

Menu 286

Chapter 286: True. Auxiliary Teaching

St. Mungo's Academy, the riding ground.

Aside from the duty-bound members of the student council, everyone stood erectly here, silently waiting for Jason, with no one absent despite the earlier mishap.

"Hmm?"

Walking behind Jason, Edward raised an eyebrow involuntarily as he observed the council members.

As someone with a military background, Edward was all too familiar with the ways of the military.

Therefore, he could clearly see that the members of the St. Mungo's student council had undergone training similar to that of the military.

Although not quite complete, and the council members seemed somewhat tender due to the lack of experience amid gun smoke, the basics were in place.

"Wasn't St. Mungo's Academy previously a church school?"

Edward couldn't help but ask in a low voice.

"Perhaps it's because it was a church school, some traditions were preserved?"

"I heard that during its earliest times, the school existed in a very chaotic era."

"The school needed protection, so it was natural for some guardians to appear, right?"

The pastry chef answered.

However, her tone was not certain.

Clearly, she'd heard this but didn't truly understand it.

"Is that so?"

Edward was somewhat skeptical.

However, he didn't ask further.

Because at that time, Jason had already walked over.

“Good morning, Teacher Jason,”

“Good morning, Teacher Jason,”

The female president of the student council stood at the forefront of the formation, leading the greeting, followed immediately by the rest of the council members.

“Good morning,”

Jason responded.

Then, he quietly observed everyone, waiting for someone to propose what they wanted to learn, and he would teach it.

Yet everyone, including the female council president, was looking at Jason, awaiting his initiative to teach.

Time ticked away second by second.

Jason stood still.

The council members didn't dare to move either.

Only the exchange of gazes persisted.

Edward watched this scene thoughtfully, yet his eyes also held some confusion.

"Is it necessary to go to such lengths?"

"They are still children, after all."

This leader of the special operations team murmured softly to himself.

The pastry chef beside him softly began to respond:

"Of course."

"Because this is Jason's habitual method."

"Although he's retired, some things have already been deeply imprinted in him!"

“Therefore, when facing these students who call him ‘teacher,’ Jason subconsciously wants to use this boring yet effective method to assess the physical fitness and willpower of the council members before him.”

“Then, he will teach according to their abilities.”

Stating this, the pastry chef looked at Jason with a gaze full of admiration.

If it weren’t for Jason’s demonstration, she would have never known of such a straightforward method.

“Teach according to their abilities?”

Edward was puzzled at first but then came to understand; after all, this place was not a military camp, and it could not conduct training on the level of that found in a military setting.

Teaching according to their abilities truly was the best choice.

The leader of the special operations team nodded in agreement without reservation.

“So that’s how it is,”

he sighed quietly.

Though their voices were low, the student council members could hear the conversation clearly; they weren't far from Edward and the pastry chef, and everyone was standing in attentive silence without making the slightest noise.

As a result, the council members who were still somewhat confused now straightened their stances immediately, with each person's expression bearing the 'I understand now' realization.

Determination appeared in their eyes.

Their faces turned meticulous.

Especially the female council president, who was filled with admiration.

She had been puzzled whether Jason really didn't know what to do, having never been a teacher before.

Looking back now, she had overthought it.

Jason might not have been a teacher, but he definitely had abundant teaching experience, only his methods were somewhat unconventional.

Immediately, the female student council president became even more vigilant towards Jason.

She had already sent out a message, but until she could confirm whether Jason was a member of the 'Ghost Squad', she couldn't relax her guard.

In fact, whether or not Jason was a member of the 'Ghost Squad', she needed to be cautious around someone like Jason who had been exposed to secrets unknown to ordinary people.

Especially since Jason seemed to have detected her secret.

She hoped it wasn't the worst-case scenario.

The female student council president thought to herself.

And facing the looks from everyone that said 'I've got it' and 'I'm trying hard', Jason appeared completely unfazed.

Yes.

It's exactly what you're thinking.

I am testing the physical fitness and willpower of you 'Cat Hole' dispatched students.

Then, he began to recall memories he had almost forgotten.

Jason had never been a teacher.

But he had been a student.

The way teachers behaved in the classroom, it had been so long, his memories were somewhat vague.

But!

He remembered one sentence.

The next moment, Jason spoke—

"You are the worst batch I have ever taught."

The habitually calm tone became serious at this moment.

A look of confusion and a hint of anger emerged on the faces of the student council members in front of him.

They had already done well enough, why would he say they were the worst batch?

Edward felt the same way.

He had just observed that these student council members had good physical fitness and their willpower was also commendable.

Keep in mind, standing in the cold winds of winter for half an hour while keeping their posture perfectly straight was already beyond what most people could do.

The female pastry chef gave a slight nod.

She once again understood Jason's meaning.

"Trust!"

“It was only after our reminder that they eliminated their doubts and chose to continue standing—this is a display of not trusting Jason.”

“Just think, if we hadn’t reminded them?”

“What would they have done?”

Hearing the pastry chef’s explanation, Edward immediately nodded.

“Indeed.”

“Trust.”

“The military is all about obedience, unconditional obedience, without trust...”

Edward, with his military background, had a profound understanding of this.

Suddenly, despite previously feeling that these student council members were quite good, he shook his head.

And the student council members who heard the two's conversation had a sudden realization within.

They hadn't trusted Teacher Jason enough!

Yes, that's it!

If it weren't for Giselle's words, we would probably have been unable to resist raising our doubts by now, right?

How could we still be standing here.

And when Teacher Jason says we are the worst batch, it must be because the people he trained before had unconditional trust in him.

Unlike us, who not only harbor doubts but also feel angry when confronted with Jason's candid remarks.

Indeed... we are the worst batch.

The student council members hung their heads in guilt, one by one.

In the face of the pastry chef who had 'understood them' once again, Jason felt no inner turmoil.

He was accustomed to it.

He certainly wouldn't turn his head and say something like 'why don't you try it' to the other person.

"Next, I will teach you..."

Jason spoke again, but before he could finish, he was interrupted by a voice.

"Standing here in the cold wind during winter, is this what you're supposed to learn?"

"Utterly foolish!"

"Foolish are those of you learning this, even more foolish is the one teaching you!"