

## Menu 264

Chapter 264: At this moment, it's like heaven...

“Real ‘food’?”

Jason smiled.

“If you’re referring to the scent that clings to you, the residue...”

“I’d be delighted.”

That’s what Jason said.

Hannibal’s eyes lit up.

“As I thought!”

“Jason, you too are aware of ‘them’.”

He said, issuing a low chuckle.

In that chuckling, Hannibal sat across from Jason, crossing his hands under his chin for support.

“In October of PY81, during the ‘Lan Bridge Blockade Battle’, a huge phantom appeared, spanning the entire battlefield for 20 seconds, witnessed by over four thousand people. Within a week, all of them died successively, most by suicide, with both sides maintaining silence.”

“In January of PY82, during the ‘Golden Flash Battle’, the attacking side suddenly heard meaningless noises, resulting in more than half of a division’s casualties, with the remaining soldiers going mad and dying from myocardial infarction over the next half-year.”

“In April of PY83, during the ‘Dur Castle Recapture Battle’, the defending side vanished overnight, leaving only their clothes, weapons, and supplies behind, with the attackers finding no clues after inspection.”

“In June of PY84, during the ‘Thank-You Siege’, both attacking and defending sides discovered artillery shells being fired during continuous daytime bombardment mysteriously disappeared, only to fall at night within the city, causing significant losses to the defending force.”

“In September of PY85, with every battle of the ‘Thirty-Three Days of Endurance’, accidents occurred, the number of missing persons rose daily, and bizarre incidents kept happening, eventually leading the ‘Silver Federation’ and the ‘Black Stone Alliance’ to sign a ceasefire agreement.”

“Two months later, a large-scale epidemic broke out within the ‘Black Market Alliance’, and high-rank officials from the ‘Silver Federation’ disappeared in succession.”

“By the end of ’85, everything stopped, both sides seemed to have found a pattern to the bizarre happenings.”

“At the start of PY86, both sides massively reduced their armaments, and Captain Jason of the ‘Silver Federation’ returned to his hometown, Decheng.”

Hannibal’s voice was quiet and steady, his speed neither fast nor slow as he spoke.

As he spoke, he watched Jason intently.

Upon realizing that Jason had been indifferent from the beginning, he couldn’t help but feel a bit more pleased.

“Jason, you have recovered.”

“It seems my advice was effective.”

“When you can’t understand those things, then taste them.”

Hannibal said, and let go of his propped-up hands, leaning back.

“That’s what I did.”

“From a young age, I knew I was different.”

“I lost my parents and sister in the war, all in one day.”

“I was taken in by a distant relative. She wasn’t a good fosterer, but she taught me much. I’m grateful to her, and subconsciously, I wanted to taste her flavor.” Ñ

“What a pity...”

“She’s nowhere near as fascinating as those incomprehensible things.”

“How could mere mortals comprehend the deliciousness of these things?”

“Just a little bit added, and its flavor will emanate.”

Having said that, Hannibal stood up abruptly, supporting his body, his face momentarily drawing close to Jason’s, with only 10 centimeters separating them.

The psychiatrist’s eyes were fastened tightly on Jason.

“Would you like to taste them?”

Hannibal asked, word by word.

Jason didn’t dodge at all.

With the same serious tone, he answered again:

“Hurry up.”

“I can hardly wait.”

Gulp.

In the midst of the conversation, Jason, who had once again smelled the faint scent of ‘food’, felt his stomach begin to roar.

It seemed as if the lamb chops he had just eaten did not exist at all.

No.

They indeed existed.

He could still taste the hints of lamb.

But his stomach was now completely empty.

“Even in the face of death?”

Hannibal asked again.

“Death has never been an obstacle to me,”

“Not being able to eat ‘food’ is.”

Jason responded.

“Come with me.”

“I’ll show you my true ‘restaurant’.”

Having said this, Hannibal stood up.

He walked over to the large freezer.

He slightly adjusted a storage box inside—

Click!

Amidst the sound of machinery turning, a descending passage appeared.

Hannibal took the lead and walked in.

Jason followed closely behind.

The downward passage was initially very narrow, just wide enough for a person to pass through; as they continued forward, it suddenly opened up, revealing a whole other realm.

A space similar to the structures above ground emerged here.

Compared to the decorations inside the above-ground buildings, this place was truly simplistic.

Beyond a dining table and chairs, there were only kitchen utensils.

The entire set from the kitchen above was completely replicated here.

However, the most attractive feature here was the ice chest.

No!

It should be called an ice chamber.

The huge door, resembling the security door of a bank vault, had a round steering wheel.

Traces of cold air leaked from behind the door.

But Jason's nostrils were twitching non-stop.



He smelled the aroma of food.

It was the scent of a variety of foods.

Right behind the door of the ice chamber.

Blocked by that heavy door, the scent was faint but it definitely existed.

Hannibal saw Jason's behavior and couldn't help but laugh.

A kin.

A true kin.

Not one of those who are pretentious.

Nor those who crave novelty.

And certainly not those who blindly agree with him.

A kin.

His true kin.

He had finally found someone just like him.

Hannibal, as a psychologist, recognized Jason's genuine feelings in an instant.

It was something ordinary people couldn't fake.

He had been waiting for this moment for a long time.

With an excited smile, Hannibal turned the wheel.

Click!

Amidst the sound of the spring mechanism, the door to the ice chamber opened.

Suddenly, a rich aroma burst forth, filling the entire basement.

Jason couldn't help but take a deep breath.

He was staring intently at the door to the ice chamber.

When the door was fully opened, Jason's eyes emitted a tangible gleam.

In an ice chamber of about a hundred square meters, a variety of 'food' was arranged.

Some were fierce and terrifying.

Others were unremarkable.

But regardless of the type,

All were so deliciously tempting.

At that moment, Jason wondered if he had come to heaven!

He wanted to pounce on these 'foods' and devour them right away, but he did not forget that they did not belong to him.

"May I taste them?" Jason turned and asked Hannibal.

"Of course!" Hannibal nodded.

However, he did not forget to remind Jason.

"They were meant to entertain guests."

"But Jason, you must bear in mind that the bodies of ordinary people can't withstand more of these exotic foods. You can only indulge a little at a time, not exceeding a gram; but even this gram will cause your body immense pain. You need to endure, adapt, and after dozens of times, you will be able to truly appreciate the sweetness and the allure of these foods..."

Jason wasn't listening to such words anymore; hunger pervaded his brain.

He grabbed a 'Pusack Elf,' the closest and something he had eaten before, and threw it directly into his mouth.

The frozen 'Pusack Elf' was a bit like ice cream.

But even smoother.

Then, he stepped towards a beast as tall as three men, with sharp teeth resembling those of a wild boar, and tore off its front leg with his mouth.

While gnawing, the slightly appeased Jason looked up at Hannibal, who stood there dumbfounded.

"What did you just say?"