

Menu 343

Chapter 343 The Shout_3

Jason broke through the window.

Aiming at the black mist before him, he pointed a finger.

Yi!

The special force field of [Protection Against Evil] began to gather, shooting at the black mist that was about to engulf Hannibal.

Hiss hiss hiss!

Amid a sound reminiscent of butter melting in a hot pan, the black mist instantly dissipated, and the female pastry chef Giselle took a slight step back, releasing Hannibal from his bindings without hesitation. The psychologist lifted his hand and flung the powder in his bowl directly at the female pastry chef, emptying it completely.

Hiss hiss hiss!

Again, that distinctive sound.

However, this time the female pastry chef did not take any steps back.

On the contrary, the black mist came rolling back with renewed force.

Sl oT Yn

'i

With the complete hand seal, the force field of [Protection Against Evil] shot out once more.

This time, Jason didn't aim at the black mist but instead at the female pastry chef.

He could see that unless he dealt with the female pastry chef before him, the black mist would be endless.

Clang!

Hum!

The invisible force of the force field struck the female pastry chef as if striking a bell.

With a strong vibration and a quivering sound, the figure of the female pastry chef disappeared.

Phew!

Hannibal breathed a sigh of relief.

The psychologist turned to thank Jason but saw him frowning deeply.

"When I left the room just now, Giselle was still washing dishes,"

"Perhaps she's faster than I am."

Jason said so.

After receiving a hint from Hannibal, Jason had been silently observing the female pastry chef.

But there was nothing abnormal!

On the contrary, Hannibal's clinic was filled with an unsettling atmosphere.

Jason immediately rushed over.

And then, he witnessed a shocking scene.

Two female pastry chefs!

Jason was certain of this!

Though they looked identical, there were indeed two!

Only...

One was the real female pastry chef!

And the one before him now?

Jason could no longer be sure.

Though there was no explanation, Hannibal understood what Jason meant.

The female pastry chef from before must not have been the real one, but something similar.

But such a thing, or rather, something so similar and resembling, couldn't it have some kind of connection?

While Hannibal was pondering, Jason suddenly grabbed his wrist and headed straight for the window.

Hannibal did not resist.

Or rather, he trusted Jason's judgment.

Without a second word, he leaped out of the window with Jason.

And at the moment they leaped out, Hannibal glanced back.

He saw that the female pastry chef who had disappeared reappeared once again.

Just like before.

Only...

She was even colder now.

It was as if what he saw was no longer a living person but a frozen corpse.

And her speed was bizarre.

She had nearly reached them without seeming to move at all.

That face, lined with a touch of frost, was almost pressing against them.

Without shooting out [Protection Against Evil], Jason enveloped his whole body with it while he kicked the female pastry chef.

The special force field repelled the female pastry chef once more.

At the same time, it also accelerated Jason and Hannibal's landing.

"Run!"

Jason yelled at Hannibal.

But he himself did not move.

Overextending himself to trigger [Protection Against Evil] had already left him completely exhausted.

Standing was already his utmost effort.

One more chance!

Looking at the remaining 3 points of satiety, Jason thought silently.

He knew that using [Protection Against Evil] one more time under overextension would surely burst his heart.

But he had no choice.

If he couldn't run,

He'd fight!

Watching the approaching female pastry chef, Jason regulated his breathing.

He was preparing for his last stand.

Then...

The female pastry chef, supposed to be coming towards him, suddenly leaped past him, pursuing the distant Hannibal.

Jason was stunned.

He turned his head to look.

In his field of view, Hannibal was about to be caught up with; the female pastry chef was too fast.

But why chase after Hannibal,

Rather than me?

Was it because she came specifically for Hannibal?

No!

It couldn't be!

She had the intent to kill me just now!

I can't be wrong about my perception!

Could it be...

The more critical the moment, the more composed Jason became. Observing the distant Hannibal approaching his house, a bold conjecture surged in Jason's mind.

In an instant, Jason took a deep breath.

Then he shouted at the top of his lungs—

"Giselle!"