

## **Menu 175**

### Chapter 175: Sudden Arrival

The sudden closure of the door startled everyone proceeding forward.

The last one to enter, a young cat, instinctively turned to open the door.

“Don’t move!”

The ‘Cat Hole’ Swordsman shouted directly.

The young cat’s hand froze in mid-air.

The ‘Cat Hole’ Swordsman picked up a pebble beside him and threw it toward the door.

Zzzap!

The moment the pebble touched the door, there was a flash of electric light.

Then, the pebble was repelled.

“What?!”

The young cat was stunned and looked at the ‘Cat Hole’ Swordsman, whose gaze, along with Jason’s, turned to Gerard.

“This is...”

Gerard signaled everyone with his hand, indicating not to panic.

Then, he was about to say something, but before he could speak, Gerard suddenly swayed and fell face up.

Jason caught Gerard in his arms.

“Gerard? Gerard?”

Jason called out softly, checking for breath with his hand, then immediately said to the stunned Reed, “Find a room first, settle Gerard.”

“Yes, yes, Master Jason.”

The personal servant immediately reacted and ran toward the backyard.

Jason, holding Gerard, followed close behind.

Dennise hurriedly followed them.

Even the brazen girl among the dead felt something was amiss at this time.

“What happened?”

The young cat, lagging behind, whispered to the ‘Cat Hole’ Swordsman.

“I don’t know.”

“But...”

“He’s fainted, and we’re in big trouble.”

The ‘Cat Hole’ Swordsman pointed at Gerard, who Jason was holding, and said with a grave expression.

Gerard, the overseer of Hans Port.

Or to say, the pillar of Hans Port would not be an exaggeration.

Whatever the reason, Gerard's fainting was a disaster for the whole Hans Port.

Especially at this moment, when the Federation clearly harbored malice!

Not to mention this sudden lockdown.

The 'Cat Hole' Swordsman looked at the courtyard whose door had closed unexpectedly, then picked up another pebble and threw it into the sky.

Zzzap!

Electric light flickered again.

And this time, it was much more severe than before.

The pebble didn't get repelled but turned into ash outright.

The young cat, about to spring up, shrank back at the sight.

“What should we do?”

The young cat asked in a low voice.

The ‘Cat Hole’ Swordsman took out a small dried fish, chewed it lightly for a few times, then under the expectant gaze of the young cat, slowly said, “I don’t know.”

I don’t know?

The young cat was taken aback.

Then, subconsciously, he gripped the hilt of his sword and drew it sharply.

Thwack!

The sword sheath struck the ‘Cat Hole’ Swordsman’s face.

The 'Cat Hole' Swordsman was straightforwardly knocked to the ground.

"To think I had expectations for you!"

"You've really disappointed me!"

After saying this, the young cat walked off in a huff.

The 'Cat Hole' Swordsman didn't get up immediately but rolled over, lying flat on the ground, watching the night sky, listening to the receding footsteps of the young cat. After assuring that the young cat's heart had calmed from the shock, this 'Cat Hole' Swordsman smiled faintly and took out another dried fish, chewing it carefully.

While chewing, he tapped lightly on the floor.

And murmured in a low voice—

'Mew'!

The sound was not loud, so much so that it was very soft.

But to a certain kind of creature, it was enough.

At the next moment, among the subtle noises,

a grey mouse appeared in front of Peters.

Trembling, fearful, but involuntarily so.

‘Mew’!

The ‘Cat Hole’ Swordsman let out another low call, then spit out about a fifth of the small dried fish in his mouth, about the length of the tail tip.

After thinking,

he swallowed back half of it.

He then placed the remains of the dried fish, the tail, in front of the gray mouse.

The trembling gray mouse picked up the tail of the dried fish and quickly disappeared from sight.

“I hope it is not too late.”

The ‘Cat Hole’ swordsman muttered to himself.

After, he slowly stood up, patted the dust off himself, and as if nothing had happened, he walked into the backyard.

There was no one in the backyard.

Not to mention the duke’s daughter, there was not even a maid or guard in sight, and the whole backyard was empty and silent.

In the original master bedroom, Gerard lay flat, breathing evenly, as if he had merely fallen asleep.

But no matter how loudly Reed called, Gerard simply would not wake up.

Then, the personal servant began to use the secret technique to check.

In the low murmur of the Dufol Language,



The personal servant began to combine hand gestures.

At the same time, a bit of powder appeared above Gerard's head.

Jason, even at a distance, felt a wave of coolness from the powder.

Direct contact would certainly make one wake up quickly.

However, Gerard still did not awaken.

The personal servant, who tried every trick in the book without being able to rouse Gerard, was thoroughly panicked.

"What should we do, Lord Jason?"

The personal servant asked.

"Stay calm."

“Gerard is fine.”

“He’s just asleep.”

“Moreover...”

“I am more worried about 111 Duron Street than Gerard who is asleep.”

While saying this, Jason turned and walked out.

111 Duron Street.

Lord Hans!

The personal servant was startled.

Instinctively, he was about to follow Jason, but Jason stopped him.

“You need to stay here.”

“You saw the lightning earlier.”

“You can’t get through.”

Jason said.

“But you...”

“We are not the same.”

Jason said this, taking large strides as he went.

The ‘Cat Hole’ swordsman grabbed a small kitten that was trying to sneak after Jason, shook his head seriously, and the kitten, looking at the earnest ‘Cat Hole’ swordsman, opened its mouth, but eventually, with a sullen head, watched Jason depart silently.

Dennise, however, uncharacteristically followed him.

The undead girl intercepted Jason, looked up at him seriously, and said,

“If you run into trouble, remember to call me!”

“I’m really strong!”

“Jason~ you have to remember!”

The undead girl admonished.

Faced with the undead girl’s seriousness, Jason instinctively raised his hand and patted it on her forehead.

Slap!

“Ow ow ow!”

Dennise clutched her head and crouched down, crying out in pain.

Seeing Dennise like this, Jason continued forward, and as he was about to step out of the backyard, his barely audible voice reached Dennise’s ear—

“Understood.”

Dennise rubbed her forehead.

It seemed to confirm whether it was an illusion.

But Jason did not give Dennise a chance to confirm.

He quickened his pace, heading straight for the courtyard gate.

Standing in front of the gate, Jason took deep breaths.

Heave, heave.

He was adjusting his emotions.

Then...

He pulled out the hockey mask from his chest and slowly put it on.

Next?

He pushed his hands directly against the gate.

The next moment—

Lightning flashed!

The smell of flesh filled the air!