

## **Menu 138**

Chapter 138: Taking Control

Accompanied by the low murmurs of the Dufol Language.

Left hand six, right hand seven.

After two gestures were completed in an instant, a blinding radiance burst forth from Jason's hands.

Ahhh!

The unguarded assailants clutched their eyes and rolled on the ground.

The darkness before Jason's eyes gradually dissipated, and although it had not completely faded, blurred figures could now be seen.

This was enough!

Jason rushed towards the attacker who could cast the secret technique.

The Broad Blade Cleaver in his hand chopped down directly.

Thud!

After one strike, the adversary stopped rolling and fell silent.

But the screams did not cease.

Enveloped by the “Flash Technique,” there were not just one but several attackers around.

Without pausing, Jason advanced step by step, one swing with each step he took.

It wasn't until he promptly assessed these sudden assailants that Jason realized Raymond, despite taking several shots, had not died.

The man's eyes were wide with a vacant stare at the night sky, his chest subtly rising and falling.

Glancing at Raymond's wounds and considering himself incapable of treating them properly, Jason turned and walked towards the attacker who had used the secret technique, leaving Raymond, the 'sniper,' to drop his hand, that he had lifted with all his strength, powerlessly to the ground.

His gaze towards the night sky grew even more vacant and lifeless.

Jason meticulously searched for any loot.

Unfortunately, the results were disappointing.

Apart from 20 Tel and 3 Dennise, the opponent only carried a dagger and a flintlock pistol.

All were of ordinary quality, with no scent of worth.

Jason stood up, feeling let down, to search the other assailants.

Apart from their weapons, even the coins they carried were pitifully few.

The aggregation from over a dozen people amounted to just a bit over 4 Dennise.

The attackers' garments were also tattered, consisting of local attire, but mainly dirty and old, with only the one worn by the magic-user being slightly better, merely clean at best.

"Which faction could this be?"

Unable to make a clear judgment without exact insignia, Jason wondered.

Fortunately, footsteps approached from a distance.

Little Reed came with others.

This manservant of Gerard took over the follow-up work.

“Eh!”

Upon seeing ‘sniper’ Raymond, Little Reed exclaimed in surprise.

Clearly, he was astounded by the man’s tenacious vitality.

“We have a survivor here!”

“Tend to this one first!”

Little Reed shouted at those behind him.

Then he quickly removed a brand-new overcoat and draped it over Jason, who was in tattered clothes.

The entire process was carried out with utmost proficiency.

It was clearly not the first time he had done such a thing.

“My lord, please return to 111 Duron Street,”

“Leave the rest to me,” Little Reed spoke softly.

“Hmm.”

Jason nodded.

He would not do everything himself.

Because, some tasks are better left to professionals, far preferable to an amateur like himself.

The carriage had long been prepared.

As Jason boarded the carriage, two attendants followed on horseback.

The surrounding guards simultaneously watched the carriage depart.

Strength, after all, is the foundation of earning one's respect.

And fighting side by side serves to accelerate this process.

...

As Jason rode the carriage back to 111 Duron Street,

Gerard, who continued to receive information, had a trace of gloom on his face.

He pulled the bell cord in the room.

Unlike others, this bell was connected to the room of the old Butler Reed.

About two minutes later, Reed, clad in his butler's attire, appeared in the fifth-floor study.

“Why did you give the invitation to Jason?” Gerard asked sternly.

“Yes, it was Lord Hans’s orders,”

the butler replied truthfully.

Mother?

Gerard was startled.

The ruler of Hans Port had considered many possibilities, including the butler’s oversight and the butler’s usual testing methods.

He could understand either situation.

Yet he was still angry.

However, he had never thought it would be his own mother.

“Why would mother do this?”

“Jason is my cousin!”

“Her only nephew!”

Gerard couldn't help but ask.

His voice seemed to rise a little due to his agitation.

However, Gerard did not expect the butler to answer him.

So, after speaking, he was ready to directly ask his mother.

What the ruler of Hans Port didn't expect was that the butler actually spoke again.

“It's training!”

“Lord Hans is training Sir Jason!”



“The one who has already grown impatient!”

“Hans Port is now more dangerous than ever—a fledgling eagle cannot soar without weathering the storm.”

The butler said each word seriously.

Gerard looked at the butler.

A moment later, the frown on his brow slightly relaxed.

“Is that so?”

Gerard muttered to himself in a low voice.

“Of course.”

“Sir Jason is Lord Hans’s only nephew.”

“And your cousin!”

“That is exactly why Lord Hans does not want anything to happen to Sir Jason!”

The butler nodded his head.

This reason, aligning with his expectations, convinced Gerard.

Then, the ruler of Hans Port started to think seriously.

“Jason’s strength is good, but just good, and he still lacks some necessary techniques...”

“And those secret techniques cannot be mastered in a short time.”

“Some rare artifacts, perhaps?”

Gerard murmured.

Seeing Gerard like this, the butler couldn’t help but sigh in his heart.

No one knows a child better than a mother.

Lord Hans completely grasped Lord Gerard's thoughts, knowing exactly how to persuade his son.

And Lord Gerard...

Some things, if you do not experience them yourself,

You will never understand.

The butler, thinking this to himself, started preparing dinner for Jason as instructed by Gerard.

Gerard meanwhile headed downstairs.

He planned to personally welcome his cousin.

Although some details were handled rashly, their identical fighting style pleased the ruler of Hans Port greatly.

He considered this the proof of their blood relation.

The same tall and sturdy stature.

The same fighting style.

Although their appearances were not alike, that was enough, wasn't it?

Passing by the second floor, seeing those fawning 'relatives' made Gerard's eyes immediately fill with disdain, especially when compared to his cousin, making the disdain even thicker.

Not banishing these people outright was already his greatest tolerance.

However, he had Reed investigate them again.

He always felt that these people were carefully disguised freeloaders.

At the entrance of 111 Duron Street.

By the time Gerard came out, Dennise was already waiting there.

Dennise, sitting on the stairs hugging her knees, quietly watched the door, like a dog anticipating its master's return.

And as soon as the carriage came into view, Dennise sprang up and dashed toward it.

Watching her swaying skirt, Gerard always pictured a wagging dog's tail in his mind.

Shaking his head, Gerard walked down the steps with a smile.

Jason saw both Dennise and Gerard.

This made Jason, who had just finished eating and was in a pleasant mood, smile.

But the next moment,

The person who appeared in his vision made Jason's brow furrow.