

## **Menu 106**

Chapter 106: Away

No need to look back, just the sulfur smell in the air already told Jason what had happened.

An explosion!

An unprecedented massive explosion!

An explosion that tore the Taor 'Dark Guardians' to shreds!

The carriage stopped again.

Jason and Peters stood on top of the carriage, looking towards Taor.

Half of Taor had become ruins!

The explosion was centered, releasing energy in an instant, transforming into a huge shockwave that left Taor's city center in ruins. From Jason's perspective, Taor looked like a bizarre flower, its petals ugly and its core ferocious.

It was extremely unsettling to look at.

Jason's face was quite unpleasant.

Not because he felt embarrassed about the incorrect prediction just now.

But because...

The danger level of the 'Revival Society' made Jason increasingly cautious.

An enemy who sticks to the rules is not scary.

What is frightening is an enemy that learns to change!

And to change in such a way that is hard for the average person to imagine!

Jason was certain that before this explosion, no one could have imagined the 'Revival Society' would use explosives.

And because of that, they achieved what could be called a perfect victory.

Moving out the ordinary people from a city is difficult, but under the premise of being well-prepared, it's not a difficult task for the 'Mystical Side'.

However, to completely annihilate a 'Mystical Side' guard unit, each member strong, is quite challenging.

Because these guards are not only familiar with the 'Mystical Side,' but also have a definite tacit cooperation. If things go south, they will definitely flee. Even if a few are killed, more will escape.

Unless a trap is set and the attacking side has an absolute advantage in numbers and strength.

But what kind of trap is more suitable than the explosives just now?

Easy, simple, and direct.

"How, how could... how could this be..."

Peters murmured, lost in thought.

His hand involuntarily caressed the hilt of his short sword, his whole body trembling.

Peters had quite a complex feeling towards the 'Revival Society'.

On one hand, he didn't agree with the 'Revival Society's' radical methods.

On the other hand, he agreed with the 'Revival Society's' commitment to 'tradition,' maintaining the use of cold weapons and bare hands.

But now...

The 'Revival Society' had also used gunpowder!

The last bastion in Peters' heart also started to crumble.

"Indeed, 'old guys' like you and me should leave the stage of the times."

Touching the familiar hilt, Peters thought silently to himself.

But not now.

Peters hadn't forgotten his commitment as a 'coachman.'

Though it was just a guise, a promise was a promise and would not change.

“Mr. Jason, we need to leave as soon as possible.”

“The complete annihilation of Taor’s ‘Dark Guardians’ will surely cause the Federation to take major action.”

“If we get entangled with them, you certainly won’t be able to reach Hans Port by the 26th.”

Peters reminded him.

Jason nodded immediately and returned to the carriage.

He would not argue against the facts about to unfold.

In his mind, Jason had already imagined the whistle-blowing state of the following days.

Not just Taor, but the nearby towns would surely be swarmed by many Federation investigators.

After thinking for a moment, Jason spoke up directly:

“Peters, bypass the nearby towns...”

Jason paused slightly as he spoke, his cautious nature once again coming into play, making him instinctively want to increase the range of the detour. And immediately, Jason made a decision.

“Let’s bypass Rob as well, we’ll resupply in a farther place.”

“Yes, sir.”

Peters strongly agreed with this decision.

If it weren’t for the insufficient supplies and the fact that the carriage wasn’t his, Peters even hoped that Jason would abandon the carriage and trek with him from even more remote places to Hans Port.

From dusk till dawn, and then to the afternoon of the next day.

The carriage sped along, bypassing all the towns toward the direction of Taor.

When the carriage neared the vicinity of Rob, Peters finally slowed down.

It wasn't that Peters didn't want to bypass Rob directly; it was that the two horses pulling the carriage were just too tired. If they continued, they would likely drop dead on the spot.

Jumping down from the driver's seat, Peters lifted his hand to stroke the exhausted horses, massaging them with special techniques to relieve their fatigue. Meanwhile, he began to feed the horses some high-quality bean cakes, then brought two large buckets of water in front of the horses, letting them lower their heads to drink at will.

The horses stuck out their tongues to lick at the water.

During this process, Peters stood holding the two buckets the entire time.

There was a trace of tenderness in his eyes.

It was a natural affection for animals.

Only after the horses had their fill and started to rest did Peters finally knock on the carriage door.

Thump, thump-thump.

Hearing the sound, Jason put down his book and stepped out of the carriage.

“I’m very sorry, Mr. Jason.”

“I previously concealed my identity.”

As soon as Jason stepped down from the carriage, Peters eagerly spoke. Jason didn’t say a word, silently listening to Peters’s story.

“I come from the Cat Hole school; just as Hume said, I have inherited the title of ‘Black Cat’.”

“Hume is the young man you saw earlier at Char’s Carriage Depot.”

“He’s considered my junior, and I don’t know when he joined the Revival Society.”

Mentioning Hume, Peters’s tone was full of concern.

In his heart, he was unwilling to admit that Hume knew about the last explosion because it went against everything Hume ever said or did; it was a deception to him.



Yet, he hoped Hume did know because only then would Hume be safe.

Otherwise, given Hume's temperament, he would surely stir up trouble.

And the Revival Society would show no mercy to a troublemaker.

Breathing deeply a few times, Peters suppressed the anxiety in his heart and brought the conversation back on topic:

"Just as you are aware, the establishment of the Federation made all schools a thing of the past."

"Under the range of countless cannons, the past glory turned to ashes and dust."

"What remained was only the Griffin."

"Or rather, the Griffin were the victors."

"After all, the Federation is now known as the Griffin Federation."

At this, Peters let out a wry smile.

His following words were even more melancholic.

“We should have realized when the Griffin defeated that era’s only Master, they had already secured the key victory. But no one wanted to surrender their authority and wealth at the time.”

“In the end, the great war erupted.”

“The Cat Hole, Bear Tower, Wolf Fortress, Snake Pit, Eagle Cliff, Tiger Mountain, and other schools were all wiped out.”

“At least...”

“On the surface, that’s what happened.”

“Indeed, most people perished under the artillery fire, but a few survived. Some, like me, have hidden their identities, while others have come together to form the Revival Society!”

Upon mentioning the formation of the Revival Society, Peters fell into brief silence.

When he spoke again, it was not to recount the past but to ask a question.

“May I ask you a question?”