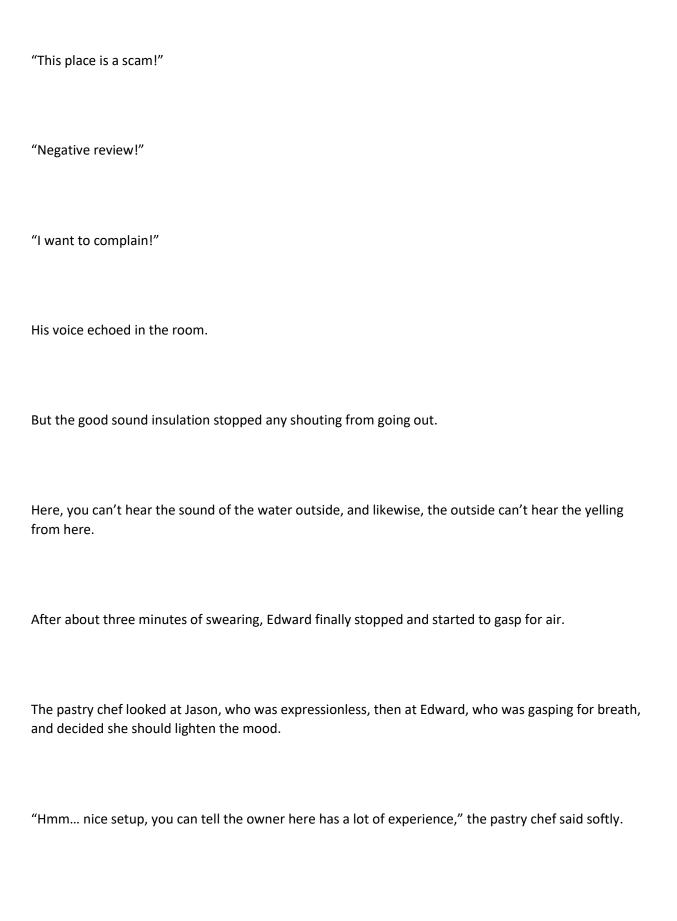
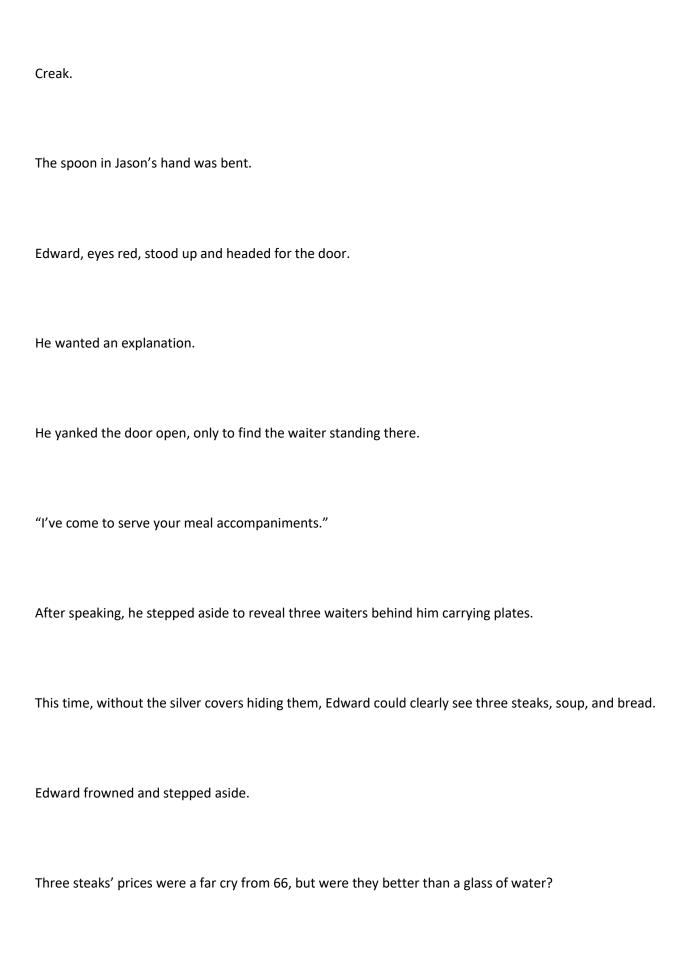
## Menu 224

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.

