

Menu 141

Chapter 141: Visitor

The dinner lasted deep into the night.

Several chefs were so exhausted they could barely stand without assistance.

A look of questioning their life choices was evident on everyone's face.

They'd seen big eaters, being chefs themselves.

Lord Gerard was a big eater, with an appetite three times that of an average person.

That lady boasted the appetite of a burly man, which was also admirable.

But compared to Jason,

the two of them really weren't much.

It was as if he had a bottomless pit for a stomach; no matter what went in, there was no sign of change in his abdomen.

At first, the chefs pursued finesse, roasting the meat in pieces.

Later, it turned into roasting whole sheep.

Yet even then, the speed of roasting couldn't keep up with Jason's eating pace, and ever since he acquired the "Tooth Enhancement" passive Talent, the days without spitting bones were simply too marvelous.

Crunchy.

The meat was crisp and tender.

The tendons were easy to chew.

The marrow was soft.

Jason, who was momentarily lost in the moment, completely let loose.

It wasn't until his stomach felt slightly full that he stopped.

Facing the chefs' astonishment,

Gerard's surprise,

and Dennise's envy,

Jason cleared his throat.

"For dinner, being fifty percent full is good enough,"

Jason said modestly.

In fact, he was only ten percent full.

Gerard was considering whether the property he had left for his cousin was insufficient, given Jason's appetite. If not managed properly, he feared it would be bankrupt in three years.

"I'm so envious of you being able to eat so much without gaining weight."

"Do you have any secrets to share?"

“Tell me, and I won’t tell anyone else.”

Dennise whispered, reaching out her greasy paws to tug on Jason’s sleeve, only to be dodged by an disgusted Jason.

“Go wipe your hands,”

Jason said.

“Alright,”

Dennise agreed verbally but licked the grease off her fingers and forgot all about asking Jason for his secret, happily taking out a snail from her apron and hopping towards the house.

“I’m full~”

“Little snail~ what do you want to eat~”

Watching Dennise’s carefree figure, Gerard stood up with a smile.

It was already late at night, and he needed to return to 111 Duron Street.

Of course, not to rest.

There were some matters he still needed to deal with.

The moment before dawn was his time to rest.

“Tomorrow morning at seven, I’ll see you on the beach.”

“I will systematically teach you the Griffin-style swordsmanship, Martial Arts, and Marksmanship,”

Gerard said.

“Hmm,”

Jason nodded, watching Gerard’s retreating figure.

The surrounding Attendants and servants bowed to Jason and then dispersed.

In an instant, the lively holiday cottage quieted down.

Jason wasn't uncomfortable with it.

He began to patrol around the holiday cottage. Although he was certain that Gerard had arranged for the most reliable guards, there were some habits that Jason just couldn't shake off.

After patrolling twice and ensuring everything was in order, Jason prepared to return to his room and advance in "Vigilantism".

At that moment, he heard the sound of boots on the gravel path.

Tap, tap, tap.

The visitor made no attempt to hide their approach.

Walking boldly and openly.

The son of the 'Fort Swallow' Duke, Barney Clark.

The guest knocked on the trunk of the coconut tree next to the holiday cottage, as if knocking on a door.

Thump, thump, thump!

The sound was muffled but loud enough to attract the attention of anyone with normal hearing, let alone Jason.

The moment the footsteps were heard, Jason was already watching the Duke's son.

Seeing the figure that appeared, Jason was somewhat surprised.

But immediately he remembered when the other had shown up on the steps of 111 Duron Street.

"Indeed!"

"It's not merely a coincidence!"

Even with Gerard's explanation, Jason was now on high alert.

“Good evening, Sir Jason.”

The duke’s son greeted him with great courtesy.

There was a world of difference from the previous air of defiance he had shown.

Jason nodded in response.

His gaze, however, remained cold and detached.

This attitude elicited a wry smile from the duke’s son.

“I am very sorry for the bad impression I left you with last time.”

“I had no choice but to do so in order to save my sister.”

“If I have caused you any trouble, I am truly sorry.”

As he spoke, the duke’s son slightly bowed.

Whether sincere or not, such an act was likely to engender goodwill.

But Jason stepped to the side, avoiding the other's bow, his wariness even greater than before.

For he clearly remembered the old saying from his hometown, 'Unwarranted kindness signifies malice or theft!'

In fact, that was the case.

Seeing Jason's evasive action, the duke's son's smile momentarily stiffened, then he gave another wry smile.

After that, the duke's son decided not to beat around the bush any longer.

"My sister is truly fond of Lord Gerard."

"So, I hope that you can pass on a message for me."

"I won't do it."

Jason refused outright.

He didn't know what the message was, but Jason thought it better for the duke's son to speak directly to Gerard.

If he were to become involved, it would surely affect Gerard's subjective judgment.

Jason absolutely did not want to see such a thing happen.

Yet the duke's son did not give up, almost pleadingly, he said:

"It's just one sentence!"

"I will offer you considerable compensation..."

"I won't do it."

Jason refused again.

And then, he gestured towards the outside.

Its meaning could not have been clearer.

However, contrary to Jason's expectations, the duke's son, refused twice, was neither angry nor desperate but seemed rather relieved.

Whew!

He let out a heavy sigh, and a smile reappeared on the duke's son's face.

"Thank you."

He thanked Jason once more.

Seeing the puzzled look in Jason's eyes, the duke's son spoke softly:

"Carol is the only girl in our family, my most beloved sister."

“I do not want her to marry Lord Gerard.”

“It’s not that Lord Gerard isn’t good enough, but that he’s not suited for marriage.”

As these words were spoken, the duke’s son’s face was filled with tenderness, and his eyes brimmed with affection.

Then, there was a trace of sorrow.

The duke’s son continued:

“Carol is too young, she doesn’t know what kind of husband would be best for her.”

“She admires Gerard as a hero, but she doesn’t realize that a hero is definitely not a good husband, nor a good father for children.”

“Therefore, I am against this arranged marriage.”

“But some things are beyond my power to stop.”

At this point, Barney Clark struck a coconut tree.

The entire coconut tree immediately started swaying back and forth.

His voice rose slightly.

“I can’t stop my father’s decision.”

“And I won’t refuse Carol’s recent plea.”

“I will do my utmost to fulfill her request.”

“Even if... I am unwilling.”

“Luckily!”

“Luckily you refused!”

“For that, I thank you!”

“As a token of gratitude, I will tell you a secret—”

The duke’s son’s face once again lit up with a smile, he looked at Jason, his voice stretching out before finally saying:

“The saying about the ‘Cursed Child’... it’s true!”