

## Menu 284

Chapter 284: Everyone is an Actor

The female student council president's face turned red under Jason's intense gaze.

Pervert!

All men are really pigs!

She thought subconsciously.

However, she soon noticed something different about Jason's stare.

Though it was similar to others she'd experienced, not one was as pure as Jason's.

Yes!

Pure!

It was pure hunger, not lust mixed with ulterior motives.

But...

This made it even more frightening!

It was truly terrifying!

What does he want to do?

Does he really want to eat me?

The female student council president unconsciously hugged the female pastry chef tighter, hoping her friend could provide her with some support.

As the female pastry chef, with her chin resting on the student council president's shoulder and her back to Jason, there was a flash of anger in her eyes.

Through the contact on her shoulder, she could clearly feel her good friend taking the chance to look at Jason.

Damn it!

What do you want to do?

As I thought!

You're another person who needs to be dealt with ahead of time!

Weak sister!

Do I really need to take care of everything?

At that thought, 'she' was ready to straight up kill the student council president.

But immediately, 'she' thought of Jason.

No!

It's not the time yet!

I can't expose myself yet!

With this in mind, the female pastry chef returned to normal.

However, her body was somewhat weak, and she even lost control and slumped down.

“Eh, Giselle, what’s wrong with you?”

“Giselle?”

The student council president noticed something was wrong right away, letting go of her friend and calling out her name.

“I, I’m all right.”

“Just a little dizzy.”

The pastry chef said, but her body was unsteady, and in the next instant, she was about to fall.

The student council president, who was nearby, was about to support her forcefully, but suddenly, her hands felt light.

She saw that the pastry chef she had been supporting a moment ago was already tucked under Jason’s arm.

“Where is the infirmary?”

Jason asked.

“Follow me,”

said the student council president.

Then, to the student council members who came rushing over, she instructed, “Seal off the scene.”

“Yes, president,”

they replied promptly, respecting the authority of the student council president and carrying out her orders.

St. Mungo’s Academy’s infirmary is located at the end of the first floor of the new teaching building.

“This is the new infirmary.”

“The old one was separate, outside.”

“But due to some unpleasant rumors, it was shut down directly,”

the female student council president said as Jason laid the pastry chef down on the bed and covered her with a blanket in the infirmary.

Without waiting for Jason to ask and to avoid an awkward silence, the student council president continued,

“Every school has some eerie rumors, like being built on a burial ground or other unbelievable tales.”

“St. Mungo’s Academy has its share.”

“There’s the moving anatomical model in the old infirmary; it scared quite a few people at the time, so it was immediately abandoned.”

“Then there’s the witch of the school.”

“That’s referring to Dadas, the senior.”

“And of course, the legendary Treasure Cabin.”

“It’s the cottage left by the vice principal who first established St. Mungo’s Academy, rumored to house treasures.”

The student council president stood to the side, recounting all this.

But her voice grew fainter and fainter.

Because the pastry chef had fallen asleep.

And because Jason was staring at her with intense focus again.

In his eyes, once more, there surfaced... hunger.

A very pure form of hunger.

Any pure thing is supposed to be beautiful.

But when pure hunger is directed at oneself, it is absolutely impossible to be seen as beautiful.

The female student council president clenched her teeth.

“I think we need to talk,”

the female student council president said, and then walked outside the medical office.

Jason maintained his silence and followed her.

He had checked the surroundings, and it seemed safe enough.

Nevertheless, even so, he didn't close the door to the medical office, and just stood in the doorway, able to glance at the female pastry chef and the position outside the window. 『ANŐĔEĚ』

“Are you very tense, Giselle?”

To ease the tension, the female student council president chose a good starting point.

“Mhm.”

“Her cooking is delicious.”

Jason nodded.

Delicious cooking?

The female student council president was taken aback, then chuckled and asked, “Is it too late for me to start learning to cook now?”

Lying in bed, covered with a blanket, the female pastry chef’s breathing was long, just like a person in deep sleep, but her hands hidden under the blanket were tightly clenched.

I’ll kill you!

I’ll kill you!

I’ll kill you!

Roars erupted in the depths of the female pastry chef’s heart.

But only deep within.

On the surface, all was calm.

“It’s too late.”

“I’m picky with food.”

With the lesson learned from Gillick’s experience, Jason had gained considerable self-awareness.

He would try to understand someone’s cooking skills before choosing their food as much as possible.

An amateur in cooking wanting to use him as a free test subject?

Out of the question.

Jason’s straightforward reply instantly made the mouth of the female pastry chef lying in bed curl up.

It's good to have Jason.

Timid sister, you're not completely useless after all.

At least you met Jason in the park.

'She' thought silently.

The female student council president, however, chuckled at herself.

"Yes, it's too late."

"Just like when I was born, the Prus Family was nothing but an empty shell."

"The so-called grand ducal family was left only with a banner."

"What remained?"

"Were a flock of relatives like vultures, and enemies lurking all around."

“What could I do?”

“As the sole heir to the Grand Duke of Prus, I could only hide here, hearing news of my father dying on the battlefield, hearing the formation of Newdeth City.”

“I’ve been hiding.”

“From the moment I was born.”

“Now!”

“I won’t hide anymore!”

“I want to face my destiny!”

“No matter what kind of destiny it is!”

With that, the female student council president took a step forward and came up to Jason, holding her head high as if she were ready for her fate.

Jason frowned.

He looked at the female student council president in bewilderment.

The Prus Family?

What did that have to do with him!

He just wanted to inquire about the source of the 'food' scent on her.

And it wasn't that item that had blocked the bullets!

Although Jason couldn't confirm whether the technique she used just before was a secret technique or a kind of item, at that moment, he was certain there was no 'food' scent.

But when he caught up to that gunman, as she came after them, a faint 'food' aroma appeared again on her.

What he cared about was where the 'food' was.

As for her?

Jason was utterly unconcerned.

So, Jason candidly asked,

“Did you perhaps misunderstand something?”

“I’m not interested in who you are.”

“Nor do I care about your destiny.”

“I just want to know where you went just now, what did you touch?”

Jason inquired.

But such a question made the female student council president, who had just presented herself as ready for her fate, change her expression drastically.

She took a small step back, and the dagger hidden in her sleeve, no longer concealed, landed directly in her hand.

She looked at Jason with a gaze full of uncertainty and asked in a grave tone,

“Who exactly are you?”