

## Menu 429

### Chapter 429: The Most Important Thing in the World!

"So that's how it is,"

Jason nodded thoughtfully.

The power left behind by Aras's mother and maternal grandfather had merely joined the so-called 'Hydra' with the flow of events, moving from the shadows into the open to continue protecting Aras.

Having understood everything, Jason concealed his form and silently returned to the detached apartment.

Knock, knock, knock.

"It's me."

Jason raised his hand to knock on the door, announcing his identity.

The moment Jason stepped out of the shadows, Avent raised an eyebrow, displeasure in his gaze, but his expression softened slightly when Jason knocked.

Then, beating everyone else to it, he pulled open the door.

He didn't let Jason in but stepped out of the room and closed the door behind him.

"Let's talk."

Avent said.

"Okay."

Jason nodded indifferently, yet he was extremely vigilant at heart.

It was true that Avent had been fooled by Esther into becoming crippled.

But that didn't mean he would completely trust the other person.

The two walked to the front lawn of the house where Avent stopped, and Jason followed suit, remaining silent and quietly waiting for Avent to speak.

"I really dislike you,"

Avent stated bluntly.

Then, without waiting for Jason to respond, he began speaking nonstop.

"Don't trust anyone."

"Be vigilant, monitor your own people."

"I know this is the education you've received since childhood, but by doing so, you're likely to hurt those who truly care about you— they stand guard here out of loyalty, duty, and honor,"

"Your suspicion will leave them feeling baffled and humiliated."

Avent raised his hand and pointed at the modified car that had not yet driven off in the distance.

Then, he turned his head and stared at Jason.

Even as Jason disguised it, Avent could still sense something.

"That look again, like you're dealing with an idiot,"

"Right! To a cold and heartless guy like you, I must seem like an idiot,"

"Because you'll never understand what family warmth is,"

Avent continued speaking.

Sigh!

Upon saying this, Avent took a deep breath.

He looked at Jason with a look of pity, as if he were looking at a wretched soul.

His tone was no longer intense but became gentle.

"But you're not wrong, it's the world that's at fault,"

Avent said this and turned back toward the door.

But before entering the room, Avent paused in his steps.

"Learn swordsmanship with me tomorrow,"

Having said that, Avent entered through the door.

Looking at the open door, with light peeking out of the house,

Despite the scene appearing warm, Jason felt a burning desire to vent welling up in his heart.

Did Avent just consider me a member of an organization without feelings, autistic?

As an elder, is he planning to use 'family affection' to comfort me?

And intends to teach me swordsmanship?

Esther, you're truly talented,

The world is fascinating because of you!

After standing outside for a good ten seconds, Jason waited until his heart was completely calm before entering the house.

Seeing Jason enter with a cold face, Avent nodded in greeting.

But in his heart, Avent could only lament how great and difficult his responsibility was.

Just now, when Emma fell into a coma, some memory fragments flashed through Avent's mind.

These were the memories of an ambush by the 'Sanctuary', all because of the so-called 'Holy Sword.' In these fragments, many of his friends fought to their deaths to save him.

The real high-end power of the 'Night Owl Court' was almost entirely lost in that battle, leaving only a few old friends clinging to life.

It could be said that what remained of the 'Night Owl Court' was nothing but an empty shell.

All because of him, his friends who had left Ang City had been weakened by their contracts, enabling the 'Sanctuary' to prevail.

In fact, Avent began to suspect that the 'Sanctuary's' original target was not him, but the entire 'Night Owl Court,' or else they wouldn't have been so targeted.

This filled Avent with even greater remorse,

And with deeper shame.

A 'Night Owl Court' that was merely an empty shell was not the true 'Night Owl Court.' He needed to restore the 'Night Owl Court' to its glory.

Otherwise, how could he face those old friends who died to save him after his death?

Therefore, he needed to mentor Jason,

The only claw the 'Night Owl Court' could show with pride.

Even though Jason had received a cruel education, Avent was confident he could use familial affection to enlighten him and show that brutality was not the only way to survive.

Just... he wondered how good Jason's Talent for swordsmanship was?

Given the other's strength, it shouldn't be bad,

Moreover, he was a Sword Saint; even if it was poor, he had ways to teach.

Avent thought confidently.

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When Jason entered the room, he didn't look at Avent again.

He was worried he might inadvertently reveal an inappropriate expression.

His gaze shifted to the comatose Emma,

"How is she?"

Jason asked,

"She's still running a fever,"



Pasi, who had been watching over Emma, said.

Jason frowned. There was nothing he could do in such a situation; he only knew simple physical cooling, which required a professional.

However, it seemed as though Emma sensed Jason's approach and began trembling slightly once more in her coma.

Everyone who had been watching Emma quickly noticed this.

Was it Jason's presence that frightened Emma?

The crowd couldn't help but think.

"Lord Jason, you..."

Esther indicated with a wry smile.