

Menu 281

Chapter 281: When facing a formidable enemy...

Listen to a perverted murderer narrate twisted facts, or go back to eating?

Jason chose the latter without hesitation.

Not just because the female pastry chef's breakfast was delicious enough, but also because he knew all too clearly what that perverted murderer wanted to say, or rather, wanted to do.

Nothing more than to drag him into the mire to seize a glimmer of a chance at survival.

As for how?

If one discards the basic decency of being human, there are far too many ways.

And does the other party still have any human decency left?

Think of those who have died.

The answer is clear.

Huh?

The taste of milk cereal porridge!

Sitting at the dining table, Jason quickly reined in his thoughts as soon as he smelled the aroma of the food, sitting up straight and waiting for the female pastry chef to bring the meal.

At the same time, he reminded himself.

Control!

You must exercise control!

Jason had already discovered his greatest weakness: he was impulsive when it came to food.

This was unacceptable!

All his enemies were those who didn't understand him.

If he encountered an enemy who did, they would likely take countermeasures.

By then, he would be doomed.

Therefore, he had to learn to control himself.

Starting with 'food' might be difficult, so he planned to start with ordinary food.

And it wasn't that he wouldn't eat at all.

It was just enduring for three minutes before eating while looking at the food.

He believed this was simple and that he could do it.

Self-discipline makes me free!

Self-discipline is my freedom!

Self-discipline...

It's delicious!

Jason picked up the bowl in front of him and drained it in one gulp.

The cereal was cooked to the perfect firmness, very tasty.

The aroma of the milk was rich.

This was what breakfast should be; really, how did Gillick prepare breakfast?

Even with excellent ingredients, he managed to make food not even a dog would touch.

Even a stray dog.

Jason had seen the 'Private' sneer at it before, but his own principles had forced him to finish it all.

With his stomach comfortably warm, Jason leaned back contentedly when his expression suddenly froze.

Where is my self-discipline?

Where is my restraint?

What about the promised three minutes?

Jason silently sat upright again and began to think even more seriously.

Indeed, three minutes seems to be a bit difficult for me.

I should have started with two minutes.

Yes.

Two minutes is a good choice!

Starting simple is the way to progressively advance.

With this thought, Jason let out a sigh of relief and turned to the female pastry chef, saying,

“Could I have another serving, please?”

“Of course,”

The female pastry chef answered with a smile.

The same food, even though he had just eaten a bowl, there was no problem for Jason to eat another bowl at this moment.

As the female pastry chef served up more milk cereal porridge, Jason took the bowl and drained it again in one gulp.

You talk about two minutes of restraint?

That doesn't exist!

Before the enemy, you should wipe them out completely!

How could I possibly let an enemy know my weakness?

As long as I defeat all my enemies, what does it matter if I reveal a weakness?

Having this thought, Jason found his ideas flowing freely and his appetite even keener.

“Another serving, please.”

After picking up a slice of bread to clean up the remnants in the bowl, Jason then said.

“Alright,”

The female pastry chef, her face beaming with smiles, went to prepare a new serving.

For the female pastry chef, Jason’s strength was remarkable, that keen insight was admirable, but what truly caught her attention was his meticulous attitude towards food.

Of course, what’s more important is that the food was made by her own hands.

After two more continuous servings, Jason finally stopped.

It wasn’t that he was full.

It was that the female pastry chef was too exhausted.

Sweat had already dampened the hair on her forehead.

“Thank you.”

“I will pay according to the restaurant’s rates.”

Jason said this.

The female pastry chef subconsciously wanted to say it wasn’t necessary, but a voice inside her told her not to speak and instead gave a quote.

“Seven dollars.”

The female pastry chef said.

“Okay.”

Jason nodded.

He had just eaten what was probably enough for around twenty people, and considering the ingredients were carefully selected, the price wasn't high.

The only thing he needed to consider was that his salary might not be enough for such eating habits.

Luckily, aside from the police station, St. Mungo's Academy provided meals three times a day.

"Need to spend wisely."

"Treat it as a reward from Giselle, eating here every other day is good enough."

"By the way, there is also..."

"Hannibal!"

Jason immediately thought of the psychologist.

Suddenly, he felt that as a veteran suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder, he needed to see a doctor.

But upon thinking of the Ghost Squad, Jason frowned.

Having refused their offer, considering their way of doing things, they would definitely unleash fierce retaliation.

Therefore, not only could he not meet Hannibal in the short term.

He needed to be extra careful even in his routine.

This made Jason's originally good mood turn terribly sour.

Because the female pastry chef was definitely within their range of retaliation.

Moreover, they were ruthless and wouldn't hesitate to harm the innocent!

If she were to get hurt because of him, he would feel guilty for the rest of his life!

And such guilt was destined to make him restless.

The thought of food not being appetizing anymore made Jason unable to sit still any longer.

Such an enemy was truly terrifying!

He absolutely could not leave them be!

They needed to be eradicated completely!

He looked at the female pastry chef, who was cleaning the dishes and tidying up the counter.

“Giselle.”

Jason called out.

“What is it?”

The female pastry chef looked up at Jason.

“I need to talk to you about something.”

Jason said, his expression becoming serious. He looked into the pastry chef’s eyes and said, “It’s about the Ghost Squad, I... Because of that, could you temporarily close the shop for a short while and enter the safe house Edward prepared?”

“Of course, I will compensate for the loss.”

After Jason explained in detail, the female pastry chef was first startled.

Then she started to smile.

“Jason, don’t you think this is an opportunity?”

The female pastry chef countered.

“You want to be the bait?”

Jason instantly realized.

“No!”

The female pastry chef shook her head, replying in an equally serious tone.

“Being a direct bait is just too obvious.”

“Given the Ghost Squad you described, they certainly won’t fall for that.”

“So, we need to go with your original idea, but with a small change—I’ll stick with you, then display some very natural oversights to make them think they have an opportunity. That’s how we can lure them.”

Jason thought about the pastry chef’s words, frowning.

It made a lot of sense.

He had no reason to disagree.

Therefore, Jason nodded.

“Then, I’ll get my things.”

The female pastry chef said and turned around.

Once she was sure Jason couldn’t see her, a mischievous smile spread across her face.

Oh yeah!