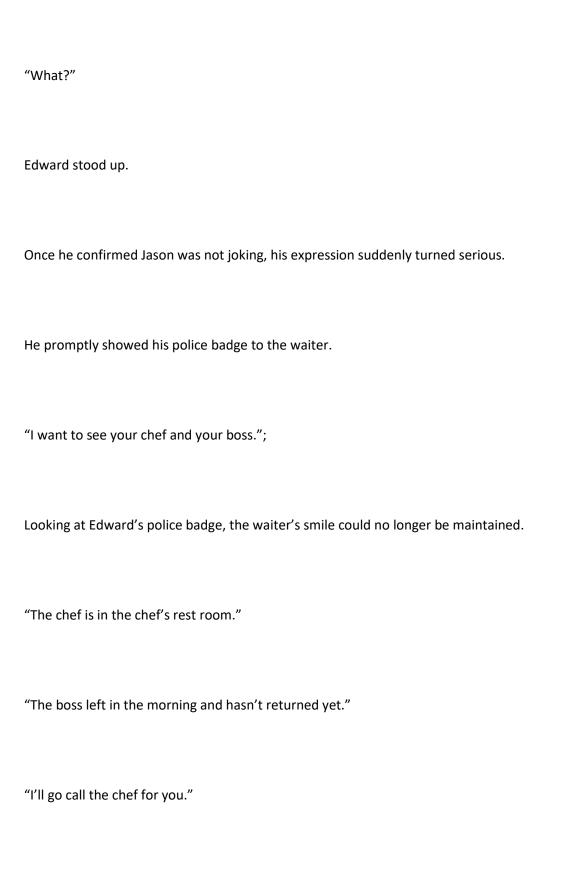






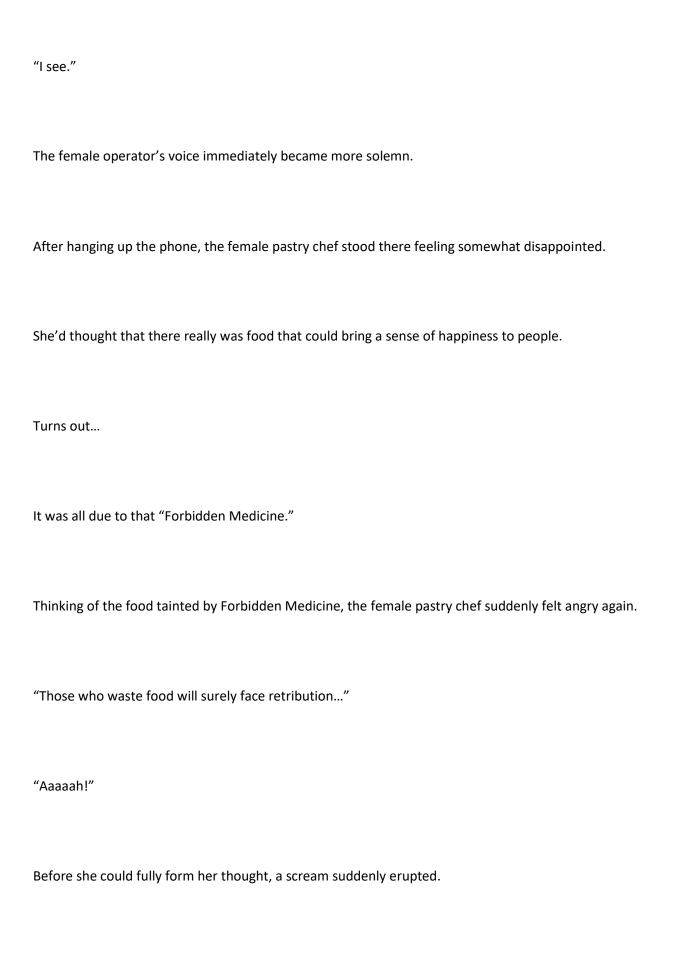






With that, the waiter walked out.
Edward immediately followed the waiter astutely, and meanwhile, signaled Jason to make an emergency call.
Why didn't he signal the female pastry chef?
It was probably instinctual to think Jason was more reliable.
As Edward went with the waiter toward the chef's rest 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."	



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?"