

## Menu 259

### Chapter 259: Friends Aren't That Simple

“

Hannibal?

“

When Jason heard that name, his eyes narrowed slightly.

He certainly wouldn't forget that particularly distinctive psychologist.

That aura, akin to that of a predator, had left a deep impression on Jason.

Meanwhile, Dadas started talking to himself:

“Professor Hannibal once invited me to his clinic for psychological counseling.”

“But how could I possibly go?”

“If I went, wouldn’t that just prove that I’m sick?”

“I’m not sick; it’s the world that’s sick!”

As he talked, Dadas let out a laugh reminiscent of a crow’s caw, a habitual sound.

But when Jason glanced his way, the sound immediately ceased, and Dadas reverted to that pitiful expression.

“Have you experienced any abnormalities?” Jason continued to ask.

But as the words left his mouth, he somewhat regretted them.

The girl in front of him clearly suffered from that particular ailment so common in adolescents, where in the throes of this ailment, every normalcy becomes abnormality.

This ailment is colloquially termed ‘second year syndrome’.

In fact, it was indeed the case.

Upon hearing Jason’s question, Dadas started rattling off immediately:

“Abnormalities have been occurring since I was born.”

“My mother said that when she gave birth to me, she heard a dragon roar.”

“And as soon as I was old enough to remember, I had a friend by my side.”

“Look, this is ‘Xiao Kong’. Xiao Kong, say hello to Teacher Jason.”

“And also...”

Dadas was about to continue.

But Jason couldn’t listen any longer.

If there truly were things beyond the perception of ordinary people, with his sensory abilities nearly four times that of an average person, he would naturally notice them. **R**

And if even he couldn’t detect them?

Then they must not exist.

Xiao Kong?

That must be the air...

Without realizing it, Jason's gaze once again moved to the book on the table, "How to Make Friends."

Dadas noticed Jason's look.

She quickly grabbed the book and hid it behind her back.

Then, stubbornly, she said:

"I have friends. 'Xiao Kong' is right here."

"I just want to make other friends."

"No!"

“Even if I don’t have other friends.”

“Having ‘Xiao Kong’ is already enough.”

Her tone grew defiant, but Dadas looked down.

She feared seeing the mockery that might appear in Jason’s face.

The same mockery she saw in others.

“Friendship isn’t that simple,” Jason said indifferently.

After finishing, he didn’t stay any longer, turned around, and walked out the door.

Dadas looked up in astonishment at his tall, broad back.

“Friendship isn’t that simple?” She muttered to herself.

As for Jason, who had stepped outside, he directly asked Tedi:

“Where’s the phone?”

“I need to make a call.”

“Follow me.” The female student council president spoke and led Jason downstairs.

The other student council members, seeing Jason appear unharmed, all heaved sighs of relief and dispersed quickly.

None of them dared to linger near the door of the ‘Secrets and Mysteries’ club.

Joel felt the same.

Though an accomplished secretary of the student council, he was genuinely afraid of his senior, Dadas.

So, he was practically the first to prepare to leave.

But just at that moment—

“Joel.”

Dadas’s gloomy voice came from behind.

The petite secretary shuddered.

He subconsciously looked around at the other student council members.

Unfortunately, each of them was walking quickly with eyes straight ahead as if they hadn’t noticed Joel at all.

“Hey, you guys...”

“I thought I heard Secretary Joel’s voice.”

“You must have heard wrong.”

“Secretary Joel just left with the president and Teacher Jason.”

“Oh, I see.”

With these words, the crowd walked faster and faster until, in a moment, they turned down the stairs and their figures disappeared from sight.

Watching this scene unfold, Joel’s upraised hand fell limply down, his entire demeanor one of resignation, as he turned around sporting a smile uglier than a cry.

“Senior Dadas, is there something you need?”

He asked, shrinking his neck.

He looked like a hamster.

“What is a friend?”

Dadas asked.

The secretary was taken aback but instinctively replied:



“People who read books together, shop, eat, and fool around, they are friends, aren’t they?”

“Is that so?”

“But Teacher Jason just said ‘a friend isn’t that simple’.”

Dadas furrowed her brow as she continued.

“Teacher Jason?”

“Teacher Jason is different!”

“He has been through battlefields, the real kind filled with gunfire and smoke. In Teacher Jason’s view, we don’t qualify as friends. True friends must be those who can entrust their backs to each other even in the face of death, right?”

As the secretary spoke, his face involuntarily took on a look of longing.

“Friends? Those are not merely friends.”

“In some sense, they have become comrades!”

“Bonded by fetters, intertwined fates, comrades in life and death!”

The secretary answered earnestly.

As a secretary of the traditionalist student council, even though he was petite and had delicate features, how could a boy not have a ‘knightly dream’? How could he not yearn for the friendship found on battlefields of flame and blood? He wished he could don heavy armor and charge into battle alongside his comrades right then and there.

That...

Would be splendid indeed.

Lost in his fantasies, Joel was about to say more.

But the next moment—

“Ga ga ga!”

“As I thought!”

“The one that is wrong is not me, it is the world!”

“I don’t need those false friends; what I want are real friends.”

After letting out an unpleasant cackle, Dadas murmured to herself in a low voice.

Yet such a low murmur was too muffled, almost like a chant, scaring the secretary into retreating step by step.

“Go and register.”

“List Teacher Jason as the mentor for ‘Secrets and Mysteries’.”

Without waiting for a response from the secretary, Dadas turned and walked back into the ‘Secrets and Mysteries’ clubroom.

She casually closed the door and picked up the book “How to Make Friends,” throwing it straight into the trash can.

And then...

She missed.

Thud.

The book fell to the floor.

Dadas didn't care about it and continued walking into the clubroom.

Now that Jason had become the mentor for 'Secrets and Mysteries', she had to prepare a gift for him—that was a welcome gift, not one of gratitude.

Dadas said in her heart.

Then, she searched through several storage cabinets for materials.

She was going to weave an 'amulet' for Jason.

Meanwhile, as Dadas concentrated on crafting the charm, the book “How to Make Friends” that had fallen to the floor outside rose up and gently landed in the trash can.

Not a single sound was made.

It was as if it belonged there.