

Menu 276

Chapter 276: Little Bansey and the Private

Upon hearing Jason's words, Edward's face changed.

Already tired, his face turned even paler at this moment.

The leader of the special operations team, lips quivering, said, "I made a promise, and naturally, I won't go back on it, but you don't need to rush it, right?"

"Of course."

"That's why I didn't go yesterday."

Jason answered very seriously.

You were clearly treated to a meal yesterday!

Edward screamed inwardly.

At this moment, the leader of the special operations team even began to suspect whether Jason had already captured the fellow related to 'Ghost Squad' and was only now calling him as a way to legitimize his claim to breakfast.

No!

This guy, for a meal, he might just kidnap a random passerby!

Yes, that's highly possible!

Should he wake up the guy in the back seat and interrogate him to buy some time for the others who need breakfast?

As Edward was seriously considering the feasibility of this plan, Jason spoke again.

"It's almost dawn, a good time for breakfast."

Jason's tone was still indifferent.

But inexplicably, at this moment, Edward felt that Jason was very dangerous and that he better not play any tricks.

In the end, Edward gritted his teeth.

Worst case scenario, I'll just pay out of my own salary!

With that thought, Edward pressed the accelerator.

The car shot out and soon disappeared at the end of the street.

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For a poor man, a free work meal every day is really a blessing.

Little Bansey received three such blessings every day.

Even if not delicious, they were punctual and reliable, come rain or shine.

Today, however, was a little different.

He... was leading a dog.

It was yesterday, returning to the police station from 'Watchdog Pastry House', that Bansey found the dog at the corner of Pea Street. He didn't know why, but after a glance through the car window at the stray dog hiding in the corner in the cold wind, Bansey, with his stomach filled and incessantly queasy, felt something inside him stirred. rANÖBÊŞ

Then, he decided to adopt it.

And he named it "Private."

Private was a sandy-colored dog.

Medium-sized, with its head reaching above Bansey's knees when it stood on all fours.

But it was so skinny that it appeared smaller than it actually was.

However, its eyes were unusually fierce.

Ordinary people would tremble with fear upon making eye contact.

Only when it got close to Bansey did its gaze soften, as if it saw a kindred spirit.

“Private, let’s go.”

“I’ll take you to eat.”

“No barking, don’t disturb others, and you can’t get on the table.”

Bansey instructed ‘Private’.

He also wanted to buy some special dog food for ‘Private’.

But he had no money.

Thinking of this, Bansey apologetically stroked ‘Private’s head.

Then, he prepared to continue forward.

But at that moment, Bansey suddenly noticed something off about ‘Private’.

The fierce look turned timid.

The tail was tucked between its legs.

It kept retreating from the direction of the cafeteria.

Bansey was taken aback.

Although he had not owned 'Private' for long, the dog's performance had been excellent, its bravery, steadfastness had pleased him greatly.

What was in the cafeteria...

Hisss!

Driven by curiosity, Bansey looked toward the inside of the cafeteria.

Immediately, he sucked in a breath of cold air.

What did he see?

He saw Sir Jason holding a warming bucket, so big it required two people to lift, effortlessly grasping it in one hand and guzzling what was inside.

He saw the palm-sized ham sandwiches, which Sir Jason devoured bite by bite.

He saw the soy sauce-covered fried eggs disappear into Sir Jason's mouth at the pace of two or three at a time.

Boom boom boom!

It was like a bolt from the blue.

Bansey was stunned on the spot.

He opened his mouth wide wanting to say something, but he couldn't utter a single word.

Edward silently came over and gently patted Bansey on the shoulder.

"I'm sorry, it's my fault for letting everyone down."

“I...”

Just as Edward was about to say more, Bansey had already rushed inside.

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Of course, he didn’t rush towards Jason but hastened to the kitchen instead.

He was looking for a bit of food.

Even just a little would suffice.

But...

The kitchen was spotless.

Forget about food, even the tables seemed as if they had been licked clean, shiny and new.

Little Bansey looked towards the chef who stood within the kitchen, distracted.

“Where’s the food?”

“There should be breakfast for at least 30 people, right?”

He couldn’t help but ask.

The police station’s breakfast wasn’t meant for everyone, just provided for the night shift staff.

He admitted Jason could eat a lot, but there’s no way he could devour breakfast meant for 30 people.

“It’s, it’s all there.”

The chef raised his hand shakingly towards Jason, his voice trembling.

As a chef, he had seen his fair share of gluttons, but someone who could eat like this...

It was his first time witnessing such a sight.

Shock!

That was his most genuine reaction at the moment.

However, for some reason, as he watched the werewolf devour all the food he had made, a strange sense of pride began to well up from within him.

Compelled by a force he couldn't explain, the chef asked Jason a question.

“There are still some ingredients left. Sir Jason, do you need more?”

“Of course.”

Jason nodded.

This chef, who had never truly been recognized, felt as if he had received affirmation from the heavens, and began working overtime at a pace twice his usual speed.

When Jason left the dining hall, the chef experienced the joyful exhaustion of his efforts.

He leaned against the wall, watching the people coming in, waving his arms.

“There’s none left!”

“No more breakfast!”

“You’re too late!”

After so many years, he finally shouted those words.

Watching their astonished faces, he let out a long sigh of relief.

Hmph, take that, all of you who said my cooking was bad!

You just don’t appreciate it!

But someone does!

Such a person is worth my effort!

The chef clenched his right fist and tilted his head back slightly, his eyes moistening.

Little Bansey, on the other hand, walked out of the dining hall in a daze.

Edward, unable to bear it, patted Bansey's shoulder again and took out a secretly hidden sandwich, broke it in half, and handed it to Bansey.

"A little is better than none."

Edward comforted his assistant this way.

Bansey nodded, pulled the ham out of the sandwich, handed it to 'Private,' and ate the lettuce and bread slices himself.

Without the meaty flavor of the ham, the sandwich became even harder to swallow.

Gillick's awful cooking skills became all the more obvious.

It was beyond Bansey how Sir Jason managed to eat that much.

As Bansey was pondering this, he noticed 'Private' had spit out the slice of ham and wore a look of insult and grievance on its dog face. Then, it tugged on Bansey's trouser leg.

"It might taste bad, but it's better than nothing, right?"

Bansey consoled 'Private.'

But 'Private' wasn't like Bansey and couldn't accept such consolation.

It tugged Bansey's trouser leg again and then dashed straight towards the small door beside the dining hall.

"Wait for me, Private!"

Bansey crammed the half sandwich missing the ham into his mouth and chased after it.

Outside the door were rows of garbage bins.

'Private' was squatting there, wagging its tail at Bansey who had just run out.

“Are you asking me to rummage through the garbage bins with you?”

“Or are you saying Gillick’s food is even worse than trash?”

“You’re an adopted dog now; you can’t keep doing things like rummaging through garbage.”

After a bitter smile, Bansey reminded ‘Private.’

Then, he prepared to leave with ‘Private.’

Worst comes to worst, he could borrow some money from Ada and buy some breakfast.

Bansey had made up his mind.

But just as he turned away, ‘Private’ abruptly knocked over the nearest garbage bin.

The garbage bin fell, the lid flew off, and its contents spilled out.

An odor to pinch one’s nose.

A glaring crimson.

Rolling liquids mixed with heart, liver, spleen, stomach, kidney...