

Menu 112

Chapter 112: Gerard

“Let’s hurry and leave!”

Dennise urged, looking at Jason who was standing still.

But Jason’s gaze had leapt over Dennise, looking towards the direction of Hans Port.

The girl of the deceased subconsciously looked back.

Immediately, three Swift steeds entering her view.

Run?

It was absolutely hopeless to outrun them.

Not the brightest, but Dennise knew she couldn’t outrun the warhorses.

So...

Dennise squatted down with her head in her arms, her face pressed against her knees, and began muttering under her breath, "You can't see me! You can't see me!"

And with such muttering, Dennise's form quickly became translucent as though she were invisible.

Jason caught a glimpse from the corner of his eye.

Much better than last time.

At least, he had to concentrate to notice her.

Then, Jason's gaze shifted to the three warhorses now within a mere ten meters.

Atop the horses, three Knights, one in red and two in black.

Red in front and black behind, all in Federation military uniforms.

The leader also wore a white wig, and to prevent it from falling off, a cocked hat adorned with a large red feather was fastened on top of his head, with strings pulled down on either side and hooked under the chin. As the warhorses galloped, the red feather swayed up and down, resembling a cock's comb.

Whoa!

With a tug on the reins, the horse came to a steady stop about two meters away from Jason, and the red-clothed Knight dismounted with agile grace.

The gleaming black boots touched the ground, and a smile spread across the man's face as he looked at Jason.

"Good day, Mr. Jason."

"I am the Chief of Public Security of Hans Port, Bofute."

"Meeting you in person, I am truly overjoyed. You must know that Sir Gerard Hans has been mentioning you, his cousin, quite frequently lately."

Unexpectedly, the man spoke with utmost courtesy.

Gerard?

My cousin?

Jason's mind once again summoned the image of the cousin who claimed he couldn't find black ink and had to use blue for the false descriptions.

Of course, the most important thing was that expression ‘(๑·` 冪•´)ゞ’.

This cousin, who seemed to Jason like a bit of a clown, appeared to have quite an extraordinary influence in Hans Port?

Carrying a hint of confusion within his heart, Jason kept his composure.

“You know my identity?”

“Including the coachman I previously hired?”

Jason asked.

“Of course.”

“Peters is a most heinous fugitive.”

“But not you!”

“You are Cousin Gerard’s cousin, here to attend Sir Gerard’s wedding.”

The Chief of Public Security said with a smile.

Then, as if worried Jason wouldn’t believe him, he continued, “Please be assured, Sir Gerard has been informed of your arrival, and he will be here soon.”

“You may have doubts.”

“But I think it would be best for Sir Gerard to explain it to you.”

Saying this, the Chief of Public Security stepped aside and began to wait quietly.

The two black-clothed adjutants did the same.

Dennise, who had been hiding all along, quietly emerged from behind Jason.

“Your cousin seems to be someone extraordinary, huh?”

The girl of the deceased spoke softly.

Jason didn't answer, his brow slightly furrowed.

He felt no surprise.

On the contrary, his heart was filled with even more uncertainties at this moment.

The more remarkable his cousin was, the more puzzling it was for Jason that he had been invited to the wedding.

If Gerard truly wanted to find him, with the influence to make the Chief of Public Security of Hans Port wait obediently, it wouldn't have been as difficult as his 'aunt' had written in her letter.

And there would be no need to wait for the so-called 'wedding.'

Therefore, there had to be a reason for this arrangement.

What could it be?

Jason silently guessed.

Before long, a group of people appeared within Jason's line of sight.

The leader was an incredibly tall, muscular young man who rode straight up to Jason, dismounted his horse swiftly.

Jason himself was of a tall, muscular build, but the young man before him was comparable to Jason, and the two of them stood together like a pair of mini-giants.

As Jason sized up the newcomer, the other was also taking in Jason's appearance.

Seeing a man as tall and strong as himself, the stranger's eyes lit up, and he couldn't help but smile and open his arms wide.

"Jason!"

Saying this, he gave Jason a big hug without any preamble and patted Jason's back vigorously, making a smacking sound.

Jason, taken aback at first, quickly responded to the other man.

And he patted even more loudly.

It was certainly not for revenge.

It was just that failing to do so would have seemed very impolite.

Under the watchful eyes of everyone, the first meeting between the cousins was extremely harmonious.

After about a minute of mutual back-patting, Gerard was the first to let go of Jason and turned to crick his back, yet his smile grew even more intense.

“You’re just like you were as a child.”

Gerard stated.

“I can’t remember anything from when I was a child.”

Jason replied accordingly.

Gerard's smile stiffened for a moment, while Jason continued with the explanation he had thought up well in advance.

"I had some accidents in Taor."

"I lost a lot of memories."

"Fortunately, my coachman was good and brought me here as agreed."

Even though a lot of time has passed and many memories may fade with the passage of years, some memories etch into one's very bones and remain fresh as ever.

And Jason, without any such memories, would easily have shown flaws in his story.

Thus, an appropriate excuse was necessary.

Fortunately, Jason had just such a reason ready at hand.

"You had an accident in Taor?"

“Didn’t the secret letter say you had already left the city?”

“Those damn ‘New Maggots’!”

Gerard cursed under his breath, then looked up at Jason again.

“Don’t worry.”

“I will secure justice for you.”

“And I will help you recover your lost memories!”

After saying this, Gerard again gave Jason’s shoulder a solid pat.

Then, without waiting for a reaction from Jason, the cousin strode toward Bofute.

The Chief of Security of Hans Port and two deputies bowed to Gerard, who accepted their salutes as a matter of course and began giving them hushed instructions.

This scene made Jason’s eyes twitch.

Without a doubt, his cousin's position in Hans Port was much higher than he had imagined.

At that moment, Dennise, who had been hiding behind Jason, once again came forward.

The girl of the deceased spoke with a very serious and earnest tone.

“You lost part of your memory in Taor?”

“Then do you remember that actually I am your teacher, and you are my apprentice...”

Smack!

Before Dennise could finish, Jason swung his hand and slapped her on the forehead.

“Ouch! Ouch, ouch!”

Dennise squatted on the ground, holding her forehead and crying out in pain.

This scene caught Gerard's attention.

Gerard glanced at Jason, then at Dennise, and the next moment, he gave Jason a thumbs up, his face showing a mix of admiration and envy that Jason couldn't understand.

Then Gerard approached Dennise formally and said solemnly:

"Hello, miss."

"It's an honor to have you travel with Jason to attend my wedding."

"I am Jason's cousin, Gerard Hans."