

## Menu 156

### Chapter 156: Identical

Just before nightfall, Gerard finished reviewing all the documents, and the overseer of Hans Port did not return to his bedroom but instead closed his eyes right there in his chair.

The bed was simply too comfortable.

So comfortable that he couldn't help but waste more time on it.

In fact, the last time he had slept in a bed was a year ago.

Suddenly, Gerard realized that without knowing when, even resting in a bed had become a luxury.

At this, Gerard laughed self-deprecatingly.

He didn't complain about anything.

This was the path he had chosen.

At the time of choosing, he was already prepared for it.

Wondering what my cousin is up to?

Leaning back in his chair, Gerard couldn't help but think of Jason.

Subconsciously, Gerard opened his eyes, ready to go to the cottage to check.

He wouldn't disturb Jason.

Just walk around nearby.

Thinking it, Gerard opened his eyes, stood up, took his coat, and walked outside.

As he walked down the steps of 111 Duron Street, the old butler Reed approached.

"Young master, Jason just left the cottage."

The old butler reported truthfully.

At 111 Duron Street, it was hard to hide Jason's whereabouts.

Or rather, when you could deceive most people, a small remainder could not be fooled.

Among them, naturally included the old butler Reed.

“Where did he go?”

Gerard was taken aback.

“The Eight-Legged Tavern!”

The old butler reported.

“Is he going to see that ‘Cat Hole’ friend of his?”

Gerard asked with a realization.

“Most likely.”

“But...”

“Jason must be planning to do something else.”

The old butler first nodded, then shook his head.

Seeing Reed’s expression, Gerard instantly guessed what was happening and was about to rush off to Duron Street.

“Young master, wait.”

The old butler stepped in front of Gerard.

“Move aside.”

“Jason is in danger right now.”

Gerard said gravely.

“But it’s also a trial!”

“Do you hope that Jason, in the days to come, will face his trials alone, or that he faces them now, under your ‘supervision’?”

“Don’t forget your greatest enemy.”

“He won’t be merciful to Jason.”

The old butler emphasized.

Gerard fell silent.

He couldn’t refute the butler’s words.

Because they were true.

His old friend, his greatest enemy, would not treat Jason with kindness, but rather would use the most ruthless means to erase him.

Huff, huff.

Gerard struggled to control his breathing.

“Can you ensure Jason’s safety?”

After taking several rapid breaths, Gerard asked again.

“Of course.”

“Don’t forget.”

“This is still Hans Port.”

“I hope you return to your room and wait patiently.”

The old butler suggested with a smile.

Gerard turned and went back to his room.

Because he knew that as the overseer of Hans Port, he could not show his impatience or nervousness.

He prided himself on being able to manage this in any setting.

But when it came to Jason...

He couldn't do it.

Therefore, he needed a space to himself.

Watching Gerard's retreating figure, the old butler couldn't maintain his smile.

He had just lied.

He couldn't ensure Jason's safety with certainty.

The reason he said so was because...

It was the command of Lord Hans.

"What exactly are you planning to do?"

The old butler wondered inwardly.

Inside the room, Gerard paced back and forth.

He walked a circle and glanced at the clock in the corner.

He had never felt as tense as he did at this moment, not even on the eve of overthrowing the old Federation's rule, when compared to his nervous companions, he was the picture of relaxation.

Back then, it was only his own safety at stake.

For the ideal!

He didn't care.

But things are different now!

It's Jason now!



His cousin!

Time ticked by, second by second, as message after message came through.

Gerard was surprised to discover that the 'Erosion Society's' contact points were being found by his cousin, one after another.

The information suggested that it was the doing of 'Cat Hole' Swordsman.

But Gerard firmly believed it was his cousin's achievement.

Sure, the 'Cat Hole' Swordsman was not bad, but compared to his own cousin?

He was still leagues behind, at least as far as from Golsai to Hans Port!

Oh, and that's not a straight line—you have to count the mountains and hills as well.

Upon learning that Jason was safe, Gerard let out a slight sigh of relief.

But then, he received a message.

Amos!

The handler of the Erosion Society's Sanctuary at the port!

A guy who had received 'Divine Grace' more than five times!

He appeared!

He was heading straight for Jason!

Boom!

Without any delay, flames erupted from Gerard's body. The Lord of Hans Port soared like a meteor, broke through the window, and hurried toward Jason's next target.

Nighttime.

Flames traversed the sky.

The entire Hans Port seemed as if it had turned into daylight.

The next moment, night returned.

The flames dove underground.

The scent of blood!

It made Gerard's pace even faster.

His fist clenched unconsciously.

His muscles tensed and bulged.

The flames disappeared.

But, an even more terrifying aura was brewing inside his towering body.

Just one point away.

Once that point was reached.

It would be a might capable of devastating heaven and earth.

Fortunately, Gerard spotted Jason.

In the hall at the end of the corridor.

Phew!

Gerard exhaled deeply.

His heart regained its calm at that moment.

His cousin was safe.

Safe and sound, and that was what mattered.

He had many things he wanted to say, but when he opened his mouth, only one sentence came out—

“Need a night snack?”

“Of course.”

“But first, I need to pick someone up.”

Jason answered with a smile.

“Peters?”

“He’s a good guy.”

“I’ll prepare a night snack for him.”

Gerard had a very good impression of the ‘Cat Hole’ Swordsman.

He had the ability to stay quietly by his cousin's side and also possessed commendable strength, a fine personal guard indeed.

"Better have some dried fish."

"Gerard, you'd best take care of that."

"The 'Erosion Society' might have been tracking your whereabouts through it. As for the principle, I'm not quite sure, but I think 'it' is not the only one of its kind."

Jason pointed to the clock in the corner.

Instead of stopping, the clock ticked even more urgently with Gerard's arrival here.

What this implied was clear to both Jason and Gerard.

"Hmm."

Gerard nodded solemnly.

However, he did not deal with it immediately but instead returned to the surface, shoulder-to-shoulder with Jason.

At that moment on the surface, little Reed and numerous port guards had surrounded the area tightly.

Seeing Jason safe and sound, everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

They had truly been worried about Jason's safety.

But, given their ragged appearances, it was evident they had been through a fierce battle.

"Lord Gerard, Lord Jason, your clothes."

Little Reed offered the clothes, which had been prepared in advance, to both men.

These clothes were originally intended only for Gerard.

Ordinary clothes wouldn't be fireproof.

Offering them to Jason at this moment was just appropriate.

The two men were similar in stature; what difference did it make?

And when Gerard and Jason donned their clothes and reappeared, everyone seemed to experience an illusion.

Identical outfits.

Almost identical statures.

If it weren't for their different faces...

They really would be identical.