

Menu 424

Chapter 424: Change begins at this moment!

Emma took Kuituo and Luogen to wash their hands.

At the dining table, Danfoss and Pasi began to inquire Esther about Edmund.

"Why hasn't Edmund come?"

Danfoss was a straightforward lady who asked directly, appearing somewhat aggressive.

Pasi did not speak, but simply stroked her protruding belly and watched Esther quietly, ready to listen. But Esther would rather face ten Danfosses than one Pasi.

Because he knew all too well what kind of person Mrs. Pasi was.

Not only was she outwardly gentle but inwardly strong, she also possessed extremely meticulous logic; it was really too difficult to deceive her.

Thus, after some consideration, Esther lowered his voice and said:

"This is an opportunity!"

"An opportunity for us to truly break free from constraints and prevent incidents like those involving Valen, Kuike, Clive, Aidiven, Qionsgi, and Luodeni!"

Upon hearing her boyfriend Clive's name, Danfoss's face darkened.

She and Clive were ready to get married.

In a little while, she would be Mrs. Clive, not Danfoss.

And now?

She already considered herself Mrs. Clive.

Otherwise, why would she join the 'Brotherhood'?

Was it merely to become the superwoman as described by Emma's adorable child?

"Are you sure about this?"

"What do we need to do?"

Danfoss likewise lowered her voice, not wanting the children to overhear this conversation.

"Trust in our senior Edmund,"

"He is more reliable and smarter than we could imagine."

"As for help?"

"Us having dinner here is part of helping."

Esther said with a smile.

The hand that Pasi had been using to stroke her raised belly suddenly paused.

She lifted her head to look at Esther, who was pretending to be at ease.

"So, the 'shelter' still has that big shot's spy, and Edmund hasn't yet confirmed who it is. Are you hoping that our casualness will make the spy slip up?"

Pasi's question filled Esther's face with bitterness.

He had known that once he revealed even a sliver of information, he couldn't keep it from this woman.

"Senior Edmund isn't using us as bait..."

"I know! I also know Edmund, and I know the kind of person he is!"

"I just want to know if he's in danger?"

Pasi cut off Esther's explanation.

She had long understood the kind of person Edmund was: lazy, reclusive, just getting by. Such a person didn't pose any danger; otherwise, she wouldn't bring her children here.

But precisely because of this, she was worried.

Worried that Edmund couldn't cope with that significant figure.

Although she hadn't delved into the details, she had enough indications to speculate.

"Don't worry!"

"Senior Edmund has already prepared everything."

"Moreover..."

"Pasi, haven't you noticed that we're missing one person here?"

Esther's words carried meaning.

Jason?

Pasi and Danfoss were taken aback.

Only then did they realize Jason wasn't there.

"So that's it!" Continue reading stories on empire

"I was wondering why Jason would refuse food."

Aras suddenly nodded in realization.

"Quite a decent fellow."

Avent murmured his praise.

Just now, the 'Sword Saint' was prepared to go to the 'shelter' to assist Edmund, who was clearly seen by his son as a 'life mentor.'

Although he was irked that his son didn't consider him a 'life mentor,' Edmund's actual teachings to his son were tangible, and he naturally wouldn't just watch him fall into danger.

That significant figure and their spy?

Avent didn't dwell on it.

You could draw a sword and chop down a spy.

The same could be done to a significant figure.

It was merely a matter of one more or one less sword strike.

As for the so-called significant figure at the 'shelter' headquarters?

Avent didn't care about such things.

People can be chopped.

The 'shelter' headquarters, naturally, as well.

Having regained some of his memory and continuing his bloodline, Avent had newfound confidence; the sword in his heart had reemerged, sharper and more tenacious than before.

Looking at this sword, Avent already knew what he was capable of—

My sword's reach, all things shall cleave!

However, Avent showed no outward emanations.

Wrapped in a cloak, having just taken off his mask, Avent looked like an ordinary middle-aged man, smiling as he watched his son and friends gathered around the table, sharing stories.

He thoroughly enjoyed this warmth of 'home.'

It seemed to be what he had been seeking.

No!

It's not as if.

It was exactly what I had been seeking.

Avent thought earnestly.

Hum!

The sword that only Avent could see immediately became even sharper and more tenacious, with threads of light sparkling from it.

The 'Sword Saint' Avent's strength silently elevated once more.

But Avent didn't care about that.

He was just thinking... when could his son get married?

When could he have grandchildren?

It would be best to have many.

Boys were too mischievous; three or five would suffice.

Girls were quiet and adorable, there should be eight or nine.

Then, they would need two houses.

A big house in the city for the lively daily noise and a vacation home outside the city to go to during holidays, where he could fly kites with the grandchildren, do crafts, and teach them swordsmanship.

Thinking of this, Avent, who wasn't excited by the progress in his strength, suddenly became thrilled.

He hoped for a bunch of lovely grandsons and granddaughters.

"Dad, what's wrong?"

Esther, sensing something unusual about Avent, turned around and asked with concern.