

Menu 293

Chapter 293: As Clever as Me

The note was only as wide as a finger.

The front read: No contact.

The back read: Trust temporarily.

After reading it, the female student council president crumpled the note into a ball and stuffed it into her pocket.

Even though it was barely recognizable, burning it was the best step to take, not carelessly tossing it into a trash bin.

“It has nothing to do with the ‘Ghost Squad’.”

“Can we trust it temporarily?”

The female student council president subconsciously looked toward Jason.

When she saw Jason stand up to get more food once again, the corner of her mouth twitched.

How much had he eaten already?

Enough for thirty people?

Or even more?

Is this a rice bucket?

No!

A bucket wouldn't be enough; this is a rice silo!

Silo as in warehouse!

Although she knew she should be thinking about how to approach Jason next, just watching Jason consume food portion after portion made her feel an uncontrollable surge of emotion in her chest and abdomen.

Keep calm!

Tedi, you need to stay calm!

You've already prepared yourself to sell your car to subsidize the academy.

Don't think about anything else.

"Joel, please inform Mr. Jason after he finishes eating to come to the student council president's office, I have some matters I'd like to discuss with him in detail," she told the secretary.

She was well aware that watching Jason eat in the cafeteria was not conducive to calmness.

"Yes, President!"

Joel replied while shoveling food into his mouth voraciously.

Seeing the secretary who had already eaten the portions of two people, the female student council president wanted to remind, but in the end, she just shook her head.

She didn't want to dampen the assistant's enthusiasm.

If it comes to it... maybe buy some stomach medicine?

Deep in thought, the female student council president returned to her own office.

As the student council president of St. Mungo's Academy, she had an independent office.

On the sixth floor of the Bishop's building, room 36.

Next door was the dean's conference room.

The rest were several conference rooms with different functions.

However, the dean of St. Mungo's Academy rarely appeared in the academy, and the conference rooms were not often used, so most of the time, this floor was managed by the student council.

Once seated in her own chair, the female student council president could finally think clearly.

"The Silver Federation has almost completely purged the 'Mystical Side' from the populace!"

“And as a civilian, Jason could not possibly come into contact with the official ‘Mystical Side’ institutions, so he must have encountered the ‘Mystical Side’ on the battlefield.”

“Is it those Bizarre entities?”

“If that’s the case...”

“Then we’re in trouble.”

The female student council president couldn’t help but sigh.

Encountering those terrifying Bizarre entities gives one some knowledge; this much the Silver Federation had confirmed.

But such encounters are not without cost.

They come with a heavy price.

For most, it’s death.

For the few, madness.

Jason...

The female student council president subconsciously thought of the words she had seen written on his profile: suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder.

“Relying on a strong will to stay calm for now?”

“But still an unstable factor.”

“Unable to collaborate deeply.”

After tapping the desk a few times, the female student council president came to a preliminary conclusion.

Just then, her office door was suddenly pushed open.

The female student council president didn't get angry but looked toward the person entering.

She knew her family's servants would never do so without good reason.

"Miss."

"An urgent situation."

"Someone has put up a high bounty on the Black Market."

The person reported.

"How much?"

The female student council president asked.

"500,000!"

"What?!"

Even with preparation, the female student council president was shocked at this point.

“Have you traced the source?”

The female student council president inquired.

“The bounty was placed through an intermediary. We’ve investigated this person and found no records whatsoever. Moreover, the bounty they’ve placed is ‘to find the person placing a bounty on Miss Giselle’!”

The servant replied.

The female student council president furrowed her brows at this time.

“Giselle’s bounty is 50,000.”

“Then there’s another 500,000 reward for finding the person who put a bounty on Giselle.”

“Have you investigated Giselle?”

The student council president turned and asked.

“We have, she’s clean, but sometimes she falls asleep for no reason...”

“Don’t worry about that, Giselle had an accident once, it’s a sequelae.”

“It seems like Giselle is just an ordinary woman, so...”

“Is it still Jason?”

The student council president waved her hand to interrupt the servant’s report and then, fell into deep thought.

The servant did not disrupt her contemplation.

Not until the student council president raised her head again did he ask, “Miss, what should we do?”

“Let’s wait and see.”

“Newdeth City is no longer the Decheng of the past.”

“We need to be extremely cautious.”

“And...”

“Help me investigate Dadas—be careful, she is likely a person from the ‘Mystical Side.’”

The student council president instructed.

“Yes, Miss.”

The servant bowed and quickly left.

After the servant’s departure, only the student council president remained in the office.

She pondered once more.

“Jason hasn’t just come into contact with the ‘Bizarre.’

Moreover, he must have also made contact with the normal ‘Mystical Side.’

Only this could explain the additional 500,000 bounty, which ordinary organizations simply couldn't afford, especially in Newdeth City where such a large amount of funds moving couldn't possibly escape my notice."

"This could also explain why Jason is still alive and well."

"A strong personal will and the teachings of some organization of the 'Mystical Side.'"

"Which organization might that be?"

"Is cooperation possible?"

The student council president silently mulled over this.

Such contemplation continued until Jason knocked on the door—

Knock, knock knock.

"Come in,"

said the student council president as she stood up from her chair.

Jason pushed the door and entered.

"I won't come in,"

the female baker said with self-awareness in a low voice.

Jason nodded.

The student council president, however, showed a smile of apology.

Then, the room door slowly closed.

A harsh expression immediately appeared on the baker's face.

Damn 'Prus' heir!

Just you wait!

I'll make you pay!

The next moment, the baker looked around, somewhat confused.

Did I zone out again?

She thought to herself quietly.

Meanwhile, inside the room, after Jason sat down, the student council president spoke up neatly.

"Teacher Jason, I know your identity."

The student council president said with great certainty.

Her expression conveyed a sense of ease and confidence.

My identity?

Do I have an identity that even I am unaware of?

Jason was taken aback, and then without saying much, he simply watched the student council president quietly.

“You’ve experienced the Bizarre!”

“Probably those not recorded in the files.”

“At the same time, you were lucky enough to encounter an organization from the ‘Mystical Side’ with a bottom line, and that’s why you were able to survive.”

“Please rest assured, I have no intention of probing into the peculiar experiences you’ve had, nor will I inquire about the ‘Mystical Side’ organization you belong to.”

“I’d simply like to engage in deeper communication and cooperation with you.”

The student council president said slowly.

However, after a pause in her speech, she spoke again.

“Of course, if you’re willing to share more with me, I would be delighted—likewise, I will share with you some secrets you are unaware of, as an exchange.”

“Fair enough.”

After nodding, Jason said,

“I come from...”

“The Night Watcher.”