

Menu 168

Chapter 168: Dennise's Minor Adventure 2

The excited cries of the new nobility reached the highest floor of Mobius Palace.

Upon hearing such roars, the man sitting in the chair couldn't help but furrow his brow.

It wasn't dislike.

It was annoyance.

"They truly are a bunch of incurable fools."

"I reckon keeping a dog would prove more useful than having them."

The man muttered to himself in a low voice.

Then, he thought of those who were truly talented.

Suddenly, he couldn't contain himself any longer.

“Damn it!”

“All you know is Gerard! Gerard! Gerard!”

“What about me?”

“Why can’t you see me?”

“Is it because he can charge into battle?”

“Is it because he can soar through the skies on a Griffin?”

“What he can do,”

“I, Aymodun the Third, can also do!”

In his anger, the man let out a growl and slapped his hand down on the armrest of the chair.

Creak!

The armrest, completely made of metal, twisted and fell off.

Clang!

Amid the sound of metal striking, the furious man suddenly burst into laughter.

“But this is good!”

“Only this way can those blinded fools understand—not only can I do what you do, but I will always be superior! Always!”

With such emphatic words, the man rose from his chair.

His eyes settled on a map.

It was a complete map of ‘Fort Swallow’ leading to ‘Hans Port’.

The man’s gaze shifted from ‘Hans Port’ to ‘Fort Swallow’.

“Before the feast begins...”

“People like to have some dessert first!”

“But they don’t know that it only makes the real feast dull! (PS: This is from someone who doesn’t understand food pairing)”

“So...”

“A direct attack it shall be!”

Once the man had finished speaking, he gently tugged at a bell nearby.

Ding-a-ling.

A manservant appeared behind the man.

“My lord.”

The manservant bowed in reverence.

“Attack!”

“Erase ‘Hans Port’ from the map for me!”

“Completely!”

“Without leaving a trace!”

The man spoke word by word.

“Yes, my lord.”

After bowing once again, the manservant left the floor.

Once alone again, the man standing in front of the map suddenly burst into raucous laughter.

“Hahaha!”

“Gerard!”

“I’m looking forward to seeing your expression!”

The laughter was hearty.

Yet the next moment, it was filled with anguish.

The man, clutching his head, curled up beneath the throne, his body trembling repeatedly.

A moment later, when he stood up again, his face was utterly calm.

In his hands appeared an emerald green flute.

‘He’ pondered for a moment,

Then issued another command.

Afterwards, ‘he’ subconsciously caressed the flute.

Then...

'He' felt two tooth marks.

Suddenly, the seemingly calm 'he' became angry.

"Jason!"

'He' roared softly.

...

Achoo!

Jason, who was practicing a secret technique on the beach, suddenly sneezed.

"Jason~ you've caught a cold!"

Dennise, busy piling sand, looked up and said.

Then, the very next moment, she tried to touch Jason's forehead with her paw, covered in sand.

Jason dodged disdainfully from the grimy paw.

He didn't believe he could catch a cold with a constitution nearly twice that of a normal person.

Must be the sunlight, right?

Jason thought and refocused his attention on the secret technique before him.

But it wasn't the "Charles Burning Technique," "Blair Exorcism Technique," or the "Blud Defense Technique."

It was "Charge!"

Compared to the Charles Burning Technique, Blair Exorcism Technique, and Blud Defense Technique, which he had started practicing again, "Charge" was about to succeed.

Moreover, the book clearly stated that it was best to consume the secret medicines for the Charles Burning Technique and Blair Exorcism Technique at noon and midnight.

Performing the special rituals at those times would significantly reduce the rejection between the two techniques, greatly increasing the success rate.

When the carriage returned to 111 Duron Street earlier, it was already afternoon.

The timing was simply not right.

As for rest?

Jason wouldn't waste any time.

Furthermore, he had just "eaten" his fill, full of not only physical strength but also vitality.

Huff! Huff!

Jason adjusted his breathing to the rhythm of his heartbeat, and when it matched the frequency for "Charge," he thrust his legs forward and charged straight ahead.

Whoosh!

The instant acceleration brought a gust of wind to his ears.

His eyes squinted instinctively.

After Jason had rushed forward for more than ten meters, his speed suddenly dropped.

Still, he didn't stop.

Instead, after taking two more steps forward, Jason halted.

"Just a little more!"

"The final control, just a little off."

Jason silently experienced the sensation and then charged again.

It was only a little!

But this little made all the difference between success and failure!

Under normal conditions, this would take months, if not years, to achieve.

Because regular people simply didn't have such abundant physical strength.

But with the help of the "Holy Water" bone broth, Jason repeatedly practiced "Charge," inching closer to success.

Dennise, who had built ten sandcastles, was getting bored.

The new novel hadn't arrived yet.

It lay on the beach, as if devoid of all life's pleasures, basking in the sun.

Even though it had become an undead, it didn't dislike the sun.

On the contrary, under the sun, it felt comfortable, just... a bit dizzy.

It shook its head.

Dennise very much wanted Jason to keep it company.

But Dennise also knew that if it didn't want to anger Jason, it was best not to disturb him at this time.

In the next moment!

An idea popped into Dennise's mind:

"I'm going on an adventure by myself!"

Then, before it knew it, it had already left the beach.

It had come to a very quiet spot at 111 Duron Street.

This,

where is this?

Dennise looked around at the somewhat unfamiliar buildings, instinctively wanting to climb up and look around.

However, before it could ascend to the top of the building in front of it, someone stopped it.

In fact, people had stopped it as soon as it had approached.

“Miss Dennise, this area is a restricted zone for the prison.”

“Without orders, no one is allowed to approach.”

The guards were forbidding entry, but they spoke with exceptional respect.

Because of Jason, Dennise received extraordinary respect at 111 Duron Street.

Dennise was aware of this.

So, it would never cause trouble for Jason.

Its mother had taught it.

When you receive respect on account of someone else, you should all the more uphold that person's 'honor.'

It remembered that very clearly~

"Sorry, I didn't know."

"I'll leave right away!"

Dennise immediately bowed to the guards and turned to leave.

Even though it was curious about what was inside.

After walking about a hundred meters away, Dennise slowed down, seeking a more interesting place.

Then, it saw a mound suddenly rise from the ground not two meters ahead.

As Dennise watched, bewildered, the mound of dirt burst open, and a person struggling with a spoon started to climb out from the ground.

On looking up, the person saw Dennise with wide-open eyes.

The person was taken aback.

Dennise was a bit stunned, too.

Without any immediate reaction, the two stared at each other for a couple of seconds.

Then, the person, who recovered before Dennise, suddenly leapt up and swung at Dennise's neck.

Then...

That person regretted it.