

## Menu 172

### Chapter 172: Wise Response

Jason reacted instantly.

Auntie was pressuring Gerard to get married again.

Or rather, the date previously set had changed.

Sure enough, Gerard said in the next moment:

“Mother wishes for me to have a small wedding with Carol Klara today!”

“We’ll have the official wedding in a few days.”

“Help me think of a way to delay it a bit.”

After speaking, Gerard heavily patted Jason’s back and took a step back.

At this moment, Gerard had a smile on his face again, showing no sign of his earlier distress.

Jason, now in the corner, furrowed his brows.

Wasn't this a bit too hasty?

Given Gerard's status, the wedding should have been a city-wide celebration, definitely not something that could start with a small ceremony and then have a proper one later.

Unless...

"What's wrong with 'Aunt' Lym?"

Jason speculated.

Without an issue at hand, they wouldn't have made such hasty arrangements.

While Jason was pondering this, a figure approached him in the corner.

Barney Clark.

The son of the 'Fort Swallow' Duke had a somber face, with eyes slightly red.

His walk was filled with imposing anger, causing all of Jason's relatives to instinctively dodge.

They all recognized the duke's son.

He was someone they dared not provoke.

Moreover, the duke's son clearly wasn't in a good mood.

They were even less inclined to provoke him.

When the 'Fort Swallow' duke's son reached Jason, he didn't speak right away but looked straight at Jason, his gaze fierce.

After a moment, the other party suddenly said:

"You have really disappointed me!"

Having said that, he moved beside Jason and leaned against the wall in the corner.

Such behavior from the son of the 'Fort Swallow' Duke was quite rude.

But he didn't seem to care at all.

Jason looked at him, astonished.

He completely failed to understand the meaning of his words.

"You actually didn't agree to the initial request!"

"You could actually watch Gerard marrying Carol!"

The duke's son continued.

Jason became even more baffled.

What does Gerard marrying Carol have to do with me?

Seeing the bewildered look on Jason's face, astonishment flashed across the duke's son's face.

“You don’t know?”

The duke’s son asked.

“What am I supposed to know?”

Jason asked.

“Gerard’s mother, the esteemed Harbor Master Hans, had said during her visit to us that what she really wanted to see was you getting married, and she even considered having you marry Carol.”

“But you actually refused.”

“You bastard, is my beautiful, pretty, gentle, virtuous, generous, and appropriate sister not good enough for you?”

Saying this, the duke’s son raised his hand to seize Jason’s collar.

However, he was dodged by Jason.

He certainly did not want to be grabbed by the collar by someone speaking such nonsense.

Indeed, if this were not Gerard's party, he would have definitely taught the other party a lesson.

Surprised by how easily Jason avoided him, a look of surprise flashed across the duke's son's eyes.

But then, there was a hint of excitement.

"Stronger than I expected!"

"A perfect match for my brother-in-law!"

"Now go quickly and tell Lord Hans that you wish to marry Carol!"

The other exclaimed rapidly.

"Crazy!"

After whispering this, Jason turned and walked towards another corner of the banquet hall.

In Jason's mind, this man so doting on his sister must have gone mad with his sister's marriage, becoming a bit deranged in the process.

He was not going to entangle himself with such a person.

More importantly, he still needed to figure out how to help Gerard.

Facing the stern, obstinate aunt, he was somewhat at a loss for what to do.

"Jason, are we going over there?"

Dennise, who had been quietly waiting for the meal, followed Jason at once after seeing him walk towards another side.

It was only then that the duke's son finally noticed Dennise.

"Average in appearance."

"Average in stature."

“Average in strength.”

“Is it because of her that you turned down my sister?”

“Jason, you are truly disappointing!”

The duke’s son continued.

Jason and Dennise both heard these words.

Jason couldn’t care less.

Dennise?

It had forgotten who the duke’s son was, let alone care about what the other party said.

However, the duke’s son was different.

Watching Dennise walk away, he instinctively wanted to do something.



As a noble with 'privileges', the duke's son had his own way of dealing with things.

But...

A sudden, chilling coldness rose from the bottom of his heart.

He shivered with a start.

The duke's son looked around.

There was nothing!

But just now he clearly felt as if his life were under threat.

"An illusion?"

"Or..."

Subconsciously, the duke's son looked at Dennise again.

That cold feeling emerged once more, more terrifying than before.

Even before his eyes appeared the hallucination of a formidable army charging at him.

Tramp, tramp.

The duke's son from 'Fort Swallow' took two steps back until his back hit the wall, and then he stopped.

Panting, panting.

The duke's son gasped for air, as cold sweat involuntarily streamed down.

Looking at Dennise's back again, he now felt fear.

Because, in that fleeting moment,

he had seen the true faces of that formidable army.

The dead!

All of them were the dead!

But...

Clearly, she was just a country girl, right?

How could she possibly command an army of the dead?

Illusion!

It must be an illusion!

It must be my Talent that's been twisted and has become abnormal after being affected by the Ritual Summoning.

As if to confirm his own words, the duke's son subconsciously looked towards Jason.

And then...

The gasping duke's son choked.

He saw a crimson!

A vast expanse of crimson, like a flood!

Gigantic carcasses drifted in this sea of crimson, bobbing up and down.

And within that red ocean lurked a shadow.

How immense was this shadow?

The duke's son couldn't describe it.

He only felt it was boundless.

The previously gigantic carcasses suddenly seemed utterly insignificant compared to this shadow, like leaves to a great tree.

Even more terrifying was when the shadow suddenly inhaled.

The sea of blood dried up.

All the carcasses entered the mouth of that shadow.

A crunching sound filled the duke's son's ears.

As if aware of something, Jason subconsciously turned his head back.

In that instant, in the vision the duke's son saw, the shadow was about to open its eyes.

I must not be seen!

If seen, I'll be eaten!

Intuition told the duke's son, and he immediately withdrew, his cold sweat had soaked through his clothes by now.

Looking at Jason and Dennise's backs, the duke's son collapsed to the ground.

Unconsciously, he thought of what Jason had said earlier

'You said monster?'

'Coincidentally...'

'I am a monster too!'

Before, he just thought Jason was being stubborn.

But now?

"Monster!"

"They're all monsters!"

"A whole family of monsters!"

The duke's son murmured softly.

Jason glanced at the duke's son in this state and couldn't help shaking his head.

Being overprotective can be deadly!

With a sigh, Jason asked Dennise beside him,

"Did your aunt ever say something special to you before?"

"Something like a wedding?"

Dennise thought for a moment and then replied.

"Yes!"

"I bumped into Aunt Lym while wandering around last time, and she asked me if I wanted to get married, with many sisters."

“I’m still young, I don’t want to get married, but it felt a bit rude to directly refuse my aunt.”

“So, I tactfully expressed...”

“Can the extra sisters be eaten?”