

Menu 304

Chapter 304: Do you think what you see is always the truth?

The night fell, and the bustling Sausage Street during daylight swiftly quieted down.

Especially when the cold wind howled, pedestrians only hurried by.

Hannibal parked his car, carried out a bag of food with one hand, and shut the car door with the other.

Although he had peculiar tastes, that didn't mean Hannibal refused ordinary food.

He hadn't reached Jason's level.

Most of the time, he still relied on ordinary food for nutrition.

This made him somewhat helpless.

But he still endured it.

Only through endurance would 'food' become all the more sweet, wouldn't it?

As he walked toward his clinic, pondering over recipes, Hannibal suddenly felt a gaze on him.
When this psychiatrist turned to look at the shadows nearby, Jason emerged from them.

“Good evening, Hannibal.”

Jason greeted him.

“Good evening, Jason.”

“Is there something?”

Seeing his own kind, the corners of Hannibal’s mouth involuntarily curled upward.

“Mhm.”

Jason nodded.

“Shall we talk over dinner?”

Hannibal extended the invitation.

“Of course.”

Jason readily agreed.

Little Bansey sitting in a car across the street watched Jason head towards the warm room with envy.

He had heard that the psychiatrist was quite skilled in cooking.

Unfortunately, he never had the chance to taste it.

Edward had a similar thought.

However, he was more restrained than little Bansey.

And the female pastry chef?

A different kind of emotion surfaced briefly in the depths of her eyes.

But it vanished just as quickly, leaving only a sense of bafflement.

Did I fall asleep again?

The pastry chef recalled blankly.

Sitting in the back seat, Griffin frowned to himself.

To better observe the female pastry chef in secret, he had specifically chosen this spot.

But all along the way, he still gained nothing.

Although the feeling of familiarity persisted, he was still unable to confirm its origin.

“Damn!”

“Why is this happening?”

“Have I forgotten something?”

Frustration caused Griffin to breathe rapidly for a moment.

However, he soon regained his composure.

He began to organize his thoughts—

I learned of Giselle's existence because I acted as the councilor's lobbyist.

Before that, I had no contact with Giselle at all.

Then, I went to the councilor's estate Bastion in the suburbs, where a fierce battle took place.

Next, I was annoyingly strapped to a hospital bed by little Bansey.

Last of all, we punished that councilor.

Incident by incident flashed through Griffin's mind.

But!

He still felt like he had forgotten something.

What was it?

What have I forgotten?

As Griffin pondered with his head bowed, he didn't notice the cold gaze the female pastry chef gave him through the rearview mirror at that moment.

"It's so cold."

"I really want a hot cup of cocoa."

Little Bansey suddenly shivered.

"Do you have any money?" Edward asked after exhaling a breath of hot air.

"No, do you?"

Little Bansey shook his head, then turned to ask Griffin.

“None, it all went to Edward’s ‘sheep.’”

Griffin also shook his head.

Then, the three men exchanged glances, and the car fell into a bizarre silence.

Outside the window, the cold wind blew.

In the howling of the wind, it seemed a word was whispered: poverty.

“I’ll go.”

“Just wait, I’ll be right back.”

The female pastry chef said with a smile, pushed the car door open, and walked out.

In the car, the three men watched as she left.

As the female pastry chef's figure disappeared behind the shop's door, Griffin quickly pulled out a large-denomination tenner, signaled Edward with it, and at the same time nudged the front seat with his knee.

Little Bansey turned his head and saw the banknote hidden in Griffin's palm.

Instinctively, he wanted to scold the guy for hiding private funds.

But then, little Bansey thought of something.

Without thinking, he looked towards Edward.

He saw that Edward was frowning.

"Captain?"

Bansey spoke up.

"I feel an indescribable familiarity with Giselle, yet I can't remember where it comes from."

Edward said in a low voice.

“You too?”

Griffin looked towards Edward.

“Yeah.”

Edward nodded, then both men turned to look at Bansey.

“Me?”

“It seems like I do, and then again I don’t.”

“I’m a bit confused.”

Bansey scratched his head.

With that, silence fell in the car.

The three men looked at each other.

“Maybe...”

“Are we overthinking it?”

Bansey said that.

“Maybe.”

Griffin agreed with a smile, but there wasn't a trace of humor in his eyes, only seriousness.

Edward pushed his glasses up with his middle finger, ready to privately ask Jason about it later.

It was really too strange.

Meanwhile, unbeknownst to the three men in the car, a figure stood five meters behind, staring at them.

It was...

The pâtissier!

The woman who had headed towards the shop, now stood behind the car!

She looked at the three men with a cold gaze.

Even though her face did not change,

at this moment, it was as if she had transformed into someone else.

Not gentle.

Not wild.

Just an inexplicable sense of dread.

She walked slowly towards the car.

Click!

She opened the door and got in.

“Hey, Giselle!”

“How did you come from behind?”

Bansey asked, puzzled.

However, the pâtissier did not answer.

She quietly and mechanically turned her head, giving Bansey a smile.

It was a cold smile.

Even, one could say, grim.

Bansey instinctively moved back.

Griffin's hand trembled, and a small dagger appeared in his hand.

Edward, on the other hand, pulled out a gun.

But, like a thick smoke, blackness instantly filled the entire car.

After only about two seconds, the black fog began to dissipate.

Click!

The car door opened.

The pâtissier stepped out from the passenger side and walked slowly back the way she had come.

The cold night wind blew.

The pâtissier disappeared into the night.

And up ahead—

Ding-dong.

In the crisp sound of the shop bell, the pâtissier emerged struggling with five cups of hot cocoa and a bag of pastries.

Bansey inside the car saw her and immediately ran out.

“Giselle, let me help.”

He said, running over and taking the hot cocoa from her.

Back in the car, Edward and Griffin took the hot cocoa from Bansey’s hands.

“Thank you, thank you.”

The penniless Edward and Griffin thanked him profusely.

“When I have money, I’ll pay you back,” Edward added.

Griffin, however, remained silent and kept his head down.

It’s a fool who turns down a freebie; he had no intention of repaying the money.

He was...

Hmm?

What was it again?

Why does it feel a bit odd?

I seem to have forgotten something.

Why does this scene feel so familiar?

Griffin couldn’t help but frown.

The pâtissier also knit her brows.

Because of the angle, the pâtissier sitting in the car could clearly see through the window of Hannibal's room.

Through this window, the pâtissier saw Hannibal, apron-clad, serving food to Jason.

Creak.

Creak creak.

The metal tin holding the hot cocoa began to slowly deform in the pâtissier's hands.