

Menu 186

Chapter 186: When you leaned close to my lips...

Five hundred cavalry of the Harbor Defense Army, divided into twenty teams, left Hans Port just before breakfast and headed towards 'Fort Swallow.'

The remaining fifteen hundred cavalry of the Harbor Defense Army and a hundred of the Harbor Guard formed the follow-up forces, moving at a slightly slower pace.

The former acted as scout cavalry, gathering precise information.

The latter were the main forces, prioritizing stability.

Jason didn't understand this very well.

All of it was arranged by little Reed.

During the whole process, he only showed his face before the troops set out, and then, he boarded this specially made carriage.

Beyond that, he had done nothing.

However, even so, Jason could distinctly feel the morale of the entire army soaring.

Perhaps this was Gerard's charm.

No need to do anything.

No need to say anything.

Just being there was enough to ensure that everything was safe and sound.

But,

That was Gerard!

He was Jason!

He could not reach the level of Gerard.

Once the battle started...

He would surely be exposed.

Therefore, at this time, Jason was reviewing the notes left by Gerard about the 'Charles Burning Technique,' 'Blair Exorcism Technique,' and 'Blud Defense Technique.'

He needed to make himself look more like Gerard.

So...

Flames were essential!

Leafing through the 'Charles Burning Technique,' Jason mused silently.

And then, he delved into it with even more concentration—

The creator of the original 'Charles Burning Technique' was a master who had profound knowledge of the Mystical Side and was graced with unusual talent, but the record was incomplete, especially the critical imprinting part was missing, forcing me to fill in the gaps with my understanding.

The power is less than the original version.

It requires enduring a certain amount of pain.

But it's more versatile.

The auxiliary potions are as follows: sandalwood, cinnamon, myrrh, and Dragon Blood, mixed at a ratio of 1:1:2:3.

The ritual records are as follows: Begin with the Fierce Sun as the base for the Secret Magic Array, supported by a third-class offset star and an askew first-class true star.

The chant in Dufol Language is as follows: No ui el (requires a tripartite interrupted chanting method).

...

Jason silently memorized the content of the book.

He already had the auxiliary potions.

The ritual was prepared by little Reed.

The tripartite interrupted chanting method in Dufol Language was automatically mastered when his skill "Dufol Language" reached proficiency level, a way of reciting by shuffling the existing Dufol words.

Now?

Waiting is a matter of time.

When noon arrived, the advancing forces temporarily halted.

Jason slowly closed the notebook bestowed upon him by Gerard and took a deep breath.

Thud, thud-thud.

The carriage door was knocked.

"Come in," Jason said.

Following Jason's word,

Little Reed, carrying a scroll of Secret Magic Array, boarded the carriage.

"Master," Reed firstly bowed, then spread the scroll across the floor of the carriage.

In the spacious, custom-made carriage, the one-meter-square scroll was easily unfurled, depicting a circular array resembling the sun, with a golden star and a crimson star positioned asymmetrically on either side.

Reed gestured for Jason to stand in the center of the scroll and then took out a handkerchief from his chest.

“This process will be very painful,” Reed said as he extended it towards Jason.

“Bite down on this.”

Jason glanced at it but shook his head.

For Jason, pain was an all too familiar companion.

The pain that came with death was real.

If every death left a tombstone, his grave markers would probably have already filled the main building at Duron Street No. 111 by now.

“Please make sure to control yourself,” Reed reminded Jason upon seeing his refusal.

“Hmm,” Jason nodded, observing the sun overhead, and directly took out the potions Gerard had prepared for him, uncorked the bottle and, with two gulps, swallowed the potion down.

It was a bit spicy.

But also rich.

Then somewhat sweet.

Spiced hot chocolate, perhaps?

Jason thought as he silently recited ‘No ui el’ in the tripartite interrupted chanting method.

As the incantation was completed, the sun-like array on the Secret Magic Array began to glow.

Thud, thud-thud!

Jason acutely felt his heartbeat speeding up.

Blood quickened in circulation.

Threads of burning sensation appeared in his palms.

Then, from the palms as the starting point, it spread along his five fingers.

In his field of vision.

He saw a swath of crimson!

Huge, with its wings unfurled, a crimson that blotted out the sun!

That was...

A dragon!

A red behemoth!

Sailing across the sky, it raised its head and bellowed.

Roar!

The deafening roar shook Jason's vision, a tremendous might descended from the heavens, crushing down on him like a mountain.

Jason's body trembled.

And before he could recover his wits.

Roar, roar roar!

Continuous roars followed.

The pressure came in waves.

Like thunderous breakers, one after another they pummeled Jason's soul.

Jason's trembling body started to sway.

“Kneel!”

“Submit!”

The words, filled with searing breath, echoed in Jason’s ears.

What was more terrifying, the soaring dragon descended.

It landed right in front of Jason.

Boom!

The ground trembled and shook.

Its massive, ferocious head gazed down at the reptile before it.

It opened its mouth.

As if thunder spoke, the voice boomed again.

“Offer your soul!”

“Submit to me!”

Hum!

The colossal voice caused Jason’s ears to buzz, and he shook his head, adjusting to the overwhelming presence, while his nose sniffed continuously.

Delicious!

Such a delicious smell!

Jason, who hadn’t eaten breakfast, began drooling uncontrollably.

Just as the drool was about to hit the ground, he sharply inhaled.

Slurp.

The drool returned to his mouth.

It was instinct.

Not even the saliva could go to waste.

Just as a predator's instinct prevents waste of food.

Especially when it's...

Food delivered right to his mouth.

Pant, pant!

Jason gasped for air, lifting his head with an unusual gleam in his eyes, a faint indecipherable aura emanating from his body, causing the dragon before him an inexplicable palpitation.

Then, imprinted in its soul,

The voice from the deepest recesses of its memory sounded —

Flee!

Don't look back!

Don't yearn for dignity!

Don't remember the glory!

Run!

If...

You don't want to be eaten!

It was the voice of countless ancestors.

No images.

But just such a voice.

Made it shudder.

It heeded the teachings of its ancestors, ready to leave.

But then, its head throbbed with pain.

The creature it thought an ant, Jason, somehow leaped up to its head and bit down on the most delicious part.

Crunch!

The tough dragon scales were like paper against Jason's teeth.

One bite and pull revealed the tenacious, tasty dragon flesh.

Jason pounced, biting and starting to swallow.

The dragon trembled in pain, swinging its head back and forth while bellowing—

“It hurts, it hurts!”

“Let go! Release me!”