

## Menu 125

### Chapter 125: As You Expected

“What happens if a ‘Ritual Summoning’ fails?”

The book given by the old Baron clearly stated that most would be devoured as sacrifices, while the rest, even more tragically... they would be controlled and toyed with by the monster summoned.

To cause greater destruction!

Or...

Become the monster itself!

With this in mind, Jason walked resolutely toward Gerard.

Upon seeing the seriousness on Jason’s face, Gerard immediately asked,

“What is it, Jason?”

“It’s still about the ‘Ritual Summoning’ issue.”

“If!”

“What happens if a ‘Ritual Summoning’ fails?”

Jason asked in a deep voice.

He didn’t explain directly, but Jason believed that Gerard would guess what he was implying.

Sure enough, Gerard was taken aback before quickly catching on,

“You mean...”

“Everyone, back to Duron Street!”

The ruler of Hans Port shouted loudly.

...

“Just hold on a little longer, sister.”

“111 Duron Street, we are almost there.”

“Once we get there, you can break free of the control.”

Barney Clark softly said to Carol Klara, who was sitting across from him.

The noble son who had just fainted from blood loss still had a pale complexion, especially the remaining powder, made his face look even more bloodless, but he seemed much stronger compared to Carol Klara sitting across from him.

The fiancée of Gerard slumped in the chair across, her face colorless, her exposed skin equally devoid of any color, appearing much like a drained corpse.

But, there was still breathing.

However, what she breathed out was not warmth, but wisps of cold air.

Turning the already stuffy carriage into a place reminiscent of autumn and winter.

It seemed that Carol Klara’s eyebrows trembled slightly as if she heard Barney Clark’s voice, on the brink of awakening, but then, a layer of fine scales appeared on Carol Klara’s face.

Giving the beautiful noble daughter a hint of eerie otherness.

After that, the noble daughter opened her eyes.

The circular pupils were fixed on Barney Clark.

The gentle face of the noble son instantly twisted with resentment.

“Get back!”

“Don’t occupy my sister’s body.”

The noble son growled lowly.

“Heh.”

“What does it matter?”

“I’m not really going to do anything, am I?”

The raspy voice, giving off a slick sensation, was extremely discomforting, much like touching the scales of a fish.

“Killing Bitos!”

“Killing Raul!”

“And killing Amy!”

“Weren’t these all your doing?”

The noble son’s breathing became rapid as he forcibly suppressed the urge to draw his sword and strike down the other.

“It’s not my fault!”

“It’s their fault!”

“One was opportunistic, trying to deceive me, and the other...”

“Hehe.”

Following a light chuckle, the strange noble daughter started getting up, ‘she’ looked at the scenery on both sides and couldn’t help but reveal a satisfied expression.

111 Duron Street!

‘She’ finally received the ‘invitation’ to ‘enter’.

No longer was it a mere intrusion.

And...

The person ‘she’ had long awaited finally returned here.

That’s wonderful!

‘She’ couldn’t help laughing.

“You promised me!”

“Once you truly enter ‘111 Duron Street,’ you will leave my sister’s body.”

The noble son emphasized.

“Of course!”

“My word is my bond!”

‘She’ languidly stretched and instinctively raised her hand to lift the noble son’s chin, but it seemed she remembered something and withdrew her hand.

“I forgot, you’re my brother.”

She chuckled softly.

“I am not your brother!”

“My sister is Carol Klara!”

“Not you!”

The son of the Duke gripped the hilt of his sword, his words measured and deliberate.

“What difference does it make?”

“I’ve found quite a few interesting things inside her head.”

“Big brother~”

Her voice purposefully drawn out, the Duke’s son’s breathing grew heavier and his eyes, filled with anger, bore into her. But after a moment, his sword-wielding hand just dropped to his side.

This was his sister.

Not a monster.

He couldn’t bring himself to do it.



Not only could he not bring himself to do it, but he also had to cooperate with her in every possible way, hoping she would leave his sister's body.

Frustration.

Regret.

They intertwine, causing the Duke's son's body to tremble.

And her?

Her chuckle echoed even louder.

...

The Hans Port Harbor Guard escorted an old-fashioned carriage through the suburban woods and into Hans Port.

Everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

The sudden news from that afternoon had all the guards on edge.

Someone had been murdered at 111 Duron Street.

And it was one of Lord Gerard's relatives.

Moreover, Gerard's wedding was tomorrow.

When all these facts were put together, anyone could sense the extraordinary circumstances.

On top of that, the conflict between Lord Gerard and the Revival Society at noon had all the guards on high alert during their journey.

Fortunately, nothing happened.

All the guards were confident that within Hans Port, no one would dare attack the convoy.

Because...

Lord Gerard Hans was there.

Clatter, clatter.

The carriage continued forward, smoothly and steadily managed by the skilled coachman without a single jostle.

Inside the carriage sat a plainly dressed elderly woman, wearing no extra adornments, her dress a simple cloth one, yet she emanated the unique aura of someone high-ranking.

Even Butler Reed, Gerard's old butler, would bow down before this imposing presence.

After all, this woman had managed Hans Port for over fifteen years before Gerard truly came into his own.

In the eyes of those privy to internal affairs,

This woman was still the manager of Hans Port.

Reed was one of those privy to the knowledge.

Approaching the carriage silently, the old butler Reed immediately knelt on one knee.

“My lady.”

Reed’s forehead touched the tips of the old woman’s feet.

“Has Lily’s child arrived?”

The old woman didn’t lower her head, merely glancing dispassionately.

“He has.”

“A very fine young man, just like Lord Gerard.”

“It’s just that he chose poorly when it comes to picking partners; that Miss Dennise is not fit to be a good wife.”

Reed reported truthfully.

“That’s Jason’s choice.”

“I respect his decision.”

“Whatever he needs, I’ll provide as much as I can. I owe him that.”

When the old woman mentioned Jason’s name, her stern face softened ever so slightly.

But it was fleeting.

The next moment, the old woman slowly asked.

“What about ‘Fort Swallow’?”

As she spoke these words, her eyes glittered with a cold iciness.

Like a wind from the far north, chilling to the marrow.

Butler Reed bowed even lower.

Yet his voice remained clear.

“Everything is as you expected.”