

## Menu 296

Chapter 296: I'm not here to freeload, I have important business!

Jason turned at the burning gaze behind him.

Dadas stood there with an uneasy expression.

Upon seeing Jason turn around, her uneasiness gave way to small movements of toeing the ground and not knowing where to place her hands.

“That, that...”

Dadas tried to gather her thoughts.

But her mind went blank at that moment.

“What’s wrong?”

Jason asked, while watching the students of the student association exercising.

“It’s nothing.”

“I just, I...”

“Made an amulet for you.”

Saying that, Dadas pulled a wooden amulet from her pocket, and continued, “It’s just an ordinary amulet, it doesn’t mean anything special, I made it when I was free, if you don’t want it, just throw it away.”

An amulet?

Hm?

Why does it smell like ‘food’?

Jason intended to refuse, but the faint scent of food from it involuntarily made him raise his hand to accept the amulet.

The amulet was crudely made, with an almost Dufol Language script that gave people an odd feeling, but it was completely ineffective—Jason, who was proficient in Dufol Language, was sure of it.

But!

The 'food' scent was indeed there.

However, the 'food' scent was very faint.

So faint that it could only be detected up close.

And it wasn't coming from the amulet itself.

"Is it residue from physical contact?"

"Has Dadas also come into contact with 'food'?"

Jason held the amulet, his fingers rubbing over it.

This scene made Dadas very happy.

It was an amulet she had carefully crafted!

She made it for a friend!

Now, Jason had accepted it and was inspecting it carefully.

She was overjoyed!

But why are those guys looking at me like that?

Idiots!

My face is turning red!

Dadas couldn't help but look towards the student association members who were staring in their direction.

Ever since Dadas took out the amulet, the students of the student association had been involuntarily drawn to it.

Dadas's reputation was truly significant.

No one had ever seen Dadas give someone a gift before.

No, they hadn't even seen her start a conversation with anyone.

As for a confession?

Impossible! Impossible!

How could a 'witch' possibly be in love?

"Do you want to be cursed?"

Dadas asked the members of the student association, her voice sharp and gloomy once again, reminiscent of a crow's caw.

The student association members immediately lowered their heads and concentrated on their push-ups.

And Dadas turned back around.

Suddenly, she was shy again.

“I, I have to go back, I have important things to do!”

After saying that, Dadas ran towards the old teaching building, with Tibbers immediately following its owner; it dared not stay alone with this terrifying man.

The pastry chef watched Dadas’s retreating figure.

A shadow crossed her eyes.

Another ignorant one!

Places like St. Mungo’s Academy... indeed, it would be better to blow it up!

The voice inside her head started appearing once again.

The pastry chef shook her head repeatedly.

She had just managed to suppress such thoughts.

Caught up in the faint aroma of ‘food,’ Jason noticed none of this.

St. Mungo's Academy was truly a treasure trove.

I need to explore it properly.

Jason thought to himself quietly.

The afternoon training proceeded methodically.

Over ninety percent of the student association members failed to complete this basic exercise.

Only Joel and Novie succeeded.

Jason wasn't surprised that Novie succeeded, since his strong and sturdy appearance clearly showed he exercised regularly, but Joel, the petite secretary, truly exceeded Jason's expectations.

Moreover, Joel was one of the few members who had reached the beginner level in Barehanded Combat.

That made Jason take special notice of Joel.

And on the carriage ride back, Jason even asked the pastry chef about the handsome-faced secretary.

“Joel?”

“He’s an orphan.”

“He was adopted by the welfare institute of St. Mungo’s Academy, a very kind person, capable too, and a great assistant to Tedi.”

The pastry chef shared what she knew.

“St. Mungo’s Academy has a welfare institute?”

Jason asked with a hint of surprise.

“Of course!”

“St. Mungo’s Academy, even though it’s no longer a church school.”



“But some traditions are still preserved.”

The female pastry chef replied, then a hint of curiosity appeared on her face as she asked, “Jason, why aren’t you eating at the academy? Dinner might not be as lavish as lunch, but it should still be decent.”

“One cannot fish without bait.”

“One must understand the cycle of consumption.”

Jason replied in such a manner.

“So, is that why you went to see Edward?”

The female pastry chef was startled.

“Of course not.”

“I have actual business!”

Jason flatly denied.

But in his heart, Jason thought that although the food at the police station wasn't tasty, it was better than having nothing, right?

Clatter, clatter.

The carriage returned from the outskirts to the downtown area, and then from downtown to the police station.

"Guest, we've arrived."

The coachman shouted loudly as the carriage came to a steady halt, and Jason and the female pastry chef hopped off one after the other.

He had already paid the fare earlier, totaling 3 shillings and 4 pence for the two of them.

The coachman flicked the reins, and the public carriage slowly drove off, leaving only the figures of Jason and the female pastry chef by the roadside. The sound was undoubtedly conspicuous; the two patrol officers at the entrance of the police station changed their expressions upon seeing Jason approaching.

Immediately, one of them ran into the police station as if possessed.

“Consultant Jason is here!”

“He’s here for dinner!”

“Everybody, quick to the canteen!”

One word set off a wave of chaos.

What was a rather peaceful police station at dusk suddenly became a scene of utter mayhem.

One by one, the patrol officers put in the effort that they’d normally reserve for catching thieves, flocking towards the canteen.

They were already starving from the morning.

And they certainly didn’t want to starve at night.

Especially those scheduled for the night shift.

For example, young Bansey.

Young Bansey was almost the first among the crowd rushing there.

But by the time he arrived, he already saw Jason, who had picked up a tray, standing at the canteen window.

“How is that possible?”

Young Bansey was stunned and couldn't help murmuring to himself.

Jason pointed to a door on the side of the canteen.

“Back door, much faster.”

Saying that, he picked up his dinner and walked over to a table nearby.

And then?

As swift as the wind, as quick as lightning, the food on the plate decreased.

This made the others around even more anxious.

They hurried towards the window, one after another, jostling to be first.

By the time Edward arrived, dinner was gone.

“Get me a cup of hot water.”

Edward said so.

Then, picking up the hot water, he walked over to where Jason was seated.

Jason, who had just finished his tenth serving, naturally took the hot water and downed it in one go.

“Thank you.”

“It was a bit salty for my taste.”

After saying that, Jason placed the empty cup on the table.

Edward looked at the empty cup, his eyes reflecting an indescribable melancholy.

What could he do?

It was his choice, after all!

Bite the bullet and endure.

Consider it a diet.

Whether he eats in the morning or evening is not important, at least he had a full lunch.

Edward quietly consoled himself.

“Let’s talk business.”

Jason suddenly spoke up.

“Business?”

“You didn’t just come to freeload a meal, did you?”

Edward looked at Jason in surprise.

“Of course not.”

“I’m here to ask for your help. I need more in-depth information about Newdeth City.”

Jason said earnestly.

Even with the light shining on his face, the corners of his mouth were still gleaming with grease.

“In-depth information?”

“That’s difficult, Jason, you need to understand...”

Edward looked troubled, although he was temporarily in charge of the police station, he had been in Newdeth City for too short a time, and he could truly mobilize only his own subordinates, making it difficult to obtain truly in-depth information.

At that moment, Bansey, who had eaten his fill and was wiping his mouth, slowly walked over.

He sat next to Edward, lowered his voice and said, "I know someone who definitely has the information Mr. Jason would want to know."

"Who?"