

Menu 181

Chapter 181: Arrival

Shouts echoed, filled with murderous intent.

Simmons maintained the secret technique, allowing his voice to echo within the prison, yet not a whisper spilled out.

Eilot monitored the ground, alert to every rustle.

Raymond sensed everyone's heartbeat.

When such heartbeats stayed in sync—

This 'sniper' cried out once more,

"We need to take action now!"

"I have a hidden weapons cache at Hans Port. Although it's not enough to arm everyone, and the weapons aren't the latest models, it's only temporary, because..."

“Our enemies have them!”

“What we need is to take back what belongs to us from their hands—our weapons, equipment, food, and ammunition!”

“Now, move out!”

As the words fell, Raymond began making individual contact.

“Boyer, I’m counting on you!”

“Please, make a way forward for everyone!” Raymond said.

“Leave it to me, captain!”

In a certain spot on the lowest level of the prison, a portly prisoner lifted a ‘secret passage,’ sticking his head inside.

Then, he sucked in forcefully.

Whoosh!

The soil in the passage loosened and started to flow into the mouth of the prisoner named Boyer.

Quickly, the passage expanded.

Yet Boyer's figure showed no change.

He could eat soil.

And he had a unique way of storing it.

Merely half an hour later, the passage widened.

The prisoners scrambled through the tunnel.

"Nozan, it's your turn now. I'm depending on you," Raymond said.

"Alright, captain!"

A sinister voice answered.

Then, a tall, slender figure raised a hand, and a thin mist covered all the prisoners. In the next moment, those touched by the mist disappeared without a trace.

The overextended Nozan swayed as if about to fall.

At this moment, the gaunt Eilot steadied Nozan.

A continuous flow of strength poured into Nozan's body.

"Eilot, that's enough, conserve your strength,"

"There's still so much ahead where we will need your power."

Once he could stand, Nozan struggled to pull his arm free and flashed a weary smile at the skeletal Eilot.

"Don't worry,"

"This little expenditure is nothing to me."

“Besides...”

“Once on the surface, those enemies will be enough to replenish my strength.”

Eilot, ghastly as a skeleton, supported Nozan once more,

“Alright, I’ll help you when the time comes.”

Nozan nodded, giving his promise.

“Count me in.”

“And me.”

“I’ll go too.”

Voices arose among the prisoners.

Everyone was promising to help Eilot.

A smile emerged on the skull-like face of Eilot, which should have been terrifying, yet it somehow gave off a hint of warmth.

The prisoners moved even faster.

No one had expected these prisoners to band together.

Or rather, no one believed these prisoners would unite.

Once free from the shackles that bound them, able to wield secret techniques, and cooperating selflessly, this band of prisoners unleashed an awe-inspiring strength.

Before long, they had left the dungeons of Duron Street number 111 and surfaced.

Nozan once again concealed everyone's traces with a secret technique.

Boyer turned around and spat all the soil from his belly back out.

Shortly, after the earth had refilled the tunnel completely, this team formed of prisoners set their sights on Duron Street number 111, sensing their Queen was there.

All knelt on one knee, bowing their heads in silent speech.

“Please rest assured.”

“Your enemies...”

“We will clear them away for you.”

After those words, like an oath, the group of prisoners stood up and, within a few breaths, vanished into the night.

Curled up on the sofa on the fourth floor of Duron Street number 111, Dennise was flipping through a novel. She seemed to sense something, lifted her head and looked around, but finding nothing out of the ordinary, she couldn't help but exclaim, “It must be that this book is so exciting! Even though it's just about an ordinary young person becoming a knight, it's so thrilling, I thought I was hearing things!”

With a sigh, Dennise glanced at the empty surroundings, carefully set the book aside, stood up, and then she cleared her throat several times, pinched her voice to deepen it, and said:

“Born for glory, Sir Knight.”

Then, Dennise turned around to face where she had been standing earlier and intentionally used a low voice to respond:

“To die for glory, young Attendant.”

After saying that, Dennise took small steps to stand back in the middle.

She returned to her normal voice.

She said:

“Charge!”

“My Knight!”

After uttering these words, Dennise seemed to feel a bit shy, covered her blushing face, and lay back on the sofa to continue flipping through the novel.

When she reached an exciting part, she couldn't help but jump and dance.

When she reached a sad part, she couldn't help but secretly shed tears.

When she reached an exhilarating part, she would stand up and act it out again.

Between giggles and cries, that was all there was to Dennise.

And her thoughts were incredibly simple.

"Jason is busy and won't play with me."

"So, I'll just play with myself~"

With that thought, Dennise continued to read happily.

And then...

Daylight came.

Dennise, with dark circles under her eyes, stared blankly at the rising sun.

How could this be?

I clearly just wanted to finish this chapter before going to sleep.

How could it be day already?

“It’s an illusion!”

“I must have fallen asleep and accidentally turned the pages!”

“No!”

“It’s the book that touched me first, then I opened it!”

Dennise emphasized.

Then, she wrapped herself in the book and fell into a deep sleep on the sofa.

Coiling up to gain warmth?

Sorry, that's not necessary.

Undead aren't afraid of the cold.

So, Dennise slept spread-eagled and... drooled, smacking her lips.

"Meaty bone... yummy... give me more..."

In the low murmur of her dreams, Dennise slept even more soundly.

Breakfast?

She wouldn't miss it.

Because Jason would call her.

Even if he didn't call her, she'd wake up if she smelled it.

But Jason, whom Dennise had high hopes for, was somewhat frantic at the moment.

Looking at the two thick stacks of papers on his desk, Jason felt his eyes were dry, his temples were swollen, and his entire brain was groggy.

Jason was not someone who disliked reading.

But for the first time, Jason realized how tediously dull reading could be.

He recognized every single word on these documents.

But when they were strung together, why couldn't he understand a thing?

"Does Gerard have to review so many documents every day?" Jason couldn't help but ask Little Reed, who was assisting him with his office work.

"Only half a day's worth."

"This is just from yesterday afternoon, the documents for this morning will arrive at noon."

“You need to review them before dinner after you’ve had lunch,” corrected Little Reed.

Jason couldn’t help but rub his temples.

But he wasn’t someone who gave up easily.

Especially since he had promised Gerard.

So...

He tossed the quill back into the holder and stood up to walk outside.

“Sir Gerard, you...”

“Book learning is shallow, practice brings true knowledge,” Jason said, without looking back, striding confidently forward.

Just as Jason was about to step through the door frame, a series of rapid footsteps rang out—

Tap, tap tap!

“Urgent message!”