

## Menu 204

### Chapter 204: The Impossible Possibility

The son of the Duke of Fort Swallow was carried out of 111 Duron Street.

He hadn't sustained any particularly severe injuries.

It was just some minor bruising on his muscles all over his body; he couldn't get out of bed for a short while and needed someone to feed him when eating, that's all.

Jason said it wasn't intentional.

Who knew swinging the Wolf Fang Club would feel so exhilarating.

It was as invigorating as wielding a knife.

Equally satisfying and uplifting to one's mood.

"How about it?"

"Want to learn a bit more about the combat techniques of the Wolf Fang Club?"

The plump auntie came out with a smile beaming from her face.

There were techniques for the Wolf Fang Club?

Wasn't it just lifted overhead and then smashed down fiercely?

That's what Jason subconsciously thought.

Then his gaze was attracted to the food that plump auntie was holding.

A faint fragrance wafted from under the cover.

Seeing Jason's expression, the plump auntie laughed.

"Come on, eat."

As she spoke, she placed the food on the table.

At the same time, she took the Wolf Fang Club from Jason's hand and slung it over her shoulder.

The plump auntie subconsciously wanted to remind Jason that Wolf Fang Clubs and knives are wielded differently, but seeing Jason deeply enjoying his food, she just shook her head and smiled. ㅁ

Just like Lord Gerard.

Both were people with exceptional talent.

Although not as steady as Lord Gerard, he would eventually come to understand this crossroads.

Better left unsaid.

Thinking this, the plump auntie, carrying the Wolf Fang Club, returned to the kitchen.

Jason took no notice of any of this.

He had already lost himself in the delicious food.

Some tentacles that seemed like they were from a deep-sea stalker.

Only much finer and thoroughly marinated.

Sizzling on a hot iron plate.

Cumin, chili, sauce, an aroma strong enough to fill the nostrils.

The onions underneath became crispy and sweet after soaking completely in the oil.

It was somewhat akin to—

Grilled squid on a hot plate!

But they were not skewered.

Instead, they were stir-fried directly on the iron plate.

Indeed, it was uniquely flavorful.

[Devoured a large amount of 'Deep Sea Stalker' tentacles!]

[Physical Strength, Energy (Injury) moderately restored!]

[Satiety +2]

[Satiety: 27]

...

While Jason was indulged in gastronomic joy, the Duke's son who had just been carried out of 111 Duron Street encountered some trouble.

The two servants carrying the Duke's son, the one walking in front, slipped, and the whole person fell forward, but thanks to his regular training, he rolled and stood up straight again.

Unharmmed.

However, the Duke's son on the stretcher went flying out directly.

And face-down at that.

But he didn't crash to the ground.

Because...

At some point, a pot of cactus had appeared there.

Plop!

"Aaaah!"

The scream echoed around 111 Duron Street.

Just having finished lunch and wiping his mouth, Jason looked puzzled and stood side by side with the curious Dennise at the fifth-floor window, looking down.

"That looks terrible."

The two said in unison.

No one would blame that servant.

It was just a mistake, after all.

Who doesn't make them? Slipping is normal.

Plucking cactus spikes, tweezers poking into the nostril, it was naturally understandable.

The scissors accidentally falling on the Duke's son from the medical kit one carried around could also be understood, even if it was head down—that was just bad luck.

With the previous understanding, the misapplied bandaging and medication were naturally understood as well.

It was simply the Duke's son's bad luck, wasn't it?

At least that was the understanding of the people around.

After all, everyone had a good relationship with Dennise.

If someone called Dennise useless, taking a little care of the person who spoke was understandable.

The person speaking had no ill intention.

We had a little unintentional oversight, that's normal too.

The doctor from 111 Duron Street, with an apologetic smile, said farewell to Lady An Lu.

"I'm really sorry."

"I've been too fatigued lately."

Looking at the Duke's son wrapped like a mummy, the doctor's face showed even more apology.

"It's no trouble."

"Thank you for treating Barney."

Mrs. An Lu looked calm and graceful as she saw the doctor out.



However, when the lady returned, her expression had turned to anger.

But this anger was not directed at outsiders.

It was toward her own son, Barney Clark.

As a mother, the lady knew her son's character all too well.

To say he was arrogant might be an overstatement.

But not knowing good from bad, that was certainly true.

And he was blind to the current situation.

With 'Fort Swallow' as a backing, such behavior could be tolerated, slowly adjusted.

But now?

'Fort Swallow' was no more.

Where could there be time for gradual adjustments?

Yet seeing her son bandaged almost like a mummy, the harsh words the lady had couldn't come out.

Even her anger was almost gone.

"Barney,"

"You need to grow up quickly."

"We don't have much time left."

Mrs. An Lu said this.

"I don't think it's bad right now."

"I have never been interested in inheriting 'Fort Swallow'."

"In fact, I prefer the situation as it is."

“At least...”

“We don’t have to engage in fratricide!”

The son of the duke managed to tear a hole in the bandage wrapped around his face and said with difficulty.

Undoubtedly, these words struck Mrs. An Lu.

Subconsciously, the lady slapped her son hard.

“You...”

“Ah!”

Mrs. An Lu was preparing to scold her son, but before the words could leave her mouth, she saw blood spurting out of the place where the son of the duke had just been poked by the scissors.

“Doctor!”

“Doctor!”

Cries for the doctor immediately rang out through the small courtyard.

...

In the afternoon, with no rest,

Jason, re-energized after food, watched as Little Reed set up a sand table in front of him.

This was the sand table from ‘Fort Swallow’ to Hans Port.

It was filled with various small flags.

There were also knight and infantry figurines.

Naturally, this attracted Dennise.

When Dennise stretched out a paw to pick up one of the knights, Jason raised his hand and slapped the paw.

“Don’t touch it.”

Jason said in a low voice.

“Hey.”

Dennise scratched her cheek and flashed an embarrassed smile.

An undead girl who knew she had done wrong never talked back.

If she was wrong, she’d apologize.

If it happened again, she’d apologize again.

But she never changed.

Not out of cunning.

Just...

She simply forgot.

Another ten minutes passed, and Little Reed had the sand table set up.

“My lord, we have constructed a complete iron defense line from ‘Fort Swallow’ to Hans Port.”

“As we discussed before, we will drag ‘Aymodun III’ into a war of attrition and then...”

“Achieve victory!”

The personal servant said with full confidence.

Jason didn’t understand much, just looking at the small flags and figurines on the sand table, feeling it was all cluttered.

Dennise didn’t understand much either.

Blinking her eyes, she asked:

“What if ‘Aymodun III’ bypasses these defenses?”

“Bypass?”

“Our navy is absolutely dominant!”

“He can’t possibly bypass it!”

“Unless...”

“His troops can fly!”

The personal servant explained to Dennise with a laugh.

Facing the naïve questions of Dennise, Little Reed wouldn’t get angry but would patiently explain.

A girl who doesn’t understand military affairs asking such a question is too normal.

But coming from the sky?

How is that possible?

Little Reed couldn't help but smile again.

Then, as Jason continued to circle the sand table, he suddenly paused in his steps.

He,

heard the sound of propellers!