

Menu 292

Chapter 292: The True. Jason's Powerful Secret

After being choked unconscious for the nineteenth time, Jason's fighting lesson came to an end—for now.

Not because the members of the St. Mungo's Academy Student Council had learned anything, but because... it was lunchtime.

"This afternoon, we'll continue,"

Jason instructed earnestly.

Then he turned and quickly walked toward the cafeteria.

Jason had never been to the St. Mungo's Academy cafeteria.

But!

The smell of food was enough to guide him there.

“Wait for me, Jason,”

the female pastry chef called as she chased after him.

Phew!

Watching Jason leave, all the Student Council members breathed a sigh of relief.

He was just too strict.

How could normal people possibly fight a bear?

Even though the bear seemed pretty weak.

Sympathy involuntarily arose in the Student Council members as they watched Tibbers stumble around weakly upon regaining consciousness.

And when the black bear that had woken up realized that Jason had finally gone, it immediately buried its head in senior Dadas’s embrace, seeking the comfort of its owner.

Scared to death, bear!

I thought I was a goner!

No!

I've been on the brink of death nineteen times!

Never again will I be a bear in my next life!

Who would be willing to endure such a miserable bear life? Come on, take it!

Overcome by sadness, Tibbers could no longer hold back his tears and started crying with a great wail.

Dadas couldn't help but pat her pet bear's head.

The surrounding Student Council members couldn't help but feel compassion.

"Does Tibbers eat honey, senior Dadas?"

"Should I bring him some honey this afternoon?"

Joel took the initiative to ask.

“Right, bears like to eat fish.”

“Does Tibbers like fish?”

Novie also chimed in.

Honey?! Fish?!

The black bear that had been howling a moment before perked up its ears, immediately stopped crying, and lifted its bear face, looking pleadingly at the voices of the secretary and the discipline head.

“I’ve only just adopted Tibbers, so I’m not quite sure,”

“But, whatever bears eat, Tibbers should too, right?”

Dadas was somewhat uncertain.

She was allergic to fur and had never kept any small animals.

Huh?

I'm allergic to fur, so why can I ride Tibbers?

Could it be that Tibbers's fur is coarser?

Dadas was a bit confused.

The female Student Council president, on the other hand, clapped her hands.

"Tibbers has provided invaluable help to our training,"

"I've decided that the Student Council will cover Tibbers's food,"

"Does anyone have any objections?"

the female Student Council president asked.

“No!”

“No!”

With the female Student Council president’s suggestion, the members naturally wouldn’t object.

Moreover, Tibbers just looked too pitiful.

“Alright, everyone go eat...”

The female Student Council president began to declare a break, but before she could finish, something crossed her mind, and suddenly, her face froze.

She immediately shouted to everyone:

“Quick, to the cafeteria!”

“Hurry up!”

“Speed!”

The Student Council members were stunned.

They rarely saw their president lose composure like this.

Had something unexpected occurred in the cafeteria?

That seemed unlikely.

The academy’s security was quite capable.

Plus, Teacher Jason had just gone to the cafeteria.

With Teacher Jason there, how could there possibly be an accident?

Everyone couldn’t help but think so.

However, out of trust for the female Student Council president, they all started running at top speed.

Dadas was the fastest.

Not because she was quick, but because she was riding Tibbers, and Tibbers was fast.

At this moment, Tibbers seemed to have forgotten all about fear.

In its mind, there was only—

Honey~ Fish~

For Tibbers, who mainly ate plant leaves, buds, fruits, and seeds, and occasionally insects, bird eggs, or small animals, honey and fish were rare delicacies.

So, it ran even faster.

He was almost the first to arrive near the cafeteria.

Then, there was a sudden stop.

Once again, it felt that man's presence.

More terrifying than any time before.

Unable to help itself, it looked up, and through its blurry vision, it saw the immense black figure crouched on top of the cafeteria, its gaping mouth consuming everything voraciously, roaring incessantly.

Mine!

Mine!

All mine!

Whoever dares come over, I'll eat them!

Receiving such a clear signal, Tibbers instantly froze, its internal switch triggered once again.

Unfortunately, it was out of stock long ago.

“Tibbers, what’s wrong with you?”

“Oh!”

“You’re scared you might frighten the others, right?”

“Then sit here, I’ll go get you some food.”

Dadas patted her pet bear, then quickly understood what Tibbers was thinking.

After that, she walked toward the cafeteria.

St. Mungo’s Academy’s cafeteria had two floors, both serving dining areas, but the first floor offered complimentary food while the second required payment.

Naturally, the food on the second floor was more delicious than that on the first.

However, most people still chose the first floor.

Only on special days would they opt for the second floor.

At this moment, Jason was on the first floor.

He stood at the window with a tray while the cafeteria lady scooped food onto his plate with a shake of her spoon, again and again.

“We can’t waste food here!”

The cafeteria lady reminded him.

Then she watched as Jason swept across the tray with the speed of the wind and the quickness of lightning, his mouth wide open.

The tray was as clean as new, as if it had been washed.

“What did you say?”

Jason asked, turning around.

“No, nothing.”

“Would you like another helping?”

The cafeteria lady asked with a nervous chuckle.

“Of course!”

“The taste of the food here is much better than at the police station.”

“I think I could eat five...”

“Five portions?”

“Youth is great.”

The chef beside him remarked in admiration.

After smiling at the chef serving him food, Jason said, “Fifty portions.”

The chef's hand trembled.

"Young man, joking is not nice."

"How can one person eat fifty portions?"

"Even for an eating champion, ten portions is terribly impressive."

The chef thought Jason was joking.

Jason did not answer.

Actions speak louder than words.

Besides, with food right in front of him, where did he have time to talk?

When Dadas entered the cafeteria, Jason was on his tenth portion.

When the members of the student council arrived, Jason was on his twentieth portion.

Everyone watched Jason, their eyes wide and mouths agape.

“Food provides the energy required for essential activities!”

“And if you exercise a lot, it will increase this consumption, so you need a large intake!”

“Jason has just done a great deal of exercise, so he needs to eat even more.”

“Moreover, it’s proven that eating more, combined with exercise, can make you stronger and taller.”

The female pastry chef explained on the side.

Eating more and exercising more makes one strong?

Is this the secret to Teacher Jason’s strength?

The student council members paused for a moment, then raced towards the trays, silent all of a sudden.

As long as you can eat, you can become strong!

If you're not strong enough, it's because you haven't eaten enough!

I will eat even more!

I want to be a man (or woman) who can wrestle with a bear!

Somehow, inspired by the pastry chef's explanation, such beliefs surged within the student council members.

In no time, the young people began what they thought was their journey to becoming strong.

Suddenly, the cafeteria was filled with nothing but the sound of serving up more food.

What remained?

Just the sharp noises of cutlery scraping against plates.

And while everyone was focused on their own food, a figure appeared in the cafeteria, moving unnoticed towards the female student council president, and as they passed by, slipped a note discreetly into the president's hand.

The student council president placed the note under the table and looked down to read.