

Menu 230

Chapter 230: The Academy's Riding Grounds

Hannibal, dressed impeccably, chased out and stood by the side of the public coach.

“May I join you?”

The doctor watched Jason with a smile.

Jason replied with a smile:

“No.”

As the doctor saw Jason smile, he had prepared to board. However, when Jason spoke, he was taken aback.

By the time the doctor came to his senses, the public coach had already set off.

Watching the receding coach, the doctor couldn't help but shake his head.

Not angry in the slightest.

On the contrary, his gaze became even more interested.

“Why would a tiger travel with a dog?”

“Are you hiding something?”

“Even... ”

“Did you come to see me before just to cover something up?”

The corner of the doctor’s mouth curled up as he thought.

Then, he turned and walked back to his clinic.

He was prepared to carefully review Jason’s medical records again.

Although he didn’t know how many times he had perused them before.

But...

He never tired of it.

Because he was certain that this peer of his harbored something deeply hidden that intrigued him.

Searching for these concealed things was something he never tired of.

“That doctor is kind of scary.”

“He’s very polite, but always so cold.”

“Every time he looks at me, it’s like he’s appraising a steak.”

“Of course, Jason, you must have noticed already.”

As Giselle said this, her expression switched back to one of confusion, and she gave Jason a sweet smile.

“Yeah.”

“How much do you know about St. Mungo’s Academy?”

Not wanting to dwell on this topic, Jason inquired about their destination.

“St. Mungo’s Academy has been around for over three hundred years, originally established by a nun as a church academy. Gradually, it evolved into the current social sciences academy it is today, no longer restricting student status. The quality of education is quite high, considered one of the top institutions in Newdeth City. It enrolls young people aged 15 and above but under 18 for studies lasting from two to six years.”

“I wanted to go there to study culinary arts, but unfortunately...”

At this point, the pastry chef became shy again.

Jason looked at her curiously, waiting for an answer.

The pastry chef placed her hands in front of her chest, the index fingers of her left and right hands constantly touching each other, and said in a hushed voice:

“I set the kitchen on fire.”

“The fire was huge.”

“It burned down the cooking classroom.”

Setting the kitchen on fire while cooking?

Jason looked at the pastry chef in amazement.

Given her previous performance, this seemed out of character.

“I was a bit nervous at that time.”

“Plus, it was a bit hot.”

“Then, I just...”

The following words were barely audible, even Jason’s extraordinary perception couldn’t catch them.

But the pastry chef’s face had turned completely red.

It wasn’t until Jason stopped paying attention to her that she finally took a long sigh of relief.

So embarrassing.

She had agreed to face her past mistakes with composure.

If Evelyn were here, she would surely say I did well enough, and anyone who didn't understand me must be bad.

The pastry chef thought to herself.

For the rest of the journey, neither of them spoke.

Jason closed his eyes and recalled the information he had.

The pastry chef, meanwhile, thought about her sister and how she might convince Jason to stay.

St. Mungo's Academy was located at 1 Stew Pot Street, diagonally across Newdeth City from Grilled Sausage Street, almost spanning the entire Newdeth City. The carriage ride took about an hour.

The only silver lining was, there was no traffic jam.

The carriage arrived on time without any fuss.

The 'St. Mungo's Academy' in the afternoon was quiet.

The quaint stone school gate was not tall, in fact, it could be considered small.

"The school gate was hand-built by that nun and her followers three hundred years ago."

The pastry chef said, walking over.

"Giselle!"

The campus security guard at the gate was a middle-aged man, clearly familiar with the pastry chef. He began waving his arms before Giselle even got close.

Then, Jason entered the academy without any obstruction.

Moreover, along the way, the female pastry chef greeted everyone she encountered with a smile.

“I burned down the culinary classroom, but the principal and teachers here didn’t ask me to compensate, so after I learned how to make pastries, I would sometimes bring some for everyone.”

The female pastry chef explained.

Jason nodded, then used his “Death Perception” to look around.

St. Mungo’s Academy covered an extremely large area.

Beyond the main teaching buildings, library, and dormitory buildings, the sports field was divided into several areas.

There was even a horse field.

In order to conserve physical strength, Jason couldn’t maintain “Death Perception” at all times, he could only glance once wherever he went, but unfortunately, there was no death energy anywhere, everything was normal.

The female pastry chef noticed Jason’s behavior.

But she didn’t find it odd in the slightest.

Because...

She did the same.

A general glance.

Careful observation.

No need for too much.

One look was enough.

“The ‘Philosophy’ club is in Building 2, the old teaching building.”

“It’s shared with other clubs.”

“Right there!”

As they passed a dormitory building, the female pastry chef pointed to a six-story building not far away.

Jason followed the direction the female pastry chef was pointing in.

Like before, he found nothing.

There wasn't even the hint of death energy, let alone a corpse.

"Shall we go in and have a look?"

"I can ask someone from the student council to give us a tour inside."

The female pastry chef said.

"Okay."

Jason nodded.

Since he had come all this way, it would be ideal to be able to go inside for a look.

After Jason nodded, the female pastry chef led him towards the academy's horse field.

Clip-clop, clip-clop.

Before they got close, Jason could hear the clear sound of horse hooves.

It was not one or two horses, but a dozen or so running at once.

And...

The crisp snap of wooden lances breaking.

As they turned a corner, Jason saw a troupe of knights charging at each other.

They were in full armor, including faceplates, carrying four-meter-long wooden lances; they spaced themselves thirty meters apart, then charged at each other, lances aimed straight at their opponent's vital points.

Bang, bang-bang!

Crack, crack!

The sound of impact, the sound of lances breaking.

Knight after knight fell to the ground.

If Jason had not confirmed that this place was a comprehensive academy on his way here, he would have thought he had arrived at a military camp.

And not just any camp, but one of the more elite nobility's camps.

Because ordinary military camps could not afford so many horses, nor would they willingly waste so many lances.

Jason and the female pastry chef stood at a distance from the horse field.

However, they could see each other clearly.

After another charge, one of the victors reined in his steed, turned around, and removed his helmet.

A curly-haired girl with brown hair, single eyelids, and eyes brimming with boundless energy.

“Giselle.”

The other party excitedly waved her arm at the female pastry chef, then spurred her horse towards her.

“Tedi.”

The female pastry chef responded.

She didn’t dodge, because she trusted the other’s riding skills.

Tedi also trusted her riding skills.

About three meters away from the female pastry chef, Tedi finally pulled the reins, prepared to stop.

But the horse that was usually well-controlled suddenly became disobedient and continued to surge forward.

“Quick, move, Giselle,” the knight shouted.

But the female pastry chef had already panicked, standing still in shock.

It wasn't until Jason grabbed her by the back of her neck and pulled her behind him that she came to her senses. Seeing Jason block in front of her, she couldn't help but exclaim, "Be careful, Jason."

Jason paid no attention to the female pastry chef but stood there calmly watching the oncoming horse, and said indifferently,

"Stop."