

Menu 179

Chapter 179: The Call from Afar

A fine arrow flew toward Jason the instant he crossed the threshold of the courtyard.

Jason tilted his head to dodge.

Chop!

In a loud sound, the fine arrow buried itself into the doorframe.

“Assassin!”

The guards shouted, some positioned themselves in front of Jason, while others rushed towards the shadow from which the arrow had been shot.

The assassin was quickly apprehended.

He was a middle-aged man with an average build, a stiff face, and dull, lifeless eyes, showing not a glint of spirit, just like a puppet on strings.

'Pied Piper'!

Having seen the man's appearance, Jason unconsciously thought to himself.

The assassin before him was just like those controlled people in Taor.

Moreover, Jason remembered clearly the words of Aunt Lym when Aymodun III died.

The ambition of the 'Pied Piper' was not simply to share a body with Aymodun III, nor was it solely the Federation.

The adversary harbored even greater ambitions.

This assassination attempt...

Was nothing but a test!

Testing him... no, testing Gerard's situation!

Jason thought silently to himself, his eyes fixed on the stupefied assassin.

Under Jason's gaze, a glint of spirit emerged in the eyes of the dazed assassin.

“Gerard, long time no see,”

the other voice was tinged with a hint of joy.

Then,

the voice began to fill with malice.

“Are you ready to die?”

As soon as the other man’s words fell, he let out a cold laugh.

The laughter started softly and grew louder.

Gradually, the captive laughed so hard that he bent backward and forward.

Jason frowned internally.

He did not like such laughter.

Under normal circumstances, he could persuade the other man to be kind with a broad-bladed, short-handled cutlass.

But what about Gerard?

What would Gerard do?

Jason pondered.

This was a bit difficult for Jason.

After all, Gerard was a competent elder brother, always showing tenderness and consideration in his presence.

So, in Jason's mind, there was only the scene of their first meeting, outside Hans Port, where Gerard dealt with enemies decisively and efficiently.

Was the 'Pied Piper' an enemy?

Indeed.

An unequivocal enemy.

And since he was an enemy,

then...

Having made up his mind, Jason walked straight up to the captive as Reed gestured to the guards to stop the man.

Jason looked down calmly at the laughing man.

His eyes were without ripples.

No anger.

No coldness either.

There was only calmness.

He looked at the other man as if he were looking at ordinary grass and trees.

The captive's laughter gradually ceased.

But that did not prevent him from looking at Jason with even more challenging eyes.

Seeing those provocative eyes, Jason said calmly,

"I am here, waiting for you to come..."

"to your death!"

Having said that, Jason turned and walked away.

The captive was taken aback and then began to struggle violently, but he was held down on the ground by the guards, and could only tilt his head up and glare maliciously at the receding figure of 'Gerard'.

The man was stiff-necked, shouting loudly,

“I will make you regret this!”

“I will make you... mmmph!”

Before the man could finish speaking, Reed raised his hand, pulled out a handkerchief, and gagged the man’s mouth.

“Take him to the dungeon,”

Reed ordered.

“Yes,”

the guards responded, striking the man’s neck with the sheath of their swords, dragging him away as if dragging a dead dog.

By this time, Reed had already caught up with Jason.

The interrogation of the captive would take place later.

For now, the most important thing was to deal with the incident at 111 Duron Street.

Following his usual habit, Reed walked a step behind.

Looking at the somewhat unfamiliar yet strangely familiar figure, Reed seemed to have an illusion.

The man before him was indeed Lord Gerard.

Whether it was the way of walking, the tone of speaking, or the method of handling situations,

it was exactly like Lord Gerard.

If earlier Reed had felt some uncertainty,

he was now almost completely assured.

It was completely fine for Lord Jason to temporarily fill in for Lord Gerard.

However, some details still needed adjustment.

Like eating!

The personal valet thought of the way Jason ate without any manners at all.

He shook his head, and then, the personal servant made up his mind—

“I must correct Lord Jason’s bad habits.”

...

Sitting in the chair, “Aymodun III” holding a wine glass, furiously threw the glass to the floor.

Crack!

The crystal glass shattered instantly.

Crimson wine splashed and spilled in all directions.

“Gerard!”

The roar of anger reverberated throughout the highest level of Mobius Palace.

The guards stationed outside had grown accustomed to this.

Almost every few days, he would bellow in rage like this.

At first, there were sycophants who feigned concern and would enter, but after one was cut down with a sword by him, no one dared to enter casually anymore.

Unless summoned.

Huff! Huff!

“Aymodun III” gasped heavily.

The anger on his face twisted his originally handsome features.

But the next moment—

“Heh heh heh.”

This “Aymodun III” laughed strangely.

“Gerard! Gerard!”

“You have finally been affected!”

“The removal of the ‘Bloodline Curse’ has left you so exhausted that you failed to detect the assassin I arranged in advance, nor did you understand his true purpose for appearing.”

“Your perception has become this dull.”

“Then your... ”

“How much of your strength remains?”

The ruler of the Federation murmured to himself.

The plan he had been orchestrating for decades was about to come to fruition.

He had been waiting for far too long!

Now,

Only the final piece remained: Gerard!

Thinking this, he became restless.

The ruler of the Federation rang a bell.

Ding-a-ling.

The personal servant walked in.

“My lord.”

The servant bowed respectfully.

“Deploy the ground troops.”

“Let them draw all attention from the south.”

“And!”

“Let those hidden agents all take action!”

“I want to keep Gerard running ragged!”

The ruler of the Federation commanded.

“Yes, my lord!”

The servant received the order and immediately set things in motion.

Orders were sent to the barracks.

Pigeons soared into the sky.

Secret commands were dispersed in all directions through secret techniques.

War was on the horizon!

Everyone in Golsai felt an oppressive sense of an impending storm.

Passersby rushed about.

Merchants were filled with anxiety.

The new nobility were both excited and fearful.

A myriad of emotions pervaded the capital of the New Federation.

Their emotions rose like steam.

Perceived by "Aymodun III" standing at the highest point of Mobius Palace.

The ruler of the Federation walked to the French windows, overlooking all of Golsai.

“Begin!”

“Let everything start from your prison!”

“Those whom you’ve imprisoned, their resentment, will ignite that newly caged fellow, and they will mark the beginning of your downfall!”

Having said this, the ruler of the Federation raised his hand and clenched his fist forcefully in a peculiar ritual.

Then...

Nothing happened.

Only the sound of the wind blowing could be heard.

The ruler of the Federation was taken aback, then clenched his fist again using the special ritual.

But still, nothing happened.

Far from activating, even the constant connection seemed as if it would disappear, becoming faint and elusive.

Subconsciously, the ruler of the Federation changed the ritual.

He intensified the connection with the 'hidden agents'.

And at that moment!

An extremely cold breath of death, traveling through the altered ritual, invaded his senses.

Even before it really approached, "Aymodun III's" soul shuddered.

Without any hesitation, the ruler of the Federation immediately severed the ritual.

Spurt!

The fierce backlash caused the ruler of the Federation to spit out blood.

In the next moment, he roared again:

“Gerard!”