

Menu 344

Chapter 344 Sisters

The pastry chef, wearing a pink apron adorned with the image of a little white rabbit, diligently scrubbed the dishes.

Given Jason's appetite, this was certainly no easy task.

Add to that Edward, little Bansey, Griffin, and Hannibal, although all four together used fewer utensils than Jason, the quantity of dishware that needed cleaning was still considerable.

But the pastry chef showed no signs of disgust or impatience.

In fact, one might even say the pastry chef somewhat enjoyed the process.

After all, most of these dishes had been used by Jason.

Edward, little Bansey, and Griffin were also friends.

Hannibal?

The pastry chef slightly furrowed her brow; after hesitating for a moment, she took the utensils Hannibal had used and... tossed them into the trash.

Instantly, her mood brightened.

The pastry chef hummed a nursery rhyme she had heard in her childhood, washing the dishes even more cheerfully.

And at that moment—

"Giselle!"

The pastry chef was startled.

She was sure that was Jason's voice.

But wasn't Jason in the room upstairs?

With curiosity in her heart, yet the pastry chef removed her rubber gloves and walked towards the door.

Upon opening the door, the pastry chef froze in shock.

There lay Hannibal on the ground in front of her, weak to the extremes.

She saw 'herself'.

A cold and lifeless 'herself'.

Most importantly, that 'herself' was moving toward Jason, who stood against the wall.

'She' wanted to kill Jason!

The pastry chef sensed this inexplicable intention.

"Don't!"

Subconsciously, the pastry chef shouted out.

At the same time, she sprinted toward Jason.

The pastry chef's cry made the 'pastry chef' pause in her steps.

Seeing this, Jason breathed a sigh of relief.

He was right!

If he hadn't noticed before, the moment the 'pastry chef' bypassed him and chased after Hannibal, Jason realized Hannibal was closer to his room.

In his room was the pastry chef.

And with the pastry chef present, Hannibal had not been attacked.

The thought that the 'pastry chef' was avoiding an encounter with the pastry chef formed in Jason's mind.

The reason for it was still unknown to him.

But what the enemy did not want to see, that was exactly what he was going to create.

So, he yelled out loud.

Yet, the 'pastry chef's' speed was truly unexpected.

Such teleportation-like speed made the sudden burst of strength from Hannibal, exceeding that of an ordinary person, utterly pointless.

Perhaps because his loud shout drew too much animosity, the 'pastry chef' gave up on Hannibal and came straight for him.

Jason could clearly feel the killing intent revealed by the opponent at this moment.

Narrowing his eyes slightly, Jason had already begun preparing the hand signs for "Protection Against Evil."

Passivity was not in Jason's nature.

However, just as Jason completed the hand sign and was about to recite the Dufol Language, the pastry chef appeared.

Keeping an eye on the halted 'pastry chef', Jason temporarily ceased the furtherance of "Protection Against Evil," carefully stepping back and solemnly watching the 'pastry chef' before him.

If earlier the opponent was filled with a cold murderous intent, now that intent had become 'twisted.'

Not as an adjective, but a literal distortion.

The neck jerked awkwardly from side to side.

The body continued shuddering uncontrollably.

It was like watching a malfunctioning robot.

However, this was not what caught Jason's attention the most.

A wild, ferocious aura emanated from the pastry chef.

Watching the pastry chef charge at him, Jason felt as if he was facing an oncoming battle chariot.

"Sis, long time no see!"

With this greeting, the pastry chef flew up with one kick, landing on the 'pastry chef.'

Bang!

Instantly, the 'pastry chef' was sent flying like a cannonball.

But the pastry chef was faster.

Before the 'pastry chef' could land, she appeared above her and kicked once again.

Bang!

The airborne 'pastry chef' fell straight from the sky and slammed hard onto the ground.

Boom!

The asphalt surface began to cave in and crack around the point of impact with the 'pastry chef', almost instantly forming a 10-meter diameter web-like crater.

And that was not the end!

The pastry chef in mid-air teleported and appeared in front of the 'pastry chef,' straddling her opponent, as her fists with trailing shadows pounded down like a machinegun.

Ratatat!

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The immense strength caused the 'pastry chef's' legs to lift continuously, and the already collapsing asphalt beneath them sunk further.

What was more shocking was that with every punch of the pastry chef, sparks began to fly off her fists.

They were produced both from her own force and the friction with the air.

And then—

Whoosh!

Flames appeared on those fists.

They released themselves without restraint.

Boom!

