

Chapter 2322 Ominous Premonition

Matthew was taken aback by Anthony's sudden change of topic.

A puzzled expression appeared on his face.

He couldn't fathom how there could be such people in the Martial League Ground Force.

From his perspective, the Ground Force was an esteemed talent reserve pool for the entire Cathay.

Therefore, the selection process for students was undoubtedly extremely strict.

How could they permit those who were solely driven by fame and fortune to enter this place?

Facing Matthew's confusion, Anthony shrugged nonchalantly.

"Those aristocratic families or wealthy merchants send their children here through connections. They simply feel that they can't teach them well, so they seek help from us in the Ground Force. It's like hiring a foreign tutor and paying for their services. And they are willing to pay handsomely. Besides, the Ground Force requires substantial funding for its maintenance and daily operations. So, why not take advantage of it? It's a win-win situation!" he explained.

Listening to Anthony's explanation and seeing his mischievous smirk, Matthew had a sense of foreboding.

Theoretically, both the Martial League and the Ground Force as its subsidiary organization were considered vital assets to the country.

How could they compromise their principles by training wealthy disciples solely for monetary gain?

Sure enough, as Matthew remained silent, Anthony raised an eyebrow.

He seemed to read Matthew's thought as he continued, "Judging from your expression, I think you've figured it out. Next, you will have to work hard with that group of rich disciples."

As he spoke, he handed a Ground Force trainee instructor identity card to Matthew. "The students you'll be in charge of are in Classroom 15123. It's at the end of the corridor. That class is full of troublemakers. I'll take my leave now. If you can't handle it, feel free to come find me anytime."

With those words, Anthony briskly walked away. Midway, he turned back with a joyous expression and waved at Matthew.

Left standing alone, Matthew wore a wry smile. Instructor Anthony seems to still hold a grudge against me for breaking his arm.

However, Matthew didn't take it too seriously.

Since he came to the Ground Force, his sole focus was on gaining valuable experience.

When it came to troublemakers, he had a knack for dealing with them or giving them a taste of their own medicine. If all else failed, he wouldn't hesitate to knock them out of commission.

When he arrived in front of Classroom 15123, his ears were greeted by a cacophony emanating from within.

As Matthew pushed the door open, he saw a group of youngsters, barely fourteen or fifteen years old, lazily lounging on training equipment or engrossed in their playful antics.

The room was packed with more than twenty students, but none seemed to be earnestly practicing.

As they caught sight of Matthew entering, the kids merely gave him a fleeting curious glance before returning to their own activities.

New trainee instructors had become a regular occurrence for them, and they had grown accustomed to their arrival.

Initially, these instructors would assert their authority.

However, within a few days, they would realize the futility of their attempts to control the students and simply give up.

Some introverted young trainee instructors would inevitably become the target of their teasing.

Over time, a sort of equilibrium was established wherein the students didn't trouble the instructors as long as the instructors didn't disrupt their playtime.

It became a peaceful coexistence, the most favorable outcome for everyone involved.

After taking a brief survey of the classroom, Matthew threw his backpack onto the training equipment.

Stretching lazily, he lay down and closed his eyes to take a nap.

His unusual behavior immediately caught the attention of these children.

They stopped fooling around and exchanged glances.

With a silent signal, they collectively approached Matthew.

Among them, Rylan Finch, the leader of the classroom, took the initiative to confront Matthew. "Hey, I'm talking to you!"

Matthew recognized someone calling out to him and slowly opened his eyes.

Before him stood a group of mischievous youngsters. "What's the matter? Do you all need something?" Matthew asked casually.

Without wasting a moment, Rylan interrogated him with an air of indignation. "Aren't you the new trainee instructor? How dare you sleep here?"