

Menu 342

Chapter 342 Shout_2

"Try my pastries."

The female pastry chef was promoting to everyone.

But Edward, little Bansey, and Griffin just kept shaking their heads.

"I'm not Jason, I don't have that big of an appetite."

Edward said with a wry smile.

Although he really wanted to eat more, he knew that if he didn't want to feel sick later, it was best to stop now.

The same was true for little Bansey.

After all, the cakes made specially by Hannibal were quite substantial.

Griffin could have eaten a little more.

But when he thought about the cake being made by Her Majesty for Jason, he didn't dare say he wanted to try it.

He didn't want to be thrown into a cesspit and drowned.

Nor did he want to be hacked by a kilometer-long Light Sword.

The former was a suffocating way to die.

The latter was death without a whole body.

So, in the end, all of the female pastry chef's desserts were placed in front of Jason.

Watching Jason pick up a fork and devour the desserts, the female pastry chef immediately smiled, sweetly, the slight displeasure from before instantly vanishing from her mind.

The post-dinner desserts ended after about half an hour.

Having rested sufficiently, Edward and little Bansey said their goodbyes first.

"We must be going now,"

"Too many things have happened in the past two days."

"I need to work overtime to deal with them."

Edward, little Bansey, and Jason hugged farewell.

"Wait for me!"

"I can help!"

"See you, Jason!"

Then it was Griffin's turn.

Although Jason's house was comfortable and warm, facing Her Majesty still made him uneasy.

He didn't want to go back and be ridiculed.

It was better to stick with Edward and Bansey, occasionally bullying little Bansey. Those days were truly wonderful.

Griffin also thought about hugging Jason like Edward and Bansey, but under the watchful eye of the female pastry chef, he finally chose to wave goodbye and quickly caught up with Edward and Bansey.

The three of them boarded a car.

Amidst the roar of the engine, the car quickly disappeared on Sausage Street.

"I need to return as well."

Hannibal picked up his coat.

"I'll walk you."

Jason said.

Hannibal laughed, pointing at the clinic across the street.

"Please, we're less than 30 meters apart in a straight line."

"What could possibly happen?"

"I'm heading back now."

After saying this, Hannibal deliberately looked around and, in a lowered voice, said, "Actually, I don't want to wash the dishes. Let's leave such a daunting task to Ms. Giselle."

His voice had been lowered, but it was just loud enough for the female pastry chef to hear.

"Hannibal, that's not very gentlemanly of you!"

The female pastry chef, who was cleaning up the tea set, reminded Hannibal.

However, Hannibal just laughed without answering and hugged Jason.

He squeezed Jason's muscles on his back hard.

Even though he guessed Jason had already heightened his vigilance, he wanted to remind him again.

Then, Hannibal turned and walked towards his clinic.

The moment he turned around, Hannibal's face became serious; he quickened his pace, and once back at the clinic, without taking off his coat, he rushed straight to the bedroom.

A sense of danger loomed over him!

Hannibal could feel it!

He had to save himself!

21:36

He needed to act swiftly!

In the bedroom, there were collections of information and documents that he had painstakingly gathered.

But at this moment, Hannibal tore these down all at once.

Immediately, the text hidden beneath these items was revealed.

Dufol Language!

An 'Expulsion' written in Dufol Language.

A very complete format.

This was another layer of protection for Hannibal's clinic.

Compared to the entire structure of the house, this protection was the strongest.

If he had had enough materials and knowledge, Hannibal would have covered the entire room with these Dufol Language inscriptions.

Candles were lit around Hannibal.

The candles formed a triangle with Hannibal standing right in the center, holding a ceramic bowl containing ground sunflower pollen and silver powder in his hand, Hannibal gently pinched a small amount of the mixture.

He carefully placed the small amount of mixed powder on top of the three points of the candle triangle.

Crackle!

The flames made several swift jumps.

A unique fragrance permeated the entire room.

The appearance of this unique fragrance finally made Hannibal sigh with relief.

Phew!

An obvious exhale was heard, and Hannibal, who had just relaxed, immediately tensed up again.

Because that exhale most certainly wasn't his own!

It came from behind him.

His neck felt slightly stiff.

Hannibal turned his head.

Behind him...there was nothing.

Hannibal was sure he hadn't misheard.

There had indeed been the sound of breathing behind him just now.

No, not breathing!

Blowing!

Blowing out... candles?!

Candles!

Hannibal quickly came to his senses and looked down, only to see that several of the candles behind him had been extinguished.

This scene made cold sweat instantly climb Hannibal's back.

Without hesitation, he grabbed a large handful of the mixture for expelling evil and was about to scatter it, but an invisible force restrained him just like that.

His fingertips had already touched the powder for expelling evil, but he became completely immobilized.

Step, step, step!

In the midst of clear footsteps, the female pastry chef's figure entered through the door.

She stared expressionlessly at Hannibal.

Black mist rolled out, about to engulf Hannibal.

At that moment—

Smash!

The hanging curtains in Hannibal's bedroom were shattered.