

Menu 123

Chapter 123: Out of Nowhere

Ignoring his own blood.

The highborn son, who maintained his etiquette, made Jason vigilant.

He didn't know what had happened to the embassy, why it was filled with strangeness everywhere.

But he knew no amount of caution was wrong when facing an unknown bizarreness.

Gerard was the same.

The sword was drawn, and the surrounding attendants were as if facing a great enemy.

But Dennise, hiding behind Jason, blended into the crowd, looked around seriously before whispering back:

"It's fine."

"It's just bleeding."

The voice was very soft, inaudible under normal circumstances.

But at that moment, it was very clear.

Not only did Jason hear it, Gerard heard it, the people around heard it, but the highborn son also heard it.

“Bleeding?”

“Thank you for letting me know.”

“I think it’s just a minor matter, it won’t...”

Thud.

The highborn son wanted to say something more but collapsed to the ground.

The butler, Dres from ‘Fort Swallow’, was about to rush over but was stopped by Gerard’s attendant.

“Please stay calm, Butler Gerard,”

One attendant spoke as the others quickly moved into action.

Without a chant, Jason could feel a special force field emerging, akin to “Protection Against Evil”, but much weaker.

However, the effect was still evident.

Sizz!

Like a dough stick entering the hot oil.

The highborn son’s body trembled several times, falling into a deeper faint.

“It’s fine now, my lord,”

That attendant reported back to Gerard.

Butler Dres had already rushed forward and after confirming that Barney Clark was unharmed, handed him over to the attendants of ‘Fort Swallow’.

“Thank you for your help,”

The elderly butler turned to thank Gerard.

“No.”

“It’s my responsibility,”

Gerard waved his hand, his gaze shifting to the entire embassy.

First the enchanting picture, then the unknown evil spirits.

The ruler of Hans Port never thought his embassy would become so dangerous.

Who is causing trouble?

The Federation?

The Revival Society?

Or some other heretics?

Mulling over who could be responsible for this, Gerard arranged for his attendants to change the accommodation for the 'Fort Swallow' party.

From the embassy to 111 Duron Street.

Safe, comfortable, fitting their status, what could be more suitable than 111 Duron Street?

Jason watched Gerard making arrangements from beginning to end, without saying a word.

But deep down, Jason was questioning himself.

Is this their purpose?

Starting with the deaths of Bitos and Raul.

The death of Amy as the catalyst.

To force Gerard to appear at the embassy ahead of time, then to stage the scene just now—according to Hans Port's customs, the bride and groom are not allowed to meet between engagement and marriage.

Only at the wedding ceremony can both sides officially meet.

After that meeting, the relationship between the two will be confirmed.

If they meet ahead of time...

The relationship will be confirmed earlier, but they will also be despised by others.

Jason then shook his head.

It doesn't make sense!

The 'Fort Swallow' party didn't have to do this at all.

It's far too complex.

Even one could say it's not worth it.

The other party only needed to follow the procedure to become the wife of the ruler of Hans Port, whether in name or in reality. There was absolutely no need to take such a huge risk to commit murder.

But the fact of the murder also existed.

Was there any difference between Bitos and Raul?

Raul, Jason had only seen once and didn't know much about him.

Jason's understanding of Bitos wasn't deep either.

Yet Jason was certain again that there was nothing special about Bitos.

Except...

Confidence!

Yes!

Confidence!

Jason remembered the scene of their encounter, Bitos seemed very sure that he could win Gerard's favor, even though Gerard did not have a good impression of him.

Given the lack of a good impression from Gerard, what made him so confident?

Jason's gaze unconsciously turned towards the embassy behind him.

That was where the Grand Duke's daughter, Gerard's fiancée Carol Klara, resided.

Could it be because of Carol Klara?

Jason speculated.

At this moment, he had no evidence, but he became more vigilant towards the Grand Duke's daughter.

And then, four maids carrying a canopy appeared.

The canopy, taken down from a bed, which should have been a thin mesh to block mosquitoes, had become a thick blanket at this time. As they moved, the footsteps inside the canopy could be clearly heard.

The Grand Duke's daughter, not wanting her wedding to be scorned, had come up with such a method.

"Lord Gerard, we extend the young lady's greetings to you."

All four maids holding up the canopy said in unison.

Without a formal bow, Gerard waved his hand amiably with a nod and watched as the procession boarded the carriage.

Dennise wanted to quietly lift the blanket to take a peek, but Jason grabbed her by the back of the neck and pulled her back.

"I'm just looking."

Dennise explained.

Jason paid her no attention.

At this moment, his gaze towards the Grand Duke's daughter and her entourage was filled with puzzlement.

The scent of food was rich but was slowly fading!

Like Barney Clark before, simply having come into contact with the food.

The food should still be in the embassy!

Based on the intensity of the residual scents on both their persons, Jason was quite certain of it.

"Gerard, I would like to inspect the embassy!"

Jason said.

"You may!"

Gerard did not refuse.

Then, Jason headed straight for the backyard of the embassy.

At the same time, Gerard's attendants also began a thorough check of the entire embassy.

Dennise followed behind Jason, and upon entering the room belonging to the Grand Duke's daughter in the embassy, she exclaimed 'wow' once again.

"What a beautiful room!"

Completely different from the decor style along the way in Hans Port, the Grand Duke's daughter's room was predominantly white but was covered with a wall made entirely of 'kites'.

Each kite resembled a 'swallow', yet each was unique.

Some were realistic.

Some were exaggerated.

And they were cleverly matched, transforming these swallows into another gigantic swallow shape.

“Fort Swallow, huh?”

Thinking of her place of origin, Jason didn't find anything strange.

He was just sniffing differently with his nostrils, smelling the food scent lingering in the room.

Yes, lingering.

It must have been recently that the daughter and son of the Grand Duke from 'Fort Swallow' met with a certain 'food' here and got the scent of the food on them.

With his and Gerard's arrival, the Grand Duke's son took over, and the 'food' left.

“Was it a delay before?”

Jason rubbed his nose.

He hoped to pin down the 'food' by following the lingering scent.

Unfortunately, that 'food' had seemingly vanished into thin air, leaving no other trace of its scent outside this room.

However, this was enough for Jason to make even more speculations!