

Menu 253

Chapter 253: No Romance on the Battlefield

The female pastry chef clearly heard the sound of swallowing.

She couldn't help but be startled.

Was Jason hungry again?

Then came self-reproach.

I suppose I still made too little.

No.

It must be because sweets like pastries are simply too monotonous to truly suffice for a lunch.

I need to learn other cooking methods!

But the sweet scents inside the pastry shop cannot mix with other flavors...

Remodel the corridor?

The female pastry chef fell into deep thought.

St. Mungo's Academy student council president Tedi did not notice the sound of Jason swallowing at all, she walked over with a carefree attitude.

"Instructor Jason, this is your identity proof for St. Mungo's Academy."

"This is the school's emblem."

"This is your salary for the first week."

The girl president handed a kraft paper envelope to Jason.

Inside the envelope was something like a business card that served as an identity proof, but it was made of metal.

The front read: Student Council Advisor Teacher, Jason (with a portrait similar to a printed sketch).

The back read: PY86.11.2-PY87.11.2

Below that was the emblem of St. Mungo's Academy.

An image of dawn piercing through the gloom.

The emblem is the same, but more vivid, with the beams of dawn transformed into a long sword.

Then there was the previously agreed upon 35 pieces for the weekly salary.

Jason's gaze swept over without pausing.

Because the lingering fragrance on the female student president already captured his attention.

"Did you encounter anything unusual?"

"Since you took us back yesterday."

Jason asked.

"Nothing special."

“After I took you back, I returned to St. Mungo’s Academy.”

“Then took care of some routine matters.”

As she spoke, the girl president was pondering, and then she suddenly clapped her hands together.

“Right!”

“This morning I found some strange things in Classroom 13.”

“It should be something like a ritual... No, no, not the kind you’re thinking of, Instructor Jason. It’s that popular ‘spirit game’ among students.”

Seeing Jason’s suddenly solemn expression, the girl president hurriedly explained, waving her hands.

“Lately, some odd ‘spirit games’ have become very popular in Newdeth City.”

“There’s ‘Bloody Mary,’ ‘Four Man Run,’ ‘Crossroad Deal,’ ‘Summoning Game,’ and so on.”

“Although the student council is working hard to prohibit them, many students still play them secretly.”

As she said this, Tedi looked quite helpless.

Being of their age, she knew all too well how attractive such games could be.

Even she refused them all solely because of her duties as the student council president.

And the others?

The girl president could no longer guarantee.

In fact, she even suspected that members of the student council were playing these games in private.

After all, they're just games, it's not like anyone will die.

Listening to Tedi's description, Jason frowned.

Undoubtedly, the 'food' of this copy world was not only scarce but also adept at hiding.

“Adaptation and survival of the fittest, huh?”

Looking at the neat and orderly streets outside the window and the buildings not far away, Jason thought subconsciously.

Clearly, everything was changing.

Changing along with the times.

Even the sky would no longer be so blue.

And the female pastry chef, deep in thought, also came back to her senses.

“Tedi, you must stop these games.”

“Many things are beyond our current understanding.”

“Likewise, there are many existences we cannot know of.”

“A slight carelessness can bring great trouble.”

The female pastry chef said earnestly.

“Hmm, hmm.”

The female student council president nodded her head.

It wasn't a perfunctory gesture.

Of course, it wasn't an acknowledgment of the female pastry chef's words either.

It was simply because of her duties.

Jason stood up straight away after putting the identity documents, school badge, and money into his pocket, and asked:

“May I take a look?”

“You are interested in the ‘spiritual game’ at classroom 13?”

The female student council president was a bit surprised but then nodded immediately.

“Alright, I will be heading back to the academy soon, we can go together.”

“What about you, Giselle?”

Turning her head, the female student council president asked the female pastry chef.

“No, thanks.”

“I need to mind the shop.”

“Having closed unexpectedly for a day due to an accident yesterday, if I take another day off, the business will plummet.”

The female pastry chef smiled and shook her head.

Then, as she watched Jason and her friend leave, she let out a soft sigh.

“Indeed, Jason has grown tired of plain pastries, so he was in such a hurry to have dinner at St. Mungo’s Academy, wasn’t he?”

“What should I do?”

“I...”

As she was still thinking and hesitating, the female pastry chef’s body suddenly swayed.

Once she had steadied herself, she walked straight to the counter, picked up the phone, and dialed a number.

“Buy the shop next to ‘Watchdog Pastry House’ for me, convert it into a restaurant, and hire two, no, three skilled male chefs.”

Having said that, she hung up the phone.

After a moment’s hesitation, she then tore off a sticky note and began to write.

...

Tedi chose the backseat this time.

She wanted to observe Jason from close quarters.

However, seeing Tedi sit in the back, Jason immediately took the passenger seat.

He still wasn't too fond of contact with strangers.

Regardless of their gender.

Especially once the scent of that 'food' had dissipated, Jason had always been able to maintain his rationality.

Tedi watched Jason sitting in the passenger seat and couldn't help but pout.

But the next moment, she asked enthusiastically:

"Instructor Jason, what is the battlefield like?"

Through the rearview mirror, Jason could clearly see the eagerness and anticipation in the eyes of the female student council president.

Therefore, he said directly:

“Hell.”

“Once you’ve been there, you never want to go back.”

This answer was obviously different from what the female student council president had imagined.

“Isn’t there even a hint of romance amidst the booming guns and the smoke of gunpowder?”

She asked reluctantly.

“Romantic death?”

“Not romantic.”

“Any romance highlighted by death is merely false—once a person dies, they have nothing left.”

Jason said decisively.

This response made the female student council president completely shut her mouth.

She looked at Jason with an air of frustration.

As if she wished she could bite him just once.

But deep down, she believed that what Jason said was probably right.

After all, no one wishes for death.

So is the romance of the battlefield only for those who are immortal?

But how could such people exist?

Thinking this, the female student council president's thoughts began to wander uncontrollably.

She wondered how she would enjoy the romance of the battlefield if she could be immortal?

The silence lingered through the latter half of the journey.

It wasn't until they arrived at St. Mungo's Academy that the silence was broken.

A member of the student council Jason had seen before, with obvious urgency on his face, ran over as soon as he saw Tedi's car. Without waiting for Tedi to get out, he said directly—

“President, there's been an incident!”