

Menu 306

Chapter 306: Temperance and Indulgence

Another method?

Jason was taken aback, looking towards Hannibal.

“Eat!”

Hannibal answered with a smile.

Eat?

Jason frowned, his face becoming contemplative.

And Hannibal continued to say:

“Eat your fill.”

“Eat until you’re stuffed.”

“Eat until your stomach absolutely can’t take any more.”

Hannibal said earnestly.

But my stomach is like a bottomless pit...

Until now, I have no idea how much I could eat if I really let myself go.

Jason thought silently.

He didn’t share this with Hannibal.

Because he knew very well that this wasn’t something Hannibal could solve for him. Was he supposed to ask Hannibal to help him remove his stomach?

Moreover, he had already gained a lot from Hannibal.

Those words kept coming together in his mind.

And they finally became—

Restraint!

Indulgence!

Just like two paths, they appeared before Jason.

Which one to choose?

It goes without saying.

Restraint!

Only self-discipline can lead to freedom!

Although he longed to satisfy his hunger just once... where would all that food come from?

Jason took a deep breath.

He began to look at the small pastry in front of him.

Bear it for three seconds.

Jason reminded himself.

1!

The first second started, and Jason couldn't help but raise his right hand.

Immediately, he picked up the fork on the table with his left hand, plunged it through his right hand, and nailed it to the table.

Pain arose.

The hunger was slightly curbed.

2!

The second second started, and Jason's left hand couldn't help but reach out.

“Hannibal!”

Jason growled.

Jason suddenly pinning his right hand to the table startled Hannibal, but his face was soon filled with admiration.

Upon hearing Jason’s shout, Hannibal didn’t hesitate to pick up another fork and nailed Jason’s left hand to the table as well, skillfully avoiding the tendons and bones despite the unabated pain.

The pain intensified.

But so did the hunger.

The second of stalemate.

3!

The third second began, and Jason opened his mouth, ready to gulp down those pastries.

But just as his mouth opened, he slammed his head into the table.

Bang!

One hit, Jason's forehead swelled.

Bang!

Two hits, Jason's forehead split open.

Bang!

Three hits, Jason's eyes bloodshot, blood streaming from his nostrils.

Without a doubt, Jason put all his strength into each impact.

After three hits, he felt dizzy and his whole body almost couldn't stay seated.

But,

he had succeeded.

He had endured three seconds!

No, he even made it an extra second!

Ignoring the blood he left behind, Jason's mouth curled into a smile tainted with blood.

Hannibal stared at that smile, momentarily stupefied.

It was his first time seeing such a smile under bloodstains.

It wasn't cruel at all but instead filled with purity.

"You were a bit impulsive,"

Hannibal said and pulled the forks out of Jason's hands.

"I don't have much time,"

“So...”

Jason wanted to say more, but the hunger drove him directly towards those pastries.

Hannibal, watching Jason wolfing down the food, shook his head slightly and walked to the restroom, bringing out a medical kit.

And in that short span, the pastries were all gone.

“I’ll help you clean the wounds.”

Hannibal said, taking out the alcohol.

“Thank you,”

Jason thanked him and continued the topic they had been discussing.

“I don’t have much time, so, I must use special methods to force myself to stay awake!”

“Just adding a little more time each instance, I can gradually progress.”

“Then, I can maintain my sanity even when faced with food.”

Hope filled Jason’s words.

He didn’t need much, at this stage, just 10... no, 5... no, 1 minute of clarity would be enough.

“This is a tough road.”

“It gets harder as you proceed.”

Hannibal said.

“I know.”

“But walking by myself is always better than being forced to walk, right?”

Jason said with a smile.

Hannibal nodded, returning the smile.

Then, he walked towards the hallway of the room, picked up his coat, and gestured to Jason.

“Shall we set off now?”

“Of course.”

Jason replied.

“They’re out!”

“They’re out!”

The others, who had been waiting in the car for a long time, watched Hannibal’s room intently. When Jason and Hannibal came out one after another, the sharp-eyed Bansey was the first to shout.

Then, they saw Jason’s hands and head wrapped in bandages.

In fact, Griffin was the first to notice something amiss.

However, after seeing Jason's injuries, Griffin just kept quiet and observed how the situation unfolded.

The female pastry chef rushed out of the car.

"Jason, how are you?"

The female pastry chef rushed to Jason's side and asked with concern, while looking at Hannibal with hostility.

If Jason hadn't emerged smiling, she would have already hit Hannibal with her handbag.

"I'm fine."

"There's much to gain."

Jason answered with a laugh.

The female pastry chef saw Jason's smile, which seemed to release all the pressure from his heart, and couldn't help but purse her lips.

So happy being with someone else?

Then, her hostility towards Hannibal grew.

She had disliked the psychiatrist from the start.

Now?

She loathed him even more.

No!

This was an enemy!

To think he dared to vie for Jason!

The female pastry chef glared at Hannibal venomously while a voice seemed to whisper inside her heart.

Don't rush.

He will get what's coming to him soon!

This voice appeared so abruptly, it was almost like a hallucination.

The female pastry chef didn't pay any attention to it.

Though Hannibal was a psychiatrist, he couldn't hear the voices in others' hearts either.

However, he did notice the female pastry chef's animosity.

But he didn't care.

Just a foolish woman after all.

How could she affect his relationship with Jason?

You see, they were kin.

Hannibal cast a glance at the car next to him and said decisively:

“One car won’t fit everyone.”

“Let’s split into two.”

“I’ll drive.”

“Jason, do you want to come?”

“Sure,”

Jason agreed without hesitation.

“I’m coming too.”

The female pastry chef said.

Hannibal did not object and headed straight for the garage.

A moment later, two cars drove one after the other towards the hidden streets of Newdeth City: Fishbone Street.

To Jason's surprise, the entrance to this street turned out to be near Pea Corner Street.

Not too far from 'Watchdog Pastry House' as the crow flies.

The entrance was through a garage that on the outside looked like an apartment building.

A man smoking stood in front of the garage door.

He didn't budge as the two cars approached.

It was only after Hannibal and Griffin showed their 'residence permits' did the man lazily open the door.

Clatter clatter.

Amidst the unique sound of the metal rolling gate, soft light from behind the door shone on the cars.

It revealed the figures of Hannibal, Jason, and the female pastry chef.

The usually indolent guard snapped to attention upon seeing the female pastry chef's face, subconsciously trying to kneel, but then he forcefully restrained himself.

He quickly stepped back to clear the way.

After watching the two cars drive in, he immediately closed the rolling gate and, as if mad, dashed to a concealed phone.

"Attention!"

"Everyone, attention!"

"The Queen has returned!"