

## Menu 30

### Chapter 30: Breakfast

Through the curtains, the rays of the sun shone on Jason's face.

The warmth aroused Jason from sleep very quickly.

And then...

He felt the pangs of hunger.

Seemingly, because he had awoken with the talent of a Predator, Jason realized that he was not only able to eat much more food than before, he was also able to digest the food very quickly.

According to his previous food capacity, it would be good enough if he had not suffered from indigestion after eating so much food the day before. There was no need to talk about feeling hungry at all.

But now?

Growl.

There was a thunderous roar coming from his stomach.

There was no hesitation at all. Driven by hunger, Jason speedily clambered out of bed, washed up, and then pushed the door open to get out.

In the kitchen within his room, there was nothing to eat except water.

The only bit of remaining black pepper was all used on the grizzly hounds.

And likewise, for the police dormitory, it did not provide breakfast, either—yesterday, Jason had already asked Finch. It was the same here. He also made it a point to find out which places in the vicinity offered breakfast menus that were worth visiting.

Along the way out, he exchanged greetings with detectives and constables. Jason quickly made his way out of the police station and headed straight for one of the sideroads, as described by Finch.

From a distance away, Jason caught whiffs of the smell of food.

After turning about the corner of the street, he could see “Yanan Food Store”, which was surrounded by a huge crowd.

The name might carry the words “food store”, but it was actually a mobile vendor.

The boss was a crippled, middle-aged man. He sported a head of sparse hair, and the signs of aging were apparent on his face. But he looked very amiable when he smiled.

“What do you need?”

“Fries or chips? Coffee or garden pea soup? Or sandwiches? Meat pie? I also have salted eel and grilled herring here!”

“Of course, you can also choose from the butter tarts and gingerbread, as well as the highlight of the day—Pineapple.”

The other party asked with great enthusiasm when he saw Jason walking over to him.

First, Jason nodded. And he, too, extended his greeting to the other party. Then, his eyes swept through the blackboard that was erected in front of the food truck.

The following items were listed on the board—

French fries: 1 copper dime.

Coffee or garden pea soup: 2 copper dimes.

Sandwich or meat pie: 3 copper dimes.

Salted eel: 1 gram of copper and 1 copper dime.

Grilled herring: 1 gram of copper.

Tart (Complete with a full serving of fruits): 6 grams of copper.

Gingerbread: 5 grams of copper and 2 copper dimes.

Pineapple (A quarter petal): 8 grams of copper.

It was just like what Finch had said; the things here were attractive in price and quality.

According to the public's choice in general, the majority would choose the sandwich or meat pie, matched with a coffee or garden pea soup. If there was the need to, they would add an extra order of French fries. The total expenditure would be 1 gram of copper and 2 copper dimes. For a healthy, grown-up man deemed fit for work in Rhode City, such expenditure was not costly.

But, Jason observed that the people who were gathered in front of the stall were looking at the blackboard with hesitant expressions. Many of them were even touching their pockets.

It was very clear that, even if the cost was not that great, it was still significant enough to make these men in decent clothes hesitate.

After all, they needed to support their families.

Back at home, they had parents, wives, children, or even sisters.

Jason did not have these considerations, but he had to be prudent when it came to spending, as well.

Because he needed to buy some necessary spices for cooking food.

And the prices of those spices were relatively expensive.

“Five servings of meat pies, two servings of garden pea soup, and one salted eel.”

Jason began to order.

Then, he counted 6 grams of copper and handed it to the boss.

“Are you buying breakfast for your family?”

“What a prosperously growing family!”

“You must be the oldest son of the family? How many brothers and sisters are there in the family?”

The boss received the payment. He was raining compliments while he laughingly inquired.

Jason did not provide any explanation. He chose to remain silent.

And, after receiving a big bag of food, he turned and left.

After he had made a turn at the end of the road, Jason fished out a meat pie, turned it into a roll, and stuffed it into his mouth right away.

