

Menu 295

Chapter 295: The Comfortable Afternoon Starts with Exercise...

Another wedding?

Jason frowned.

With Gerard's experience as a precedent, he had no expectations for attending weddings.

Wedding = Trouble!

That was Jason's most direct feeling.

Moreover, when a wedding involved a 'secret treasure', Jason couldn't help but imagine little stories like 'It must be two pure blood members of the Prus Family marrying, but because one of the purebloods fell in love with a commoner, the 'secret treasure' failed to activate, leading to irreversible negative changes'.

As if sensing the little theater in Jason's mind, the female student council president showed an awkward but polite adult smile.

"The things you're thinking of have happened before," she said.

“But before that, there were also successful weddings, and not just one couple.”

“Yet the ‘secret treasure’ ultimately did not appear.”

“Especially when...”

“So, I believe it’s fake.”

The female student council president suddenly paused, ending her statement there.

Obviously, some things could not be mentioned openly.

Jason tactfully did not inquire further.

Although they now had a so-called ‘alliance’, it was only just formed and still at the verbal stage.

Without any substantial progress, Jason was very clear about his own position.

Of course, he was also very interested in the possible gains before him.

“You said before that you would exchange secret techniques and rare materials.”

“Is this exchange method a one-way street?”

“Or is it mutual?” Jason asked.

“Of course it’s mutual,” she replied.

“The Prus Family of Chen Xi are not that unreasonable.”

“As long as you can bring them the heads of the Ghost Squad, you can exchange for the secret techniques and rare materials you want—except for the Prus Family’s core secret techniques and those that are unavailable, the same goes for materials.”

The female student council president started to smile.

“Hmm.”

Jason nodded.

He then stood up, ready to leave.

He now knew enough.

For the remaining secrets, even if he asked, the other party would not tell.

At least, not before bringing the heads of the Ghost Squad.

Secret treasure!

Secret technique!

Rare materials!

Jason looked forward more and more to encountering the Ghost Squad.

However, just like their name, they truly came and went without a trace like ghosts.

Jason believed that even the female student council president could not truly grasp their whereabouts.

Otherwise, she would not have gone through so much trouble.

A reliable source of information, huh?

Jason pondered as he walked towards the exit.

Just as Jason touched the doorknob, the female student council president spoke up again.

“Teacher Jason.”

She used a different title, and an indescribable expression appeared on her face.

An expression that was a mixture of awkwardness and helplessness, with perhaps a touch of yearning.

“Wrestling with a bear is really too exaggerated,” she said.

“Joel and Novie are just young people who have undergone some ordinary training, they’re different from you.”

“So, could you switch to some more normal training?”

She suggested.

More normal training?

Are bears not okay?

How about switching to tigers?

Jason silently considered.

After all, compared to bears, it should be easier to handle tigers and lions, just flip them over, belly up, and you could win.

Plus, tigers and lions are felines, you could win by petting them as well.

“Teacher Jason, please don’t project yourself onto them,” she said.

“They are different from you.”

The female student council president seemed to sense Jason's thoughts and emphasized again.

Then, as if compromising, she sighed softly.

"Also... I'll consult with the cooking teacher about adding meals, they don't have to be excellent."

"Got it," Jason replied.

"Regular training."

"I'll teach them well."

Jason nodded with a smile and pushed the door open to leave.

Watching the closed door, the female student council president couldn't help but be startled.

Have I been played?

Impossible!

Jason doesn't seem like the type to play games with me.

The female student council president thought for a moment, then picked up the arc lighter from the table.

"Sell my car," she said.

"I know, I've only had it for a month."

"Mmm, no, there's no trouble, just inviting a friend for a meal."

...

On the way back to the stables, Jason was all smiles.

"Jason, are you very happy?" the female pastry chef asked softly.

She had been paying attention to Jason, and ever since he came out of Tedi's office, his mood had been quite buoyant, which made her feel quite dejected, and deep down, thoughts of "kill, kill, kill, kill" surfaced.

She quickly suppressed these unreliable thoughts.

But still, she cared.

“Tedi agreed to arrange an extra meal for me.”

“I was really worried I wouldn’t get enough to eat.”

“Now I don’t have to worry anymore.”

Jason answered truthfully.

Phew!

The female pastry chef immediately breathed a sigh of relief.

It was just about an extra meal.

Jason was clearly just happy about eating.

Right, I was overthinking it.

It wasn't anything else.

Immediately, the female pastry chef regained her calm, serene smile and her heart settled down once more.

After that, the pair did not speak any further and quickened their pace.

When they returned to the stables, the student council members who had completed their rest were already lined up.

Not far away, Dadas and Tibbers were also present.

Tibbers sat there, holding a jar of honey and licking it with his paw, with a bucket of fish beside him.

Clearly, the members of the student council had kept their word.

“Take it easy eating,” Dadas told her pet bear.

“No one is going to steal it from you.”

But Tibbers ate faster and faster.

Because he felt that man getting closer and closer.

Even if it killed me!

I’ll die a bear full to the brim!

With that thought, Tibbers licked his paws clean, lifted the honey jar, and tilted his head back.

Gulug, gulug.

After two swallows, it was gone.

Then, he grabbed the fish from the bucket and began stuffing them into his mouth.

Cough?

Cough cough!

Seems like a fishbone got stuck!

“Tibbers? Tibbers? What’s wrong with you?”

Dadas kept patting the bear’s head until Tibbers finally vomited the fish meat choked with bones, and she couldn’t help but chide in a low voice, “I told you not to eat so fast.”

“And another thing!”

“How can a bear choke on fishbones while eating fish?”

Tibbers’ bear face was full of grievance.

How was he to know that these fish had intermuscular bones? He hadn’t encountered them in the fish he ate before.

However, his attention soon returned to Jason.

What was that terrifying human doing?

Why was he flaring his nostrils to breathe in?

Was he going to eat me?

Should I instinctively seek to survive?

Jason, however, was not concerned with Tibbers' feelings; he simply smelled the sweetness of the honey.

But he did not forget his duties.

Turning his head, Jason looked at the student council members.

"After this morning's training, I have a good grasp of your basics."

“I must say, you are the worst batch I have ever led.”

“So, we’re starting with the basics.”

Jason paused for a moment before shouting louder, “Now, everyone, 100 push-ups, 100 sit-ups, 100 squats, and a 10-kilometer run, start!”

The student council members looked pained upon hearing his commands.

Yet the students still gritted their teeth and began the training.

Feeling the gaze upon him, Jason, on the other hand, turned to look back behind him.