

Menu 174

Chapter 174: Doubts Upon Doubts

Little Reed's voice was very low.

However, for Jason, with his perception nearly four times that of an ordinary person, such whispers were no different from clear speech.

Similarly, Aunt Lym also heard it.

Her voice paused for a moment, then instantly returned to normal.

Then she gestured to Gerard with her eyes.

Gerard immediately nodded sternly in understanding.

"Let's go,"

After speaking to Jason, Gerard walked straight outside.

As the harbour master of Hans Port, even leaving a banquet was not a surprising matter.

Everyone knew how busy Gerard was.

As for this banquet, held for a wedding?

Aunt Lym had not specified.

Of course, there was room for salvation.

For this, both Jason and Gerard believed that the old woman could handle it better.

Jason and Gerard were in front.

Little Reed followed behind.

Dennise turned her head to look at the aunt still narrating, then at Jason as he stepped away.

After considering the dining time, she immediately followed behind Jason.

She certainly didn't follow out of curiosity.

It was just that moving around before dinner made the meal taste better.

Both Peters and Hume naturally followed along.

As Jason's 'coachman' and 'manservant,' their employer had left; why would they have any reason to stay?

That was their status in Hans Port.

'Cat Hole' Swordsmen did it to repay a life-saving debt.

The kitten?

It was the same.

When the group of six left the fifth-floor hall, Jason and Gerard noticeably quickened their pace.

At 111 Duron Street, two carriages were parked.

One was the carriage Jason had ridden on his arrival.

The other was Gerard's personal carriage.

Little Reed, Gerard, and Jason, along with Dennise, boarded the latter.

Peters and Hume took the earlier carriage.

It was only after the carriage started moving that Gerard spoke.

The harbour master of Hans Port said to his personal manservant, "Tell me the specifics."

"As instructed by Lord Hans."

"I was to pick up Lady Carol Klara just before the dinner began."

"But when I arrived at the courtyard where Lady Carol Klara resides, I smelled blood."

"Then, after I pushed open the door, I found Lady Carol Klara lying in a pool of blood."

“A dagger was embedded in her abdomen.”

“Her breath was very faint.”

“She is receiving full medical treatment.”

Little Reed explained in detail.

Upon hearing that the duke’s daughter had not died, Gerard sighed with relief.

Although they were not acquainted, Gerard did not wish for her to die.

Not just because she was his fiancée in name, but also because her father was the Duke of Fort Swallow.

Fort Swallow depended on Hans Port.

Similarly, Hans Port also needed a land barrier like Fort Swallow to share the pressure coming from the inland.

If something happened to the duke's daughter, that share of pressure would likely turn into a larger burden.

Though Gerard did not believe the Duke of Fort Swallow would actually do something drastic.

But in these recent times, Gerard wished for no troubles whatsoever.

And just as Gerard breathed a sigh of relief, Jason felt surprised.

Not dead?

Jason had no malice in him.

He was merely plain surprised.

An assassin failing to kill their target clearly indicated incompetence.

And what are the chances of incompetence in an assassin capable of targeting a duke's daughter?

Extremely slim!

However, Jason did not immediately speak out.

He sat there, listening quietly.

“Any clues?”

Gerard asked.

“No.”

“I’ve checked the entire courtyard, and there’s not a single clue.”

“Neither the maids nor the guards have noticed anything out of the ordinary.”

“But...”

Young Reed furrowed his brow as he spoke.

Then, after a slight hesitation, the personal servant continued, “There was a note left in Princess Carol Klara’s temple—it reads, ‘Congratulations on your wedding.’”

Gerard’s expression changed instantly.

The harbor master’s eyes went cold at that moment.

He sensed provocation and malice.

And instinctively, he thought of one person.

His old friend, the descendent of the Duke of Aymodun.

Now, the ruler of the New Federation.

Clearly, it wasn’t only Gerard who had thought of this person; young Reed had, too.

After conveying these words to Gerard, the personal servant was already seething with rage.

“My lord, shall I have our spy do something in return, as a reply to that?”

Young Reed's voice was laced with murderous intent.

To Reed, who had always followed and served Gerard, even though he was unfamiliar with Carol Klara, the Duke's daughter was soon to be his young master's fiancée.

And in a few days, she would become the young master's official wife.

At that time, the Duke's daughter would become the mistress of the harbor.

Yet at this juncture, the Duke's daughter had been targeted for assassination.

This was akin to a slap across the face of the entire harbor.

It was not just a burning pain, but also a humiliation.

For Reed to remain calm was already him exercising great restraint.

But at a single command from Gerard, the personal servant wouldn't mind setting off fireworks over Golsai.

After mulling it over with a furrowed brow, Gerard shook his head.

“No need.”

Then, Gerard’s gaze turned to Jason.

At this moment, Jason had noticed even more that was amiss.

An assassination followed by a provocative note?

It seemed designed to enrage Gerard, but such an effect was far less infuriating than a plain death.

Would that ruler of the Federation behave in such a manner?

Jason harbored doubts as he met Gerard’s gaze.

He saw similar uncertainty in the other’s eyes.

Obviously, the harbor master too had detected something wrong.

“Speed it up, let’s go have a look at the scene.”

“And...”

“Call up an extra troop of guards, send them to 111 Duron Street.”

Gerard instructed.

“Yes, my lord.”

Young Reed nodded, then darted out of the carriage to start making arrangements.

As the additional guards were stationed outside 111 Duron Street, two carriages pulled up outside the duke’s daughter’s courtyard.

This was a secluded courtyard.

It was surrounded by a wall, and from outside the wall, one could see the two-story building.

It was all white, and Dennise looked at it curiously.

She had never noticed this place on her previous jaunts.

Jason also surveyed the surroundings.

However, unlike Dennise's simple curiosity, the doubts in his eyes deepened.

This place lay in the depths of 111 Duron Street.

To reach here from outside would mean passing through layers of guards.

An unqualified assassin wouldn't stand a chance of breaching such defenses.

Young Reed, walking at the front, was explaining the origins of the courtyard.

"After the incident with the Ritual Summoning was investigated, Princess Carol Klara was temporarily housed here—this is where Lord Hans and Mister Hans resided after their marriage."

As Gerard's cousin who had already proven himself, facing Jason, the personal servant did not hold back from revealing more.

"Hmm."

Jason nodded, following Gerard into the courtyard.

Dennise followed behind them.

Peters and Hume brought up the rear.

And just as the little cat slipped into the courtyard—a moment occurred—

Bang!

A muffled sound.

The doors to the courtyard closed with a heavy thud.