

“I’ll go watch the television.”

Having said that, she stood up and made her way to the television.

After the power was turned on, the screen was filled with static at first, but as the pastry chef fiddled with the antenna, an image gradually appeared, fuzzy as if viewed through a frosted glass.

“Pretty good, isn’t it?”

Edward pointed to the television.

“Hmm.”

Jason nodded.

Even though he found the old television quite outdated, it was nevertheless very familiar to him, having not seen such appliances for many years.

“Thank you for everything you’ve done for us.”

Edward, sitting there, suddenly stood up straight and bowed deeply.

Without waiting for Jason to speak, he sat down again, the solemnity leaving his face, replaced by his usual polite smile.

“But if you commit a crime, I’ll arrest you just the same.”

“Just like those bastards.”

“You are heroes, but that does not mean you can act recklessly because of it.”

He added.

During his speech, his eyes were fixed intently on Jason.

When he noticed that Jason remained calm, his tone softened somewhat.

“You’re not like them.”

“You’re more powerful.”

“But you aren’t bloodthirsty, and that is why... I am sitting here with you.”

In his slightly softened tone was a heavy undertone of reluctance.

Jason could hear it, but he didn't speak, having already guessed as much; he simply picked up the tea in front of him, took a small sip, and waited patiently for what was to come.

"I don't want to do this."

"But I have no choice."

"I don't fit in with the existing system of Newdeth City, and on top of being constantly constrained, some people harbor ill intentions toward me."

"Now, my situation is even more perilous."

"The death of several of my subordinates is enough to serve as a weapon for them to attack me with."

"Therefore..."

"I don't have much time."

"I must form a counterattack before they complete their assault!"

“And there’s an opportunity right in front of me!”

Edward spoke frankly.

“What opportunity?”

Jason asked.

Just as Edward was about to reply, the door to the private room knocked.

“Come in.”

Edward said.

The door opened, and the waiter who had left returned with several others, carrying dishes covered by elegant silver cloches.

Seeing the silver cloches that instilled in him a sense of familiarity, Jason’s eyes involuntarily twitched.

His foreboding feeling grew stronger and stronger.

And then, when the silver covers were lifted, Jason saw a glass of water and a bill.

The water, clear and still, at room temperature.

The bill, clearly marked, 66 dollars.

Edward saw it too, especially when he noticed the bill.

He couldn't help but cover his chest with his hand.

66 dollars for a glass of tap water?!

He genuinely felt a pang in his heart.

"Is this glass of water the 'painful feeling'?"

Edward couldn't help but ask.

“Of course not.”

The waiter replied.

Edward let out a slight sigh of relief.

But the next moment, he saw the waiter put the bill right in front of him.

“Only the bill is.”