

Menu 341

Chapter 341 Calling Out

Under self-hypnosis, the bizarre scene he had intentionally forgotten began to surge in his mind like a tide.

The bizarre scene was enough to astonish anyone.

Hannibal barely paused before he quickly returned to his normal appearance.

He looked at Jason with a smile.

He turned and carried the food.

Everything was what he was supposed to do at this moment.

But deep inside Hannibal's heart, his thoughts were spinning rapidly.

What did that scene represent?

How should I warn Jason?

As he pondered, Hannibal struggled to restrain himself from looking at the female pastry chef.

Although he was confident he could deceive everyone present with his expression, he worried that his gaze would give him away.

Moreover, facing such 'bizarreness,' who knew what could happen?

Hannibal, holding the platter, once again placed food on the table, and then, he suddenly thought of something.

Immediately, the psychologist turned and walked into the kitchen.

The female pastry chef then began to arrange the food she had cooked on the table.

Hannibal already had experience acting as Jason's chef, and now with the addition of the female pastry chef, the quantity of the dinner began to skyrocket, and its richness was even astounding Edward, Bansey, and Griffin.

Especially Edward and Bansey, who ate at the cafeteria every day, were on the brink of cheering at the sight of the lavish dinner in front of them.

However, no one felt it was inappropriate.

After all, this was a celebration dinner.

Moreover, in the coming days, such celebratory meals would occur several more times.

But the first time is always memorable.

More and more food made Jason, who was already impatient, even more tormented.

But still, he was able to restrain himself.

After the initial agony, he became even more reluctant to lose all his previous effort.

Otherwise, the previous pain would have been in vain.

Hannibal and the female pastry chef, the two chefs, were the last to sit down.

Jason picked up his glass filled with sparkling water.

No one present had any alcoholic drinks.

Edward and Bansey had to return to the police station shortly.

Although Griffin suggested getting some beer, he quickly gave up his insistence and firmly believed that sparkling water was good enough after the female pastry chef slightly frowned.

Beer, isn't it just for belching?

Sparkling water can do the job too.

"Cheers!"

Clink!

Amidst the clinking of glasses, Jason downed his sparkling water in one go and then launched an attack on the food in front of him.

Suddenly, the food began to disappear at a visible rate.

With Jason's participation, no amount of food was a concern.

Already accustomed to dining with Jason, Edward and Bansey buried their heads in eating, completely ignoring Griffin who still wanted to make a declaration.

Conversation isn't as important as eating.

When you're hungry, talking only makes you hungrier.

"I think we... Save some for me!"

Griffin had just begun to speak when, seeing the rapidly diminishing food, he suddenly came to his senses.

With an annoyed roar, the 'Fishbone Street' resident also joined the fray.

Like a whirlwind sweeping through leaves, the food on the table was swiftly devoured.

Hannibal stood up with a smile.

"I'll go get the tea and pastries."

Saying this, the psychologist headed to the kitchen and brought out the already prepared pastries and tea.

The tea was in a pot.

The pastries, meanwhile, were portioned onto individual plates.

Edward, Bansey, and Griffin all expressed their approval for this arrangement.

Competing with Jason for food was just too difficult.

Although they were friends, for some reason, every time they reached for food in front of Jason, they felt a sense of trepidation.

Because the pastries in front of him were more than the combined amount for Edward, Bansey, and Griffin.

The only one uncomfortable was the female pastry chef.

She looked at Hannibal with a trace of anger in her eyes.

She thought Hannibal had stolen her chance to shine.

During the cooking, although she had tried her best, she knew she was still slightly inferior to Hannibal, and she had planned to make a comeback with the later tea pastries.

But Hannibal had preempted her!

Damn man!

Thinking this, the female pastry chef stood up.

"I've also prepared some pastries."

"I'll bring them over to you."

As she said this, she headed toward the kitchen.

At this time, Jason had already swallowed the pastries in front of him.

But the next moment, he paused.

Because the pastries that looked fragrant and sweet... were actually spicy.

Hannibal got the seasoning wrong?

Impossible!

It was unthinkable for Hannibal to confuse spices, given his serious attitude towards cooking.

And also, chili is so conspicuous.

This means...

Hannibal had done it on purpose.

From the corner of his eye, Jason glanced at Edward, Bansey, and Griffin.

The three of them were enjoying their food without any sign of strangeness.

This meant that only my cake had an issue.

Jason's brows furrowed slightly as he looked at Hannibal.

At that moment, the psychologist, who was apparently sipping his tea, was gently tapping the saucer with his little finger in a pattern of three short, three long, three short.

SOS!

A distress signal!

Cake? Chili?

Cake, the person who made the cake?

The female pastry chef!

Chili, the color red?

Danger!

Without showing anything was amiss, Jason exchanged a glance with Hannibal and then continued to eat the pastry as usual,

Even with an increased pace than normal.

When the female pastry chef returned with the new pastries, Jason had already finished.