

Menu 288

Chapter 288: Strong Will to Survive

Above the second arena, when Jason caught sight of the black bear in the cage for the first time, a thought instantly flashed through his mind: Bear meat, does it taste good?

He'd never eaten bear meat before.

However, he was extremely curious about the bear itself.

Because—

Bear meat, fat rendered into dripping, belly meat turned into bear meat broth, tendon meat skewered on sticks.

Bear bones, stewed into a soup.

Bear gall, bear brain, simply poured over with boiling oil.

And bear paws, steamed clear.

One bear was a full table's worth of dishes.

Especially now in the autumn-winter season, the bear's abdomen was full of fat, its muscles firm; it truly was the perfect time to eat.

The bear in front of him was a good two meters in length, its fur shiny, and the 'V' shaped white spot on its chest unusually attractive, making it look particularly appetizing.

"Enough for me to have a good meal!"

As Jason thought, the hunger in his belly made his stomach rumble like thunder.

Boom!

Rumble rumble!

The secretion of saliva made Jason continually swallow.

The scent of a predator involuntarily emanated from him.

Suddenly, the black bear, which had been roaring ceaselessly just a moment ago, froze in place.

Instinct told the creature that it couldn't go any further.

If it did...

It would be eaten!

And not just eaten, but eaten completely clean!

Its eyes widened as it tried to see what exactly it was facing, but its terrible eyesight meant it could only vaguely make out a massive shadow.

The bear couldn't estimate how big the shadow was, only that it was many times its own size.

But those blood-red eyes and gaping maw were all too clear to see.

Particularly the sound of swallowing saliva was unmistakably clear to it.

Hungry!

Hungry!

Hungry!

The terrifying roar made the black bear tremble all over.

Suddenly, the bear had an idea.

Without hesitation, it turned and ran back into its cage, even picking up the bolt and sliding it back in place.

Then, it huddled in a corner of the cage, shivering vigorously and whimpering non-stop.

It was almost a howl, as if pleading for someone to come rescue it.

Everyone watched this scene in disbelief.

Everything had happened too fast; from the moment people saw Jason to the black bear charging out of its cage and eagerly returning, it was only a matter of a few breaths.

What had happened?

Wasn't the black bear supposed to be tearing Jason apart?

Why was it the other way around?

And why was that black bear whimpering?

It was as if it had suffered some great injustice.

A myriad of questions arose in everyone's minds.

Even Edward, who had his gun raised by now, was a bit slow to react.

In his mind, even with his help, it would be difficult for his friend to escape danger.

In fact, he had already decided to rush down and fight shoulder to shoulder with his friend.

The female pastry chef was first taken aback.

Then, she soon burst into laughter.

“Jason, a veteran of many battles, has become strong beyond common understanding,” she said.

“Honed by blood and fire, Jason possesses an aura that ordinary people do not have. He always conceals this aura, but once released, even a fierce creature like a black bear will be intimidated,” she explained to those around her.

And it did seem just as the female pastry chef had said.

While everyone was still stunned and slow to react, Jason approached the black bear with large strides.

A cage?

It didn't exist to him.

Nobody could stop his extra mealtime.

And as Jason drew nearer, the already shivering black bear shook even more intensely.

Right when Jason's hand touched the cage bars...

Hiss!

Plop!

The bear defecated and urinated at once.

A foul stench hit the face, and Jason instantly stopped in his tracks.

His brows furrowed.

Meanwhile, at the brink of life and death, the bear burst into the strongest survival instinct, unhesitatingly starting to roll back and forth in its own excrement.

Jason's brows furrowed even tighter.

Finally, Jason chose to turn around and go back above.

He felt somewhat reluctant to speak.

This time, Jason could distinctly sense the changes around him.

The look in the eyes of the student council members was no longer merely admiration but also carried threads of respect and awe. Seeing him approach, they immediately paid their respectful salutes.

For these young people, a person who could scare off a black bear with just a glance was worthy of such treatment.

What was more important was that this person was also their teacher.

The thought of being able to learn from such a teacher immediately thrilled the students.

Edward gave a thumbs-up gesture.

He was simply happy for his friend.

The female pastry chef watched Jason with a smile, though with a slight frown.

She guessed that Jason felt regret for not having been able to eat the bear meat.

Therefore, she decided to try making a bear meat soup for Jason.

She just didn't know if the market sold bear meat.

The female pastry chef thought silently to herself.

Then, a voice emerged at the bottom of her heart: Yes.

As if the matter was settled with a hammer's strike, upon hearing this voice, the female pastry chef immediately smoothed her brows and smiled simply.

Tedi, the female student council president, however, had a slightly more complex expression.

She was scared by Jason's recent actions as well.

Then followed the astonishment.

Even though she had seen many formidable people, even those who could be called strong due to her family's connections, none of them could scare off a black bear with just a gaze.

Uncontrollably, the student council president thought of a possibility.

Of course, she would need to wait for confirmation.

Until verifying whether Jason was a member of the Ghost Squad, everything was just idle talk.

The youngest daughter of the Andema Family, on the other hand, had the simplest expression of all.

Fear!

Utter fear!

For someone who focused on banquets, scheming, and chasing luxury goods, she had never encountered such a terrifying person. In her perception, the two bodyguards behind her were the strongest there could be.

As for someone who could wrestle with a black bear with their bare hands?

That was simply impossible.

“Don’t come over!”

“Don’t come over!”

“Keep him away from me!”

The youngest daughter of the Andema Family shouted loudly, then turned and ran.

The two followers, though frightened, still dutifully blocked Jason’s way.

“My apologies, Lord Jason,”

“We are merely following orders.”

One of the bodyguards, clearly not wanting Jason to misunderstand, immediately explained.

Jason, however, paid them no mind. He turned to the student council members and said:

“Back to the riding ground.”

“Class.”

Having missed out on the bear meat, he definitely could not miss the extra food.

“Yes, Teacher Jason.”

The already excited student council members responded eagerly, rushing back to the riding ground.

As for the youngest daughter of the Andema Family?

They didn’t pay her any mind at all.

Though they guessed she would return just the same.

In fact, upon returning to the school district, the youngest daughter of the Andema Family once again became haughty.

“Damn it!”

“Damn!”

“That woman Tedi, and that bastard Jason!”

“I must make you all understand...”

She rambled to herself, ranting without restraint as she spoke. The people around her looked on in astonishment.

The youngest Andema was no nobody at St. Mungo’s Academy.

So immersed was she in her self-centered world that the spiteful girl completely failed to notice a girl with black hair cut into a mushroom style approaching from a distance.

Suddenly, the onlookers who had paused nearby scattered like birds and beasts.

The youngest Andema was no nobody.

But the newcomer’s reputation was even more imposing.

‘Witch’ Dadas, the senior student.

The spiteful girl was awakened by a series of sharp, crow-like cackles.

Looking up, she saw a twisted face.

That face became even more terrifying under its crazed demeanor, and the youngest daughter of the Andema Family immediately backed away.

But that cold voice followed her like a shadow, slithering like a snake around her neck and hissing at her—

“Did you just call Jason a bastard?”