

Menu 176

Chapter 176: The Banquet Begins

Duron Street No. 111, fifth floor.

Aunt Lym stood before a crowd of relatives, her voice clearly recounting the hardships of the past.

Watching the relatives' faces adorned with feigned sorrow and their eyes filled with impatience, she sighed softly.

"I know what your purpose is in coming here,"

the elderly woman said slowly.

Her tone became devoid of any emotion.

The relatives were taken aback, and several eloquent ones were about to speak in their defense.

But the old lady did not give them the chance to speak.

She waved her hand and said,

“Hans Port holds wealth beyond the common man’s wildest imagination.”

“Gerard is the primary heir.”

“He will have full control over this wealth.”

“Jason is the secondary heir.”

“He will receive something I have prepared for him.”

“And you?”

At this point, the old woman deliberately paused.

As all the relatives were eagerly anticipating, she continued,

“Nothing at all!”

Nothing at all?!

The relatives were stunned.

Then, unable to restrain themselves, someone said,

“That’s not fair!”

“This is unjust!”

“Yes!”

“Why does Jason get something, and we don’t?”

One spoke up and the others quickly echoed in agreement.

If it weren’t for the fear of the old woman’s authority, they would certainly have surrounded her, demanding ‘fairness’.

The elderly woman calmly pulled a chair closer to her side.

Only after she was seated securely did she speak again.

“Because Jason helped Gerard.”

“You did not!”

The words of the old lady left the relatives momentarily speechless.

But they did not give up.

“Jason is a person of great strength, naturally, he could assist Lord Gerard.”

“But we are different!”

“We haven’t encountered anything within our power to do, otherwise, we could have too!”

“Moreover...”

“This does not accord with your promise.”

“You once said you would choose one of us to assist Lord Gerard.”

The eloquent relative spoke again.

Naturally, such words once more received the support of the other relatives.

The old woman’s gaze settled on this eloquent relative.

“You are Torder,”

“from Golsai,”

“the son of Hans’ distant cousin.”

The old lady defined the identity of the relative.

“Your insight is penetrating, and your memory is admirable,”

the relative immediately bowed his head in respect.

However, the others who had just seconded his opinion, now looked upon him with enmity in their eyes.

This hostility was so sudden and yet so immediate.

The thoughts of these relatives were 'simple': the Aunt Lym had taken notice of him, reducing their own chances.

After all, there was only one spot available in the old woman's promise.

Damn it!

How careless!

Many people were filled with regret.

The old woman looked around.

She saw the enmity and regret in the eyes of the relatives and couldn't help but chuckle.

Amidst her laughter, she continued to speak.

“Your official occupation is that of a private counselor to nobility,”

“but in reality, you are a secret agent of the New Nobility.”

“You have also successfully executed three assassinations.”

Having said that, the old woman looked directly at the person in front of her.

Torder, the relative, changed color, sweat appearing on his forehead.

“You, you really have such a sense of humor,”

“how could I be a secret agent of the New Nobility?”

“If I were, why would I come to Hans Port?”

Torder spoke with a stutter.

“Yes, if you are a secret agent of the New Nobility, why would you come to Hans Port?”

The elderly woman said as if asking a rhetorical question, her gaze shifting to the surrounding relatives.

The relatives filled with animosity and regret were momentarily stunned.

They weren't completely foolish.

One of them directly exclaimed,

“You dog of the New Federation!”

“Damn it, you dare to betray the bloodline of the family!”

Once again, there was a chorus of agreement.

This time, with the target shifted, the relatives became even more indignant than before.

No one knew who was the first to move forward, but a fist landed on Torder's face.

Bang!

Struck in the bridge of the nose, Torder immediately saw stars and fell to the ground.

It wasn't that Torder didn't want to dodge, his body was already bound by an invisible force.

Had he been able to dodge, he would have struck back by now.

With his skills, he could take down these good-for-nothings with a single punch.

But he couldn't move.

He could only be at the mercy of others.

Yet he didn't give up and continued to shout loudly,

"Aunt Lym, I am not a Secret Agent!"

“I’m not... wuuu wuuu wuuu.”

Before Torder could finish his words, his voice was completely silenced because one of the relatives had gagged him.

Then, everyone around Torder began a frenzy of punching and kicking.

Everyone was exerting their full strength.

For only in such a way could one catch the old woman’s eye.

But soon, everyone realized that it was useless.

Because...

Everyone was the same.

Under the same conditions, how could one stand out?

This won’t do!

I must find a way!

I must make myself stand out!

Such thoughts emerged from the bottom of everyone's heart, and soon, they found the way to make themselves stand out.

A relative picked up a dinner knife from the corner and plunged it straight into Torder's body.

Pu!

The blade cut through flesh and blood.

A crimson tide spread.

Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!

Watching the bloodshed before their eyes, everyone's eyes turned bloodshot. They breathed heavily, like hyenas fighting over a meal.

And then?

Pu!

Pu, pu!

More dinner knives were thrust into Torder's body.

At first, Torder could still whimper.

But just a few seconds later, Torder fell completely silent.

Numerous dinner knives stood erect on the corpse.

The corpulent Torder resembled a 'roast pig' ready to be put into the oven on a large plate.

Only...

The sauce was too vivid.

And too glaring.

The sight seemed to pierce the old woman, and she couldn't help but close her eyes.

This only further provoked the relatives who sought to stand out.

They no longer looked at the dead Torder.

A dead man poses no threat to them.

But the living?

A murderous intent was born.

They eyed each other warily.

They gripped the dinner knives in their hands tightly.

And then...

They charged at each other.

Kill you!

And I'll be the only one!

The next moment—

Roars and wails echoed throughout the grand hall of 111 Duron Street.

This noise lasted a full ten minutes.

When the sounds ceased, the old woman opened her eyes.

She resumed her stern and indifferent demeanor.

Even faced with corpses strewn all over, she did not exhibit the slightest change.

She walked through the crimson liquid as if strolling in her own backyard garden.

Striding through the entire hall, she pushed open the door and stepped out.

However, just as she was about to close the door, a blood-stained hand suddenly grabbed the doorframe.

“Aunt Lym!”

“It’s me!”

“I’m the only one left!”

Blood covered the other person’s face, making it impossible to see clearly.

But anyone could feel the other’s joy and madness.

The old woman turned and looked at him.

Without a word, she silently stood for about two seconds before pointing behind him.

The other instinctively looked back.

Their face of ecstasy was replaced with horror.

All those he had killed had risen.

They were all walking towards him.

“Don’t come any closer!”

The other roared, attempting to flee the hall.

But at that moment—

Bang!

The door of the hall closed.

“Open the door!”

“Aunt Lym, open the door!”

“Damn you... AAAAHHH!”

Screams replaced the curses.

And then, they quickly faded away.

All that remained were chewing sounds.

Dinner?

It was already prepared.

But it wasn't to everyone's taste, was it?

The old woman shook her head slightly and walked away.

But just as she turned around, her body stiffened for a moment.