

Menu 135

Chapter 135: Sincere Compensation

In front of number 10 Terna Street stood a servant dressed in a light-colored, wide-sleeved long robe.

Upon spotting Jason approaching, he immediately went up to greet him.

“May I ask if you are Lord Jason?”

The other party was very polite as he confirmed.

When Jason nodded, the other party immediately revealed a smile, and beneath his dark complexion, his teeth were even whiter.

“Please follow me.”

The servant spoke and then opened the door behind him.

Number 10 Terna Street was a courtyard mansion near the roadside.

It featured a small courtyard and a tiny fountain.

The courtyard was planted with palm plants, and the fountain had a design resembling a leaping carp; water spouted from the mouth of the carp, creating a perfect circular water curtain.

The sound of the water gushing.

In the midst of the sound, the doors of the mansion opened.

Syndra, who looked old before his time, had personally opened the door and came out to welcome his guest.

“Welcome, Mr. Jason.”

The sight of Jason arriving brought a sigh of relief to the baron, a newcomer to the nobility.

He had been genuinely worried that Jason would accept the invitation but not come.

If that had been the case, he really wouldn't have known what to do.

Thinking about it made him curse Malor several times.

However, when looking at Jason, he had a face full of eager smiles.

Unfortunately, that smile only added a few more wrinkles to his face, making him look even older, and it did not bring any warmth.

“This way, please!”

“This way, please!”

Syndra stepped aside, almost like a servant, inviting Jason in.

Jason noticed everything inside the room at a glance.

The corridor was narrow, but wide enough for two people to walk side by side.

The layout inside was even simpler; along the corridor and to the left was the bedroom, facing forward was the living room, and to the right of the living room was not a wall but rolls of straw mats.

At this moment, these straw mats had been rolled up, revealing a small circular swimming pool.

As the wind passed, ripples formed on the water, creating layers of waves.

Although not as good as Gerard's vacation cottage, it was certainly cool and comfortable.

Next to the square table in the living room, two chairs had already been placed, and on the table sat a box.

Jason's gaze lingered on the box for a moment, then he sat down in a chair following Syndra's gesture.

"Your coming has put me at ease."

After sitting opposite Jason, Syndra showed a bitter smile and frankly said, "Malor's mistake almost led to our annihilation."

"He didn't know your identity, and that's why he made the wrong judgment."

"Please forgive him."

"Perhaps this is somewhat excessive, but please don't be angry over a dead man."

Malor?

The commander in charge of Taor's follow-up?

He's dead?

Jason was surprised.

About Taor's situation, he had detailed information from Gerard, including about that Malor.

A guy who relied on his father's legacy, was arrogant and incompetent, and loved to cut corners.

That was Gerard's assessment.

However, Jason hadn't known that the man had died.

Noticing the surprise in Jason's eyes, Syndra immediately followed up.

"It was his personal guard. After the accident in Buma Town, he died along with them."

“You know, Malor was a cautious man.”

“He wouldn’t trust anyone fully, so he would use some tricks.”

“It was those tricks that killed him.”

As he said this, Syndra looked inconsolably sad.

He didn’t think there was anything wrong with Malor using such methods.

In fact, many of the nouveau riche used such methods.

But usually, it was just one or two people.

Some chose doubles.

Some chose men who would die for their cause.

None were like Malor, who could support as many as twenty people alone.

Perhaps Malor possessed some kind of secret technique that allowed him to handle more, but Malor had never imagined that his twenty trusted men would be completely wiped out.

Tricks?

A secret technique similar to a contract?

Jason speculated from Syndra's words.

Jason knew about such secret techniques.

In the book that prominently introduced the descendants of "Duke Aymodun," the opposition was discontent with the old aristocracy and schools of thought using similar secret techniques during the old Federation era, which kindled their spirit of rebellion.

However, looking at it now.

The content of that book could only be read for reference.

Considering what little Reed had said, the purpose of the book was self-evident.

Syndra silently observed Jason's expression.

Seeing no sign of anger, the newcomer again spoke up.

"Do you know about the affairs of Buma Town?"

"Of course, I don't mean to question you."

"Just that..."

"Those things are somewhat bizarre."

Syndra cautiously looked at Jason.

"What happened?"

Jason asked.

He had only heard about Buma Town from Dennise.

She said there was a terrifying presence there.

As for more?

Jason listened quietly.

“Malor’s father sent more people, but after they entered, there was no word from them.”

“Then, Malor’s father started using bombardment.”

“At first, it was quite effective.”

“The whole Buma Town was engulfed in a sea of fire.”

“But just when Malor’s father thought the situation was under control, Buma Town appeared again, as if... it had never been bombarded at all.”

While saying this, Syndra habitually gave a wry smile.

That prematurely aged face looked even older.

“What happened after that?”

Jason continued to inquire.

“After that, Malor’s father sought help from the Federation.”

“But after the ‘Dark Guardians’ of Golsai investigated and warned everyone, the matter was dropped by all.”

“And then...”

Syndra stopped speaking.

He didn’t want to continue.

But when Jason’s gaze swept over, Syndra immediately continued:

“After Malor’s father returned, he disappeared!”

“Vanished without a trace!”

“Not a single piece of news came from the ‘Dark Guardians,’ so, I wanted to ask you if you might know anything.”

“I don’t know.”

Jason said curtly.

Then, he watched Syndra quietly.

The matters of Buma Town were too distant, but some things were right in front of him.

Such as: compensation.

The new nobleman immediately understood.

After all, this was the main reason he had invited Jason.

“Your compensation consists of two parts.”

“One is a piece of information.”

“The other is this box.”

After pointing to the box on the table, Syndra straightforwardly revealed the information.

“Raul is a spy for one of the new nobility.”

Raul is a spy?!

Jason was stunned.

This news was really beyond his expectations.

He had never thought that there would be a spy among ‘his relatives.’

Was this also the arrangement of the descendent of Duke Aymodun?

Jason thought, looking at the box on the table.

Syndra pushed the box in front of Jason.

Slowly, he opened the box.

“This jewel from Golsai, its brilliance...”

Boom!

The introduction was not yet complete when fire erupted from the box, and a massive explosion swept through number 10 Terna Street, submerging the figures of Jason and Syndra immediately.