

Menu 231

Chapter 231: Once Resounded Through the Starry Sky...

The students practicing nearby all rushed over when the accident happened.

Naturally, they all heard what Jason had said.

They each thought Jason had gone mad.

Or rather, scared silly!

How could a horse understand human speech?

“Quick, move aside...”

The students shouted loudly, but before they could finish, they witnessed a scene they would never forget—

Neighhhh!

With a long whinny, the sprinting horse raised its front hooves.

Then,
it knelt directly in front of Jason.

Horses cannot understand human words.

But, it could feel the presence of a dominant predator.

When Jason began to speak and slightly released his aura, it received the message.

A message from the depths of the soul!

If you don't want to be eaten, stop!

Immediately, right now!

The horse, following its instinct, complied immediately.

Everyone, including the female Knight Tedi on horseback, was dumbstruck by the scene.

As she looked at Jason, who was so close, she instinctively tugged at the reins, but the horse not only did not stand up, it was instead...

Trembling all over!

Completely out of control.

Because Jason's eyes were staring at it.

About to be eaten!

Going to be eaten!

The horse let out a low whinny.

Then Jason looked toward the Knight.

"How many years have you tamed it?" he inquired.

"3, 3 years."

The female Knight stuttered in response, feeling uneasy as Jason's piercing eyes fixated on her, sharp like a knife.

She had seen others with similarly sharp gazes, but none as intense and terrifying as Jason's.

"Is it usually docile?" Jason continued to inquire.

"Very docile!"

"Carrot is not a horse with a bad temper!"

Tedi explained, and then the not-so-foolish woman quickly grasped what Jason was getting at.

The female Knight elaborated:

"It must have been the training just now that got it excited, causing this to happen."

"I'm sorry, it was my fault."

“I was too confident in myself.”

As she spoke, the female Knight dismounted and first apologized to the female pastry chef with a bow, then gave Jason an apology with a salute.

The etiquette was not that of the average person, but rather the manner akin to Knights and Warriors, with a thump to the chest.

“It’s alright, Tedi,” the female pastry chef immediately grasped her friend’s hand and spoke softly.

However, her gaze was fixed on Jason.

Jason surveyed the students around him.

Everyone who made eye contact with Jason felt a pain in their eyes and couldn’t help but look away.

Then he walked toward the paddock.

The students who had gathered around involuntarily cleared a path for him.

Jason walked towards the spot where the horse had run to.

It wasn't far, just a dozen meters away.

Standing on this compacted patch of yellow earth, Jason pointed down at his feet and said:

"Dig!"

"Dig?"

The Knight was taken aback.

The bewildered pastry chef on the side, however, became serious. She glanced at the horse and then at the spot where Jason stood and immediately said, "Tedi, please trust Jason and dig that area up to see."

With her friend's persuasion and already feeling guilty, the female Knight unsurprisingly agreed.

As the female Knight went to the stables to get tools, the surrounding students also started to move.

“Let’s help the president,” a boy said.

Then, a dozen students with shovels and the like came out and joined in the digging.

Digging up the compacted yellow soil was laborious.

But many hands make light work.

Soon, they unearthed a pit one meter deep.

But there was nothing.

Some of the weary students looked at the female Knight.

The female Knight, in turn, looked to Jason.

“Should we continue?” she asked.

“Continue,” was the pastry chef’s reply.

The pastry chef had been searching intently through the dug-up soil.

When her friend asked, she finally found what she had been looking for.

She pulled out a handkerchief, picked up the object, and handed it to her friend.

“What is this?!”

The female Knight looked at the item in the handkerchief and immediately gasped in shock.

The surrounding students’ faces turned pale.

One of the students couldn’t help but exclaim in a low voice:

“A... a finger!”

In the center of the handkerchief the pastry chef was dragging lay a severed finger.

The flesh was already gone.

Slim and cleanly cut at the base.

It even had fine cracks on it.

“When Tedi was riding Radish towards me just now, the usually docile Radish became uncontrollable because it stepped on this finger!”

The pastry chef explained.

The crowd had a sudden realization and nodded in agreement.

“So that’s what happened.”

Then, their expressions changed once more.

“There is a finger here.”

“Could it be that below...?”

The female Knight swallowed her saliva and suddenly felt the soil under her feet growing warm.

The others felt the same.

Although they were members of the St. Mungo's Academy student council and upheld the traditions by training as Knights,

They were only training and had not engaged in real combat.

At most, they ended up getting injured and bleeding during training.

As for a corpse?

They had truly never seen one.

The female Knight wanted to jump straight out of the hole but remained still.

The members of the student council, however, jumped out one by one.

This made the female Knight feel embarrassed.

After all, there was an 'outsider' present.

Looking at Jason, who stood at the edge of the pit with an indifferent expression from beginning to end, the female Knight shouted, "Have you forgotten the oath you took when you joined the student council? Have you forgotten the oath you took when you received your swords? Have you forgotten the oath you took when you chose your horses?"

The students who had just jumped out of the pit felt extremely ashamed when questioned by the female Knight.

They all bowed their heads.

Then—

The female Knight suddenly shouted loudly:

"Between light and darkness, there is always a power that has never changed."

"Amidst sanctity and decay, there is always a power that finds ascension."

The female Knight's voice made the bowed students lift their heads.

After exchanging glances, almost simultaneously they shouted the rest of the oath:

"War, famine, poverty, let that power become eternal."

"Peace, harvest, wealth, let that power become precious."

"Courage!"

"Justice!"

"Fearlessness!"

"Sacrifice!"

"In the witness of Chen Xi, we... fear nothing!"

Their voices grew louder and louder.

Until at last, they became impassioned.

Courage dispelled the fear.

The students returned to the pit and resumed excavating.

Surprise flickered in Jason's eyes as he stood to the side.

He couldn't believe a student council would have such an oath?

It was entirely another version of the Knight's oath.

"That is St. Mungo's Academy's motto."

"It is said to have been left by one of the earliest vice principals who founded the academy."

The pastry chef explained.

“Vice principal?”

Jason was astonished, for he had thought it would have been a principal who left it behind.

“Yes.”

“Rumors say the vice principal was a Hunter or a lumberjack of sorts who once lived in a small cabin in a corner of the academy, but that cabin is long gone.”

The pastry chef said, a look of regret on her face.

She sincerely wished to meet the vice principal who could have spoken such an oath.

Jason felt the same.

Because such an oath always reminded him of the old knight.

It was regrettable that the two could not meet.

If they had met...

They would have hit it off, right?

Jason shook his head slightly, casting aside such unreliable thoughts, and began to focus his attention on the pit.

The members of the student council dug with more vigor than before.

Under these circumstances, after about half an hour, they made a discovery.

“We’ve found something!”

A male voice cheered.

But soon, the cheer turned into a cry of alarm—

“It’s Bella!”