

Menu 301

Chapter 301: Life Should Be Celebrated with Rituals

Griffin peeked around the alley and waved back at his companions.

Little Bansey immediately ran out carrying a sack, heading straight for the car parked by the roadside.

Sidlin, who was stuffed inside the sack, had completely lost consciousness and didn't struggle at all, allowing them to smoothly stuff him into the trunk.

Then, Little Bansey slipped into the driver's seat, while Edward and Griffin climbed into the back seat.

The female pastry chef sitting in the passenger seat hadn't even reacted before Little Bansey slammed on the gas pedal.

Hum.

Amidst the roaring of the engine, the car shot out.

Following the plan they had on the way there, the car took several turns, eventually stopping in an alley behind Black Pepper Street.

“How did it go?”

The moment the car stopped, the female pastry chef immediately asked.

“Everything went smoothly,”

Edward said.

Little Bansey blinked, still unclear how Jason had identified Sidlin instead of the original ‘Dog Paw’ Brooke.

Asking when in doubt was a habit of Bansey’s.

He spoke up right away.

“Can you give me a detailed account of what you just experienced?”

The female pastry chef didn’t answer directly but instead asked a question in return.

“Hmm,”

“Just now we...”

Little Bansey immediately began to explain.

Edward and Griffin provided additional details.

They described in detail everything from the time they entered Sidlin's shop to the setup inside the shop.

After the whole story was told, the female pastry chef propped her chin with her right hand, her index finger continually sliding over her lips.

A moment later, the corner of her mouth lifted.

"So that's how it is,"

the female pastry chef said.

"You get it?"

Little Bansey was startled, then asked excitedly.

Edward and Griffin also turned their gaze to the female pastry chef.

“Yes,”

“Snake Whip Chrysanthemum!”

The female pastry chef nodded and stated her answer directly.

“Snake Whip Chrysanthemum?”

Little Bansey’s eyes widened in confusion.

Realization dawned on Edward and Griffin.

“Jason’s observational skills are extremely sharp,”

“He must have noticed the unique fine petals and pollen of the Snake Whip Chrysanthemum on that ‘codebook.’

“And in ‘Dog Paw’ Brooke’s garden, there were no Snake Whip Chrysanthemum petals to be found.”

“Therefore, that ‘codebook’ was placed there by someone.”

The female pastry chef explained.

“Placed there?”

“You mean?”

Little Bansey was beginning to catch on.

“Yes,”

“To divert our attention and that of others.”

“To have everyone focused on ‘Dog Paw’ Brooke while they remain hidden in the dark,”

the female pastry chef nodded and said.

“It’s their habit,”

“They always act this way, playing the role of the last hunter.”

“Allowing all the prey to emerge before they close the net at the end.”

Edward agreed with the female pastry chef’s conjecture from the side.

“So, Sir Jason’s solo movement was?”

Little Bansey asked the last part that he didn’t understand.

“Still the Snake Whip Chrysanthemum!”

“Do you know the language of the Snake Whip Chrysanthemum flower?”

The female pastry chef asked, and then, without waiting for Bansey to inquire further, she answered,
“Vigilance!”

“Just now, I saw the thick smoke billowing out from the shop’s large chimney.”

“Such dense smoke is clearly visible even from a great distance.”

“So...”

“It must have been a beacon!”

“A beacon?!”

Little Bansey finally understood.

“That means when the ‘beacon’ appears, someone will go to check Sidlin’s shop, and to check his shop, one must find a perfect vantage point!”

“Sir Jason went there to find the real members of the Ghost Squad!”

After Bansey explained everything in one breath, he couldn’t help but take a deep breath.

“Truly worthy of Sir Jason,”

“He noticed all these things right from the start.”

As she spoke, little Bansey once again shook her head in admiration.

The female pastry chef smiled.

Whenever someone praised Jason, she felt happy.

Meanwhile, at the back row on one side, Griffin had been silently observing the female pastry chef, very covertly, maintaining an expression of surprise when needed and awe when called for.

He always felt that there was something odd about the female pastry chef before him.

There was also a familiar feeling about her.

It was as if she were akin to those ‘overlords’ he would occasionally encounter in the ‘gutter’.

Only...

The female pastry chef in front of him seemed harmless.

The way she smiled at the moment even gave off a fuzzy, sweet feeling.

“Am I overthinking things?”

Griffin asked himself.

In the end, the instinct for survival within the ‘gutter’ compelled him to maintain his skepticism.

Similarly, he also maintained a greater sense of ‘vigilance’.

And, in his heart, Griffin planned to have a good talk with Jason about the female pastry chef.

Afterward, there was no more conversation in the car.

Only waiting remained.

Waiting for Jason to return.

At this time, Jason had encountered some trouble.

Not the kind given by others.

But the kind where he was 'asking for trouble'.

Walker, bound to a chair, with his mouth gagged, watched the tall and robust Jason with his eyes wide open, his face full of terror.

Because he could see the hunger in Jason's eyes.

Because he could hear the growling of Jason's stomach.

And the sound of him swallowing saliva.

With each sound, his fear deepened.

"Mmm mmm mmm."

Walker struggled.

He wanted to tell Jason, let me go, let's talk this out.

I'm not human.

I don't need to abide by any honor.

Just ask me, and I'll tell you.

Stop staring at me while you swallow your saliva!

It's too frightening.

Intense emotions stewed, making the aroma of the 'food' even more pronounced.

Even hidden within its shell, the faint scent of 'food' wafted out, causing Jason to take a deep breath involuntarily.

Posak Elf!

Jason quickly identified the name of the 'food'.

This type of 'food' was known for its smooth, cool texture.

A bit like jelly.

The last time he washed it with red wine, the taste was not bad.

This time, should he try washing it with boiling water?

No, wait!

Now is not the time to think about eating!

That's not the point!

What I need is to train my willpower: to resist food for 1 minute!

Jason told himself to be calm, to persevere.

And for such perseverance.

Thinking about his past failures, Jason had made thorough preparations.

He needed a sense of ritual.

To treat this matter even more seriously.

So, he took out a coin.

“Heads +1 second.”

“Tails -1 second.”

“If it stands, eat right away.”

As Jason said this, he flicked the coin.

Ding!

The coin flew into the air.

Jason's left hand shot up.

His right hand covered the back of his left hand.

When Jason moved his right hand away,

he saw the coin perfectly caught between his middle and ring fingers, standing upright.

He definitely hadn't used exceptional perception to observe the trajectory of the coin and then swiftly caught it.

It was all a coincidence.

Yes, a coincidence.

So—

“Dinner time!”