

Menu 128

Chapter 128: Honorifics

The old woman seemed to have the gift of foresight as she interrupted Gerard's words.

She turned her head to look at her son.

Gerard, who had just annihilated the Revival Society, Bizarre, and the onlookers lurking in the dark with a single strike, faced his mother's gaze, and instinctively wanted to dodge as if he'd vanished.

But the carriage was only so big.

Where could he hide?

Behind Jason?

Please, he wasn't the petite Dennise.

However, that didn't prevent him from seeking Jason's assistance.

He nudged Jason with his elbow.

Gerard signaled for Jason's help.

They had agreed on this beforehand, so of course, Jason wouldn't go back on his word at the last minute.

Although his aunt appeared rather stern, she should still be someone he could reason with.

Right then, Jason was about to speak.

But before he could say anything, the old woman looked at him with a smile.

He wasn't sure if it was an illusion, but as he looked at the smiling old woman, Jason thought he heard the roar of a tiger in his ears.

"Jason, I am your aunt."

"After Lily passed away, I should be your only elder now."

"Since your cousin is about to get married, I think it's time to schedule your marriage as well—what do you think, Dennise?"

As she spoke, the old woman turned to look at Dennise.

Woof?

Dennise was startled and utterly confused.

And Jason?

After casting a helpless glance at Gerard, he quickly beat a retreat.

During the rest of the journey, the side where the old woman and Dennise sat continued to be filled with laughter and chatter.

Gerard was downcast.

Jason stayed silent.

He wanted to offer some comfort to Gerard, but after some thought, he decided it was better to say nothing at all.

Sometimes, it was best not to fan the flames.

This wasn't about not helping.

It was just...

The opponent was too powerful.

And not one you could settle things with by force.

About three to four minutes later, the carriage stopped in front of a white two-story building.

From the angle of the carriage, there was a front door leading directly inside, with no courtyard or anything like it; just that the space at the door receded two meters inward, carving out a part of the living room and creating a small open area, furnished with a rocking chair and a small round table.

At the moment, the round table had a teapot and four cups on it.

Additionally, three wooden stools were placed beside the rocking chair.

After stepping out of the carriage, Jason surveyed the surroundings.

He could hear the sound of the waves, and there were green plants and a gravel path.

The distance to 111 Duron Street was about one kilometer or so.

But the buildings here, though renovated, must be much older than 111 Duron Street, judging by the surrounding vegetation.

“This used to be the gatekeeper’s cottage of the old Hans Estate,”

“When I first came to Hans Port, this is where I stayed.”

“Yes, just as you would have guessed, I was the gatekeeper,”

The old woman settled into the rocking chair and began explaining to Jason.

A gatekeeper?

Jason looked at the old woman, unable to imagine her ever holding such a position.

After all, in his mind, gatekeepers were mostly men with considerable strength.

“Do you doubt my abilities?”

“I was Gerard’s mentor in swordsmanship, riding skill, and shooting.”

After ushering everyone to sit down and pouring tea for each person, a rose petal-like flower tea with a faint sweet fragrance, the old woman continued as she served the tea, “And yes, I cut my hair and dressed as a man back then.”

Dressed as a man?!

Dennise’s eyes lit up.

She had read about this sort of plot twist in many novels.

But this was her first time encountering it in reality.

“Was it fun?”

Dennise asked curiously.

“Fun?”

“Not fun at all!”

“I wasn’t only worried about my identity being exposed, I also had to constantly face danger—the Hans Port was filled with all sorts of monsters and cultists, and safety couldn’t even be guaranteed in the city district.”

“We gatekeepers are here to protect the lives and properties of our employers.”

“The death rate was extremely high.”

“Of the gatekeepers who came with me, I was the only one left after three months. Six months later, a new group of gatekeepers arrived, and I became the leader in charge of the entire estate’s security.”

After taking a sip of tea, the old woman spoke in a matter-of-fact tone, causing Dennise to shrink back.

They were all dead, nowhere near as romantic as it had imagined.

However, Dennise didn't give up.

It continued to press on with questions.

"Isn't this the Hans Estate?"

"Gerard's surname is Hans, so you met Gerard's father here, right?"

"Also, why does everyone call Gerard 'Lord Gerard' instead of 'Lord Hans'?"

The old woman took another sip of tea and said with a smile.

"This is the Hans Estate, but it doesn't mean that I met Gerard's father here. We met at a restaurant in the city, where a new barbecue shop had just opened. I went there to eat barbecue on my day off, and Gerard's father also sneaked out without his guard, running into a bit of trouble. I helped him out, and he treated me to barbecue in return, and that's how we got to know each other."

"As for why not 'Lord Hans'?"

"That's because..."

The old woman's voice paused, then she did not continue, and instead raised her hand to pat the top of Dennise's head.

"Go get some rest."

"You don't have to get up early tomorrow," she added.

With that, Gerard, who had been silent the whole time, suddenly looked up.

He looked at his mother with surprise.

"With so much happening today, do you think the wedding can still be held tomorrow?" he asked.

"It will take at least a week to deal with it," the old woman replied with a look of resignation.

"A week?" Gerard exhaled with a slight sense of relief.

It was as if he planned to delay the matter as long as possible.

“Go take Jason and Dennise back to rest,” she instructed.

“I’m also tired,” the old woman said.

Gerard, Jason, and Dennise immediately stood up.

The old woman watched them get into the carriage and drive away, staying until they turned off the road, before she turned and walked towards her room.

The former gatekeeper’s quarters preserved much of its original style.

Rough, simple, designed for utility.

But some people would never return.

The old woman touched the room’s thick columns, the tables, the staircase, with her hand. Her thoughts seemed to travel back to several decades ago.

A few seconds later, she sighed faintly.

With that sigh, the old woman's presence once again took on the unique aura of a high-ranking individual.

"Begin setting the next net," she said blandly.

"Yes, Lord Hans," came the coordinated response from the air around her.

Shadowy figures, barely discernible, knelt on one knee.

Then, everything dissipated.

Only the low murmuring of the old woman remained.

"Griffin Federation."

"Revival Society."

"Abandonment Sect."

"Erosion Sect."

“And...”

“Blood Source!”

“You have all gathered at Hans Port, haven’t you?”

“I have given you plenty of time.”

“You had better not disappoint me!”