

Menu 212

Chapter 212: Don't Rush to Get Up When You Fall...

A week later.

Hans Port had restored its normal order.

The restoration work was still ongoing, but port trade had already reopened.

Smiles once again appeared on people's faces.

And now, they were even more radiant than before.

Because, with the death of "Aymodun III", the New Federation completely collapsed.

Although some remnants of power still existed, they couldn't affect Hans Port at all; on the contrary, the previous bans from Golsai had become nothing but obsolete paper.

A succession of carriages.

Caravan after caravan.

The coming and going of horses and mules never stopped as they poured into Hans Port.

With more caravans, naturally, there were more trades.

The income of the people of the port began to soar.

Plus, the recent issuance of the “tax exemption decree” by Lord Gerard made everything prosper even more.

Similarly, this meant Jason got busier.

Taking Gerard’s place, Jason began to constantly review and sign documents, just like Gerard used to do.

Even with Reed’s help, he was still very busy.

“My lord, this is a document sent by General Anno.”

“The general suggests we set up watch posts along the roads leading to Golsai outside ‘Fort Swallow’.”

“Recently...”

“It has been somewhat uneasy there.”

Reed, following his usual practice, placed the most important document on top.

At this moment, the personal servant already regarded Jason with the same respect as Gerard.

Respect with a tinge of awe.

Jason, who could smash an asteroid and remain unharmed, deserved everyone’s reverence.

The people of the port thought that was Lord Gerard’s deed.

But few people knew what the truth was.

About this, Jason didn’t explain.

Because, he himself didn’t know how the asteroid shattered.

Thus, Jason remained silent.

He continued to play Gerard's role.

Jason took the document and read it carefully.

With the death of "Aymodun III", the New Federation existed in name only. The former nobility stepped onto the stage once more, fighting for territory with the new nobility. *Ra*

In their struggle for control over their lands and their honor, they fought fiercely, stopping at nothing.

For a time, the south of the Federation was even more chaotic than the north.

Apart from the capital Golsai, which maintained a superficial peace, only Hans Port remained peaceful.

Therefore, many people began to migrate towards the port.

Among them were many seeking to escape the turmoil of war.

But there were also many with ulterior motives.

Especially concerning the flying weapons created by “Aymodun III”, more than one faction was interested.

Jason signed his name with a quill.

“Tell Bofute.”

“Have the patrol guards and local residents coordinate, keeping an eye out for strangers.”

“Especially those asking about ‘airships’.”

Jason instructed.

“Understood.”

Reed nodded and immediately turned to leave.

The door closed once again.

And just as the door shut, Dennise, who had been curled up on the sofa, suddenly jumped up.

“Jason~ Jason~”

“Play with me~ play with me~”

Dennise whined.

It was unbearably bored.

In one week, it had gone through all the books on the bookshelf.

There were no new books, and it had already explored everything nearby.

With energy to burn and nowhere to expend it, it even considered tearing open the sofa to inspect its construction.

“Hmm.”

“Go on.”

Without lifting his head, Jason waved his left hand, and a ball was thrown out.

It was a hand strengthener ball, prepared by Reed for Gerard to use during long hours of signing; Jason also occasionally used it.

However, Jason's way of using it was quite unique.

The hand strengthener, about the size of a person's palm, flew in an arc and was about to land on the floor on the side of the hall when Dennise leaped high, catching it firmly with both hands.

"Hey, I caught it."

"Again! Again!"

Dennise, excited, ran to Jason and handed him the hand strengthener ball.

"Go!"

Jason threw it again.

Dennise immediately gave chase.

And so the cycle repeated for two hours.

When Dennise finally shrank back onto the sofa, exhausted, Jason finally lifted his head. He shrugged his shoulders, rubbing his sore neck as he stood up.

Given Jason's constitution, such a phenomenon should not have occurred, but it seemed to be an imprint in his genes, always making him feel utterly fatigued, as if he were accompanying a girlfriend shopping, always looking for a place to sit and wait; if he had a phone, it would be even better. Taking out his phone to play a game or read a novel for a while could effectively restore his physical strength.

Of course, the prerequisite is... you have to have a girlfriend.

Jason glanced at Dennise, who had fallen asleep on the sofa, reached for a blanket, and covered his "pup."

Although the port was hot, the sea breeze was not as gentle as one might imagine.

Then Jason sat on the armrest of the sofa, looking out over the beach.

It was a habit he had developed over the past few days.

Not that the beach was that attractive.

But doing so didn't make it seem like he was zoning out for no reason while checking his gains.

Words clearly appeared before his eyes—

[Ingestion of the Fragmented 'Cerex's Flute'!]

[Physical and mental energy (injury) largely recovered to their maximum extent!]

[Satiety +123]

[Satiety: 67]

[Excitement of Feast +3]

[Excitement of Feast: 4]

...

The continuous fatal damages had sharply reduced the satiety gained. Taking into account the previous reserves, that's a total of 93 points, meaning he suffered 31 lethal damages between the bombardment and the meteor strike.

"If every death had a tombstone, I guess my gravestones could encircle my home planet one day?" Jason thought silently.

Then, he looked at the 67 points of satiety and 4 points of Excitement of Feast.

This was the biggest harvest he had had so far.

"It takes 30 points of satiety and 5 points of Excitement of Feast to level up 'Protection Against Evil' to the expert level," Jason reviewed the requirements for 'Protection Against Evil.'

The satiety was undoubtedly sufficient.

But the Excitement of Feast?

Jason frowned slightly.

Compared to the ease of obtaining satiety, the difficulty of acquiring Excitement of Feast climbed steeply.

Therefore, as the 'Protection Against Evil's need for Excitement of Feast grew larger, Jason did not choose to separately advance 'Barehanded Combat' and 'Charles Burning Technique.'

Even though 'Barehanded Combat' and 'Charles Burning Technique' exactly required that amount of Excitement of Feast, and there was more than enough satiety left to improve physical condition and increase attack power, enriching his means of attack as well.

Because only 'Protection Against Evil' could truly address the threat of the 'Bizarre.'

Otherwise, no matter how strong the body, how high the attack power, how many methods of attack, faced with that unspeakable, indescribable, even unthinkable 'Bizarre,' it was still a dead end.

This was the case here.

'Lorde' ...

was no different.

Jason would not forget the scene before Pea Street.

And he?

Was bound to go back.

Not just because of the 'promise' to the old lord, but also because he needed to find the follow-up information on the 'Night Watcher' profession.

"Continue to save up?" Jason took a deep breath.

He had already made up his mind.

And just then, as if he sensed something, he turned to look in the direction of the small yard.

There, protected by layers of force fields, Gerard's eyelids twitched, and he opened his eyes.

Simultaneously, Jason vanished from 111 Duron Street.

In her deep sleep, Dennise mumbled:

“Don’t, don’t go, Jason.”

Then, she raised her hand and reached for the direction of the armrest.

But that spot was already empty.

Her hand grasped at thin air.

Instantly, Dennise woke up startled.

She looked around the empty room in confusion.

Then, her eyes reddened.

“Jason...”

She sniffled.

Hoping to smell the familiar scent.

But the scent was fading away.

Dennise quickly got up from the sofa, and in her panic, she fell to the floor.

Huh?!

As she fell, she suddenly saw a book in the gap between the sofa and the floor.

The book was covered in dust.

Dennise blew hard on it.

As the dust flew, the name of the book was revealed: "On Dimensions, Crystal Walls, and the Possibility of Transversing."

At the bottom of the book was the author's name: Mary James.