

Menu 305

Chapter 305: There's Always a Way, and More Than One

Under the gentle lighting, Jason sat on one side of a solid wood table covered with blue and white striped cloth, while Hannibal was placing several silver plates on the table quickly yet gracefully.

The sizzle of the steak was audible, and a spoonful of vanilla sauce was drizzled on top of it.

Grilled wings emitted steaming heat, wrapped at the ends with foil paper for easier handling.

Tri-colored square pastries, arranged in a row of ten, were placed in the largest plate to the left.

Broccoli and radishes were simply boiled, then served on a plate with sliced tomatoes and fried pork sausages.

Upon learning that Jason refused alcoholic beverages, Hannibal prepared fruit and vegetable juices.

Lemon and watermelon were juiced separately.

In the celery and pumpkin juices, a bit of honey was added for taste.

Four glass pitchers, containing the four-colored beverages, were placed close to Jason's side.

"Sorry for the wait."

After removing his apron and sitting opposite Jason, Hannibal said with an apologetic tone.

"No, it was quite fast."

"Shall we begin?"

Jason asked.

"Of course."

Hannibal smiled and took the lead in picking up the cutlery.

However, that was all he did.

He had no particular thoughts about the food before him.

Facing Jason's whirlwind-like and lightning-fast eating manner, he was once again immersed in it.

As a chef, what could be more moving than obtaining good ingredients?

Naturally, it was having a good diner.

Jason certainly was a good diner.

Even, one might say, unique.

Because no other diner would have a stomach like Jason's.

A table's worth of food, enough to share with a family, swiftly made its way into Jason's belly.

In the end, Jason picked up the honey pumpkin juice and drank it all in one go.

Whew.

Setting down the glass pitcher, Jason let out a long breath.

"Your cooking skills amaze me every time."

Jason looked at Hannibal and said sincerely.

“Your praise each time is the motivation for me to move forward.”

Hannibal responded.

Then, the two looked at each other and couldn't help but smile.

“Hannibal, do you know ‘Fishbone Street’?”

Jason asked bluntly.

Facing a fellow enthusiast, Jason did not think it necessary to beat around the bush.

“I do.”

“You're planning to enter ‘Fishbone Street’?”

Hannibal immediately guessed Jason's intention.

"Yes."

"We still lack a guarantor."

Jason nodded.

"No problem, leave it to me."

Hannibal immediately agreed.

Moreover, he had already begun to draft in his mind how to guide Jason through the entire 'Fishbone Street'.

The 'Food Traitor shop' is a must-visit.

The 'Oddity shop' is also good.

The 'Collectible store'?

That place is too disgusting, no need to go there.

Some of the scattered stalls might be worthwhile, perhaps they would come across something interesting.

The thought of strolling through various stalls with Jason brought an involuntary smile to Hannibal's face.

This was his first time shopping with someone of equal footing.

He had never felt this way before.

But, he had long awaited it.

"When will you go to 'Fishbone Street'?"

Hannibal inquired.

"Midnight."

Upon receiving this answer, Hannibal immediately stood up and began clearing the cutlery.

Midnight was fast approaching, and he had to finish cleaning before then.

As for leaving it until tomorrow?

In the education he received, procrastination was absolutely forbidden.

Jason wanted to help once more, but Hannibal refused him again.

Returning to his seat, Jason watched Hannibal busily cleaning and couldn't help but ask, "Hannibal, how do you control your appetite?"

Reason is eroded by hunger, and Jason had long since discovered his own weakness.

Yet he had no method to combat it.

Once hunger struck, he would become reckless and careless.

Although so far, there had been no major problems, that didn't mean there wouldn't be any in the future.

The thought of such a mistake leading to a loss of control over the entire situation weighed heavily on Jason's mind.

And when his mood became heavy, Jason felt hungry again.

"Hannibal, are there any of the small cakes left from earlier?"

Sugar always seems to cheer one up when feeling down.

"In the fridge, there are some leftovers from before, though they are not very fresh..."

"That's fine."

Jason said as he stood up, indicating that he would attend to it himself.

Operating an oven and such, having seen a female pastry chef's baking process, Jason knew how to do it.

He opened the refrigerator, took out a whole tray of pastries, and after defrosting them, Jason reapplied the grease before putting the pastries into the oven, adjusting the heat and setting the timer. Meanwhile, Hannibal was washing dishes and observing Jason's awkward but accurate movements.

"Jason, you have a good talent for cooking."

"If you have the time, you could learn some culinary skills."

Hannibal suggested.

"Culinary skills?"

Jason paused, taken aback.

All things can be roasted?

No matter what, can be stewed?

He unwittingly thought of his own conclusions about cooking.

“Yes.”

“It might be difficult at first, but once you find the joy in it, you’ll quickly become immersed.”

“And this...”

“Is how I control my appetite.”

Hannibal said with a smile, turning his head as a strand of blonde hair fell just so, not creating a dishevelled look but rather enhancing the cheerfulness of that smile.

Then, Hannibal raised his left hand and hooked the blonde hair back with his little finger, combing it back before continuing to speak.

“I’m different from you, Jason.”

“My stomach can’t handle so much ‘food’.”

“But my brain tells me I’m hungry.”

“So, I need to distract my brain a bit.”

“At first, I failed many times.”

“But once I found the knack, I gradually succeeded.”

After putting the washed dishes into the cabinet, Hannibal closed the cabinet and turned to wipe the sink, continuing to speak while wiping.

“The knack?”

Jason’s eyes brightened.

“Try to divert your attention with everything related to food.”

“Initially, there is a counterproductive phase—back then, I told myself that if I persisted, there would be more food, but I couldn’t hold out, and I ate that food. Then, the feeling of defeat made me angry, and the physical discomfort made me doubt, while angry, whether I was truly a qualified ‘Food Traitor’.”

“But I persisted.”

“Eventually, I managed to control my appetite most of the time.”

“About one out of every ten times, I would fail.”

“I believe the day when I can perfectly succeed ten out of ten attempts will be the day when I truly succeed and complete my transformation.”

Hannibal shared his experience.

Jason couldn't help but nod.

He had first-hand experience.

Facing the verbal tactics of 'Food Traitor,' under normal circumstances, he would extract more information, but when hungry, he felt a rage as if being taunted by food and didn't hesitate to start eating.

He told his opponent with his teeth and stomach acid what the consequences were.

“Is it necessary to accumulate success through repeated failures?”

Jason murmured to himself.

“Mhm.”

“Most of the time, it’s like that.”

Hannibal nodded, then suddenly smiled, “But you’re special, Jason, you might try another method!”