

Menu 224

Chapter 224: Retribution?

Edward looked at the bill in front of him and felt as if his IQ was being scrubbed against the floor.

‘The feeling of heartache’ is just a bill?

What happened to the signature dish?

Is this even edible?

You try eating it!

FXXK!

Panting, panting.

Edward, struggling to contain the words bursting from his chest, glared as the waiter, smiling slightly, placed the glass of water in front of the female pastry chef.

“Madam, your ‘Lover’s Tears.’”

The pastry chef looked dumbfounded at the smiling messenger, foolishly took a sip.

Then, she exclaimed—

“So spicy!”

“It has mustard in it!”

As she spoke, the pastry chef couldn’t help but start to cry.

The waiter’s smile remained unchanged.

He took a few steps back and stood by the door.

“I wish the three of you a pleasant meal.”

Having said that, he retreated and the private room’s door was tightly closed.

Unable to hold back any longer, Edward roared.

“This place is a scam!”

“Negative review!”

“I want to complain!”

His voice echoed in the room.

But the good sound insulation stopped any shouting from going out.

Here, you can’t hear the sound of the water outside, and likewise, the outside can’t hear the yelling from here.

After about three minutes of swearing, Edward finally stopped and started to gasp for air.

The pastry chef looked at Jason, who was expressionless, then at Edward, who was gasping for breath, and decided she should lighten the mood.

“Hmm... nice setup, you can tell the owner here has a lot of experience,” the pastry chef said softly.

Creak.

The spoon in Jason's hand was bent.

Edward, eyes red, stood up and headed for the door.

He wanted an explanation.

He yanked the door open, only to find the waiter standing there.

"I've come to serve your meal accompaniments."

After speaking, he stepped aside to reveal three waiters behind him carrying plates.

This time, without the silver covers hiding them, Edward could clearly see three steaks, soup, and bread.

Edward frowned and stepped aside.

Three steaks' prices were a far cry from 66, but were they better than a glass of water?

So, this was the main course?

Was everything before just a joke?

Edward thought, starting to console himself.

Back at the table, Edward looked at Jason with an embarrassed but polite smile.

“A surprise, right?”

Jason didn’t answer; he just frowned at the food in front of him.

The scent of decay mixed with spices became even stronger.

It was emanating from the food before them.

The pastry chef suddenly remembered something.

“Doesn’t the Aimedia Restaurant charge a 20% service fee for the private room?” she asked the waiter.

“Yes.”

The waiter nodded with a smile.

His smile sweet, his manners impeccable.

The smile Edward had been struggling to keep disappeared once again.

$66+66\times0.2=79.2!$

For a normal steak priced around 4-5 each, this was extremely expensive.

Edward, who had just felt a bit comforted, now thought that the owner of Aimedia Restaurant was a complete swindler and such a person should be executed by firing squad. 💎

Grief turned to appetite.

Edward was about to pick up his fork and reach for the steak, when Jason suddenly spoke.

“Wait.”

Edward looked at Jason, who had picked up the plate, sniffed it carefully, and was puzzled.

“What’s wrong?” Edward asked.

“I can smell X poppy and XX shells, along with some things I can’t identify.”

“If you don’t want anything unusual happening to your body, I suggest you don’t eat it.”

Jason finally remembered these familiar scents.

Under the old man, there were a few fellows who were quite keen on these things.

Jason graciously declined.

Every time, he would avoid it in advance.

But that lingering taste still made it unbearable for him.

“What?”

Edward stood up.

Once he confirmed Jason was not joking, his expression suddenly turned serious.

He promptly showed his police badge to the waiter.

“I want to see your chef and your boss.”;

Looking at Edward’s police badge, the waiter’s smile could no longer be maintained.

“The chef is in the chef’s rest room.”

“The boss left in the morning and hasn’t returned yet.”

“I’ll go call the chef for you.”

With that, the waiter walked out.

Edward immediately followed the waiter astutely, and meanwhile, signaled Jason to make an emergency call.

Why didn't he signal the female pastry chef?

It was probably instinctual to think Jason was more reliable.

As Edward went with the waiter toward the chef's rest room, Jason turned to the female pastry chef.

"Call the police."

There was a telephone inside the Almeida restaurant.

The female pastry chef ran over and dialed directly—

"Hello, I am..."

"You again?"

The operator instantly recognized the voice of the female pastry chef.

“Another incident at number 15 Pea Corner Road?”

The operator asked.

“No, not Pea Corner Road.”

“It’s Almeida restaurant on Sausage Street.”

“Mr. Edward asked me to call.”

The female pastry chef said.

“Chief Edward?”

“Alright.”

“I see.”

The female operator’s voice immediately became more solemn.

After hanging up the phone, the female pastry chef stood there feeling somewhat disappointed.

She’d thought that there really was food that could bring a sense of happiness to people.

Turns out...

It was all due to that “Forbidden Medicine.”

Thinking of the food tainted by Forbidden Medicine, the female pastry chef suddenly felt angry again.

“Those who waste food will surely face retribution...”

“Aaaaah!”

Before she could fully form her thought, a scream suddenly erupted.

This scream was not muffled by any room, nor was it restrained in any way, overpowering the melodious music in the restaurant.

The diners all put down their utensils and instinctively looked toward the source of the scream.

The female pastry chef did the same.

Blood red!

Inside the main kitchen, beside the hall, was blood all over.

A man dressed in a chef's uniform lay in a pool of blood.

The female pastry chef saw it.

So did everyone else.

And without the 'training' the female pastry chef went through in the morning, these people simply couldn't manage to cover their mouths to keep themselves from screaming.

Therefore—

“Aaaaah!”

“Aaaaah!”

Screams arose one after another.

Some customers even stood up, ready to leave.

“Nobody move!”

“I’m a police officer!”

“Everyone, please sit back down.”

Edward, holding up his gun and badge, yelled.

The hall quietened down, and the frightened guests sat back in their seats.

Jason had appeared in the main kitchen room at the first scream. The body was face down on the floor, neatly dressed, with a fatal wound at the back of the skull.

The room was in disarray, but no definitive murder weapon was apparent.

The body was still warm to the touch, with no signs of livor mortis or rigor mortis.

The room's window was closed, and the door had also been closed upon entry.

Instinctively, Jason searched for information.

And at this moment, a voice filled with confusion suddenly came—

“What happened?”