

Menu 290

Chapter 290: The Correct Way of Teaching

After returning to the stables, Edward said goodbye to Jason and the female pastry chef first.

As the deputy head of the special operations unit and temporarily in charge of the police station affairs, he really didn't have more time to waste.

"Although I feel like we could meet four or five times a day,"

"I still want to say 'goodbye'."

Edward said.

"Mm."

Jason nodded.

"Goodbye."

The female pastry chef waved goodbye.

After watching Edward leave, the female pastry chef stood in place and watched Jason walk towards the neatly arrayed student council members.

“Barehanded Combat, horsemanship, and cooking, which would you like to start with?”

Jason asked earnestly.

Since he was getting paid and had taken on the role of teacher for these student council members, he naturally needed to earn his substantial weekly salary.

Of course, that included extra meals!

“I’ve already applied for firearms training,”

“but I’m not very hopeful.”

“Newdeth City’s laws on firearms are very strict.”

The female student president came over and said this.

Then, she asked Jason:

“Can we start with Martial Arts?”

“Of course.”

Jason nodded.

Immediately, the student council members’ eyes lit up.

They had been eager to witness the Martial Arts of the battlefield.

However, Jason didn’t show them anything.

Instead, he pointed towards the wooden dummies in the distance, and said, “Practice as you do in your regular training, go through it once.”

Having learned from previous lessons, the student council members didn’t hesitate at all, and they immediately ran over to put on hand bindings and gloves to start practicing together.

Ha!

Bang, bang bang!

Ha!

Bang, bang bang!

With over thirty people executing each move and form with precision, Jason watched and nodded slightly.

They were all quite good, basically reaching a basic level, with a few even at the beginner level.

Obviously, they had put in effort.

And their shortcomings?

Just as they had said, they lacked actual combat experience.

And...

They weren't strong enough!

Clap, clap.

Jason clapped his hands to signal everyone to stop.

Then, he walked straight towards a wooden dummy.

Suddenly, everyone's eyes were fixed on Jason, hoping to see different techniques from him.

Without drawing a breath or taking a stance, Jason approached the dummy, aimed for its head, and threw a punch.

Crack!

A crisp sound, and the wooden section representing the dummy's neck connecting the head and the torso shattered.

"This punch represents Strength,"

As his words were still hanging in the air, Jason's robust frame moved cat-like to the dummy's side and kicked at the wood representing the dummy's leg.

Crack!

Another crisp sound followed as the wood of the dummy's leg also splintered.

"This kick represents Speed."

Then, as Jason spoke, he suddenly reached out to where the dummy's wrist would be, yanked and twisted it.

Crack!

This time it was a single sharp sound, but all the student council members could already see the wood representing the dummy's wrist hanging down limp like a rope.

"This is Technique."

Jason stood next to the dummy and said indifferently.

Hiss!

Seeing the dummy now missing its head, with a broken arm and leg, the surrounding student council members involuntarily drew a sharp breath.

They couldn't help but envision themselves in the dummy's place.

Their minds naturally conjured the image of their own miserable state.

Suddenly, a few students who thought highly of themselves and had hoped to spar with Jason retracted their necks and fell silent.

Observing the silent students before him, Jason inwardly frowned.

Why isn't anyone asking to spar?

Was my demonstration not clear enough?

Or is their comprehension just too poor?

Jason, deep in thought, was about to call the roll.

And at this moment—

“Charge, Tibbers!”

“Hahaha.”

Laughter echoed through the area, and as everyone turned their heads, they saw Dadas riding atop a black bear, running towards them from a distance.

“It’s, it’s Senior Dadas!”

Joel exclaimed in surprise.

But at this moment, no one paid any attention to the scribe.

Everyone’s gaze was captivated by Dadas.

Including the female student council president.

To be able to ride a bear?!

The female student council president wore a look of amazement on her face.

She knew about Dadas, a senior who seemed terrifying but was actually harmless.

Therefore, she didn't pay it much mind.

It was just that the scene before her made the female student council president narrow her eyes.

She knew she must have been negligent.

Someone who could ride a bear surely was no ordinary person.

A thorough investigation was necessary!

The female student council president thought silently.

The president was surprised, but the people around her were horrified.

Their fear of Dadas had now intensified into sheer terror.

The rumors that a 'witch' had her own 'familiar' lingered in their minds; could this bear be Senior Dadas's familiar?

But why did this bear look so familiar?

People silently pondered.

Tibbers, under Dadas's command and Sprinting forward, once again saw that terrifying figure through his blurry eyes.

Oh! No!

Why is it this man again?

It seems that while I gained intelligence, I sacrificed my luck!

Oh! Heaven!

He's looking at me!

His gaze has changed!

What do I do?

No!

I can't be eaten!

A deep-rooted fear caused Tibbers to lock his forelimbs and squat down.

Suddenly, the bear's forward charge turned into a screeching halt.

Chhh!

The tremendous kinetic energy kicked up piles of dirt from the ground, accumulating at Jason's feet before finally settling down.

When the black bear raised its head, it saw Jason, who was just a stone's throw away.

The instincts branded within its being told it what it should do now.

The next moment—

The bear once again let loose a flow of feces and urine.

"Ah? Tibbers, why are you relieving yourself everywhere!"

Dadas cried out in shock and jumped down from Tibbers, ready to clean up the excrement—believing it was her responsibility as Tibbers's owner, much like carrying a scoop and bag to clean up after a dog while walking it.

But just as she stepped away from her pet bear, Tibbers rolled around in his feces and urine once again.

Jason frowned.

The hunger in his eyes disappeared once more.

It was just too disgusting, and he couldn't bring himself to eat.

"Tibbers was being so smart just now."

"Maybe he's not used to being around so many people?"

"Poor guy, he's been tormented by that bad woman from the Andema family for too long, now he's scared of strangers."

"Don't worry, I'll take good care of you."

Dadas explained to Jason and then patted the bear's head.

"Tibbers, come with me."

"I'll take you to get washed."

The horse stable had hoses for washing horses, connected to rubber tubes.

It was also suitable for washing a black bear at this time.

Tibbers couldn't wait to get far away from Jason and immediately started following behind Dadas.

"So well-behaved!"

"Damn, is it any wonder she's Senior Dadas?"

The student council members murmured among themselves.

Jason, however, suddenly had an idea on how to demonstrate Barehanded Combat better and more accurately to these not-too-bright students.

He walked in front of everyone and straightforwardly said—

"Do you know how to fight a bear with your bare hands?"