

## Menu 170

### Chapter 170: Choice of Destiny

Dennise looked at Raymond, who was kneeling before her.

Then, she glanced at the surrounding undead.

Her face continued to be bewildered.

But the undead around her wouldn't be.

Aside from the Evil Spirit that had almost reached the level of a Fierce Spirit, two 'Battlefield Undead' consciously stood behind Dennise, while twelve high-ranking Evil Spirits and three hundred Wraith Warriors knelt down simultaneously.

"For Her Majesty the Queen, we pledge our death!"

The twelve high-ranking Evil Spirits said in unison.

What happened?

Did I just become a queen?

Indeed!

Am I the most powerful one of them all?

After being stunned for a moment, the fluffy girl subconsciously wanted to place her hands on her hips and burst into laughter.

But at that very moment, she instantly remembered something her mother had once said —

With great power comes great responsibility.

Then, she instinctively thought of Gerard.

He was the only one around her who fit the description of high status and power.

What kind of life did Gerard lead?

Busy! Busy! Even busier!

Even going to bed to sleep had become a luxury!

This was something she had overheard the maids talking about while wandering around.

Do I have to become that kind of person too?

Dennise asked herself.

She pondered blankly.

The rarely thoughtful girl unconsciously raised her head to look at the afternoon sky.

Fluffy white clouds, a clear blue sky.

So comfortable, so enjoyable.

The sea breeze gentle.

The sound of waves constant.

She was 'adventuring'.

This was the life she wanted.

The next moment!

She made a decision.

To lead thousands of undead, to ascend the throne, to look down upon everything in the world, to become the one and only, all of that would be fine.

But!

This is not what I want!

I just want to laze in bed, read novels, eat delicious food, bask in the sun, wander!

Exactly!

This is what I want!

Dennise became increasingly certain in her heart.

Especially when she thought of “The Vanishing Cat” which should be releasing its next issue soon, her thoughts solidified even more.

And just as she was about to look away from the sky, a voice seemed to echo faintly from above—

The moment of destiny’s choice!

Option 1: Become a King, endure hardships, conquer the stars and seas, create an epic legend!

Option 2: Continue to be lazy and sloppy, aspire for nothing, stay up late to cultivate, becoming a freeloader!

As a King!

You should choose...

Before that voice could finish, Dennise raised her arms high, jubilantly sprinting toward option 2.

Choosing option 2 wasn't because option 1 involved enduring hardships.

It was simply because she liked the number 2.

She felt it was the number favored by her destiny.

The one she loved for a lifetime.

With her mind made up.

Dennise immediately chose to evade reality.

"You all get up first."

"Where you came from before."

"Just temporarily go back there for now."

Dennise spoke very quickly.

Then, thinking it over, she felt it was a bit too simple and somewhat informal.

So, she added on the spot.

“When needed, I will summon you!”

“Remember!”

“Be ready at all times~”

“Yes, Your Majesty!”

All the kneeling undead, including Raymond, nodded in agreement.

The undead vanished into nothingness.

Raymond went back the way he came.

Almost instantly, only Dennise remained in the surroundings.

Looking up at the blue sky and white clouds again—

Gurgle! Gurgle!

Dennise touched her grumbling stomach.

“Is it time for dinner?”

“Time to go back and find Jason~”

The undead girl bounced happily toward the beach.

With the undead girl’s departure.

Everything seemed to return to the way it was.

Everything seemed as if nothing had happened.



Everything was at ease.

Everything was peaceful...

How could that be possible?!

Within the void, the undead roared, fighting incessantly.

Under the pitch darkness, the will of the King persisted through it all.

The Evil Spirit, close in power to the Fierce Spirits, stood in the void, watching Dennise's departing figure.

"Your Majesty, please wait a moment!"

"Your loyal servant will return soon!"

It muttered to itself.

Then, turning around, it bellowed to the Undead before it:

“We are too few now!”

“We are too weak now!”

“We must become more numerous!”

“We must become stronger!!”

“We must always be ready for our Queen!”

“Target: Ancient Seas Battlefield!”

“Depart!”

At a single command!

The being, nearing the power of Fierce Spirits, turned and headed towards the shore.

Twelve high-ranking Evil Spirits.

Three hundred Wraith Warriors.

Following closely behind!

And the two 'battlefield Undead'?

Already exceptional, they had set out even earlier.

However, before they left.

They left a 'blessing' for Dennise.

They could not depart without taking precautions.

...

Returning the same way, Raymond concealed all traces.

He leaned against that pit, quietly waiting for the guard to bring dinner and leave once again before he stood up.

He noticed the actions of his peers.

He, too, could not afford to be left behind.

This place is a prison!

There had to be others besides me!

They are all sinners!

They ought to atone for their sins!

To die for the King is the best atonement!

With that thought, Raymond once again got into action.

He crawled back into the hole and started digging to the sides.

...

Dennise returned to the beach.

The sky had turned completely dark.

A torch was planted in the sand on the beach.

Jason was still practicing 'Charge.'

Bang!

With a push of his feet, Jason charged forward nearly 10 meters and stood firmly in place.

There was no wobbling.

And no discomfort whatsoever.

“I’ve succeeded!”

A gleam of joy flickered across Jason’s face.

The text before him confirmed the precise information—

[Mastered the secret technique ‘Charge’ (Basic)]

[Charge (Basic): This is a secret technique that does not require hand gestures or understanding of Dufol Language to learn but does require a certain physical foundation; it began spreading among many powers but ultimately became a compulsory secret technique chosen by warriors and Knights in the barracks; Effect: Consumes a certain amount of physical strength to charge forward 10 meters at a temporarily increased agility of +0.3.]

(Note: This is the most basic version of the secret technique, and the stronger the body, the more power ‘Charge’ can exert)

...

Thump, thump thump!

The sound of his heart beating reached his ears.

It was like war drums, like thunder.

In a trance, Jason seemed to see an enemy army of thousands charging in front of him.

He held a longsword and wore armor but stood utterly alone.

Then—

Charge!

Charge!

Charge!

It seemed as though he could hear the old Knight's final shout echoing in his ears.

Instinctively, Jason charged forward!

TR ei!

The shining Dufol Language appeared before him, branding itself upon his heart.

As blood flowed through his heart, it carried more energy, dispersing it throughout Jason's body.

Whew!

Taking a deep breath, Jason opened his eyes.

He remembered the loud shout from the old Knight.

"Is this also a gift you've left behind?"

Jason murmured to himself.

Feeling inevitably melancholic, Dennise approached at that moment.



“Jason~ Let’s go eat~”

“I’m hungry~”

The words were as usual, but Jason felt there was a triumphant tone in Dennise’s voice.

What had happened?

Did she find a bone?

Jason thought to himself and then gently patted Dennise on the forehead:

“Let’s go.”

“And stop talking in that tone.”

“It makes it seem like you’ve saved the whole world or something.”