

## Menu 134

### Chapter 134: The Secret History

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As evening fell, a carriage departed from 111 Duron Street, heading to 10 Terna Street.

Jason sat inside the carriage, gazing at the young Reed sitting opposite him, massaging his slightly swollen temples.

It wasn't Reed who was giving him a headache.

It was Gerard's afternoon-long narrative.

From Hans Port to Fort Swallow and then to the entire Federation South, Gerard had explained everything in detail to Jason, all to help him grasp the current complexity of the situation.

Jason had also come to understand that apart from the remnants of the Revival Society,

there were also cults like the Abandonment Sect, the Erosion Society, and Bloodline in the Federation's South.

The Abandonment Sect was established abruptly before the establishment of the New Federation and was once Gerard's main rival. Although Gerard had nearly eradicated them, they had made a resurgence in the past decade.

The Erosion Society was even older, having secretly grown in the Federation South during the existence of the Old Federation, periodically committing blood-curdling massacres.

Compared to the former two, Bloodline was very special!

Not only because it was the oldest of the sects.

But also because it was an organization established through 'bloodline relations.'

Where it originated, no one knew.

Where it is now, no one knew either.

It was like a ghost, appearing every so often, manipulating the progress of the entire South of the Federation, making the whole region develop according to its will.

Of course, that's not the most important part.

The significant issue was: Gerard believed that Bloodline had begun to infiltrate the North.

He believed the continuous warfare in the North was instigated by Bloodline.

As for why they were doing this?

Gerard didn't know.

Just as he didn't know which one of them would be targeting him this time.

Or perhaps...

It was all of them?

After repeatedly confirming Jason's thoughts, Gerard disclosed all of this information to him.

Lounging against the soft cushions, Jason reflected on what Gerard had said.

"Revival Society, Abandonment Sect, Erosion Society, Bloodline... and the Federation!"

His brows, which had just relaxed, furrowed once again.

According to Gerard, none of these organizations were to be trifled with.

Even the Revival Society, with its 'Pipers,' was only notably prominent in direct combat power, whereas in terms of background, numbers, and the degree of their bizarre practices, the Abandonment Sect and Erosion Society were superior.

Not to mention the hidden Bloodline and the overt control of the Federation.

"Sir Jason, are you alright?"

Reed asked and produced a box of mint oil from a hidden pocket in the carriage.

Jason didn't refuse.

But he didn't apply it either, just unscrewed the lid and sniffed.

Immediately, a cooling sensation spread.

Jason breathed a sigh of relief.

“Thank you,”

he thanked Reed.

“You seem much better now, so I believe I can speak to you about the matter concerning my master and the Federation.”

“There wasn’t enough time before.”

“My master instructed me to speak with you in the carriage,”

Reed stated meticulously.

Jason felt a headache coming on again but nevertheless sat up straight.

“My master once studied at the ‘Griffin Camp,’ the true ‘Griffin Camp,’ not the dispersed military camps we have nowadays.”

“And there, my master befriended the scion of Duke Aymodun of the Federation, not the one at war with the ‘Pipers,’ but his youngest son.”

“The two became good friends at the ‘Griffin Camp.’

“They traveled the Federation together.”

“They experienced the Federation under the ‘influence’ (domination) of the factions; it was thoroughly corrupt.”

“So, they decided to change that state of affairs!”

“And then...”

“They succeeded.”

Reed said flatly.

But Jason looked stunned.

The New Federation was established by Gerard and the scion of Duke Aymodun?

And Gerard was friends with him.

“

“

The most important thing is!

The two of them succeeded!

Jason subconsciously twisted open the vial of mint oil.

Compared to the previous information, this bit of news had an even greater impact on Jason.

Even if Jason had guessed that Gerard and the Federation were closely related, he never imagined that Gerard was one of the founders of the Federation.

“And then?”

Jason continued to ask.

“After that, the two split ways due to differences in their ideals.”

“The gentleman returned to Hans Port and became its ruler.”

“The Duke’s son of Aymodun inherited his title and became the ruler of the New Federation.”

Reed’s tone was flat, but Jason detected an underlying sense of bloodshed.

Splitting ways?

It’s not that simple.

Jason could imagine what Gerard would face upon returning to Hans Port.

He could also imagine how the youngest son managed to inherit the title.

Moreover, the relationship between the two parties...



Had already become hostile.

That was telling enough.

Some of the doubts that had perplexed Jason also began to dissipate.

“Because of what happened back then, are there still some within the Federation who support Gerard?”

“Not just some.”

“There are many!”

“You should know, the gentleman led from the front in every battle, charging at the enemy’s formation, walls, and castles.”

“Moreover, the gentleman is someone full of passion and a very charismatic person. Those who fought alongside him all believe that he is the rightful ruler of the Federation, not some clerk—after all, the Federation is now known as the—Griffin!”

Reed, who had been speaking in a neutral tone until now, raised his pitch slightly, his fist clenched tightly.

Clearly, he too believed that Gerard was the true ruler of the Federation.

But the outcome was irreversible.

In the end, it was the descendant of the 'Duke of Aymodun' who claimed the throne of the Federation's ruler.

Then,

Certain things naturally became obvious.

A ruler who had nearly ascended to a position akin to kingship, yet had to listen daily to others say someone else was better suited.

What would be the outcome?

It goes without saying.

Jason subconsciously thought of Peters's insinuations when he mentioned the 'Griffin Camp.'

Perhaps it was the 'Griffin Camp,' meant to reap the fruits of victory, that was the first to be targeted for attack?

Thinking this, Jason shook his head.

At this moment, the carriage had entered Terna Street.

"Please remember the gentleman's instructions."

Reed spoke again.

Jason, on the other hand, touched the ring on his left index finger.

This ring was the true request of Gerard—the prior narration, including Reed's company, was all incidental.

It was a protective ring.

It could withstand multiple cannon blasts.

It was also effective against malicious intents, evil spirits, and the Bizarre.

Of course, the strong aroma that it emitted was the greatest test for Jason.

Jason really wanted to stick out his tongue and lick the ring.

But he forcefully suppressed the urge.

He planned to return the ring after this 'decoy' operation was over.

"We will attack you when you leave."

"Escape along the planned route."

"There's a high chance you'll encounter those observers."

Reed continued speaking, while Jason opened the coach door and stepped out.

At this point, Reed suddenly clenched his fist with one hand, placed it over his chest, and bent forward to Jason's retreating back:

"Please... stay safe."