

Menu 116

Chapter 116: Chapters Prologue

“Aaaaah!”

The shrill scream came from the nearby beach, disturbing Jason, who was browsing through a book.

With a perception more than three times that of an average person, the scream at this distance was almost no different from someone screaming right in front of him.

Jason frowned slightly and put down ‘A Hundred Years of Hans Port History,’ then walked over to the window to look towards the beach. After confirming that there was no serious matter, he closed the window.

How much harm can you expect from a husky?

It’s not in the room.

Scaring others is pretty much the limit.

Returning to his study, Jason prepared to continue reading ‘A Hundred Years of Hans Port History.’

The book was written interestingly.

It seemed like an official history, but in reality, it was all unofficial histories and amusing anecdotes.

Although it was impossible to discern the truth from the false, it was sufficiently interesting.

Just like it said, Hans Port was actually divided into two.

One is the one people often see.

The other is in...

The deep sea!

Occupied by countless monsters!

Jason was captivated by the phrase 'countless monsters', and he subconsciously thought of the rumored Hans sea monsters, and then, he wondered what these monsters tasted like.

Unconsciously, Jason started to salivate.

Thinking of the delightful aspects, the corners of his mouth even started to curl up slightly.

Thump, thump thump.

A knock on the door suddenly sounded, disturbing Jason's reading.

He stood up displeased and walked towards the door.

Standing outside was a young man with sandy hair, gaunt features, deep-set eyes, and very thin lips, as if he had no lips at all. His clothes were luxurious but seemed ill-fitting, baggy, making him look like a child dressed in an adult's clothes.

Bitos.

The son of a deceased aunt from afar.

After confirming that he was a relative of the ruler of Hans Port, he was the first to arrive here.

Upon seeing the other person, Jason thought of Gerard's introduction to him.

Of course, what made the strongest impression on Jason was the malice in the other person's eyes when he had seen Jason at the mansion door; it was the most intense of all.

“What do you want?”

Jason’s frosty tone made his attitude clear.

He hoped the other would take the hint and leave.

He did not like these so-called ‘relatives.’

Naturally, he did not want any involvement with them.

Moreover, Gerard’s wedding was tomorrow, and once he attended the wedding, he would be able to leave smoothly.

After that?

Naturally, he would never have to see them again.

However, Bitos had the nerve to say with a smile, “Aren’t you going to invite me in?”

As he spoke, he tried to peek inside the legendary guest room.

Unfortunately for him, Jason was too tall, completely blocking his view. Even on tiptoe, it was no use; he couldn't see any of the interior decorations.

Then, Bitos looked at Jason, who was still standing in place, and chuckled awkwardly, "After all, we are relatives."

"But I have never seen you before."

Jason replied, preparing to close the door.

He wasn't about to waste time here.

"Wait!"

Bitos, seeing Jason closing the door, raised his hand trying to stop it, but unfortunately, his strength was nothing compared to Jason's. His whole body was pushed backward by the door, and seeing the door about to close, Bitos finally stopped beating around the bush and lowered his voice, "There's something I have to tell you, it's very important!"

Then, Bitos's gaze once more drifted over Jason's shoulder, the implication couldn't be clearer.

But Jason flatly said, "Say it here."

Faced with repeated rejections, Bitos felt ever more resentment.

Looking at the young man in front of him, as tall and robust as Gerard, he very much wanted to get rid of him and take his place.

Because he knew that this young person, who had stayed in the luxurious fourth-floor guest room, would receive much more than he would.

At the very least, he would be appointed to an important position in Hans Port!

He couldn't stand it!

Why should he only get some money, while Jason would get so much more?

Thinking of this, Bitos felt a flicker of resentment towards Gerard as well.

He was a relative too, so why was there such a big gap.

Yet Bitos was very good at restraining this resentment.

At least that's how it seemed to him.

"It's not time yet!"

"Now is not the time!"

Bitos lowered his head slightly, reminding himself.

He didn't notice the coldness emerging in Jason's eyes.

Then, when Bitos looked up again, the smile returned to his face.

"It's about our relatives."

"You know, Lord Gerard's status meant they could not get along peacefully."

“They formed their own little groups.”

Bitos lowered his voice again, speaking in a secretive manner.

Next, there was an emphasis added to his subdued voice.

“Me?”

“I’ve formed one too.”

“But it’s completely different from theirs.”

“And you?”

“You’re different too, so, I hope you will join.”

Bitos extended his hand.

Jason looked down at it, stepped back, and closed the door.

Bang!

The sound of the door colliding with the frame startled Bitos into stepping back. He was about to curse, but he swallowed the words.

Just you wait!

Without speaking, he just mouthed the words before turning to leave.

Around the corner, he encountered the maid of this floor.

“Mr. Bitos, this is the guest room area.”

“You should not be here.”

“If you appear here again, I will report to the Butler.”

The maid, who had just returned to the floor after her shift, frowned and spoke to Bitos very seriously.

“No, no!”

“I was just curious.”

As Bitos spoke, he waved his hand and ran downstairs.

When he turned around the staircase, Bitos’s face twisted completely.

“You just wait!”

A malicious curse barely audible emerged from Bitos.

...

In the room, Jason continued to browse through the book “A Hundred-Year History of Hans Port.”

He had come across an entry about a local fisherman who found an unknown statue, believed it to possess mysterious powers, and began investigating, only to have his family disappear.

As for Bitos just now?

Jason didn't care in the slightest.

He didn't believe a word the man said.

Even if it were true, coming from his mouth meant ill will.

The truth from a wicked person is not a sign of a guilty conscience—it's likely meant to sow discord.

Or it's to achieve a certain goal.

Bitos was probably aiming for both.

To isolate him from the other relatives and draw him into Bitos's camp, then seek bigger benefits.

Those who liked to form factions in Nightless City always did so.

Some succeeded.

Some failed.

Bitos was likely to fail.

Because Jason couldn't see anything in him that resembled the 'successful ones.'

Regathering his focus, Jason prepared to concentrate on the book in front of him.

But just then—

“Ah ah ah ah!”

“There's been a murder!”