

Menu 263

Chapter 263: Dinner

After greeting them as if they were old friends, Hannibal pointed to the restaurant not far behind him.

“Have you eaten yet?”

“Would you like to join me for dinner?”

As he spoke, the psychologist looked at the two police officers in front of him.

“Officers, is that all right?”

“I have told you everything that I know.”

“If there is anything else you need, please come with a search warrant.”

“I am about to entertain my guest.”

Hannibal was polite yet made it clear that refusal was not an option.

“Alright, Doctor.”

“We will come back if there is anything.”

The two officers turned and glanced at Edward, who nodded, and they replied accordingly.

Then, the two officers headed out.

Jason, Edward, and little Bansey went inside.

As they brushed past each other, Edward gave the two officers a meaningful look—these two were Edward’s direct subordinates, who instantly understood what their captain wanted.

Surveillance round the clock, 24/7!

The two officers nodded almost imperceptibly and then stepped out.

Then, Edward and little Bansey were blocked by Hannibal.

“I don’t mind my friends bringing their friends.”

“Provided that...”

“They come with no ill intentions.”

Hannibal pointed his chin forward at the departing officers.

“Do you mean to have them surveil me?”

“Alright, no need to explain.”

“I’m a psychologist, I trust what I see.”

As he spoke, Hannibal ushered Edward and little Bansey out.

Out of respect for Hannibal’s profession, Edward did not struggle and went with the flow.

Little Bansey had a subconscious reflex to resist, but he quickly realized that Hannibal was incredibly strong and far beyond his capability to contest.

In an instant, little Bansey was stunned.

After all, he was a marksman in the military.

He might not excel in other areas, but when it came to strength, he was top-notch.

And now, he had been outmatched in terms of strength by a doctor?

By the time little Bansey came to his senses, he was already staggering outside the door.

And it was Edward who had steadied him.

Otherwise, by this time, he would have surely fallen to the ground.

“How are you?”

Edward asked his assistant.

“I’m fine.”

“But he’s incredibly strong.”

“How can a doctor have such great strength?”

Little Bansey shook his head, still puzzled in his eyes.

“This proves he’s no ordinary doctor.”

Edward answered.

“Is Jason alright?”

Little Bansey looked worriedly towards the room.

At that moment, Edward laughed.

“I never worry about Jason.”

“Because I know—”

"If you lock anyone in a room with Jason, the one who always comes out is Jason!"

The confident leader of the special operations group declared.

Little Bansey thought about Jason's impressive combat record and nodded.

"Right."

"We don't have to worry about Jason."

"So, do we just wait here?"

Little Bansey asked.

"Of course not."

"But do you have any money on you?"

Edward asked after shaking his head.

“No.”

Little Bansey answered honestly.

“Neither do I.”

Edward pulled out his pocket lining, which was empty.

The two exchanged glances.

At that moment,

Whoosh!

The winter wind howled past.

Both of them simultaneously hunched their necks and turned the corner to take shelter from the wind, looking back at the bright, steamy windows behind them.

The howling wind shook the windows, but the sealed windows let in no drafts, and the warm fireplace made the entire restaurant warm and cozy. Beneath the bright light, Hannibal invited Jason to sit on one side of the dining table.

Then, he began to serve the freshly fried lamb chops from one side of the kitchen.

Jason had witnessed the frying process with his own eyes.

It was an open kitchen.

Sitting at the dining table, one could see everything inside the kitchen.

Naturally, that included the process of making the food.

Jason's gaze had been fixed on Hannibal.

It wasn't because of the other's focus while cooking.

Nor was it because of the rhythm of cooking that was akin to art.

It was...

The smell!

The faint scent of 'food'!

The other had been in contact with food not long ago.

And not just one kind!

Jason forced himself to suppress the excitement that came with facing 'food'.

This was also why Jason still had Hannibal push Edward and little Bansey out and chose to turn a blind eye.

After all, there were some things it was better not to see if Edward and little Bansey did not know about them.

"Would you like some black pepper?"

After placing the fried lamb chops in front of Jason, Hannibal asked.

“A bit,”

Jason answered.

Immediately, Hannibal turned and went back to the kitchen.

He brought out a standard pepper grinder.

Crrrk, crrrk.

With a slight twist, specks of black pepper powder appeared on the lamb chops, making the plating with the little tomatoes and endives on the side even more tempting.

“Please enjoy.”

Hannibal held the pepper grinder behind him with one hand and gestured an invitation with the other hand in front.

When he saw Jason pick up the lamb chops without any hesitation, he couldn't help but smile, turned, and put the pepper grinder away before going to prepare the violin.

But just as he turned around —

“Another serving.”

Hannibal's body stiffened.

He turned back, shocked to see that the specially prepared, extra-large serving of lamb chops had been polished off, even the tomatoes and endives on the plate were gone.

Bear in mind, that was a serving for six.

He had seen Jason's appetite before, so he had specially prepared this extra-large portion foreseeing Jason's visit.

But who could have thought Jason would eat so fast,

And not even leave the bones behind?

Hannibal recovered quickly.

He revealed an excited, thrilled smile for no apparent reason.

As if he had encountered ... a kin of sorts.

He bowed slightly.

Responding very politely to Jason.

"I apologize."

"It was my oversight."

"Just a moment, it will be right up."

Saying so, Hannibal returned to the kitchen. He pulled open a huge freezer door, and a whole tub of marinated lamb chops was brought out by him. Like caressing a lover's hand, Hannibal wrapped these chops in kitchen paper, smacking them repeatedly to extract the blood, then he cut the meat carefully and quickly.

The frying pan was already preheated.

Two spoonfuls of olive oil.

A piece of lamb chop was immediately placed in it.

Sizz!

The collision of fat and meat created smoke that rose up and the aroma dispersed.

The high heat began, quickly turning the meat, and after the color changed on both sides, the flame was turned down to medium and then low heat.

Once the lamb chop was fully cooked, Hannibal took it off the stove, plated it carefully, and served it to Jason.

This time, he did not turn around.

He watched as Jason seriously folded the lamb chop to fit perfectly into his mouth, and then...

He swallowed it in one gulp.

Crunch, crunch.

The bones under Jason's teeth were like crispy noodles, and with a crisp sound, the entire piece of lamb chop disappeared.

Gone with it were the side dishes on the plate.

Licking the grease from the corner of his mouth, Jason looked at Hannibal. The hunger in his eyes was so stirring, so beautiful, so thrilling to his whole body.

"Just a moment, more is on the way."

Hannibal spoke up again.

Serving after serving of lamb chops arrived in front of Jason.

Only when his last stock was gone did Jason stop.

Hannibal, looking at the longing on Jason's face, apologized with regret:

"I'm sorry."

"It was my fault."

The psychologist made no attempt to hide his mistake.

Then he stood up straight, looking at Jason with hopeful eyes, he asked:

"Would you like some real 'food'?"