

## **Menu 114**

### Chapter 114: Promises

Gerard also saw the approaching Federation Cavalry.

After casting a reassuring glance at Jason, he pushed the carriage door open and stepped out.

The attendants who had been orderly gathered around the carriage immediately changed formation, with half of them standing behind Gerard, a quarter dispersing to either side, and the remaining quarter continuing to guard the carriage.

Bofute signaled to Gerard, and upon receiving a nod in return, he led his two aides to meet them.

Or rather...

He stood in front of the cavalry troop.

Wearing an impeccable smile, the Security Chief of Hans Port searched for the leader among the blocked troop of riders.

Soon, the Security Chief located his target.

It wasn't difficult.

Even those self-proclaimed 'new nobility' who touted their justice and integrity often chose to distinguish themselves from the masses.

Whether it was the texture of their clothes or their accessories, these were items beyond the reach of ordinary people.

"Hello, I am Bofute, the Security Chief of Hans Port,"

"May I know who you are?"

Bofute asked politely.

"I am Baron Syndra,"

replied the other party, returning the courtesy.

As he spoke, he took off his military cap, revealing his sparse hairline which made him look much older than his supposed thirty-something years, appearing in his forties instead. The weariness and bitter smile on his face further aged him.

The continuous travel and death of several horses had been in vain, failing to catch up, which filled Syndra with regret.

At the same time, he grew increasingly dissatisfied with Malor.

If the man hadn't already died, he would definitely have strung him up and beaten him.

It wasn't wrong to pursue the 'Cat Hole' heir.

But why involve the cousin of the ruler of Hans Port?

Although he hadn't noticed it at first, that didn't stop Syndra from cursing Malor.

Who could have thought that a graduate from a 'Griffin Camp' way over in Jidanlen would be the ruler of Hans Port?

Even if both were named Gerard, without the prefix Hans, who could have made the connection?

Or rather, who would even dare to think it?

If it weren't for Malor's attentive aide, those fools could have made an irreversible mistake.

And now?

Things hadn't reached the worst stage.

But it wasn't good either.

Everything depended on him to navigate.

Thus, the new noble lowered his stance.

"I wish to see Lord Gerard and Sir Jason,"

"There has been a misunderstanding that I wish to clarify,"

he said, bowing again.

Bofute's smile remained, but his words firmly denied the request.

"I am sorry,"

“Lord Gerard and Sir Jason are not here,”

said the Security Chief, lying without blinking an eye while Gerard and Jason stood not far behind him.

Baron Syndra seemed as blind as a bat, unable to see Gerard and Jason in the distance.

“I see,”

“then I shall pay a visit later,”

Having said that, the new noble bowed once more, mounted his horse, and departed.

It was simpler than Jason had imagined.

So simple that Gerard didn’t even need to intervene personally.

But the recent behavior of the attendants couldn’t be reported carelessly.

Subconsciously, Jason started to concentrate and scan his surroundings.

Soon, his perception, more than triple that of an ordinary person, allowed Jason to notice something unusual.

Less than 20 meters away from his position, there was a faint breathing sound. The person clearly had special skills for concealing themselves, and had Jason not been vigilantly searching, he might have overlooked such breathing.

Instinctively, Jason gripped the broad-bladed hatchet and the 'Winchester Brothers.'

Even with Gerard's assurance, Jason still trusted himself more.

Gerard noticed his cousin's action.

But he didn't try to discourage him.

On the contrary, the older cousin nodded in approval.

"Jason, remember,"

“In Hans Port, if you find anyone with malicious intent... you have my permission to kill without mercy!”

“I give you my word!”

As he finished speaking, Gerard drew a long sword from the attendant beside him and hurled it.

Whoosh!

Thud!

The long sword pierced into the hidden body, nailing the person to the ground and revealing the grey-black cloak.

“Gerard, how dare you...”

The scout of the ‘Revival Society’ struggled to say something, but Bofute had already beheaded him with a single stroke.

However, the incident was far from over.

Suddenly, a wind whipped up across the wilderness, carrying with it an irate voice.

“Gerard, you better not...”

“Get lost!”

Gerard didn't wait for the irate voice to finish, letting out a low growl, then rudely shouted, “Hans Port doesn't welcome you bastards! If I find you daring to appear around Hans Port and its vicinity again, I'll blast your den to smithereens!”

Woo!

The wind that had risen above the wilderness instantly became turbulent.

But it quickly calmed down.

It seemed as if the other party was forcibly holding back their anger.

Then, that gust of wind was about to leave.

But at that moment, Gerard spoke up again.

“And one more thing!”

“If my cousin suffers any unknown harm!”

“I’ll blast your den to smithereens too!”

The wind blew forward.

As if it hadn’t heard Gerard’s words at all.

But Jason could feel distinctly that the warm air had gained a chill.

It was murderous intent!

Murderous intent from the ‘Revival Society’s’ voyeur.

However, rather than the voyeur’s murderous intent, Jason was more concerned about his cousin.

He seemed very familiar with the 'Revival Society'!

And moreover...

He also possessed a power that the 'Revival Society' greatly feared.

This, having witnessed the strength of the 'Revival Society' and having seen the 'Pied Piper's' ability, added a layer of curiosity to Jason's heart.

After returning to the carriage and once it started moving again, Gerard took the initiative to say:

"The world is much broader than what you've seen... Bizarre!"

"Many things are also far more complicated than you can imagine."

"Just like what you learned at the 'Griffin Camp' in Jerdan, it's only the tip of the iceberg."

"The real core, they will never impart to a 'civilian'."

Gerard's face was tinged with sarcasm as he spoke, but he quickly composed himself.

"Of course, now that they know you're my cousin,"

"They're even less likely to teach you the true knowledge."

"But..."

"I will teach you!"

"More comprehensively and more suited to you than theirs!"

Gerard made a promise.

True knowledge?

Is it about schools of thought?

Or...

Jason subconsciously thought of 'Bizarre.'

Then, he immediately shook his head, casting the thought from his mind.

He didn't want to be 'sugar-coated' again.

At this time, the carriage had already passed through several blocks of Hans Port, and a mansion was now coming into view.

A crowd of people was gathered in front of the mansion, patiently waiting.

As they saw the carriage, they immediately crowded around.

"Jason, look, they've been waiting for a long time,"

"Perhaps you don't remember,"

"But they are all our relatives,"

Gerard said, pointing at the people crowding around, with a smile.

Jason observed these people; they were dressed differently.

Some wore plain clothes and shoes, others formal attire and leather shoes.

There were gentlemen and ladies.

Of varying heights, builds, and sizes, there were dozens of them.

Despite the large number, when they looked at Jason walking down with Gerard, their expressions were the same.

Envy.

Jealousy.

And...

Malice!