The skin on the outside was crispy, while the meat filling inside contained just the right amount of oil and juice.

It was definitely one of the foods that people would fancy.

Especially when taken together with some slightly-salted garden pea soup, the taste was really quite good. And the onion rings in the soup gave Jason a surprise.

The salted eel had a gelatinous texture and the bones were still intact. When the bones were all removed, Jason rolled the eel into the meat pie and put everything into his mouth.

The taste was pretty good.

The fish and pork were both types of meat with different textures. Jason had a satisfying time feasting on both after topping them with salt.

It had been a long time since he had eaten such a hearty breakfast.

In the Sleepless City?

It was always dry slices of bread and plain water.

Then, according to what he had planned, Jason headed to the spice shop.

On the premise that he was allowed to make use of spices, Jason definitely did not mind enhancing the tastiness of the food.

The spice shop was on Kensing Street. Walking over there would waste a fair amount of time. Jason intended to take a ride on the city's public carriage—this cost was reimbursable. He had asked Bondy beforehand.

And directly opposite the police station, there was a public carriage that could take him directly to Kensing Street.

Jason stood there and waited quietly for the public carriage.

About three to four minutes later, a horse-drawn public carriage that was pulled by two horses appeared within Jason's field of vision.

Unlike the private carriages, cabins of the public carriages were much bigger, but also much simpler. To get onto the carriage, it was either from the side of the cabin or from the back of the cabin. Inside the cabin, wooden planks were nailed in a circle along the walls of the cabin, acting as the seats for passengers. Of course, the door at the back of the cabin also had a similar arrangement. Though it was a bit of a hindrance, it could still sit one more person, and that would mean an extra collectible amount.

Over time, that would be an objective income.

The entire carriage was probably able to accommodate 6 to 8 average-sized people.

Carriage fares were calculated according to the stations—from the police station to Kensing Street would require 1 gram of copper and 2 copper dimes. This was not considered cheap, which was why it was not what most people would choose if they were to go out.



As for the rich?

These people naturally chose private carriages.

The carriage was slowly being drawn aside, but without waiting for the coachman to properly bring the carriage to a complete stop, a figure pushed open the door, leaped out of the carriage, and ran straight to the police station.

The place where the other party had jumped off the carriage was only a meter or so away from Jason.

Therefore, Jason could clearly see that the other person was a lady, and she had a beautiful face.

This face was filled with panic and fear at the moment.

Jason stared at the back of the other party in a dumbfounded manner.

But it was not because of the other person's looks.

It was...

Because of the aroma of food!

On the other person's body, Jason smelled the faint aroma of food.

That aroma was much more enticing than that of a submariner.

Gulp.

Jason swallowed a mouthful of saliva and changed his plans immediately. He ignored the carriage that had stopped in front of him. He headed in the direction where the lady was and chased after her.

When Jason stepped into the entrance of the police station hall, he saw that lady grabbing a young constable's arm and shouting loudly.

"Where's Chief Bondy?"

"Where's Chief Bondy?"

"I want to see him!"

Her voice was hoarse. Even her cries and shouts did not change this. And it seemed that her hoarse voice was a result of her shouting herself to the point of exhaustion.

“Madam, what happened?”

“Please calm down.”

“This is the police station. We will guarantee your safety.”

The young constable was pacifying the lady.

But this was completely useless.

The other party was still repeatedly chanting the line, “I want to see Chief Bondy”.

This made the young constable very helpless.

First, Bondy had just fallen asleep at dawn, meaning that it had not even been two hours from then until now. Then, randomly getting someone to notify Bondy without even going through the normal registration did not seem to adhere to the process of handling a case.

And that was when Jason walked over.

The young constable immediately greeted him.

“Good morning, Jason, My Lordship.”

“Good morning.”

After replying to the young constable, Jason looked at that lady. He was restraining the instinct to swallow the saliva that was rapidly secreting in his mouth and flashed a very sincere smile.

“Madam, maybe I can help you.”