

Menu 162

Chapter 162: Preparation

Pied Piper!

The end of one era also signified the beginning of another.

Perhaps the other party was not worthy of respect or admiration.

But the symbol they represented had deeply penetrated people's hearts.

Therefore, upon hearing this name, the expressions of those in the vacation cabin varied.

Peters trembled.

Gerard was solemn.

Jason was intrigued.

Dennise?

Not understanding, she continued to gnaw on the bone.

“Pied Piper, why do you want to see Jason?”

Gerard’s eyes fixed on Hume, he asked in a deep voice.

The Pied Piper was once his most cared-about and most powerful opponent.

Without equal.

The opponent’s strength was something that remained fresh in Gerard’s memory to this day.

Had it not been for his old friend creating numerous opportunities back then, he would have had no chance of defeating the opponent.

In a normal state, the opponent’s abilities had surpassed what any ordinary human and the average ‘Mystical Side’ person could imagine.

Or more precisely...

That was not a power a ‘human’ could possess.

At this moment, the opponent wanted to meet his own cousin.

For the first time, Gerard felt threatened.

No matter when, Gerard had confidence that, as long as he was there, his cousin would be safe and sound.

But what about the Pied Piper?

He had no confidence!

The aura around Gerard fluctuated ever so slightly.

Suddenly, the little kitty was suppressed by Gerard's aura, or rather... crushed.

The little kitty trembled, fine beads of sweat forming on its forehead.

Without a sound, Peters flashed and stood in front of the little kitty.

Suddenly, the aura rushing towards the little kitty was cut off by the 'Cat Hole' Swordsman.

Only then did the little kitty breathe a sigh of relief.

"I don't know!"

"I'm just a messenger."

The little kitty looked at Gerard, full of wariness in its eyes, but still answered truthfully.

Gerard did not doubt this.

He knew that Pied Piper wouldn't make mistakes in such matters.

Since he had chosen the little kitty as the messenger.

It was certainly because the little kitty knew nothing.

Just look at the wounds on the little kitty.

If it were an ordinary person, they would have died many times over.

However, Gerard still asked.

“Why are you delivering the message?”

He was probing.

“I want to break away from the ‘Revival Society’!”

“Some other people feel the same way!”

“But we failed!”

“We were imprisoned, detained, tortured; the Pied Piper told me that if I delivered the message, he would release ten of them.”

The little kitty confessed openly.

It was very much in keeping with Pied Piper's style.

Gerard nodded his head.

"Don't trust him."

"He never keeps his word," the harbor master said.

"I know."

"But do I have a choice?"

"The moment the Pied Piper appears, we're no longer in control of our lives,"

said the little kitty faintly. He strove not to let any emotion show, but his face was still filled with resentment, sorrow, and a hint of bewilderment.

The 'Cat Hole' Swordsman raised his hand to touch the little kitty's head.

He wanted to offer a guarantee.

But he couldn't.

And he couldn't say it out loud.

He could only silently offer consolation.

But the little kitty raised its hand and pushed away the 'Cat Hole' Swordsman's hand.

"You..."

The little kitty habitually wanted to curse.

But having said only one word, looking at the 'Cat Hole' Swordsman standing in front of him, his face also filled with resentment, sorrow, and even more bewilderment, he just couldn't continue cursing.

The two of them stood there, maintaining their silence.

Suddenly, the 'Cat Hole' Swordsman asked:

“Want some dried fish?”

As he spoke, the “Cat Hole” swordsman fished out a small dried fish from his person.

“Bastard!”

“All you know is eating!”

Once again, the kitten swung the scabbard, knocking the “Cat Hole” swordsman to the ground.

Then, she stormed off to a corner of the room.

Watching the “Cat Hole” swordsman smashed to the ground, Gerard couldn’t help but shake his head.

Such clumsiness.

This was how the harbor master judged it.

Then, he turned his head and looked at the pensive Jason.

“What are you going to do, Jason?”

Gerard inquired of his cousin.

He wouldn’t make decisions for his cousin without permission.

All he needed to know was what his cousin wanted to do, and then he would simply cooperate from the sidelines.

If they were to meet the Piper, he would accompany him.

If not?

Then they wouldn’t meet.

As for the Piper throwing a tantrum in anger?

Gerard was all the more eager to see such an event unfold.

An irritated opponent is far easier to deal with than a calm one.

Although he couldn't fully replicate his old friend's strategies, it wasn't impossible to deal another blow to the Piper, relying on the strength accumulated at the harbor.

Only that would mean...

The advantage just gained, all gone.

Even worse, in fact.

But Gerard didn't hesitate at all.

He was waiting for Jason's answer.

"It's not as bad as you think,"

Jason replied in such a manner.

Sugar isn't that sweet to taste.

Even for the Piper, it would be hard to shake off that bizarre presence.

Perhaps, he wanted to meet him to use his aid in ridding himself of that strangeness.

It was possible that the other party was injured.

Or that they were deeply tormented.

Either scenario would be to their advantage.

But Jason wasn't thinking about these things.

Jason was considering—

The timing of the other party's appearance, was it a little too coincidental?

Just as Gerard's side was greatly encouraged and had gained a certain advantage, the Piper appeared.

No matter how Jason thought about it, he felt there was something amiss.

It seemed...

The cooperation between the "Revival Society" and the "New Federation" was deeper than imagined.

The other party was almost collaborating with the "New Federation."

Think about the time the Piper, who was supposed to have died, reappeared.

And the changes in the "Revival Society" before and after.

"Was he on the verge of death and captured during the second war?"

"Or..."

"The Piper who has shown up now is not even the real Piper?"

Jason thought and shared his thoughts with Gerard.

“The Piper wouldn’t be captured.”

“Although the bastard is untrustworthy and never keeps his word, he would never allow himself to be captured.”

“I’ve seen the investigation in Taor City, that kind of strength definitely belongs to the Piper; it’s impossible for anyone else to fake it,”

Gerard provided such an answer.

“Is that so?”

Jason’s eyes narrowed slightly.

Ideas of another possibility, no, several possibilities, involuntarily surfaced in his mind.

However, Jason didn’t express these thoughts.

He buried them deep in his heart and then looked towards Hume.

“When and where does the Piper want to meet me?”

Jason asked.

“Tomorrow noon.”

“Octopus Tavern.”

The kitten replied.

“I’ll accompany you,”

Gerard immediately said.

“The Piper will only see Jason alone,”

The kitten added, which made the Lord of the Harbor frown. Just as Gerard was about to say something more, Jason shook his head slightly.

“Sometimes, it’s better for me to be alone.”

For instance...

Giving out candy!