

Menu 167

Chapter 167: Secret Weapon

Jason looked at the box Gerard handed him.

“Open it.”

“This is specially prepared for you.”

The maritime authority figure smiled and said, then added, “Consider it a reward for recently facing the ‘Pied Piper’ alone on my behalf, not a debt you owe me.”

Although he had not spent much time with Jason, Gerard had already figured out Jason’s temperament and character.

Naturally, Gerard knew what to do.

As expected, Jason, who had been somewhat hesitant, nodded slightly and accepted the box upon hearing Gerard’s words.

The box was wooden, without a lock, and light to the touch.

Upon opening it, there were only two test tubes inside.

One crimson, one profound.

The crimson one was like fire, giving a sensation of a flame's scorching upon sight.

The profound one was like night, touching it felt as if one were under the tranquil starry sky.

"Charles Burning Technique, Blair Exorcism Technique, and Blud Defense Technique are all independent secret techniques I acquired while sorting through the 'Chaotic Era' material!"

"They are not complete, but they are unique enough."

"Even compared to the systematic secret techniques I have learned, they are not inferior and are even at the forefront."

"Of course, the most important thing is..."

"Their rejection reaction is very small."

Listening to Gerard's introduction, Jason's eyes lit up.

Charles Burning Technique was deeply studied and researched by Gerard, Butler Reed, and young Reed, especially Butler Reed, who used it as his main combat secret technique.

Blair Exorcism Technique, during their time at the embassy, Jason saw Gerard's guards using it collectively, somewhat like a weaker version of "Protection Against Evil."

And Blud Defense Technique?

Jason furrowed his brows.

"Blud Defense Technique is a large-scale defensive secret technique to protect 111 Duron Street."

"It requires many people and various materials to be cast."

"But that doesn't hinder an individual from constructing a defense."

Gerard saw what Jason was puzzled about and immediately explained.

Then, he pointed at the two test tubes inside the box.

“They are the potions required when learning the Charles Burning Technique and Blair Exorcism Technique.”

“It’s not that they cannot be mastered without the potions, but studying the incomplete Charles Burning Technique and Blair Exorcism Technique is too exhausting and the rejection is great.”

“Therefore, I made some changes to the Charles Burning Technique and Blair Exorcism Technique.”

“The Blud Defense Technique does not need a potion to assist, it is very gentle on the self, and it is almost harmless.”

Having said that, Gerard pointed to the potion representing the Blair Exorcism Technique.

“Jason, your aura is the closest to it.”

“I suggest you drink it first.”

“Of course, learning Charles Burning Technique is also possible, it’s up to you to choose.”

While speaking, Gerard took out a book.

“You might have some doubts about these three secret techniques, this will explain them to you.”

Gerard handed the book to Jason.

The man seemed to breathe a sigh of relief.

The setting sun shone on the face of the maritime authority figure, resplendently bright, but it couldn't hide his fatigue.

“Jason, I'm going to rest for a bit.”

“Call me when we get home.”

Gerard said softly.

“Mm.”

Jason nodded.

Almost at the moment Jason affirmed his response, Gerard could be heard gently snoring.

The maritime authority figure was more fatigued than Jason had imagined.

Jason glanced at Gerard, placed the box with the potions to one side, picked up the book in hand, and quietly began to browse through it.

Before taking the potion, he believed he needed to fully understand the three secret techniques.

...

In the New Federation, in the capital, Golsai.

Within the towering Mobius Palace.

The new nobility gathered together.

They dressed impeccably, in lavish clothes, swords slung at their waists, engaging in lively conversation.

As the victors over the old Federation,

They reveled in the fruits of their victory, far beyond mere wealth.

It was something beyond what common people could imagine.

Or rather, their joy is something you could never fathom.

In the power center of the New Federation, they indulged in idle talk about the beauty of certain young ladies, pontificating about the fashions of Golsai, with laughter interspersed with various mishaps and amusing anecdotes.

Most of the new nobility were like this.

Only a very few of the new nobility had serious expressions on their faces.

These were some of the new nobility who still maintained what they believed to be “honor.”

The honor belonging to the battlefield!

At least, they had appeared on the battlefield before.

Thus, they all wore swords and daggers.

This was one of the “honors.”

And as long as one had been to the battlefield, Gerard was a figure they could never circumvent.

“Are we really going to war with the south?”

A member of the new nobility asked.

He wasn’t old, not yet middle-aged, but the sagging skin, the large belly, and the dark circles under his eyes made him look no different from someone in their forties or fifties.

Especially that longsword, which because of his plump belly, had already skewed to one side, making one wonder if this member of the new nobility could smoothly draw it.

And while asking the question, the nervous uncertainty within him was akin to a plump old mouse about to face a cat.

“Of course!”

“War is inevitable!”

“The battlefield will be the best place to establish our merits!”

Another upright-standing member of the new nobility replied.

His hand gripped an ornate longsword, his face full of eager anticipation.

His body as lean as a pole, with not an ounce of sturdiness, although he believed he stood tall and straight, in the eyes of others, was still lopsided.

“But...”

“We have to face that person.”

Another member of the new nobility joined in.

His face etched with worry.

The initial plump noble's face instantly filled with fear.

The upright noble's hand holding the sword trembled, and his already unsteady body seemed to sway even more, as if he was about to fall.

And those new nobility who had been discussing Golsai's fashion, gossip, and which miss was most beautiful, all stopped as well.

In this moment, the Mobius Palace was engulfed in silence.

It was a threat emanating from one man.

It was also the imposing dignity of one man.

'Griffin' Gerard.

He was like a boulder pressing down on the hearts of these new nobility, causing them to tremble with fear during their pleasures, to wake up from their sleep startled, and to feel unsettled every time they stood here.

A moment later, the first plump noble let out a few dry laughs.

He broke the oppressive silence.

“The lord has prepared the new weapon, hasn’t he?”

“We don’t really need to go to the battlefield, do we?”

“After all, we are nobility!”

“Going to the battlefield is the soldiers’ affair, we only need to command!”

The words of this plump member of the new nobility immediately garnered the approval of all the other nobles present.

“Yes!”

“All we need is to command!”

“We don’t need to go the battlefield!”

One by one, they nodded in agreement, visibly relieved.

As for the lord?

There were once two individuals the new nobility referred to as lord.

Now?

There was only one!

The heir to Duke Aymodun!

The ruler of the Federation!

At this moment, the personal attendant of this ruler entered.

“My lords, please follow me.”

“The lord says, it is time to show the noble lords the true new weapon.”

The attendant spoke humbly and deferentially.

The true new weapon?

All the members of the new nobility were taken aback.

Then, they quickly became excited, one by one following the personal attendant up toward the higher levels of the palace.

After a full half-hour, when all the new nobility were panting and out of breath, they reached the second-highest level of the Mobius Palace. As they were inwardly cursing the lord for not using more convenient human lifts, they looked up and saw that massive object.

“Is this our new weapon?”

The new nobles asked with trembling lips, and upon seeing the personal attendant nod in confirmation, those originally fatigued nobles reacted as if they had been injected with a large dose of a potent heart stimulant. They became excited once again, and a few even began to shout in a frenzy—

“We can win!”

“We will definitely win!”

“With it, we are invincible!”