

## Menu 272

Chapter 272: Lucky and Unlucky Sisters

Giselle awoke still sprawled on the table.

Hiss!

Her arms and legs were sore and numb, which made the pastry chef gently inhale as she instinctively massaged them.

She turned her head to look at the clock hanging on the wall.

“Is it already half-past two?”

The pastry chef was surprised to see the time.

She had only meant to nap for a short while; how had she slept until midnight?

Looking out of the display window, she saw that the sky had long since darkened.

The pastry chef was a bit annoyed with herself.

Not only had she wasted an entire afternoon, but she had also delayed the regular business for the next day.

After all, some ingredients for the pastries needed to be prepared in advance.

However, it was only when the pastry chef walked over to the oven behind the counter that she found not only the ingredients ready but also some finished products placed on one side of the counter.

They were numbers and teddy bear cookies that didn't spoil if left out for a while.

"Evelyn?"

"Evelyn?"

Upon seeing these cookies, the pastry chef quickly realized.

It was her sister who had come back.

She knew well that her sister didn't like soft pastries but preferred crunchy cookies.

But after calling several times, she received no response.

“Did she leave again?”

The pastry chef murmured to herself.

It had been a long time since she had seen her sister.

Before, her sister would leave notes to inform her of things.

But now?

If not for some traces left behind, she might even think that her sister was a figment of her imagination.

Sigh.

The pastry chef sighed.

She began to check the shop, the interior and exterior doors were already locked. The inner door had a touch lock, the outer was an iron grill door locked with a chain lock, the bolt facing outward; clearly, it was her sister who had locked it upon leaving.

After confirming again that her sister had truly left, the pastry chef returned to the shop, beginning to think about the second person related to her.

“Jason has been gone for 12 hours now, could something have happened?”

“It shouldn’t!”

“Jason is not like the others, he is observant and very skilled.”

“Even if he encountered trouble, he wouldn’t be easily overcome.”

The pastry chef shook her head, thinking very confidently as she sat in the shop and quietly waited.

She had very few friends.

Even, from a certain viewpoint, only two.

One was Tedi.

The other was Jason.

And as for male friends, Jason was the only one—since she could remember.

It wasn't that she didn't want to make friends.

But the friends she made always inexplicably got into trouble.

Injuries, kidnappings, disappearances, accidents; they were endless.

If it weren't for Tedi's presence, she would have doubted whether she was the reincarnation of 'Plague God'; otherwise, why would her friends encounter these issues?

Fortunately, now there was Jason.

Whenever she thought of Jason, the pastry chef blushed slightly.

It was the shyness of a young girl and a hint of adolescent confusion.

Something the pastry chef had never experienced.

After all, she didn't have a single male friend who, after interacting with her, remained unharmed for more than two hours.

Therefore, she treated everyone with caution.

Regarding them as acquaintances rather than friends.

As for Jason?

She could hardly restrain her feelings.

It was not only the debt for saving her life but also the strength he displayed that attracted her unwittingly.

More importantly, she believed Jason could protect himself.

But...

Time ticked by, minute by minute.

Jason still hadn't returned.

The pastry chef grew panicked.

Please, let nothing have happened!

Please, let nothing have happened!

She sat by the table, praying silently over and over again.

In the midst of the pastry chef's prayers, sounds of a car came from the street outside; she immediately looked out from the display window and, upon seeing the figure of Jason stepping out from the back seat of the car, she instantly ran to open the door.

"I thought something was going to happen."

"We made it back safely."

Bansey seemed a bit regretful.

“How could there be so much trouble?”

“The previous incident was just an accident.”

Jason said as he got out of the car.

He wasn't just humoring Bansey.

'Food' might blend into the crowd, but there weren't many of them, and it took quite a long time for them to grow.

Otherwise, Newdeth City would have become 'Gourmet City' long ago.

No, that's not right.

It would be, Monster City.

“No, no, no!”



“Your Lordship Jason, haven’t you noticed that after we lost one person, things became very safe?”

Bansey stood in front of the car door, hands on the roof, wiggling his eyebrows at Jason with a teasing look on his face.

“Are you saying Edward is the root of all ‘disaster’ again?”

Jason countered.

“That’s what you said, not me,” Bansey said with a grin, then, seeing the female pastry chef emerge, he quickly greeted her: “Apologies for the late disturbance, Ms. Giselle.”

“It’s alright.”

“Would you like a cup of hot cocoa?”

“I still have some pastries and cookies here.”

The female pastry chef waved her hand and asked.

“No, thank you.”

“Because of some cases that happened before, I need to get back to work...”

“Then take some with you, on the house.”

The female pastry chef gently interrupted Bansey’s excuse.

This kind of gentle interruption carried a sense of inevitability.

Of course, the most important thing was ‘free’.

Upon hearing this word, Bansey instantly capitulated.

Poverty made him choose to wait.

But, as the female pastry chef turned around, Bansey was taken aback.

“Ms. Giselle, on your back?”

Bansey reminded the female pastry chef.

“Huh?”

She turned her head trying to see what was on her back, but her body structure made it impossible to see clearly, and it would be quite impolite to pull on her clothes to look in front of Bansey.

Luckily, Jason was there.

“Jason, could you help me out?”

The female pastry chef naturally turned around, her back facing Jason, and lifted her hair.

Jason raised his hand and took down the note that was attached to the female pastry chef’s back.

The whole process was quite ordinary, without any awkwardness, especially under the soft lighting of the shop, it felt warm and natural.

However, Bansey standing there suddenly felt a little queasy.

At the far end of the street, a stray dog passed by and gave Bansey a series of soft 'woofs', as if it had found a kindred spirit.

Jason didn't look closely at the folded note but handed it to the female pastry chef.

He wouldn't pry into a friend's privacy without a reason.

"It's Evelyn."

"So she did leave a note for me!" the female pastry chef said happily.

Then, she excitedly opened the note.

"Ah!"

The female pastry chef suddenly exclaimed.

Jason immediately lowered his gaze to the note and, upon reading the text, a look of surprise crossed his face.

“What’s wrong?”

Bansey ran over.

The female pastry chef didn’t say a word, simply handing the note to Bansey.

On it was written—

Sister:

I’ve won the lottery.

I bought the shop next door and expanded it into a restaurant.

Now, it’s yours.

Little sis

PY86.11.2. Evening