

## **Menu 192**

Chapter 192: Gesadek Crystal

Gerard was dead, definitely not the attacker.

But Jason?

Pfft!

A broad-bladed, short-handled machete swept across Earl Anne's neck.

After Earl Anne's head tumbled to the ground, his face was filled with surprise and astonishment.

His eyes widened as he stared at Jason.

You're supposed to be dead!

Why are you still alive!

This isn't the Mystical Side!

He seemed unable to believe that Jason, with his heart pierced, could still be alive.

Jason looked at the man's corpse and slowly nodded.

"Hmm."

"I've been waiting for a long time too."

Before his words even fell, Jason quickly slashed again.

Then, he picked up the crystal.

Delicious!

Way too delicious!

He had restrained himself for far too long just now!

In order to maintain Gerard's image, he had forced himself not to swallow his saliva.

And now?

There was naturally no need anymore.

Slurp, slurp.

Jason sipped his saliva, eyes fixated on the crystal in his hand.

The last shred of reason within him told him it was a good thing.

It seemed that if both parties agreed, a contract would be formed.

Or rather, you give something to get something in return.

It's completely like a watered-down version of a Dragon Ball.

"I want food!"

Jason, holding the crystal, pointed at a chest filled with Jing at a distance.

The crystal immediately overflowed with dazzling brilliance.

The chest filled with Jing trembled again and again.

Then...

Everything returned to normal.

The Jing did not disappear.

The light on the crystal also faded away.

Hm?

Was the request I made not specific enough?

Jason thought and immediately gave a more specific request:

“Food that will satisfy me!”

Instantly, the crystal burst out with a dazzling light once more.

The Jing in the chest trembled incessantly.

But,

when the light faded, still, nothing happened.

What's going on?

Is food not within its scope?

Or am I still not being specific enough?

"Give me some roasted dragon meat!"

Jason said.

Just as before, the light flickered, the Jing shuddered, and then, all calmed down.

“Is dragon meat too precious?”

“These Jing not enough?”

“Then give me some Dragon Blood?”

“Dragon Blood won’t do either?”

“How about the lowest quantity of Kababa beasts?”

Kababa beasts, which were the first food Jason ate in this side world, resembled low, skinny monkeys, but with protruding mouths like crocodiles, known for eating cats.

Each one could provide about 1 point of satiety.

But even so, the crystal still did not demonstrate its effect.

“What a piece of junk!”

Jason growled lowly, no longer able to contain his hunger, he directly stuffed the diamond-shaped crystal into his mouth.

First a mouthful.

A sweet taste spread over the tip of his tongue.

Then, he bit down hard.

Crunch.

The crystal shattered immediately, a rich, sweet milkshake core flowing out.

Jason contentedly squinted his eyes.

What wishes.

What exchanges.

None is as comfortable as eating.

The way others use it is totally wrong.

This thing was made for eating from the start.

Yes, it must be so.

[Consumed a Miniature Gesadek Crystal (Inferior Product)!]

[Physical Strength, Energy (Injuries) fully restored to the greatest extent!]

[Satiety +20]

[Satiety: 34]

[Excitement of Feast +1]

[Excitement of Feast: 2]



...

“Inferior product?!”

Jason’s eyes lit up as he read the text prompt before him.

The inferior products are already this delicious.

What would the premium ones taste like?

Moreover, they’re just miniature.

Does this mean there must be medium and large ones too?

“Gesadek crystal?”

“Is it someone’s name?”

“Or a place name?”

Jason wondered.

Cheers were already coming from a distance.

Those five hundred members of the Defense Army charged back again.

They hadn't really left.

They had been watching this place all along.

When they saw Earl Anne's death, the soldiers could no longer restrain themselves and ran back with all their might.

"Milord!"

Everyone looked at Jason standing there.

Looking at Jason with his clothes damaged.

The usual way of fighting.

Gerard, who would never dodge but always crush the enemy head-on.

Gerard, who could swap his own life for the lives of his subordinates.

This was the noble they followed.

As warm and dazzling as the sunlight.

Just like that honorable title—

‘Golden Griffon’!

“Clean up the battlefield.”

“Return to camp.”

Jason ordered.

Facing a group of soldiers staring at him fervently, Jason didn't know what to say.

Or rather, he didn't know how to arrange what to do next and could only proceed in a basic, foolproof way.

"Yes, Milord."

The soldiers bowed and took their orders.

They quickly began to clean up Banana Bay.

There was a considerable amount of gold coins.

They all came from Fort Swallow's savings.

There was no shortage of weapons, armor, or war horses.

Those belonged to them.

While the soldiers diligently cleaned up the battlefield, Lady An Lu, the widow of the Duke of Fort Swallow, came over.

“Lord Gerard, thank you for everything you’ve done for me,”

said the lady.

Then, with a look of guilt on her face,

“I’m so sorry, I once opposed your marriage to Carol.”

“I thought you were too dazzling.”

“Carol, being too close to you, would only get burned.”

“But I was wrong.”

“Only someone as dazzling as you can illuminate this world that is about to fall into darkness—I hope that your and Carol’s children will inherit ‘Fort Swallow.’”

The lady said slowly.

Then, without giving Jason a chance to speak,

she walked towards the cliff.

She looked out at the rolling sea.

Silently praying, muttering to herself.

Jason watched the lady, his brow furrowing slightly.

He found that the lady, worthy of being the Duke's widow, had almost given Fort Swallow a chance to restore itself with just a few words.

Now, Fort Swallow was left only with her, the Duke's children.

No soldiers.

No money.

Just a 'hollow reputation.'

Even if Jason wasn't well-versed in these matters, he knew that Fort Swallow was becoming a thing of the past if things continued this way.

Yet the lady had managed to secure a lifeline for Fort Swallow.

Jason didn't approach the lady to discuss specifics.

He wouldn't outright refuse either.

Because that was Gerard's matter.

He was just an inadequate stand-in.

By now, he was already giving it his all.

About half an hour later, the five hundred members of the Harbor Defense Army were re-equipped and ready to go. Jason, mounted on one of those docile war horses, gave the direct order—

“Move out, back to camp!”

With one command.

The horses galloped.

Dust billowed.

Figures vanished.

And just over an hour after Jason led the five hundred members of the Harbor Defense Army away,

figures began to emerge from the sea under Banana Bay.

They climbed up the cliff with their bare hands.

They stood quietly in place.



The Soul Fires in their eyes flickered incessantly.

Lederma's ethereal figure floated in mid-air, pointed towards Fort Swallow, and commanded from afar.

"Take down 'Fort Swallow'!"

"For Her Majesty the Queen!"

Roar!

In a silent roar, a hundred thousand Undead Army rushed densely towards 'Fort Swallow'.