Like tons of explosives detonating, a wave of blast spread out in all directions, windows in surrounding streets shattered, and the billowing flames leapt up several meters before gradually dissipating.

By now, the ground had become a 10-meter-deep crater.

The 'pastry chef' had been shattered.

Completely pulverized, that is.

Black crystal powder, like that of shards, was piled up in front of the pastry chef.

The female pastry chef looked down on the black powder with a mocking smile.

"You fooled me once," she said.

"And you think you can fool me a second time?"

"That's hardly the attitude a sister should have."

As her words fell, the female pastry chef kicked out.

Bang!

It was as if she had kicked through the air, her foot striking the black powder, which instantly billowed into the air.

Then, after gathering a little strength, she brought her hands together and struck out.

Boom!

Scorching flames containing a terrifying explosion soared into the sky, and upon contact with the black powder, they burst instantly.

The black powder disappeared rapidly under the high temperature of the fierce flames.

The female pastry chef watched the scene with satisfaction.

She leaped out of the deep pit with a bound and walked straight over to Jason.

"Hello, Jason," she said.

"This is our first meeting. I am Evelyn."

The female pastry chef introduced herself, and without any shyness, she extended her hand.

Noticing that Jason seemed a bit stunned, Evelyn took the initiative, grasped his hand with her own, and then let go.

"Our family is a bit complicated," she explained.

"I'm the youngest."

"That idiot Giselle is the second child."

"The one I just shattered was the eldest, Aiona."

"An obnoxious jerk."

Evelyn explained to Jason.

But such explanations did not entirely clarify the situation for Jason.

He could only roughly surmise that the female pastry chef did not know about Aiona, nor did she know that Evelyn shared a body with him, let alone the so-called Aiona.

And Evelyn and Aiona knew each other and loathed each other.

No!

It was more than loathing!

It was a wish for the other's swift demise!

Jason looked at the cracks that covered the entire street and the buildings around him that were leaning in disarray, correcting his initial impression in his mind.

"Are you wondering why Aiona and I are like this?" Evelyn asked, seeing the confusion on Jason's face.

"Yeah," Jason replied, without concealing his curiosity with a nod.

"Because she keeps erasing people related to Giselle and me," Evelyn said.

"Especially those who have developed feelings for us."

"She will certainly eliminate them promptly!"

When Evelyn spoke these words, her face once again showed deep hatred.

"She has erased at least two hundred of our friends from childhood to adulthood."

"That idiot Giselle may not be aware of these facts, but she probably knows something intuitively, so she deliberately avoids men who show interest in her. However, that idiot is doing great—if it weren't for her doing so, I wouldn't have met you, Jason!"

As Evelyn spoke, she blushed slightly, but seeing Jason deep in thought, her shyness quickly disappeared.

As the youngest daughter in the family, she was clear that opportunities had to be seized by oneself.

So, she reached out her hand to grab Jason.

She wanted to take Jason to register.

As for what came after?

That would be discussed later.

First, she would do what she wanted now and worry about the rest later.

Evelyn was just that straightforward.

However, what Evelyn had not anticipated was that her grasp would come up empty.

Jason shifted his stance slightly, and her fingertips brushed past the sleeve of his clothes.

Huh?

Evelyn froze. Although she had not been serious, she did not believe the present Jason could have evaded her.

She had observed Jason using Giselle's body.

Jason's strength lay in his almost indestructible constitution.

After all, with her, formidable vitality was the foremost prerequisite.

The second reason?

She found Jason... incredibly handsome.

He fit her aesthetic perfectly.

But she did not consider Jason to be stronger than herself.

At least in terms of strength, speed, and skill, she could overpower Jason.

So, by all logic, Jason should not have been able to dodge her.

Instinctively, Evelyn reached for Jason again.

This time she was not casual.

She was serious.

As the sound rang out, Evelyn's palm was about to land on Jason's shoulder.

But the contemplating Jason once again spun away and dodged.

Once could be an accident.

Twice?

It was unlikely.

Evelyn's gaze suddenly became dangerous.

She turned her head to scan the surroundings and said in an icy tone:

"Aiona, come out!"

"You know this trick won't work on me!"

In the cold voice, a figure flickered in and out of the shadows in the distance.

Evelyn dug her feet into the ground, propelling herself forward like a missile, raising her foot to subdue her sister.

But when she clearly saw the person in front of her, she abruptly pulled back her foot.

Her entire body staggered due to the sudden withdrawal of force.

Because the figure was...

Jason!

