

Menu 282

Chapter 282: Target!

“Extra! Extra!”

“The ‘Nightfall Ripper’ Provokes Police Special Advisor Mr. Jason Arrested!”

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...

Newsboys’ cries selling papers appeared on the streets, several hours later than usual.

People stopped in their tracks and bought them.

In recent months in Newdeth City, the ‘Nightfall Ripper’ had become a notorious figure, bringing countless scary nights to the people.

Even deterred people from venturing out on the streets of Newdeth City after dark.

Although, most of the time, people wouldn't be out on cold winter nights anyway.

But that did not stop people from being curious about who Jason was.

And when people learned of some of Jason's past from the newspapers, many curiously flocked to Pea Corner Street.

They found out from the detailed newspaper reports that Jason was temporarily residing at the 'Watchdog Pastry House'.

Only now, the 'Watchdog Pastry House' had already hung up a sign saying business was suspended.

Where had Jason gone?

Everyone was wondering.

At this moment, Jason was sitting in the student council office at St. Mungo's Academy.

Unlike the temporary meeting room, classroom number 13.

The formal student council meeting room was in classroom number 33 on the fifth floor.

Leaning back in a sofa chair, Jason read the prompt before him—

[City Recognition +25%]

...

A number far surpassing the previous one.

“That guy has more influence than I imagined,” Jason thought and couldn’t help but smile.

While Jason hadn’t seen today’s newspaper, the late distribution by Newdeth newspapers had already led him to guess what these publishers were planning.

Nothing more than publishing everything about the ‘Nightfall Ripper’ at the first opportunity.

Tedi, sitting across from Jason, saw his smile.

“Mr. Jason, you seem very happy?”

“Is there some good news?”

Asked the female student council president, then after a moment’s thought she added, “Today’s lunch is the regular meal, no extra portions.”

“Why not?”

Jason’s attention was immediately captured.

Even though before this he also didn’t know about the so-called extra portions.

“Extra portions are only available on the 1st, 15th, and 30th of each month.”

“They are made by the cooking class teachers for students and teachers who have performed well over the past half-month.”

“Consider it a kind of extra reward.”

The female pastry chef, very familiar with St. Mungo’s Academy, explained.

“What counts as performing well?”

Jason focused on the key point.

“Maintaining the school’s image, abiding by school discipline, outstanding learning, or teaching all count,” the female student council president replied.

Before she could say more, Jason had already risen to his feet.

“What are we waiting for?”

“As the student council’s advisory teacher, I am eager to start your first lesson.”

Jason said.

“But we only need one advisory lesson per week for the student council...”

“I can add lessons.”

Jason said indisputably.

“But, everyone...”

“Do you still remember your oath?”

“Do you still want to learn real battlefield techniques?”

“Or are you planning to back out?”

Jason interrupted the female student council president with a serious face.

“Of course not.”

“We will never forget our oath,” she replied with equal gravity.

“Good.”

“Meet at the riding field in ten minutes,” Jason said with a nod.

“Yes.”

The female student council president turned and headed out.

As she stepped out the door, she felt slightly stunned.

Had she been provoked by reverse psychology?

But the words had already been spoken, and to back out now...

No!

I cannot back out!

I must remember the oath!

With these thoughts, the female student council president strode forward.

In the meeting room, as the female president left, Jason, who had just been serious, suddenly became excited.

Extra food!

And it was made by the cooking class teacher!

The taste must be amazing!

Jason thought.

Meanwhile, the female pastry chef watched everything with a smile.

She knew Jason was in it for the food.

Although this might be somewhat unfair to her friend, what was Tedi compared to Jason?

He was merely someone she'd keep around when in a good mood.

The kind she could easily discard.

So what if it's unfair?

And furthermore...

Jason looked so cute at this moment.

Different from his strong demeanor.

But it made her heart flutter even more.

What should I do?

What should I do?

I'm having trouble holding back.

Jason, immersed in his food fantasies, seemed to sense something and turned his head, only to see the confused-looking female pastry chef.

“Did I just fall asleep?”

“I have that kind of problem.”

“I always fall asleep without realizing it.”

Upon noticing Jason’s gaze, the female pastry chef explained somewhat embarrassedly.

“Has it been like this since you were child?”

Jason asked.

“No.”

“It started after I accidentally set the cooking classroom on fire during the last entrance exam.”

“The doctor said it’s something like post-traumatic stress disorder.”

The female pastry chef shook her head and said.

Post-traumatic stress disorder too?

Jason was taken aback.

He had never thought that the female pastry chef might have a past similar to 'his'.

"Do you need to see another doctor?"

"I know a psychologist who's really good."

Jason said out of concern for his friend.

"Is it that Dr. Hannibal?"

The female pastry chef asked.

Jason nodded.

Immediately, the female pastry chef felt a strong aversion deep inside her.

Then, the words that came to her mind made her speak involuntarily:

“No need.”

“That doctor gives me a weird feeling.”

“I really don’t like him.”

Jason watched the female pastry chef and, upon realizing her firm stance, immediately chose to give up.

“Alright then.”

He was merely acting out of kindness and would not insist.

Then, the two of them headed towards the equestrian area together.

This time, the female pastry chef walking beside Jason had completely reverted to that slightly confused demeanor.

Jason surreptitiously observed the female pastry chef, remaining silent.

Everyone has secrets they cannot openly reveal.

It's nothing to be ashamed of.

After all, who can truly open their heart completely?

Indeed, there are two things in the world one cannot face directly... the sun and the human heart.

They progressed, and after all the student council members had assembled, Jason led the female pastry chef to the equestrian field.

"Instructor Jason, everyone is assembled."

"May I ask, what are we training on today?"

The female student council president stood at the front of the line, reporting to Jason.

Jason was about to say something.

Suddenly, he felt a gaze sweep over him.

Filled with extreme malice.

‘Ghost Squad’?! Jason’s gaze turned icy.

Instinctively, he moved towards where the female pastry chef was.

Then—

Bang!

The female student council president fell to the ground with the sound of gunfire.