

Menu 381

Chapter 381: Today is a great day!

If saying Jason eating a meal is a terrifying ordeal, then what's even more terrifying is Jason eating... with Aras in tow.

Esther watched, dumbstruck, as Jason opened his mouth and threw burgers into it—not just one at a time, but grabbing three or five, ripping off the wrapping, and tossing them in without any need to chew.

Aras was slightly less intense, seemingly mindful that as a lady, she should maintain some form of etiquette.

So, she only ate one at a time.

But while eating one, she could pick up another two.

Fifty.

One hundred.

Two hundred.

The number of consumed burgers kept rising.

In the corner of the fast-food restaurant, countless wrappers had already accumulated all around. Luckily it was morning, and Jason had chosen an out-of-the-way corner, so there weren't any onlookers.

Or rather, the only onlooker was Esther.

Watching the ravenous eating of Jason and Aras, Esther's mind involuntarily recalled the three trucks laden with copious amounts of food he had seen the night before.

He thought that Jason had bought that food due to being affected by an 'abnormal' plate, assuming that once the 'abnormal' effect wore off, the food would be stored inside the boxing gym.

Even, he had already planned that after the matter with Edmund was resolved, he would discuss with Jason about reselling the food to recoup some financial losses.

But the scene before him told him he had been too naive.

That food must have been eaten up long ago!

"Indeed, I still lack so much," he thought.

"If senior Edmund were here, he certainly wouldn't have been so careless," he mumbled to himself.

Then, he grew anxious.

Because... the fast-food restaurant's owner was approaching.

Subconsciously, Esther clutched his wallet.

Then, he gritted his teeth.

Backing out after offering to treat them to a meal?

He couldn't do that.

At worst... he'd wash dishes!

"Sorry sir, we've sold out of burgers," the owner said.

"Would you like to try some other food?" he asked, wiping sweat from his forehead.

Excitement and nervousness were mixed on his face.

Selling as much in less than an hour as he usually did in a whole day on a holiday was enough to excite any business owner.

The nervousness came from the fact that the man and woman before him could eat so much.

They both looked tall and robust, but could two people who had just devoured five hundred burgers really not burst from overeating?

Esther glanced at the fast-food owner's uneasy face but quickly regained his composure.

He turned to Jason and Aras.

"Do you need anything else?"

"The fried chicken and fries here are quite good."

"There's also ice cream."

Since he had already offered to treat them, naturally, he wanted to do his best.

Of course, more importantly, Esther thought of a solution.

"I want ice cream!" Aras raised her hand and declared.

"Give me 30 portions of fried chicken," Jason stated.

"Right away, coming right up," the fast-food owner promptly responded.

Meanwhile, Esther was busy doing the 'shelter's' essential work.

"This is a private competitive eaters exchange."

"They're conducting their final private training before the competition," Esther said without batting an eye.

Competitive eaters' training?

So that's what this is!

No wonder they can eat so much!

The fast-food owner was immediately relieved of his doubts and hurried off to prepare more food.

Half an hour later, Jason, Aras, and Esther walked out of the fast-food restaurant, met with the owner's smiling face.

"Hey, aren't you driving?" Aras asked, noticing Esther walking past his car and couldn't help her curiosity.

"No need for that."

"Walking is healthy, eco-friendly," Esther forced a smile while keeping his trembling hands hidden behind his back.

He was distressed.

His brand-new second-hand car, which he had only driven for less than three months, was effectively gone in one meal.

One meal, one car.

Could the 'shelter' possibly reimburse him?

Hmm, perhaps I could also get a reimbursement from the 'Holy Serpent Society'?

If I could get compensated twice...

With that thought, Esther, who had been forcing a smile, realized it might not be so difficult after all.

"Thanks for the treat," Jason said, guessing what might be on Esther's mind and offering a genuine thanks.

He hadn't intended to eat to such an extent.

Now, when facing hunger, although he had considerable self-control, that was only before he started eating. Once he began, he couldn't control himself at all.

"No problem, Mr. Jason," Esther replied.

"I promised, and I always do my best to fulfill my promises," he said.

Then, sensing a slight sense of guilt from Jason, Esther whispered, "May I have a detailed talk with you? Please be assured, I have no ill intentions," reiterating his point.

Even though the 'Masked Man' before him appeared a bit apologetic, Esther didn't believe that gave him the right to do anything unreasonable.

But also because of that hint of an apology,

Esther saw more possibilities.

Coming from the 'Holy Serpent Society,' Esther had a different view of 'abnormals' who truly possessed wisdom.

After confirming that Jason wasn't the type of 'abnormal' who was pretending or out of control, some ideas began to take shape in his mind, which became clearer after the incident with Edmund.

And just now, he had confirmed his thoughts.

Now?

It was time to act.

"Sure," Jason nodded.

The place for the talk wasn't chosen, and the three of them headed straight back to the boxing gym.