

## Menu 140

### Chapter 140: Promise

Jason looked at Gerard.

His gaze was persistent.

The same was true for Gerard, who was adamant about his own ideas.

However, the only difference was that Gerard, knowing his own personality well, knew how to deal with it.

“Dennise, this is the ring Jason is giving you.”

Gerard called out, and just as Dennise turned around, the ‘Guardian Ring’ was thrown to her.

Clutching a snail, Dennise was a bit flustered.

She hurriedly stuffed the snail into her pocket, but the ‘Guardian Ring’ was already before her eyes, and it was too late to raise her hand to catch it.

Suddenly, Dennise had a stroke of genius!

She opened her mouth and caught the 'Guardian Ring' between her teeth.

Then, she wiped her dirt-covered palm and happily slipped the ring onto the middle finger of her left hand.

"Jason, does it look good?"

Dennise gestured with her left hand towards Jason.

Jason frowned.

But before Jason could speak, Dennise covered her left hand with the right, hiding both behind her back.

"What are you doing?"

"This is mine now."

"You can't steal it!"

Dennise declared her sovereignty over the 'Guardian Ring.'

Jason's frown deepened, but he said nothing else.

Because he had just returned the ring to Gerard.

Gerard now owned the ring, and passing it on to someone else was his business, not Jason's.

It made sense logically.

But what about in reality?

Jason, accustomed to bartering, felt a bit awkward and uncomfortable.

"Consider it a debt I owe you," he said.

Seeing his cousin's reaction, Gerard couldn't help but laugh.

He was familiar with that look.

It was the same expression he had while studying at the 'Griffin Camp.'

Naturally, he also knew how to respond.

"You don't owe me anything," he said.

"You should know, when I just gave the ring to Dennise, I 'borrowed' your name."

"Honestly, if anything, I owe you."

When dealing with a stubborn, headstrong person, don't try to make them follow your ideas.

It's best to go along with their ideas instead.

"So, I plan to offer you some compensation!"

Gerard said with a smile, as he vigorously put his arm around Jason's shoulders and headed towards the holiday cottage with long strides.

A look of resignation appeared on Jason's face.

Dennise, however, was admiring the first gift she'd received in her life, aside from those from her parents and siblings.

A very rustic ring.

But also very beautiful.

In the night, it conveyed a sense of tranquility.

When Dennise snapped back to reality, Jason and Gerard had already walked off into the distance.

"Wait for me!"

Dennise shouted as she quickly caught up.

But before she could reach Jason and Gerard, Dennise let out a series of cheers.

Because she saw the barbecue grill outside the holiday cottage.

Several chefs were busy in front of the grill, and a round table was set in the middle of the courtyard, laden with fruit.

And the desserts were on another small table, where a pastry chef was making final preparations.

Dennise immediately quickened her pace, dashing past Jason and Gerard into the yard, salivating as she looked first at the neatly-sized chunks of meat skewered on sticks over the charcoal fire.

Then, she watched the colorful pastries appear one by one on the plates.

The symphony of fat and charcoal resonated in her ears.

Amidst the sizzling sound, amino acids released by the heated proteins mingled with the smoke, causing Dennise to keep twitching her nose.

Unable to contain herself any longer, she directly grabbed a coconut from the round table.

The coconut was opened at the top, fitted with a hollow plant stem.

Dennise, sucking on the straw, took a big gulp.

The coconut flavor was rich, sweet, and fragrant.

This made Dennise even more excited as she ran back and forth around the table.

Jason and Gerard sat by the round table, quietly waiting.

During the wait, Jason informed Gerard about what had happened at 10 Terna Street.

“Raul is a spy?”

Gerard was also somewhat surprised by Raul’s identity.

Not surprised that the other party was a spy, but that he was surprised Reed had not discovered the spy’s identity.

This could only mean that either Reed’s capabilities were a problem, or his old friend had made arrangements long ago.

There was no question about Reed’s abilities.

Over the years, Reed had long proved this point.

That is to say...

His old friend had been waiting for this moment for a long time.

“Jason, do you know, the enemy I least want to face is that guy.”

“He knows me too well!”

“He will find my weakness and, when I least expect it, deliver a fatal blow.”

“If I had noticed even a trace of him earlier, I would never have let you come to Hans Port.”

Gerard, speaking to his cousin, didn’t hide anything and expressed his concerns frankly.

He hoped his cousin could see the situation more clearly.

And be mentally prepared to accept the escape route he had arranged.



Jason did not ask who that guy was.

Given the facts before him, apart from the head of the Federation, Jason could not think of anyone else who could be Gerard's enemy.

Jason was very cautious of the head of the Federation.

The information from little Reed's mouth, and the explosion he had experienced firsthand, were telling Jason that the other party was the type who would stop at nothing to achieve his goals.

Such a person... was difficult to deal with.

But,

there must also be weaknesses.

Even with the utmost caution!

There should still be!

Others just hadn't noticed them yet!

Jason squinted his eyes, pondering seriously.

Meanwhile, Gerard shifted his gaze slightly, raising his head to look up at the starry sky, his voice becoming very soft, very low, audible only to Jason.

"I hope, Jason, that after attending my wedding, you'll take a ship to the South Lir Islands. It's far enough from the Federation, yet safe enough."

"I've left you an estate there, four plantations, two shipyards, and a group of Mercenaries, rest assured, no one will be able to trace these things, and the Mercenaries are bound by secret technique."

"Wait there for my message."

Gerard's words stopped there.

He said no more.

Just looking up at the night sky.

Jason sat silently watching Gerard.

He could feel that Gerard did not have confidence in defeating that old rival.

Or rather...

Gerard was unwilling to bear the cost of defeating his opponent.

What kind of measures would an opponent without a bottom line use?

Jason could roughly guess.

Hans Port!

Using all the people of Hans Port as bargaining chips!

And then, by all means, forcing Gerard into a decisive battle!

Regardless of victory or defeat, it would destroy Hans Port!

What would happen to Gerard without Hans Port?

An angry Gerard would only do one thing!

Find that Federation head who planned everything, and then, kill him.

But at that time, there would be hundreds of cannons gathered around the other party, waiting for Gerard.

How much chance did Gerard have of winning?

Gerard wasn't an Undying Body, and he knew it in his heart.

It was precisely because of this that Gerard was arranging an escape route for him.

But did he need it?

Jason slapped Gerard on the shoulder.

In Gerard's surprised gaze, Jason said lightly:

"I'll help you."