

Menu 226

Chapter 226: Encounter

As the applause began, the text appeared before Jason's eyes—

[City Recognition +1%]

...

It was an abrupt notification, but it led Jason to many associations.

“Is it because of the just concluded case that I won the approval of these people present?”

“Or is it because what I just did maintained the image of the city?”

“Or is it...”

“Both?”

As Jason pondered, Edward's subordinates finally arrived.

With these police officers joining, everything became even more orderly.

Taking statements, surveying the scene, and so on were still necessary despite having solved the case.

However, the speed was now countless times faster.

It's just like when you go to solve a problem and already have the answer; as soon as the answer appears, the train of thought mostly reveals itself.

If it doesn't appear... then you ask your classmates nearby.

You can climb higher only by not being ashamed to ask and learn from others.

That's what the female pastry chef did.

"Jason, when did you notice something was off?"

In a corner, the female pastry chef asked.

"When I was hungry."

Jason answered.

But this answer made the female pastry chef stunned.

When you're hungry?

Hungry inside a restaurant...

Right!

Naturally, you look around for food.

Then, inadvertently, you commit the layout of the entire restaurant to memory, and when something unusual happens, everything you've memorized comes to mind and corresponded with each other.

"So that's how it is."

A look of realization dawned on the female pastry chef's face.

Jason glanced at her, assuring himself that she wouldn't suddenly meow at him, before retorting:

“Did you understand?”

“Mm, I got it.”

“It’s simple.”

Clutching her small handbag, the female pastry chef smiled and spoke.

At this time, Edward, who had been listening to their conversation, was somewhat perplexed.

She understood just like that?

Why don’t I get it?

What does hunger have to do with anomalies?

When hungry, shouldn’t one just eat?

Thinking about eating, Edward immediately came over.

“Things here are almost wrapped up.”

“Let’s switch to a different restaurant.”

“Don’t worry, they don’t have any special signature dishes.”

Edward emphasized.

‘The heartache’ ... once was enough.

As Jason left Aimeida Restaurant, the patrons there said goodbye to him very kindly, and one or two even handed him their business cards.

Considering the main quest, Jason chose to accept them.

However, he didn’t have a suitable place on him to store these business cards.

“Let me hold onto them for now.”

The female pastry chef suggested, gesturing with her small handbag.

“Thank you.”

After thanking her, Jason handed over the business cards.

The female pastry chef happily accepted the business cards and placed them into her handbag.

See, it does have its uses!

She lifted her little bag slightly higher and shook it at Jason.

But at this moment, Jason’s attention was already on the next restaurant, completely oblivious to her gesture.

“The restaurant isn’t far; it’s also on Sausage Street.”

“We can just walk there.”

“Their lamb chops last time left a deep impression on me.”

Edward said.

“Lamb chops, eh? Sounds good.”

Jason smiled and said.

The female pastry chef, seeing Jason utterly unaware of her, couldn't help but lift her bag a little higher.

But Jason still didn't react.

Suddenly, a hint of disappointment surfaced in the female pastry chef's heart.

She looked at her handbag, which she had loved just a moment before, and couldn't help but give it a pat.

Maybe it's too small after all?

The restaurant Edward spoke about was in the first half of Sausage Street; departing from Aimeida Restaurant, a twenty-minute walk would lead them to a storefront on the street.

There was nothing excessive or fancy about the decoration; a mailbox stood in front of the door, and there was a chalkboard sign inside the white picket fence.

In white fancy script, it read: 'Miss and Mr's Restaurant'

Beneath that, in plain blue font, it listed: lamb chops, Dada Li red wine, fruit and vegetable salad, coffee (served at lunch).

Edward stood in front of the sign, glanced at it, and smiled.

They were dishes he'd eaten before.

All quite good.

Especially the lamb chops with red wine, there was an indescribable feeling to it.

This time!

There would be absolutely no problems!

Edward turned to Jason and signaled to him.

Jason stepped forward and pushed open the door of the restaurant.

Dingling!

Amid the jingle of the doorbell, Jason and his companions walked into the restaurant.

Unlike the elaborate layout of the Ameida Restaurant, this place was just ordinary, with two rows of tables, and two private rooms at the corner.

When Edward asked if they could use a private room, the waiter appeared embarrassed.

"I'm sorry, sir."

"The private rooms are all occupied."

Edward's brow furrowed slightly.

He and Jason needed a relatively safe environment to discuss their matters.

Should they switch to a different restaurant?

Edward looked at Jason.

Jason walked towards a quiet corner of the restaurant.

He was already famished.

He did not wish to trudge around any longer.

“Three lamb chops, Dada Li red wine, fruit and vegetable salad.”

After speaking, Edward also headed to the corner.

The pastry chef slowed down her pace.

“Excuse me, where is the restroom?”

The pastry chef asked.

“Over there.”

The waiter pointed with a smile.

After nodding, the pastry chef headed for the restroom.

Although her sister and others always said she wasn’t smart enough, she knew Jason and Edward had important matters to discuss, and it wouldn’t be good to intrude at this time.

In the corner, Jason and Edward sat facing each other.

“You’re very sharp.”

“Truly worthy of being...”

“A war veteran.”

Edward spoke as soon as he sat down, but there was a slight pause as the words came out.

He watched Jason's expression, and upon seeing no sign of anything unusual on his face, he breathed a sigh of relief.

Jason's earlier actions made Edward more convinced of the need for such an ally.

He certainly didn't want to lose this ally over an unintended slip of the tongue.

Of course, he was also increasingly curious about what kind of trauma a person like Jason had encountered to keep visiting a psychological doctor.

But Edward would not ask.

He continued speaking.

"Some guys similar to you, but essentially different, have returned to Newdeth City."

"They're recklessly taking revenge on those they think deserve it."

“Many of these guys truly deserve to die.”

“But some others... their crimes are not so severe.”

“My task is to find these guys.”

As Edward said this, his tone became more solemn.

“I need help.”

He said this.

“Mutual benefit.”

Well-prepared, Jason answered decisively.

“Of course.”

“What do you need?”

Edward smiled.

“I need...”

Jason was about to voice his response when, suddenly, his gaze leapt over Edward and towards the direction of the entrance.

There, a man who had just entered the restaurant was walking towards them.

The man was tall with prominent cheekbones, a rugged face, and his hair combed meticulously.

The blue suit and the red silk handkerchief in his pocket left a striking impression.

Edward turned his head to look at the approaching man.

But the man ignored Edward completely and walked straight up to Jason, a look of pleasant surprise on his face.

“Long time no see, Jason.”

“Remember me?”

“Hannibal, your psychological doctor.”