

Menu 144

Chapter 144: Griffin Shooting Technique?

You understood again?

You got it again?

Can you tell me what you understood? What did you get?

Jason looked at Peters with an “I-get-you” expression, shook his head slightly, not planning to get entangled with the other on this issue.

“Eat breakfast?”

Jason asked.

“No.”

“The security measures here are terrifying.”

“I must leave as soon as possible.”

After saying this, Peters prepared to leave.

However, before leaving, the 'Cat Hole' swordsman suddenly turned around and said to Jason solemnly,

"No matter what happens, I will stand by your side."

"I'm temporarily staying at the 'Eight-Legged Tavern' at the port."

"If there's anything, you can find me there."

As soon as his words fell, Peters performed a series of leaps, light and agile like a cat, and vanished from Jason's sight.

Then, Jason didn't immediately step away but instead turned to look behind him.

Unbeknownst to him, Gerard stood there with a smile.

"A very good friend."

"He showed up here shortly after you fell asleep."

“But he didn’t disturb you and even guarded the surroundings for you,” Gerard said.

“Do you know Peters?”

Jason asked.

“I don’t know him, but I’m aware of him.”

“The heir to ‘Cat Hole’.”

“He possesses some secret techniques that certain people are quite interested in, has been hunted before but always escaped. The ‘Cat Hole’s secret techniques mean he excels at this.”

“As for more, it’s about him acting as your coachman.”

Gerard didn’t hide anything and told everything frankly.

“How long have you been here?”

Jason asked.

It was only after Peters had left that he noticed Gerard's presence behind him.

But, Jason was sure that Gerard hadn't just arrived.

"Since he appeared," Gerard smiled.

"Breakfast together?"

Jason invited.

"Of course."

Gerard nodded.

Under the morning sun, Jason and Gerard walked shoulder to shoulder on the beach.

When they returned to the holiday cottage from the side of the rock pile, breakfast was already prepared thanks to the efforts of several chefs.

Sausages, bread, stacked up on the table like little mountains.

A big pot of clam chowder, served in small bowls.

Salads made of cherry tomatoes, lettuce, and corn were in five basins, each so large they required two people to lift.

Milk was served in barrels, big barrels like those used for beer, three of them in total.

On the other side of where they were sitting, there were entire blocks of cheese, covering that whole corner.

Clearly, after learning about Jason's appetite the previous night, the chefs had turned breakfast for three into breakfast for thirty.

Dennise was already sitting at the table.

But Dennise, bleary-eyed as if in a trance, wobbled as she ate her bread.

"Good morning, Jason~"

“Good morning, Gerard.”

Seeing Jason and Gerard come in, a groggy Dennise mumbled her greetings.

Jason glanced at the book on Dennise’s lap. Although he couldn’t make out the title, he was sure it was a novel, and Dennise’s appearance was naturally that of someone who had stayed up all night reading.

Jason figured it out.

Naturally, Gerard did too.

“Dennise, you should try to sleep earlier,” Gerard advised as if automatically assuming the role of an elder.

“I wanted to go to sleep early!”

“I just told myself, one more page and I’ll sleep! Just one more page and I’ll sleep! But as I kept reading, the day broke!” Dennise said helplessly.

“You could try reading during the day,”

“And go to sleep earlier at night.”

Gerard offered sensible advice.

“Mhm.”

Dennise nodded.

Afterward, he ate three more sausages, two pieces of bread, a bowl of salad, and drank two glasses of milk before returning to his room with a bowl of clam chowder for some makeup sleep.

Jason was moving both hands in unison, energetically.

The dream from before had improved his appetite.

Gerard, on the other hand, was holding a glass of milk and a piece of bread, smiling as he watched Jason eat.

Every time he saw Jason eat, he found his own appetite growing.

However, compared to eating, what he needed more at that moment was sleep.

Having gone without rest for an extended period, even the physically strong Gerard began to feel tired.

But he would never show it in front of Jason.

After a simple breakfast, Jason followed Gerard back to the beach.

At that time on the beach, Reed was already there with a longsword and a flintlock rifle in hand.

“Good morning, Lord Jason,” Reed greeted Jason.

“Morning,” Jason replied.

Then, after placing his weapons down, Reed hurriedly left.

It wasn't because he was avoiding anything.

In fact, Reed had systematically studied the secret techniques of the Griffin School.

Gerard had been his teacher.

His departure was simply because he had more matters to attend to.

The events of yesterday...

...were far from over.

After Reed had left, Gerard began instructing Jason.

“The hallmark of the Griffin School is a combination of agility and ferocity,” he started.

“This applies equally to swordsmanship, Martial Arts, and Marksmanship.”

“Marksmanship has only emerged with the introduction of the flintlock rifle and is not yet perfected, but it’s the easiest to learn and the quickest to pick up. Let’s start with the basics.”

With that, Gerard placed a rock about 30 meters away and picked up a gunpowder flintlock rifle.

Then, Gerard leaped backward with force.

Bang!

In midair, the flintlock fired.

Amidst the flash, the rock 30 meters away was sent flying into the air.

But it wasn't over yet.

As Jason focused all his attention on the flintlock, a bomb with a lit fuse had somehow landed nearby without his notice.

Boom!

A large hole was blasted in the beach where the rock had been.

"A very covert throwing technique."

“Also very agile.”

“It made almost no sound.”

“No, the sound of the gun covered the noise.”

Looking at the large crater, Jason gained a deeper understanding of what Gerard meant by ‘a combination of agility and ferocity.’

“Leaping backward isn’t the only option,” Gerard continued.

“You could also retreat step by step or do a backward roll.”

“Most importantly, you must choose the right moment to throw your bomb and master the technique of throwing.”

As he spoke, Gerard raised his left hand and pointed at the wrist with his right.

“Remember, the wrist is crucial!”

“Be very careful not to raise your forearm too high as it may alert the enemy. Your shoulder should lead your upper arm which, in turn, should lead your forearm in an inward rotation to hurl the bomb!”

“If you can’t get the hang of the amplitude at first, use a backward roll to mask this throw.”

Gerard began to explain the key points.

Jason listened intently.

He then immersed himself in the training.

With a long-barreled flintlock in hand, he did roll after roll, throw after throw.

Shooting wasn’t difficult for Jason, who was proficient in “Gunpowder Weapons. Light Armoury.”

This was true even when various movements were incorporated.

What proved challenging was the throwing that came after.

Each throw was either not stealthy enough or missed the target.

This became the focus of Jason's practice for the next few hours.

The sun rose from the east to its zenith, then slowly began to descend in the west.

Relying on "Holy Water" to continuously replenish his Physical Strength, Jason had practiced hundreds of times.

His progress was, of course, significant!

By now, Jason could fire a shot and smoothly transition into a roll, throwing with relative accuracy.

This signified that he had mastered the basics of the "Griffin Shooting Technique."

It was not a misplaced self-perception.

It was accurately displayed in text.

[You have mastered the Griffin Shooting Technique (Basic)!]

