

Menu 131

Chapter 131: Rumors

This young attendant bore a striking resemblance to Butler Reed, yet Jason had never seen him before.

“Jason, this is little Reed.”

“The son of Butler Reed.”

“My personal manservant and attendant.”

Gerard introduced the young man with more than a passing mention, unlike the other attendants.

It showed that the latter was different from the others.

In fact, by virtue of his father being the butler and his role as Gerard’s personal servant and attendant, it had long been destined that he would take over his father’s position as the butler.

Put simply, when Reed retired due to old age, the other would be the next butler for the ruler of Hans Port.

Such practices were quite common in noble families.

Especially for the lords with their own lands, it was almost regarded as part of the inheritance.

A master-servant relationship that lasted either a hundred or even several hundred years was far more solid than others could believe.

Especially in this world that harbored the "Mystical Side."

"Little Reed, this is my cousin, Jason."

"Remember, treat him as you would me."

Turning his head, Gerard introduced Jason and instructed his personal servant.

"Yes, my Lord."

"Greetings, Lord Jason."

The personal attendant nodded and formally greeted Jason.

"Hello, little Reed."

Jason responded.

Dennise?

She glanced at the personal attendant once and then lowered her head to continue gnawing on a lamb leg.

“Let’s talk over here.”

Gerard indicated a sofa and coffee table in one corner of the dining room.

He had been taught since childhood by his mother not to disrupt family meals with official business.

And of course, Gerard abided by this.

Gerard and his personal attendant walked to a corner of the dining room, and it was only when they got there that Gerard realized his cousin was still at the dining table.

“Jason, I suggest you come along.”

Gerard reminded Jason.

After silently estimating the time needed to roast the lamb leg, Jason nodded and walked over.

The servants had placed tea and fruit on the coffee table and immediately left.

Not just the corner of the dining room.

All the servants in the dining room exited as well.

“My Lord, rumors have emerged in Hans Port.”

“The rumors claim you are the Cursed Child.”

“And that everything related to you brings misfortune.”

Once the unrelated persons had left, little Reed immediately spoke up.

Gerard just laughed upon hearing this.

“The same old trick.”

“Have you identified who spread the rumor?”

Gerard asked.

“Most have been identified, but...”

As he spoke, little Reed’s face took on a serious expression again, and after a pause, he continued, “Upon my investigation, these individuals are not directly involved; they encountered these rumors unwittingly. The real rumor spreader is from outside Hans Port!”

“Outside Hans Port?”

Gerard frowned.

The ruler of Hans Port instinctively sat up straight.

Spreading rumors within Hans Port.

And spreading them from outside Hans Port only to reach the port itself were two different concepts.

The former could be snuffed out easily at the source.

The latter?

Not only was the difficulty exponentially greater, but it also signified numerous unexpected variables outside of one's control.

Like the involvement of unforeseen powers.

"Correct."

"According to the information I received from the secret agents previously, many cities inland have started to circulate this rumor."

"I suspect that it is..."

Little Reed didn't finish his sentence.

However, both Jason and Gerard knew who little Reed ultimately suspected.

The Federation!

The New Federation!

"They?"

Gerard pondered for a moment, and then suddenly burst into laughter.

"If it's them, even better."

"I've been looking forward to this for a long time!"

Gerard said these words,

appearing very relaxed.

However, after lunch, Gerard apologized to Jason and then the ruler of Hans Port hurried away.

Watching his retreating figure, Jason shook his head and sighed softly.

Without a doubt, Gerard was far from as relaxed as he seemed.

The New Federation, which ended the era of factional rule and made the old nobility uneasy, was far stronger than imagined.

Naturally, the descendant of the Duke of Aymodun was far more outstanding than imagined.

The strategy of concentrated cannon fire was skillfully executed by the enemy.

The enemy almost embraced the most simplistic concept—

If you lose, it's just because the cannons weren't big enough or there wasn't enough gunpowder.

As long as the cannons are big enough!

And there's enough gunpowder!

Then you are invincible in battle!

Jason agreed with this.

And the information above came from a book on the bookshelf in the study of the room he was staying in, titled "Ambitions of Aymodun." Jason had stayed up all night reading this book yesterday.

The book wasn't new; the frequently turned pages were evident.

Some clues were deduced from this.

Keep in mind, Jason had learned from a maid's mouth that most of the time, the guest room was empty, only occasionally occupied by Gerard.

Gerard was very attentive to the heir of the Duke of Aymodun, who had become the ruler of the New Federation.

And...

Gerard could summon griffins.

And now the New Federation was referred to as the 'Griffin Federation'!

"The relationship between the two?"

Jason wondered.

In the end, he shook his head.

There was too little information; he could not speculate anything.

More importantly, the roasted leg of lamb had arrived.

Since Gerard had left, the roast leg of lamb that was Gerard's naturally belonged to him now.

The extra portion of food made all of Jason's worries fly away.

What else was more real and enjoyable than food?

Of course, it's two portions of food!

If there was another unexpected joy...

That would be three portions!

Dennise stared eagerly as her portion of roasted leg of lamb was taken by Jason.

It wasn't because she didn't want to eat, but because she was a bit stuffed.

After becoming undead, her appetite had increased significantly.

But that was only compared to her former self.

Compared to Jason?

Way too sweet, way too naive.

Watching Jason eat not just one, but three roasted legs of lamb, bones and all, Dennise couldn't help puffing up her cheeks in indignation.

She felt defeated.

It was a childish sense of winning and losing.

But to Dennise, it mattered.

"I will definitely outeat you one day!"

Dennise declared ambitiously, waving her fists with vigor.

"There's a new novel in the study."

Jason said casually.

"Shall we go read, alright?"

Dennise immediately lunged to grab Jason's arm.

Facing the greasy palms, Jason dodged with distaste and turned to head to his room, while Dennise hurried after him, hopping and skipping, her cloth skirt swishing like an excited dog's tail.

Just as they reached the fourth floor, Jason's nostrils involuntarily twitched.

The scent wafting into his nose made the corners of his mouth involuntarily rise.

Touching his stomach, which had almost digested its contents, Jason quickened his pace.

The real lunch...

had only just begun.