

Menu 177

Chapter 177: When you wear your mask for too long, you just...

Aunt Lym's rigidity was not that of an ordinary person's stupor.

It was more like a kind of muscle paralysis that occurs in an instant.

Faint, melodious music started to play.

A blurry figure appeared in the old woman's field of vision.

The figure approached slowly, resembling a ghost but without the ghostly chill, instead exuding an aura of a superior being, similar to Gerard, but also different from him.

It had a certain softness of yin.

Beyond that, there was something discordant about the figure.

It was very strange, yet it made one unconsciously want to submit.

"Lady Lym, it is our first meeting."

“I have long heard of the great reputation of Lord Hans.”

“Gerard has mentioned to me beforehand how great his mother is.”

“But your actions today...”

“They are far from great.”

The figure said with a smile on his face.

Even though he tried to hide it, the smugness in his words could not be concealed.

As if realizing his own gaffe.

The figure simply stopped trying to hide it.

“I can’t wait for Gerard to see the true face of his mother!”

“I look forward to seeing his shocked, incredulous expression!”

“Surely, it will be more interesting than the look on his face if he saw me seizing all the fruits of victory.”

As he spoke, the figure drew closer to Aunt Lym.

“Descendant of Aymodun, you and your ancestors are alike.”

“Both so arrogant.”

“And both so ignorant.”

Aunt Lym said indifferently.

“That’s true.”

“We are all arrogant.”

“Because our strength allows us to be so.”

“As for ignorance?”

“I think you must be talking about yourself, no?”

The descendant of Duke Aymodun of the Federation nodded firmly, then coldly sneered at Aunt Lym.

“Do you really think that by disrupting the ‘Strength of the Bloodline,’ you could break Gerard’s ‘Bloodline Curse’?”

“Don’t be delusional!”

“If it were possible to break the ‘Bloodline Curse,’ Gerard’s ancestors would have done it long ago, wouldn’t they? Do they need you?”

“Ignorant old woman!”

The descendant of Duke Aymodun said.

Then, he stared at Aunt Lym.

Hoping to see her panic and lose her composure.

Unfortunately...

Aunt Lym watched him with a calm expression.

Then, she simply lifted her hand and pointed at him.

The descendant of Duke Aymodun was startled.

How could she still move when he had bound her with the 'fluting'?

This was impossible!

More importantly, the descendant of Duke Aymodun found he could no longer move.

"You..."

"Of course, I know that merely unsettling the 'Strength of the Bloodline' is not enough to break the 'Bloodline Curse.'"

“But did I ever say that stirring up the ‘Strength of the Bloodline’ was meant to break the ‘Bloodline Curse’?”

“That was only the first step!”

“And you are the second step!”

Aunt Lym interrupted the descendant of Duke Aymodun.

Then, with a wave of her hand.

Suddenly, a Secret Magic Array composed of the Dufol Language appeared beneath the feet of the Duke of Aymodun.

As soon as the Secret Magic Array appeared.

Puff!

The arm of the descendant of Duke Aymodun was torn off.

“Aaaaah!”

The ruler of the Federation screamed in agony.

“He was more cautious than I had imagined.”

“No!”

“It must be that upon hearing about my disruption of the ‘Strength of the Bloodline,’ you couldn’t wait to come.”

“Or perhaps, this is what he was pleased to see.”

“So, he just went with the flow.”

In the midst of the ruler’s screams, Aunt Lym spoke calmly.

As if she were talking to herself, or explaining.

“Do you really think his entire plan was to share control of the Federation with you in exchange for knowledge, using your body?”

“Naive little fellow.”

“His ambition is far greater than you imagine.”

“The so-called Federation?”

“He wouldn’t give it a second thought.”

Aunt Lym continued to speak.

However, at this moment, the ruler of the Federation could no longer hear.

Because his head had been torn off.

And the Secret Magic Array grew even more luminous.

“Although it’s not truly the soul of a King!”

“But this faux ‘Soul of a King’ should be quite sufficient!”

Aunt Lym finished speaking and turned to continue forward.

She did not head towards 111 Duron Street.

She was walking towards the beach instead.

There, Butler Reed stood guard in front of a coffin.

“Mr. Hans.”

After paying his respects, the butler looked to the side.

It was a thicket of shrubs, shaded by palm fronds, pitch-dark from the perspective of the butler.

Yet, in the butler’s eyes, the tall, burly figure was clearly visible.

Discovered!

Jason thought to himself.

If he had been clinging to a sliver of hope before, at this moment, he was certain that his aunt had already spotted him earlier.

And those words must have been meant for him to hear.

Disrupt the 'Strength of the Bloodline'?

Break the 'Bloodline Curse'?

Muttering these words under his breath, Jason stepped out.

"Master Jason."

The butler bowed deeply in respect.

Aunt Lym turned around to look at Jason, her expression complex.

“You are a good boy,” she said.

The old woman was well aware of why Jason had appeared at 111 Duron Street.

She also knew what it meant to be there.

To pass through the electric net she set up must mean suffering pain worse than death.

Jason did not respond.

Wearing his mask, he watched his ‘aunt’ warily.

What he had just witnessed.

It was enough to inform him that his ‘aunt’ was far more dangerous than she seemed.

Gerard’s archenemy died just like that.

Easily killed by the hands of his aunt.

Moreover, up to this point, he had not sensed any powerful aura from his aunt.

She appeared completely ordinary, like any other person.

But how could an ordinary person...

Possibly make use of a secret technique?

Sweat dampened his back.

Jason was prepared to fantasize about the taste of 'sugar' at any moment.

At this moment, he could not think of anything that could protect him from his 'aunt' in front of him.

"Don't be nervous,"

"I won't hurt you,"

"In this world, anyone may harm you, but only I and Gerard would never do anything to truly hurt you," Aunt Lym said, gazing intently at Jason.

Her eyes seemed to pierce through the ice hockey mask to see Jason's face.

A smile tugged at the corner of her mouth.

"Remember... Xin..."

Aunt Lym tried to say something, but when she spoke, Jason could not make out the words.

"I'm sorry, Jason."

"Although I want to tell you more,"

"I cannot convey any information,"

"You..."

“are still too weak.”

As her words fell, Aunt Lym turned and walked toward the sea.

“Master Jason, I wish you well in the future,”

“Please give my regards to Master Gerard. When he wakes up, tell him that the ‘Bloodline Curse’ has been broken by Mr. Hans. I regret I cannot inform him of this in person, nor have the chance to say goodbye,”

“As for little Reed?”

“Please tell him that I will always love him.”

The butler bowed to Jason and then, shouldering the coffin, followed Aunt Lym.

Just as their feet touched the wet sea foam—

Whoosh!

A spray of water erupted in the distance.

A ship rose from below the sea.

Jason could clearly see “Queen Mary” written on the side of the ship!

Aunt Lym and the Butler carrying the coffin flew straight onto the ship.

In the moment of climbing aboard, Aunt Lym turned her head and waved at Jason, as a farewell.

Jason’s brow wrinkled tightly.

But before any thoughts surfaced in his mind, a sudden wave of dizziness hit him.

Thump.

Jason fell to the ground.

The moment he touched the sand, the dizziness vanished, and Jason sprang to his feet.

However, in that brief moment, the Queen Mary had disappeared.

Without a trace.

Like a phantom.

“A hallucination?”

Jason shook his head quickly.

He was certain what he had seen was not an illusion.

What exactly was it?

As Jason pondered, he reached to remove his ice hockey mask.

Then, he discovered that his ice hockey mask...

Could not be taken off.