

## Menu 132

Chapter 132: Invitation

Outside the guest room.

More than ten large boxes sat in the hallway, completely filling the spacious corridor.

Butler Reed stood patiently beside these boxes, waiting.

Upon seeing Jason appear at the staircase, Reed immediately walked over.

“Master Jason, these are the Flying Dragon bones and Earth Dragon bones that Master Gerard sent for you,” Reed explained.

Jason’s eyes were fixed on the large boxes, his saliva secreting involuntarily.

Although the boxes were closed, the aroma wafting from them informed Jason of the delicious contents inside.

“Is there a separate place to live?”

"I am not dissatisfied with this place, but I wish for a larger independent space."

"Preferably one with a kitchen," Jason told Reed.

The guest room had a kitchen, but it was far too small.

It simply wouldn't do for preparing these bones.

"Of course, there is," Reed said immediately.

Then the old butler introduced:

"We currently have three residences with ample space and separate kitchens."

"One is located amidst the coconut palms, one in front of 111 Duron Street, and another on the other side of the beach."

"I recommend the one at the beach for you."

Although Hans Estate had long become 111 Duron Street, the entire estate's infrastructure was still well-maintained, and finding a separate residence was not too difficult.

"All right," Jason didn't choose at random but followed Reed's advice.

He believed Reed's recommendation to be better than his own, as someone who hadn't even fully explored 111 Duron Street.

"By the way,"

"Master Jason,"

"you have an invitation."

As Reed directed the servants to start moving the ten large boxes, and after packing and moving the books that Jason and Dennise needed, he then pulled an invitation out from his pocket.

"My invitation?" Jason was taken aback.

In Hans Port, he hardly knew anyone.

Or rather, in this alternate world, his acquaintances were limited.

Besides Gerard, the most familiar were Peters and the Dennise family.

Gerard was nearby.

And Peters, the Dennise family?

They clearly wouldn't use an invitation.

Taking the invitation, it read courteously—

Dear Mr. Jason:

I humbly invite you and Miss Dennise to join me at 10 Terna Street in the evening for I have a compensation for you.

Yours, who had the honor of your acquaintance, Syndra

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...

Syndra?

Jason recalled the name.

Gradually, an image of someone with a prematurely aged face and balding hair came to mind.

The person seemed to be from the Federation.

He even held a noble title.

But he was from Gerard's faction, the kind one couldn't shake off even if they wanted to.

Considering the current relationship between the Federation and Gerard, and being a member of Gerard's camp, why would the other party send him an invitation?

Was it a malicious attempt to sow discord?

Or...

Did it involve a deeper scheme?

Thinking this, Jason looked at Butler Reed.

“Would it be appropriate for me to meet him?”

Jason picked up the invitation as a hint.

Regardless of what that Syndra intended to do, it was always right to ask Gerard’s butler face-to-face.

In a sense, it was like asking Gerard himself.

“Of course,”

“that is your freedom,”

The butler, seeing the inquiring Jason, had a smile with a few more touches of warmth.

Then, in a lowered voice, he said:

“Don’t worry.”

“Syndra must just want to make up for Malor’s previous mistake.”

“They don’t want young master Gerard to target them because of this incident.”

“Therefore, if they offer any compensation, please rest assured and accept it.”

Having said that, the butler performed a bow, his voice returning to its usual tone, “Please come with me, I’ll take you to the new residence.”

Within the Federation, there were both enemies and sycophants of Gerard?

Jason looked at the invitation in his hand, his brow furrowed.

Without a doubt, things were far more complicated than he had imagined.

Gerard’s entanglement with the Federation was also much deeper.

It seemed...

In the Federation, did Gerard also have his own power base?

Moreover, it was a very strong one.

“The Griffin Federation, huh?”

Jason muttered to himself.

However, he quickly set all this aside.

The new residence had arrived.

By the beachside, a two-story building, similar in style to the gatekeeper's lodge, but much more refined. From here, you could clearly see the nearby beach, and the sound of the waves was just beneath your feet.

When the warm sea breeze blew, the sound of the waves surged, and occasionally the cries of sea birds reached one's ears.



A sense of contentment arose spontaneously.

“This used to be young master Gerard’s place of rest.”

“However, since young master Gerard started managing Hans Port, he hasn’t been here for a long time.”

“Do you need anything else?”

Butler Reed finished speaking and continued to ask.

“I also need ten pots as large as these boxes, and a considerable amount of wood.”

“Then ginger, chili peppers, aniseeds, both large and small, cinnamon, bay leaves, and so on.”

“Also vegetables, noodles.”

Jason, after checking the kitchen, informed Reed.

Reed was momentarily stunned, and after confirming that Jason was not joking, although very puzzled, he immediately began to arrange everything.

Jason, meanwhile, started to unpack the boxes, taking out the bones.

These boxes were not branded with any secret technique, but the wood had a cooling feel to it.

It must rely on the special properties of the wood to preserve the bones.

Unfortunately...

The wood had no scent whatsoever.

Jason felt slightly disappointed.

But the bones inside the boxes were real and solid.

Upon close examination, Jason found that these bones were only the spine.

Skulls, ribs, and limb bones were not included.

This did not surprise Jason.

Dragon bones were not of low value, even for Earth Dragons and Flying Dragons.

Made into weapons, armor, or shields, these special body parts were quite excellent items.

With Gerard's status, he naturally needed to reward others.

These items naturally had their uses.

After counting the spine bones, Jason began to wash them with clean water. By the time the large pots arrived, Jason, who had finished cleaning the dragon spine bones, had already arranged stones into a fire pit, and as the kindling wood crackled, the flames ignited.

Declining the servants' help and signaling that they could leave, Jason set up ten pots.

Cold water was poured into the pots.

The spine bones of Flying Dragons and Earth Dragons were boiled starting with cold water.

Thirty minutes later, as the cold water boiled and the soup started turning white, a rich aroma wafted into Jason's nose.

He couldn't help but scoop out a piece of spine bone.

Slurp.

First, he sipped the broth from the bone, then, he bit along the edge of the spine.

Suddenly, Jason's eyes lit up.

It was a taste that one only got from gnawing on rich, fatty meat, and in comparison, the roast lamb legs the chefs had just carefully prepared seemed quite ordinary—not because of the cooking skills, but the ingredients!

Gobbling up like a wolf, Jason began gnawing on the bones.

From midday until the sun was westward, after Jason had cleaned the last spine bone in his hands, he came back to his senses and suddenly blinked.

All the bones were eaten up?

But immediately, Jason looked at the ten large pots dispassionately and began leisurely making noodles and boiling vegetables.

Bone broth noodles, after all.

What's important is the broth and the noodles.

The bones are not important.

So,

what does it matter if they were eaten ahead of time?