

Menu 126

Chapter 126: Gathering

The son and daughter of the Duke of Fort Swallow's carriage stopped in front of 111 Duron Street.

Fort Swallow's butler, Dres, supported the pale-faced duke's son; the four maids once again held up the canopy, within which the duke's daughter walked, as the group crossed the floral sides and stepped onto the stairs.

Just as they stepped onto the stairs, Butler Dres could clearly sense a subtle change.

It was as if they had passed through a thin mist and felt the sun.

"The rumored guardian ritual?"

Dres silently pondered in his heart.

Then he let out a sigh.

Fort Swallow once had its own guardian ritual as well.

It could defend against outsiders as well as ward off bizarre occurrences and Evil Spirits.

Unfortunately, as time passed and wars ensued, the rituals that were once part of their heritage had long been lost.

Not just in Fort Swallow; among all the noble territories in the south, perhaps only Hans Port retained a complete guardian ritual.

“I hope this marriage alliance can lead to some exchange of knowledge.”

Dres hoped.

Otherwise, the annual dealing with the bizarre and Evil Spirits that entered Fort Swallow was a significant expense, not to mention the deaths that always occurred with each incident.

Thinking this, the butler was about to continue assisting the duke's son forward.

However, the duke's son stopped in his tracks.

Dres was taken aback.

Then, he turned his head to look.

A convoy slowly entered 111 Duron Street.

Seeing the antiquated carriage approach, Dres immediately stood up straight with respect.

“It’s that person’s carriage.”

“Do not be rude at any cost.”

Dres reminded the duke’s son.

“Hmm.”

Barney Clark nodded his head but could not help turning his gaze towards his sister within the canopy.

Had that bizarre presence... left?

The duke’s son, standing on the staircase, thought with concern.

He paid no mind to the convoy that had stopped beneath the stairs.

To him, his sister was everything.

As for the rest?

They were of no consequence.

No matter what that bizarre thing wanted to do.

As long as his sister was safe, everything was okay.

“Heh.”

A light laugh sounded within the canopy.

It was that mocking, ridiculing laugh.

Then, words clearly resonated in his heart.

‘Big brother, do you really think I would keep a promise?’

“You!”

The duke’s son drew his sword and looked toward the canopy but the figure within had already soared towards the antiquated carriage.

That figure no longer resembled a human.

Black as ink, like a serpent or an eel.

It opened its gaping mouth and pounced towards the carriage.

The guards surrounding the carriage reacted instantly, coordinating their positions and gestures, a diminished version of a “Protection Against Evil” forcefield blocked the monster’s path.

Sizzling!

The creature was repelled as if shocked by electricity.

But immediately after, the creature charged again.

Crack!

The forcefield shattered.

The guards were knocked flying, each coughing up blood as they hit the ground.

Roar!

The successful creature let out an exuberant roar and lunged at the carriage.

“Back off.”

With a low bark, the old butler leaped from the carriage.

With a lift of his hand, a firewall three meters tall firmly encircled the carriage.

The serpent-eel creature raised itself up, its black ink-like eyes focused on the carriage within the circle of flames, peering through the open carriage door to see clearly the old woman sitting within.

Her expression was calm, her gaze indifferent.

Unmoved by the scene before her.

Roar!

The creature was enraged by her expression and gaze; it emitted a furious roar and heedlessly charged forward.

Whoosh!

Instantaneously, Butler Reed's hand gestures changed, and the raging flames surrounding them soared up, transforming into a fire serpent that struck directly at the creature.

Boom!

The black serpent-eel monster collided with the fire serpent, and after a loud explosion,

The serpent-eel let out a miserable howl and was flung away.

The fire serpent dissipated into the air.

It seemed both sides were injured, but when Butler Reed waved his hand, a new swath of Flame appeared.

The flames that had just appeared covered the black monster in a conical jet, but at that moment, a figure stepped in front of the flames.

Buzz.

The sword blade quivered, like a flying swallow.

The son of the duke swung his sword and dispersed the flames.

“Butler Reed, its body is my sister’s,”

pleaded the duke’s son.

Butler Reed frowned and instinctively turned to look at the old woman.

But just then—

Boom!

The ground suddenly exploded, and a gust of invisible wind emerged from the earth, not only blowing away Butler Reed but also sending all the remaining guards flying. Among the gale, a figure flickered in and out of sight, letting out a burst of manic laughter as it charged straight toward the rustic carriage.

It was like a signal.

More than a dozen figures hidden in the shadows lunged out, brandishing their swords.

They shouted in unison.

“Revival Society!”

“Indestructible!”

Their swords hacked at the guards, who were caught off guard and blown away by the wind.

'Revival Society'!

The same 'Revival Society' leader who had appeared outside Hans Port, only to be driven back by Gerard.

Now they had returned for revenge, with a vengeance.

Butler Reed flipped to his feet, his hand alight with flames ready to spray at his foe.

But before the flames could shoot out, a black figure like ink wrapped around him.

"Do you think I would come alone against all of Hans Port?"

The snake-eel like creature spoke in human language.

After struggling a few times, Butler Reed failed to break free from the entanglement.

The flames in his hand also died.

It seemed he had given up resistance.

But his eyes were quite calm.

As if everything happening before him was expected.

In fact?

It was indeed the case.

He glanced at the serpent-eel like monster.

And then at the members of the 'Revival Society'.

Next, he raised his head to look in the distance at a group of people in black robes, standing among the coconut palms.

These people had appeared silently.

Nobody noticed them.

They did not directly join the fray.

Instead, they spread curses and diseases there.

These people...

were the real targets the Mother Superior was waiting for!

You?

Are merely small fries.

Butler Reed sighed inwardly.

Then once more felt pride in the Mother Superior's flawless strategies.

With the Mother Superior around, Hans Port would enjoy eternal peace.

Of course!

Gerard, too, was indispensable.

Butler Reed looked up at the night sky.

Rumble, rumble!

The clear night sky suddenly echoed with peals of thunder.

Amidst the thunder, a high-pitched war song rang through the heavens:

“The resonance of sky and earth!”

“The meeting of king and king!”

“The brilliance of light and justice!”

“I declare!”

“Glory shall circle in my hands!”

“I declare!”

“Radiance shall shine on me forevermore!”

“I declare!”

...

Specks of light danced in the night sky.

Gathering, solidifying.

Finally, a medal appeared in the night sky.

Then came a resounding roar.

A massive figure with a golden glow like the sun proudly stood in the light.

That was...

a Griffin!