

Menu 260

Chapter 260: You Are So Naive...

Jason's call was to Edward.

It involved the "Ghost Squad," and Jason thought that Edward should be informed and could give him more professional advice.

Of course, when it was clear that Edward did not understand the "Mystical Side," Jason, to save time, used something with a similar effect as a substitute.

"Utilizing hypnotic methods to influence students at St. Mungo's Academy?"

"That bastard Mika!"

"Has he forsaken even the last bit of a soldier's honor?"

Even without seeing, Jason could feel Edward's fury at the moment; his voice was almost a roar.

"There must be something at St. Mungo's Academy that Mika cares about."

"That guy doesn't do things without reason."

“Jason, please look into it first.”

“I’ll be right there.”

After giving his instructions, Edward hung up the phone.

Clearly, the special operations team leader was impatient.

Jason then put down the phone and thanked Tedi.

“There’s no need.”

“You are already our student council advisor, and you have the right to use the phone here.”

“Also...”

“May I invite you for afternoon tea?”

The female student council president gestured no repeatedly and then extended the invitation.

Previously, Jason had stopped Dadas from committing suicide, providing her with considerable help; she felt obliged to express her gratitude.

This was an important part of the education she had received.

She couldn't overlook it.

Therefore, the female student council president did not display the shyness and hesitation typical of young girls.

Instead, she took the initiative.

Hesitation meant defeat!

The words taught by her mother remained engraved in the student council president's heart.

Of course, some things she wouldn't just say standing at the entrance to the old school building.

Not only would it be inappropriate, but it would also undermine her sincerity.

So, afternoon tea was a good excuse.

Of course, before speaking those words, she definitely needed tact so as not to cause any misunderstandings on Jason's part.

Out of consideration for Jason's self-respect, the female student council president thought carefully.

"Sure, where?"

Jason asked straightforwardly.

Investigation?

He hadn't forgotten.

An afternoon tea wouldn't waste much time.

Moreover, who said one couldn't investigate while having afternoon tea?

It should be known that his method of investigation was different from others.

“Near the dormitory direction, in the shops there,”

“There’s a coffee shop,”

said the female student council president.

“Hmm.”

“Let’s go,”

said Jason, and he started walking towards the direction of the dormitories.

Having been previously shown around St. Mungo’s Academy by the female pastry chef, he had a general idea of the layout.

So, he would not get lost.

Seeing Jason, who was full of drive, the female student council president couldn’t help but smile.

She didn't dislike men who acted on their words.

And, whether it was an illusion or not, the female student council president always felt Jason's eyes lit up for a moment when she suggested afternoon tea.

Was it anticipation for afternoon tea?

No!

No, no!

It must be that he guessed my true intention.

Worthy of someone seasoned on the battlefield, he guessed my thoughts in an instant.

The female student council president couldn't help but smile.

She didn't dislike such a man.

In fact, she quite liked smart people.

Particularly when the smart person was also very strong.

At least...

Before stepping into “Flowers and Sizzling Coffee Pots,” that’s what the female student council president thought.

But twenty minutes after stepping into the shop “Flowers and Sizzling Coffee Pots,” and seeing two stacks of plates nearly reaching the ceiling on the table, the female student council president fell silent.

She felt she had made a colossal mistake.

Not about her recent promise.

But...

About the conditions she offered when hiring Jason: a weekly salary of 35 dollars, with three meals included!

Three meals included!

Three meals!

Meals!

Watching Jason signal the waiter to bring another serving, the female student council president couldn't help but speak up.

“

“Mr. Jason, did you not have lunch?”

The female student council president was a bit persistent.

She hoped Jason would say yes.

Not having eaten at noon, and then being extremely hungry in the afternoon, it would be understandable for a strong man to eat so much.

Because, that would mean he didn't eat this much every meal.

However, in the next moment, Jason shattered her illusion.

"I did."

"Giselle's cooking is quite good."

"I like the extra-large banana boat."

Jason, while picking up 'Flora and Sizzle Coffee Pot's' signature chicken onion rings and roast wings and stuffing them into his mouth, answered.

An extra-large banana boat?

Extra-large?

Platter?

The female student council president suddenly recalled the huge platter she had seen at the counter when she entered, and she felt bewildered.

Isn't that the platter only used during banquets?

And only at large banquets at that!

Why would you use such a huge platter just for yourself?

Having a big appetite is one thing, but there has to be a limit!

The female student council president gasped in shock.

"Did you eat all of that by yourself?"

With a dry laugh, the female student council president asked.

"Mm-hmm."

Jason nodded.

In such matters, he had nothing to hide.

Whatever he ate, he ate.

And the female student council president was completely thrown into disarray.

Her breathing became hurried.

It took her several tens of seconds before she finally confirmed one last time:

“Can you eat this much every meal?”

“No.”

Jason immediately shook his head.

Instantly, the female student council president breathed a sigh of relief.

I just knew it.

How could someone eat so much every meal?

A smile reappeared on the face of the female student council president.

But, in the next moment—

“I just had a good ‘meal’, not very hungry.”

Jason replied.

Not very hungry!

The female student council president blankly raised her head, looking at the stack of plates reaching the ceiling, and her smile froze completely.

She felt the world spinning around her.

It’s over!

The cafeteria budget is going to be overblown!

No!

This isn't just a matter of the budget being overblown anymore!

It's about being eaten into collapse, driven to bankruptcy!

Watching Jason, who appeared eager as he gestured to the waiter again, the female student council president felt as if she were seeing a huge, terrifying monster lying on the St. Mungo's Academy cafeteria, letting out a roar—

I'm hungry!!!

Then, while breathing fire, it grabbed food and threw it into its mouth.

No wonder the details about his discharge were vague in the records.

He must have been able to eat a lot!

He must have eaten the entire logistics into collapse!

Yes!

It must be that!

The female student council president, thinking she had found the key point, couldn't help sighing.

She took a deep breath.

A mistake, she had already made one.

The rest was up to her to make amends.

Worst comes to worst...

Sell the car.

Subsidize the cafeteria.

As for anything more?

She was just too young earlier, not understanding the evils of society.

Now, she needed to calm down and think it over more seriously.

“Mr. Jason, I’m going to the restroom for a moment,”

Saying this, the female student council president stood up, ready to walk toward the coffee shop’s restroom.

But just at that moment, a figure seated at the next table, as if looking at the scenery outside the window, suddenly drew a gun and turned, pointing the muzzle at the back of the female student council president.

Pop!