

Chapter 2332 Matthew Larson's Dark Cooking

"I'm tired of taking beatings. I want to give Samuel a taste of his own medicine.

"I'll ask you this once—Are you willing to join me in this fight? If not, you can go back to your dorms and get some sleep."

As his words echoed, the entire scene fell into a hushed silence. The only sound that could be heard was the soft snores.

"Rylan, I've got your back."

"Count me in too!"

"Include me as well!"

The loyalty among these young individuals was pure and unwavering. Recognizing someone as a leader meant standing firmly beside them without any trace of hesitation.

"How boring!" Emma quipped, eyeing the group of boys brimming with youthful enthusiasm.

As the clock struck six, Matthew burst into the classroom, forcefully kicking open the door.

"Well, I didn't expect you bunch of trash to gather here." He sneered.

"Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Matthew Larson. You can call me Instructor Matthew. I'll be responsible for training all of you in the upcoming period."

"I'll cut straight to the chase with my training style," Matthew declared.

"I'll push each one of you to your absolute limits. But here's the deal, if you dare to disobey my orders, resort to sneaky tactics, or dare to displease me, be prepared to face the consequences—yes, a good old-fashioned beating."

Upon hearing such bizarre rules, everyone was astonished. Their eyes opened wide. Subsequently, their attention turned toward their leader.

Seeing this, Rylan silently nodded in approval. A sense of unease washed over the group of students, leaving them with a foreboding sense.

Meanwhile, Tristin felt a natural discontent brewing within him upon witnessing Rylan's audacious behavior. Moreover, being repeatedly labeled as trash ignited a fiery anger within him.

Just as he was about to retort, Rylan, standing beside him, abruptly intervened while shaking his head subtly.

Before this, Rylan had merely regarded Matthew as a glimmer of hope for a fresh start.

However, after experiencing firsthand the miraculous healing effects of the external injury ointment provided by Matthew, he became utterly convinced.

In just one night, his previously sore body had made a remarkable recovery, alleviating most of his discomfort. Even the bruises that dotted his skin had faded away, almost completely vanished.

Hailing from a long line of medicinal merchants, Rylan possessed some knowledge about medicinal substances. But this extraordinary ointment for external injuries was unlike anything he had ever encountered before.

Adding to that, he had witnessed Matthew effortlessly defeat over twenty of their comrades the previous day.

In Rylan's mind, Matthew had irrefutably earned the reputation of a formidable expert.

Of course, it would be even better if Matthew could temper his words with a touch of diplomacy.

On Matthew's side, he dragged along a hefty plastic bin, making his way directly toward the students.

"You bunch of trash think you deserve to feast on such good food? Come on, toss it all into the bin."

"You... You've gone too far!" Tristin exclaimed, rising to his feet.

Even if he couldn't match Matthew's power, he was ready to charge forward and give it his all. This blatant disrespect was beyond tolerable.

"Tristin!" Rylan's resounding shout brought Tristin to a halt, his eyes filled with a sense of injustice as he gazed at their leader.

"Rylan, what's wrong with you?"

"If you still consider me your leader, then trust me this one time. Let's cooperate wholeheartedly with Instructor Matthew."

After hearing Rylan's words, the group mustered the resolve to take a step forward. One by one, they discarded their breakfast into the garbage bin that Matthew had brought along.

Upon witnessing this, Matthew nodded approvingly.

Indeed, the only way to tame mischievous kids was by being even more mischievous oneself.

"Don't be disheartened, my dear students. As an instructor, I'm not that heartless," Matthew remarked.

"And what I have here is the meticulously prepared breakfast for all of you." As he spoke, Matthew gestured toward the stainless steel bucket on the podium.

"Rylan, you're in charge of distribution. Each person gets a bowl, and you must ensure that they finish it all. If anyone refuses, forcefully make them drink it, no matter what."

However, as soon as Tristin caught sight of the metal bucket, his face instantly changed. "Isn't that the feed bucket we use to feed the chickens at the back of the Ground Force?"

Instantly, chaos erupted within the classroom.

The idea of these privileged disciples consuming food from a feed bucket was utterly inconceivable.