

## Menu 121

### Chapter 121: Embassy

The same scent on Bitos and Raul!

Jason unconsciously straightened up and looked toward the embassy.

The white embassy, with its marble walls, was nestled among a grove of coconut palms. The evening breeze gently stirred the leaves, rustling like a symphony with the nearby waves of the sea.

It wouldn't be noisy.

It was rather comfortable.

Especially in front of the embassy, where on both sides of the cobblestone pathway, several snails slowly crawled on the dwarf palm trees, giving a sense of relaxation that allowed one to set aside their worries.

A nice place.

Jason appraised.

Although he didn't understand architecture, the place gave him a comfortable feeling.

Of course, the scent that kept drilling into his nose was definitely one of the key points.

"Bitos' and Raul's deaths, are they related to the embassy?"

"Or maybe..."

"Related to Gerard's fiancée?"

As Jason pondered in his mind, he asked Gerard, "Gerard, do you understand your fiancée?"

To strangers, Jason didn't care.

But if it was related to food, he wouldn't mind learning more.

"Understand?"

Gerard frowned.

Then, he shook his head, not hiding the truth from his cousin.

“Not really.”

“Our marriage is an alliance, my understanding of her is limited to a portrait and some hearsay.”

“Her view of me?”

“Probably the same.”

Unconsciously, Gerard’s face showed a hint of self-mockery.

By his side, Dennise’s eyes showed pity. She wanted to say something, but upon receiving Jason’s stern look, she immediately sat upright and shut her mouth.

“What’s the general opinion about her?”

Jason continued to inquire.

“Good-natured, kind-hearted, not too fond of socializing.”

“Oh, and according to rumors, she really likes small animals.”

“She keeps birds, rabbits, and others in her garden,” Gerard recalled and then said.

She likes small animals?! Jason’s saliva secretion started accelerating.

Slurp. He unconsciously swallowed a mouthful of saliva.

He was looking forward more to meeting Gerard’s fiancée.

However, to be cautious, Jason still asked one last question:

“Haven’t you done a private investigation?”

“Yes.” Gerard nodded decisively.

The steward of Hans Port continued.

“According to my people’s investigation,”

“She is exactly as the rumors describe.”

“Without any discrepancy.”

“The impression I get is as if she’s playing the person in the rumors,” Gerard concluded, his face reflecting a trace of eeriness.

Jason did not ask why Gerard had this feeling.

He believed that Gerard, with his status as the steward of Hans Port, would certainly have greater capabilities and intuition than the average person.

If Gerard had such an impression, then the probability that the other party was playing a role was very high.

Was it for the sake of the marriage alliance?

But if it was for the alliance, why kill Bitos and Raul?

Their deaths would only complicate the alliance.

Jason felt puzzled.

“What’s her name?” Jason asked.

“Carol Klara.”

“The only daughter of the Duke of Fort Swallow.”

“She has two older brothers and a younger brother.”

“The eldest brother has already begun assisting the Duke of Fort Swallow with the affairs of the territory, the second brother chose to sail the seas, and the youngest brother, who loves painting, was sent to study in Golsai after turning nine this March.”

Gerard not only revealed the name but also shared the general background of the Duke’s daughter.

“A good arrangement,” Jason remarked.

Gerard nodded.

“It seems very good.”

“At least it seems so.”

The overseer of Hans Port spoke in a voice that seemed somewhat ethereal.

Being born into nobility meant that one would obtain many things beyond the imagination of commoners, but it also meant losing a great deal.

For example, familial love and romance.

Just as Gerard couldn't decide on his own marriage, Jason didn't believe a child of nine would willingly leave his parents.

“Milord, we have arrived.”

After the carriage stopped, the attendants dispersed.

The person in charge of the embassy came out to greet them.

Accompanying him was the leader of the 'Fort Swallow' delegation and the butler of 'Fort Swallow,' Dres.

An older man dressed in a robe of red and green, embroidered with gold at its edges, radiating an air of opulence.

At this time, the other party was clearly asleep and had hurriedly dressed to greet them upon receiving the news of Gerard's arrival, even forgetting to don his white wig.

Moonlight shone down upon their heads.

Smooth, bright.

"Good evening, Lord Gerard."

The elder adjusted his clothing and greeted him courteously.

"Good evening, Butler Dres."

Gerard, suppressing the impatience in his heart, returned the courtesy, but after the pleasantries, he spoke directly, "Something happened at the banquet tonight, where we welcomed my cousin Jason."



“Amy, do you remember?”

“I remember.”

“The girl from Golsai.”

Dres nodded.

“She’s dead.”

“After eating some food, she was poisoned and died.”

“The poison was the burning iris!”

Gerard’s voice was calm and unwavering, betraying no hint of anger.

But, Dres started sweating profusely in an instant.

The burning iris!

The specialty of 'Fort Swallow'!

Beautiful flowers, but deadly toxic!

Every year, there were cases of noble ladies accidentally poisoning themselves to death.

But how could those people compare with Amy?

She was associated with Gerard standing before him.

Others might not be aware, but Dres knew far too well the temperament of this 'neighbor.'

Brusque, not particular about details, protective of his own.

But also, vengeful.

And, powerfully strong!

More importantly, wielding control over Hans Port and holding the maritime lifeline to the inland, he did not mince words even when facing the 'newcomers' from the 'new' Federation.

It was precisely for this reason that 'Fort Swallow' needed an alliance through marriage.

'Fort Swallow' needed such a powerful ally to safeguard its reign from the encroachment of the 'new maggots.'

As a result, everyone in 'Fort Swallow' was overjoyed, with the duke repeatedly praising the foresightedness of the old duke.

Therefore, 'Fort Swallow' was deeply committed to this marital alliance.

Not only did he serve as the head of the delegation.

But the duke's eldest son also held the position of deputy leader.

If not for circumstances preventing it, the duke himself would have come in person.

Naturally, this caused dissatisfaction in the 'new' Federation.

Were those bastards in the federal government trying to sabotage the alliance?!

Almost subconsciously, this thought sprang into the old butler's mind.

"Lord Gerard, please wait for a moment."

"His Excellency Barney Clark will speak with you in detail."

The old butler bowed as he spoke.

Although he held the position of the delegation's leader, the true authority in 'Fort Swallow's' delegation was, of course, the duke's eldest son.

"Very well."

Gerard nodded and, along with Jason and Dennise, waited in the hall.

Dennise looked around curiously.

Then, she was captivated by an enormous painting hanging in the hall.

It depicted a man riding a white horse, with servants accompanying him on a hunt.

The man's face was indistinct, but the many attendants, the extravagant clothing, and the handsome white horse made people unconsciously feel that he must be very handsome.

And under Dennise's gaze, the figure in the painting moved!

The man dismounted his steed and made an inviting gesture to Dennise.

"Noble miss, may I invite you to join the hunt?"

The pleasant voice carried a bewitching power.

Any lady or miss hearing it would be unconsciously swept away.

But Dennise was different.

The ghostly girl shook her head and said decisively,

“No, you’re too ugly!”