

Menu 171

Chapter 171: The Sudden Dinner

The dinner was not at the holiday cabin.

Instead, it was to be held on the fifth floor of 111 Duron Street.

Gerard had little Reed drive the carriage to the holiday cabin to invite Jason, Dennise, Peters, and Hume.

This was a rather formal invitation.

Because Jason's "aunt" was attending.

Facing this, Jason hesitated briefly before choosing to agree.

Naturally, Jason was not fond of formal dinners, but with Gerard's invitation, he chose to accept.

Dennise?

As long as there was something to eat, that would do.

There was no need to consider anything else.

As for Peters and Hume?

They could be considered freeloaders with no right to speak.

Inside the carriage, Jason and Dennise sat on one side, with Peters and Hume sitting opposite.

Hume was still bound in bandages.

However, his face looked as usual, and his spirit was rather good.

At least good enough to glare angrily at Peters.

“The disgrace of ‘Cat Hole’!”

“Do you know what you are doing?”

The kitten growled softly.

“Ah?”

Peters, who pulled out a piece of dried fish, was clueless.

He genuinely didn't know what his junior was asking about.

"Sword practice!"

"Tell me, how long has it been since you last practiced swordsmanship?"

"How much of your skill remains?"

The kitten, looking at the bewildered 'Cat Hole' Swordsman, couldn't help but raise his voice.

"I should still have some left, right?"

The 'Cat Hole' Swordsman said uncertainly.

It had indeed been a long time since he last practiced swordsmanship.

He had almost forgotten his techniques.

Each time he fought, he only knew how to use the simplest methods to thrust.

It seems...

There was also the drawing of the sword.

Draw the sword, thrust.

These were all he had left in his mind.

After all, he had long grown accustomed to being a coachman.

At most, he just loved to munch on dried fish.

Seeing the state of the 'Cat Hole' Swordsman, the kitten's fur bristled with rage, and he was about to lash out at his senior brother with the scabbard. However, remembering they were in a carriage and that Jason was the master, he temporarily put the scabbard aside.

However...

“Do you want some dried fish?”

The ‘Cat Hole’ Swordsman pulled out a piece of dried fish and offered it to the kitten in front of him.

Unable to hold back any longer, the kitten punched the ‘Cat Hole’ Swordsman in the eye.

The dried fish immediately fell to the ground.

After catching the dried fish, the kitten swung his fist once more, striking the ‘Cat Hole’ Swordsman’s body.

“Eat, eat, eat!”

“That’s all you know, eating!”

“You gluttonous fool!”

While punching with one hand and putting the dried fish into his mouth with the other, the kitten struck with more vigor.

After several punches, the kitten finally stopped, chewing on the dried fish, savoring the flavor carefully.

First came the saltiness, then a mild sweetness.

Delicious.

Unable to resist, the kitten closed his eyes, humming softly to himself.

“You two have such a good relationship!”

Dennise spoke candidly.

The kitten, who had his eyes closed, immediately opened them and declared loudly, “Who would have a good relationship with him?”

The ‘Cat Hole’ Swordsman scratched his head with a dry laugh.

Then, he pulled out another piece of dried fish and handed it to the kitten.

The kitten accepted the dried fish and tossed it directly into his mouth before continuing, "I am reminding this guy that he needs someone to whip him into shape, to motivate him to move forward."

While speaking, he glanced at the 'Cat Hole' Swordsman.

"It should... be so!"

"Definitely!"

The 'Cat Hole' Swordsman's uncertain response made the kitten glare at him again, and instantly, his words changed.

"If only he were as diligent as Mister Jason, I wouldn't have to do this!"

"With a seed like Mister Jason, 'Bear Tower' is bound to rise again!"

"But 'Cat Hole'..."

The kitten's head drooped in dejection, his mood visibly darkening.

'Bear Tower'?

That sounds familiar.

Have I heard Dad mention it before?

Dennise paused, somewhat uncertain.

She always thought her father's brain was filled with muscles, solving everything with brute force, nowhere near as good as her mother, who was not only reasonable but also told all sorts of stories...

In this world, only mother is good~

Does Jason have something to do with 'Bear Tower'?

Dennise turned her head and looked at Jason, who kept silent.

Then she revealed —

An 'idiot' emmmm.jpg expression.

Feeling Dennise's gaze, Jason inexplicably sensed a challenge in her expression.

Smack!

Jason raised his hand and slapped Dennise on the forehead.

With a crisp sound, Dennise retreated, holding her head.

"I have nothing to do with 'Bear Tower',"

Jason said this.

The little kitten was stunned.

Then, nodding in understanding.

“I get it,”

the little kitten said solemnly.

A look of ‘regret’, ‘pity’, and an exclamation of life’s cruelty emerged on her face, much like the expression of a ‘Cat Hole’ swordsman.

You get it too?

Do you and Peters both get it?

The great fantasy out of thin air must be your ‘Cat Hole’s core secret technique, right?

Jason furrowed his brows.

Without explaining.

Because, at this moment —

“Lord Jason, Miss Dennise,”

“We’ve arrived.”

Young Reed stopped the carriage and, after opening the door, bent down inviting Jason and Dennise to step out.

Jason stepped down.

Dennise jumped out.

When her feet hit the ground, her dress swayed, and her face was full of vigor as she circled around Jason.

“Jason~ What do you think we’ll eat at the feast?”

“Will there be the same roast lamb as last time?”

“The sudden death at the last banquet really scared everyone to death.”

“This time there won’t be any issues, right?”

Jason paid no attention to Dennise.

He had already caught the scent of food.

There was a smell of chicken soup,

the aroma of crab,

and the fragrance of pork.

Moreover, these scents were quickly merging.

What are they making?

Jason wondered.

Following young Reed, Jason and Dennise's group went straight up to the fifth floor.

Now, the fifth floor was no longer the same as when Jason and Dennise had visited before.

Everything had been cleared out.

All those long-unseen relatives had appeared, and moreover, they were all dressed up grandly.

At the sight of Jason and Dennise,

these people had unnatural expressions on their faces.

It was a mix of envy and unwillingness, coupled with a sense of helplessness.

At 111 Duron Street, they could very easily find out what Jason had done.

Something they couldn't achieve.

Yet their unwillingness and envy didn't fade; they escalated instead.

However, they no longer came out to make trouble.

They all silently stepped aside, watching as Jason in his black coat and Dennise in her cloth dress passed by them.

Jason's face was expressionless, oblivious to such scrutiny.

Dennise?

Her heart was so big, she didn't even notice such looks.

At the end of the crowd,

Gerard stood there with a smile on his face.

Thank God, his cousin had finally arrived.

Taking a step forward, Gerard embraced Jason directly.

Then, whispering into Jason's ear, he said softly —

“Help me.”