

Menu 127

Chapter 127: Aunt

The colossal figure stepped out of the light, and as its wings spread, the golden feathers immediately burst forth radiance akin to that of the sun.

The pitch-black night turned instantly into the dawn of a rising sun.

A sense of holiness and majesty swept through the area near 111 Duron Street.

The group hidden within the coconut grove, cloaked in black, fell to the ground with piteous cries.

White flames ignited upon their bodies.

Rapidly, they were turned to ash.

Then came the Revival Society.

Without any room for resistance, everyone, including the one transformed into the leader by the tempest, was engulfed in white flames.

Especially the former, who quite straightforwardly vaporized as he was 'plucked' out from the gales.

The black creature, snake-like and eel-like, sought to escape.

But white flames lit directly upon it, and after several screams of agony, the huge body disappeared within the white flames, leaving only a woman lying on the ground, with the son of a duke excitedly looking at his sister who had escaped from his control.

He wanted to check whether his sister was unharmed.

But the immense pressure made him immobile.

Then, the radiance dimmed slightly.

The giant Griffin-like silhouette gradually shrank.

And transformed into Gerard, hovering in mid-air.

"My lord!"

Attendants and guards knelt on one knee one after another.

Gerard flew straight toward the quaint carriage.

“Mother, are you alright?” he asked worriedly, while checking on her.

“I’m fine.”

“These are nothing,” she smiled and waved off the concern.

“What about your cousin?” she inquired about Jason with a smile.

“He’s with Dennise, a bit slow but they’ll be here shortly,” Gerard replied, and just as his words fell, the figures of Jason and Dennise appeared in the distance.

At that moment, Jason was filled with shock.

When Gerard mentioned ‘Ritual Summoning,’ he had made some guesses.

But Jason had never imagined that Gerard’s summoning would call forth a Griffin.

Griffin, Griffin Camp, Griffin Federation!

These terms began to swirl in Jason's mind.

He did not believe that these terms were unrelated.

What was Gerard's relationship with the Griffin Federation?

Unconsciously, Jason pondered.

Then...

Delicious!

An unprecedented fragrance filled his nostrils, and his mind focused solely on how a Griffin should be cooked to bring out the best flavor.

Fat rendered into crispy pieces.

Lean meat folded into dumplings.

Bones boiled for soup.

Offal stir-fried.

Fore and hind legs roasted.

One culinary thought after another emerged in Jason's mind.

In the distance, Gerard suddenly felt a chill rise from the depths of his heart, causing him great unease.

Were there still hidden enemies?

The ruler of Hans Port instinctively scanned the surroundings.

But he could not find any enemies at all.

An illusion?

Gerard frowned briefly, but his brows quickly smoothed out again.

For his cousin and Dennise had already walked over.

“Gerard, you can actually fly!” Dennise rushed over, her eyes gleaming with the excitement of a new discovery.

“Yes, a power granted by the Ritual Summoning,” Gerard explained, then suddenly turned pale, his body swaying slightly.

However, he refused anyone’s support and insisted on standing firm on his own.

Severe depletion of physical strength!

Jason quickly assessed, having experienced this more than once.

And he could be sure that the ‘Griffin’ that came in accordance with the summoning was not just about depleting physical strength, there must be other conditions as well.

Perhaps incredibly stringent ones.

As he pondered, Jason’s gaze turned towards the inside of the carriage.

Looking at the plainly dressed elderly woman.

Is this 'my aunt'?

Jason thought, as the elderly woman had already raised her arm, beckoning to Jason.

"Jason?"

"Come in."

"Let me get a good look at you."

Standing with Gerard, Jason was indeed too recognizable, both of their tall, robust figures unparalleled. If not for the different faces, everyone would likely think they were brothers.

Jason wasn't quite comfortable with this situation.

Even though he knew this was only the aunt of his current identity.

The awkwardness of facing an elder made him hesitate.

Gerard, however, didn't hesitate to pull him onto the carriage.

Dennise followed naturally.

Once Jason was on the carriage, where else was it supposed to go?

The carriage set off again.

It didn't stay in front of the main building at 111 Duron Street but circled around it and headed towards a coconut grove to the side.

As for what was left in front of the main building?

Butler Reed had already begun to handle it.

Whether it was the wounded, or the son and daughter of the Grand Duke of Fort Swallow.

The carriage entered the coconut grove, and immediately, the road shifted from flagstones to gravel.

The ride became bumpier, but it didn't cause any discomfort to the people inside the carriage.

The elderly woman, taking advantage of the glow inside the carriage, examined Jason closely.

A smile appeared on her serious face.

"You look very much like Lily."

"You both have a pair of unforgettable eyes."

As she spoke, the elderly woman's expression softened even more.

She raised her hand as if she wanted to touch Jason's cheek.

But Jason instinctively dodged.

The elderly woman paused for a moment, then withdrew her hand, and a hint of apology appeared on her face.

“I’m sorry, Jason.”

“As you can see, even now, Hans Port is not safe.”

“Some people with ulterior motives always look for opportunities to undermine Hans Port.”

“I cannot afford to have one more vulnerability.”

The elderly woman explained.

Jason nodded, saying little else.

Without related memories, it was hard for him to immerse himself and evoke any emotion.

He could only express the most basic attitude.

At the same time, he didn’t forget to inform the elderly woman of his situation.

“I encountered some accidents in Taor.”

“So, I don’t remember many things.”

“I’m sorry.”

Jason said.

“No, it’s not your fault.”

“It’s the Revival Society, it’s the Federation.”

“They’re like two monsters, constantly tearing at the legacy of the old Federation.”

“The North was shattered by them, and naturally, they will look to the South.”

“They have grown accustomed to war.”

The elderly woman smiled kindly, waved her hand at Jason, then, seemingly not wanting to linger on this topic, her gaze shifted to Dennise and said, “Such a lively little girl.”

“Hello.”

As expected, Dennise remembered her mother’s teachings to respect elders upon meeting them.

However, there was still curiosity in her eyes.

She looked at the elderly woman and felt an aura stronger than even Gerard’s.

Just showing curiosity and a face full of vitality made Dennise quite favored by the elderly, which included the elderly woman, who gestured for Dennise to sit next to her.

Dennise, unfamiliar with timidity, directly took the seat.

Meanwhile, Gerard sat down next to Jason.

Fortunately, the carriage was spacious enough, and the two tall, robust men sitting together didn’t make it feel crowded at all.

The elderly woman and Dennise chatted in low voices, breaking into laughter from time to time, clearly amused by Dennise.

One side of the seat was filled with laughter and joyful chatter.

On the other side, Gerard gave Jason a meaningful look

Then, the ruler of Hans Port spoke up:

“Mother, I think...”

“Don’t think.”

“The wedding cannot be changed.”

The elderly woman said without turning her head.