

## Menu 227

Chapter 227: Confirmed by Eye Contact...

Upon seeing Jason, Dr. Hannibal's face brimmed with joy.

Jason?

He did not recognize the person in front of him at all.

But,

he inexplicably felt that the man in front of him was very dangerous.

It was the kind of danger that one sensed but could not articulate.

A psychologist?

Jason thought back to the 'psychologist' mentioned in the main quest, and confusion surfaced on his face. Then, he shook his head.

"Sorry, I don't quite remember."

“My memory has been quite poor lately.”

“I keep forgetting things.”

Jason answered in this way.

And he did not pay attention to the psychologist’s outstretched hand before him.

What was wrong with being a person suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder, experiencing memory decline? And what was wrong with being overly vigilant? Weren’t these things normal?

Dr. Hannibal withdrew his hand without any embarrassment, his face expressing regret.

“Is that so?”

“You should have been under my continued care.”

“The little teacup you liked to use, I’ve kept it all this while.”

“I’ve even grown some mushrooms recently.”

The doctor's face was tinged with sorrow, and his tone became much more subdued.

However, the next moment, the doctor revealed a smile.

"You should be getting better."

"I heard about your recent deductive reasoning."

"Quite impressive."

In a voice full of praise, Edward furrowed his brow.

"Just now?"

Edward interjected.

He did not believe a psychologist should have such an extensive network of information.

At the same time, he became aware that the psychologist seemed to have come because of Jason.

“Yes, just now.”

Dr. Hannibal nodded.

He turned to look at Edward with a smile fading from his face, adopting a more official tone, and spoke slowly:

“One of my patients was dining over there, and Jason left a profound impression on him.”

“So much so that he recalled the Jason I had mentioned.”

“Hence, he called me.”

“By chance, my clinic is nearby. And since I hadn’t eaten, I decided to have lunch here to see if I could bump into Jason, who also might not have had his lunch.”

Edward frowned.

His instincts as a soldier and a policeman told him that the person before him was probably lying.

But indeed, the other party's clinic was near Sausage Street.

And the appearance of the doctor's patient at Aimeida Restaurant was entirely plausible.

Considering his fees, only someone who could afford to dine at Aimeida Restaurant would be able to afford his clinic.

"I initially wanted to invite you to lunch together."

"However, I don't really like dining with strangers."

"Maybe next time, at my clinic, I have some treasured ingredients."

Dr. Hannibal did not hide his dislike for Edward and turned to speak to Jason.

After finishing, the doctor walked around to Jason's side and then headed towards another part of the restaurant, a spot further from Edward but closer to Jason.

When he sat down, as if remembering something, he said:

“Jason, I recommend the lamb ribs here.”

“The meat is really tender, it’s lamb.”

The doctor advised Jason.

“Okay.”

Jason responded.

He did not dislike talking about food, nor did he dislike the food recommended by others.

Involuntarily, a look of anticipation appeared in Jason’s eyes.

Dr. Hannibal noticed such anticipation.

The corners of his mouth twitched involuntarily.

Anticipation also appeared in his eyes.

Such anticipation prompted subtle changes in his demeanor.

It was as if he were a leopard in the dense jungle under the dark night sky, inching closer to its prey step by step.

A very faint change in aura.

But Jason sensed it.

With perception nearly four times that of a normal person, Jason instantly noticed the change of aura. His temperament, sharp as a blade yet mingled with a predator's instinct, inherently surfaced.

If the previous aura was that of an agile leopard,

now, what emerged was a fierce, massive tiger with skills.

Whoosh.

In the Miss and Mr Restaurant's lobby, a breeze seemingly came from nowhere.

It was not strong.

It was like the wind that blew in through a door or window that had been left ajar.

And it was gone in a flash.

But it was this very instant that made everyone inside the lobby feel a chill through their bodies.

Especially Edward, who subconsciously reached for his gun handle and looked around.

The mixed scents left him uncertain.

But the doctor could be certain.

His eyes first showed surprise.

Then...



He became increasingly excited.

So much so that he had to shake his red velvet to cover his face.

He feared that he couldn't help but laugh out loud.

Is there such a thing?

It's a miracle!

Thinking this in his heart, he tried to control his shaking and couldn't help but shiver.

And swiftly, he regained his composure.

He greeted Jason's scanning gaze with his earlier smile.

Jason took another careful look at him.

The man responded to Jason's gaze.

Both of them locked eyes.

The doctor's smile on his face became involuntarily radiant.

Then, his peripheral vision swept over Edward.

He felt Edward was becoming more and more of an eyesore.

However, that didn't stop him from observing Jason even more closely.

As if he intended to etch Jason's features into his mind once again.

But, time was short.

A few minutes later, the waiter with the dishes interrupted it all.

"Good day, your meal."

The waiter placed the lamb chop, salad, and a glass of Dadari red wine in front of Jason.

Jason's eyes were naturally drawn to the lamb chop, and he turned back immediately.

Dr. Hannibal furrowed his brow; his gaze lingered on the waiter's neck as he pressed down the dinner knife and eventually chose to cut the served lamb chop with it.

The doctor ate with deliberate slowness, displaying a hint of elegance.

Even as he kept watching Jason's back, he didn't miss a beat.

And Jason?

As always, he was hearty and swift.

Even with a knife and fork, he could produce afterimages.

A lamb chop of nearly a pound was gone in just a minute.

And this was Jason restraining himself.

Otherwise, it would have been a matter of seconds.

Edward was startled by the speed at which Jason ate.

But he didn't think too much of it.

After all, with Jason's height and robust physique, it made sense for him to eat faster than the average person.

It was only natural for him to eat more as well.

Therefore, he immediately raised his hand.

"Two more servings, please."

Edward instructed the waiter.

But after Jason devoured the next two servings of lamb chop with the same speed as before, Edward was somewhat surprised.

Could it be that a life of wandering had left Jason even hungrier?

Thinking this, Edward wasn't stingy.

"Another two servings," he said.

At the same time, he reminded Jason,

"When too hungry, you should first eat something liquid to fill your stomach, and don't eat too much."

Jason naturally did not ignore Edward, who was willing to feed him and pay the bill.

"I'll pay attention."

"Being five parts full is a good choice for me."

Jason replied.

“That’s good then.”

Edward nodded with a smile, considering Jason’s earnest response and his identity.

Of course, the smile only lasted until Jason ate the tenth serving of lamb chop.

As Jason began to reach for the eleventh serving of lamb chop with ease, Edward stood up casually and headed to the phone at the bar.

“Hello, Newdeth City Police Department hotline.”

A sweet voice came from the receiver.

Edward lowered his voice and said each word distinctly—

“Hello, it’s me.”

“Don’t speak and don’t let anyone overhear what I’m about to say.”

“Send one of my subordinates to Miss and Mr Restaurant, and remember... bring enough money.”

