

## Menu 203

Chapter 203: You insulted my dog and want to run away?

Jason frowned as he watched the son of the Duke of Fort Swallow, seething with rage, approach him.

Then...

Pfft.

The other party laughed.

Dennise looked at the son of the Duke of Fort Swallow as if he were looking at an idiot.

How could he not be an idiot to change from being furious to...

Erha emmmm.jpg

Delighted?

No, that's not right.

It should be wildly ecstatic.

What was the other party so happy about?

Dennise was very confused.

Dennise didn't know, but Jason could guess a bit.

The sort of person who should go to a German orthopedic clinic.

Jason silently observed the Duke of Fort Swallow's son.

Dennise was also watching the other party.

Under the scrutiny of them both, the Duke of Fort Swallow's son finally snapped back to reality, quickly suppressing the wild ecstasy on his face, and then, once again became angry.

"How dare you refuse to marry my sister!"

The other party roared.

As the roar subsided, involuntarily, he added in a quieter tone:

“That’s really great.”

Instantly, Dennise confirmed that he was indeed an idiot.

Jason?

He didn’t even want to glance at the other party anymore.

“No, that’s wrong!”

“No, that’s wrong!”

“Why wouldn’t you marry my gentle, virtuous, beautiful, and kind-hearted sister?”

The Duke’s son shook his head vigorously, questioning Jason.

It seemed that he felt this line of questioning wasn’t convincing enough.

He immediately pointed at Dennise, who was gnawing on a meaty bone and watching the show.

“Are you like your cousin as well?”

“Both of you like this kind of woman who eats like a trough.”

“Aside from eating, how is she any better than my sister?”

The Duke’s son roared with force.

It seemed as if he wasn’t roaring like this, it wouldn’t be enough to convey how angry he felt at the moment.

As for Dennise, who was being pointed at, she was utterly baffled.

What does this have to do with me?

Dennise picked up another meaty bone and shoved it in her mouth.

So meaty, so juicy.

Really delicious.

Jason, however, stood up, looking at the Duke's son seriously and solemnly.

One might hit their own dog, but others?

Don't even talk about hitting; if you say my dog is not good, although my dog won't bite you, as its owner, I feel the need to have a 'friendly' chat with you. 💎

"What are you going to do?"

The Duke's son, startled by Jason's sudden seriousness and severity, instinctively took a step back.

Especially after sensing that trace of Sharpness emanating from Jason, he couldn't help feeling extremely nervous.

Did I say too much?

No, those were just very normal words, right?

Did I hit a nerve?

The Duke's son wondered.

But Jason spoke up straightforwardly.

"I'm very interested in Fort Swallow's swordsmanship, but despite practicing several times, I haven't grasped the basics. I think I lack someone well-versed in Fort Swallow's swordsmanship as a sparring partner."

"I wonder, Lord Kela, would you be willing?"

"Regardless of status, don't you want to show your sister your bravery as a big brother?"

Jason looked at the Duke's son.

At first, the other's face showed clear hesitation.

He was concerned about his status.

He was worried about the current situation as well.

But then, when his sister was mentioned.

That hesitation disappeared in an instant.

“To battle!”

The Duke’s son let out a low cry and grabbed the hilt of his sword.

He turned out to be a rather simple person to understand.

Judging so, Jason then spoke again:

“A fight?”

“No!”

“We’re just having a friendly exchange.”

“So, I won’t use the sword that I’m good with.”

Saying this, Jason drew the wide-blade short-handled cleaver.

“I’ll use this.”

“It’s my first time.”

“A little unfamiliar, but I’ll hold back.”

Jason spoke earnestly.

The son of the duke didn’t show much reaction, merely nodding.

It was common knowledge that Gerard of the ‘Golden Griffon’ excelled in swordsmanship.

At this moment, he wasn’t using swordsmanship, but a knife instead.



Clearly, this was him holding back.

Immediately, the duke's son felt a twinge of guilt for his earlier reckless words, but to expect him to apologize directly to Dennise was impossible.

After all, in the eyes of this son of a duke, Dennise was always a small-town girl.

And him?

A noble son of the duke.

Even now, when the 'Fort Swallow' garrison was the Defense Army.

Huff.

The son of the 'Fort Swallow' duke took a deep breath and then called out:

"Begin!"

At the word, the duke's son charged straight at Jason.

His speed was remarkably fast!

Moreover, halfway through his charge, he shifted his steps, transitioning from a direct assault into a sidelong, encircling maneuver, like a swallow changing direction mid-air.

The sword in his hand cast a series of blade shadows.

Whoosh, whoosh whoosh!

Every strike came with the sound of piercing the air.

Each seemed as real as the next.

Every thrust was swift and peerless.

Is this the swordsmanship of 'Fort Swallow'?

Jason watched expressionlessly.

It was indeed different from what he trained in.

His style was primitive and straightforward.

The other?

Far too flashy!

It was...

Simply no match!

Ignoring the thrusts of the sword, Jason raised the knife above his head.

Then, he brought it down in a chop.

Woo!

The howling sound instantly overshadowed the piercing noise of the sword.

What was more terrifying was the fierce aura of fearlessness and indomitability that Jason exuded when he disregarded the incoming sword, which instantly emanated from him.

It was painful!

To the eyes!

To the face!

To the entire body!

The sharpness caused an extraordinary sting.

The duke's son involuntarily squinted, and his 'sword' paused.

Then—

Clang!

The wide-blade, short-hilt cleaver smashed onto the nimble longsword.

Instantly, the longsword hit the ground.

The duke's son took two steps back.

The duke's son was stunned.

He knew he was far from Gerard's level, but he had not expected the gap to be this enormous!

Gerard had defeated him using a weapon he was handling for the first time.

Especially that aura.

That surging momentum as if charging on the battlefield.

It was what he had always desired but could never achieve.

“I...”

“Lost.”

The duke’s son muttered to himself.

Jason, having gauged the other’s strength, picked up the longsword and handed it back to him.

The duke’s son looked at Jason, puzzled.

“One defeat doesn’t mean anything.”

“Let’s go again.”

“This time I will switch to a different weapon.”

After speaking, Jason set aside the wide-blade, short-hilt cleaver and walked towards the kitchen.

A moment later, Jason came out carrying a Wolf Fang Club.

Whoo, whoo whoo.

Jason swung it several times in succession.

The duke's son's temple twitched at the dreadful pressure of the wind.

Jason then turned around and, in a calm tone, addressed Dennise:

"I had the matron add a new dish—"

"Shrimp with pork heart."

"Is it tasty?"

Dennise's eyes lit up.

"Delicious."

Only after Dennise's answer did Jason smile and turn back to the duke's son, pointing the Wolf Fang Club at him and saying softly:

"Come."

"Continue."