

Menu 234

Chapter 234: Note

“As for accommodation, since we don’t have any single dormitories available for the time being... What, what did you say?”

Tedi spoke distractedly, articulating most of her thought before she snapped back to reality.

Immediately, the president of St. Mungo’s Academy’s student council turned around, disregarding all etiquette, and knelt on the passenger seat, eagerly fixing her gaze on Jason as she incessantly verified, “Really?”

“Mm-hmm.”

Considering that all three meals were included, Jason nodded in affirmation.

“That’s great!”

The female student president couldn’t help but cheer aloud.

She had thought that hiring Jason would cost much more.

It turned out that all it took was the treatment of an assistant instructor. No, assistant instructors have their own dormitories, but Jason didn't need one. Just a salary and three provided meals were enough.

With this in mind, it was such a bargain!

Tedi held no disdain for assistant instructors.

It's just that at St. Mungo's Academy, assistant instructors were very common.

But one who can command in actual combat?

There was none.

The female pastry chef watched her excited friend open her mouth as if to say something.

But in the end, upon seeing the anticipation in Jason's eyes, she chose to remain silent.

Some things, words couldn't prove.

It was better...

to experience them personally.

The pastry chef silently consoled herself.

After tentatively reaching an agreement, Tedi couldn't resist asking Jason.

"Mr. Jason, what skills do you have?"

"Combat, shooting, horseback riding, and cooking."

Having agreed, Jason naturally wouldn't go back on his word; he listed all the knowledge and skills he could teach.

"That's fantastic!"

"Although St. Mungo's Academy has some combat techniques, they are more about training, hardly any for actual combat."

"We've been maintaining the horseback riding."

"As for shooting, I'll find a way to apply to the school for it."

“Cooking?”

“Is it the food from a battlefield?”

The female student president grew even more excited.

She realized how wise her decision to specially recruit Jason was.

She didn’t anticipate that Jason could offer such a comprehensive set of skills, especially in cooking—she was somewhat eager to try what battlefield food was like. &

“Yes, that’s right.”

Jason nodded candidly.

The food he acquired always came from hunting during battles. Saying it was battlefield food wasn’t wrong, was it?

Moreover, he made a point not to eat it raw.

Most times, he cooked it thoroughly.

And with seasonings added, it was quite delicious.

“Tomorrow I’ll help you with the paperwork, and by 3 o’clock, you can enter the academy on your own.”

“On weekends, St. Mungo’s Academy is also responsible for providing three meals to single teaching staff,”

the student president explained.

Before returning to the Watchdog Pastry House, Jason listened quietly as the other party described the entire St. Mungo’s Academy.

He gained a new understanding of the whole academy.

“Goodbye.”

“I will deliver the special appointment certificate and proof tomorrow.”

As Jason and the pastry chef stepped out of the car, Tedi waved goodbye.

“See you tomorrow.”

The pastry chef bid farewell with a smile.

Then, watching the sun already setting, she energetically walked into her own shop.

The security cordon around had been completely removed, and the glass had been swiftly installed on Edward’s orders; some of the fractured walls were also being repaired.

There was no need to buy because the pastry shop had ample raw materials.

But before she started baking, the pastry chef took Jason to the second floor.

There were a total of three rooms on either side of the second floor.

Two small ones, one large one.

At the end of the hallway was another.

“This is Evelyn’s and my room.”

“This one is my deceased parents’ room.”

“I’ll clean it up, and you can stay here temporarily.”

The pastry chef pointed to the larger room and said.

“What about there?”

Jason didn’t move, instead he pointed to the room at the end of the hallway.

“That’s the storage room; it’s very messy...”

“I’ll stay there.”

Jason interrupted the pastry chef and headed straight for the room at the end of the hallway.

Move into the deceased parents' room of someone else?

Jason's principles wouldn't allow it.

There was no further contact between them prior to this, and the fact that she was letting him stay was already the result of various reasons.

He shouldn't overstep.

So, the storage room was the best choice.

The pastry chef watched Jason, who was pushing open the door of the storage room and beginning to tidy up, with a somewhat dazed expression.

She was increasingly feeling that Jason was different from the rest.

Then, she thought of what made Jason the most different—

He could eat!

“I’m going to make dinner.”

Thinking of Jason’s appetite, the pastry chef said hastily and immediately turned to go downstairs.

Jason, on the other hand, continued to organize the storage room, which was bigger than he had imagined, without even lifting his head.

The room was piled with boxes full of miscellaneous items, taking up most of the space.

The remaining space was occupied by a desk and a chair.

There was a lamp on the desk.

There were drawers under the desk.

Unlocked.

Jason reached out and touched the desk’s surface.

A thick layer of dust.

But there wasn't much dust on the chair.

"Did someone sit here to take a rest?"

Jason wondered.

This wasn't strange at all; resting after getting tired from cleaning a storage room was common sense, especially for two girls of average physical strength.

That's why the desk was full of dust while the chair had less.

Without giving it much thought, Jason began to move the boxes.

He needed to clear a space big enough to lay out a blanket.

If possible, he hoped to use these boxes, which were filled with miscellaneous items, to construct a makeshift bed.

It wasn't an easy task.

He needed to check the sturdiness of the boxes and ensure there was enough space.

The latter was especially important.

After trying twice, Jason's gaze inevitably fell on the desk.

The sturdiness of the desk was without a doubt.

The height was roughly equivalent to two stacked boxes, and any uneven spots could be propped with books or bricks.

With this thought, Jason immediately sprang into action.

He hugged the desk vertically, preparing to move it.

But when he reached behind the desk, his fingers touched something else.

Hard, thick.

Kraft paper?

Jason was taken aback.

He exerted a little force, pulling the entire desk away from its position against the wall.

Turning around, he saw a kraft paper bag taped to the backside of the desk.

After a thorough check to ensure there was no danger, Jason lifted his hand.

Rip.

Tugging at the tape, he pulled down the kraft paper bag.

The kraft paper bag wasn't sealed, and Jason, holding the bag, could clearly see that it was filled with numerous small pieces of paper.

They were bits torn from different whole sheets of paper.

Thickly stacked, they filled the kraft paper bag.

Jason furrowed his brows and dumped out the pieces of paper.

On each piece of paper was written the same message—

Don't trust my sister!

Don't trust my sister!

Don't trust my sister!