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Cursed Immortality

Chapter 81: A Dangerous Journey

Inside an inn of Rain Town,

"So, you just came back without getting rid of the guy?!" a crisp voice filled with irritation sounded.

Rosalia had a livid expression while she clenched a green device in her hand. "I already told you I don't want to draw any attention. Besides, that guy isn't easy to deal with!"

The voice berated, "I never thought you of all the people will be afraid of some backwater town's mercenary. You disappoint me, Lion!"

Rosalia clenched her teeth but didn't rebuke, as if she was more afraid of this person on the other side.

"Nevertheless, I can understand your effort and concern for the upcoming mission. But this is too important for us to just let anyone walk away with the information. You know what will happen if this news reached some people's ears?" The voice sounded gentle this time.

Rosalia take a deep breath and said, "I understand. I'll get rid of him."

"No." replied the feminine voice. "That man made you feel fear, which means he's as strong as you or even stronger. So, I'll send someone to deal with him. Just focus on your mission."

Rosalia's expression twisted, but she could only agree, "A-alright."

"Send me his address. He won't live past tomorrow!"

At dawn,

Jacob had already packed his things after he got rid of Pig Head's corpse.

He headed toward the town station where one can hire horse carriages.

Since it was just the start of the morning, there were only two available. For three silver coins, he hired a small size carriage, which look plain and was enough for his needs.

The carriage owner was a young man with a bubbly personality, and he was quite energetic.

But after he got an icy stare from Jacob, he kept his mouth shut and mind his business.

After Jacob was done loading, they embarked on their journey toward the Lionheart City, which was 219 miles away from the rain town and it will take them three days to reach there, according to the young man.

Jacob sat inside the carriage as he looked at the small town which was now far away and they were now heading on a dirt road that lead to the main road of Lionheart City.

"Tell me about the Lionheart City." Jacob finally spoke as he looked at the young man controlling the reins.

The young man's name was Pete. He was startled when he heard Jacob's question and quickly replied, "Sir, you asked the right person! Let me tell you that Lionheart City is one of the biggest cities in Gloria Country, and it's under the jurisdiction of the Lionheart Family. The Lionheart Family is the in-laws with the Barron so they enjoy a lofty status..."

However, before he could continue, Jacob cut him short, "I know all this. Tell me something that isn't written in books."

Peter staggered for a moment. "I can't read..." he mumbled as if he was in great distress.

He was just a commoner and the education system wasn't well established in small towns like the rain town and only people with high enough status and money can learn to read or write.

Jacob said, "What about the Gunsmith Guild?"

"Oh, I know about the Gunsmith Guild!" Peter's expression suddenly brightened, "The Gunsmith Guild is the dream of every blacksmith because they earn a huge amount of money since they supply every firearm in the Kingdom. They even collaborate with the Star Mercenary Agency!"

"Look, look, I bought this F-09 Barrel Gun from the Gunsmith Guild in the Lionheart City. It can shoot four bullets continuously. I was lucky it was on sale that day or I might've never bought it." Peter took out a five-inch revolver from his side pocket and started to flash it before Jacob with a smug smile.

Jacob couldn't help but felt this young man was naive, and it was a waste of time to ask him anything. He wanted to know if they rented their equipment or if he had to join them first.

Now, it seemed he had to find the answer once he got there himself.

After flashing around the small revolver, Peter put it back in his pocket with great satisfaction and said, "I also heard the Gunsmith Guild issued a monthly recruitment test like the Apothecary Guild and many people take it like crazy. An old man who once hired me told me this, and could you believe it? He said he had taken the test almost sixty times already, but still failed. Yet, he was still unwilling to give up!"

Jacob finally got something interesting and asked, "Oh, did he tell you why he keeps taking that test?"

Peter shook his head with uncertainty, "No, although I asked, he only said, this was his dream to join and learn from the best creators of the kingdom. He even said there are far more people like him who have taken the test over a hundred times and still come back to try their luck."

"Intriguing." Jacob chuckled lightly. 'I hope they won't disappoint me with their equipment.'

After that, like a broken record, Peter kept going and going like he didn't need to breathe and only stopped when Jacob made him stop.

But one thing that both Jacob and Peter failed to notice was that a few hundred meters away from their carriage, another carriage was moving on the same tracks.

"We got here in time or our target would've been escaped!" A person wearing a mask said as he looked in the distance with cold eyes.

"Heh, mistress told us to be careful, but he's just a coward who's escaping out of fear!" another masked person sneered disdainfully.

"Old Third, keep the distance and when they stop to rest for the night, we'll make a move and be on our way. He just made it easier for us to get rid of him and no one will ever know what happened to him." the third masked person ordered, the last masked person who was handling the carriage.

Old Third chuckled coldly, "No problem. I heard he's a C-rank mercenary. I wonder how many gold coins we'll get from his dead body."

"I'm more interested in those crates. I wonder if he's making an important delivery, if that is, we struck it rich!" Old Second eyes shone with greed.

"Heh, happy hunting comrades!"

"Haha, happy hunting..."

"Happy Hunting..."

"We live for hunting!"

The four bellowed in full of confidence.

Peter stopped the carriage at noon, close to a water source.

"Sir, horses need to drink water. It'll only take fifteen minutes. Sorry for the trouble." Told Peter as he apologized.

"Don't worry." Jacob waved his hand. He didn't mind, since he wasn't in a hurry.

While Peter took horses toward the water source, Jacob couldn't help but look at the deserted road and the empty land around.

However, his eyes suddenly narrowed when he spotted a small dot a few hundred meters away. It was quite easy to spot such an abnormality since there wasn't a forest around here.

'Another group of travelers?' Jacob thought, and stop paying attention.

"Let's go." Peter appeared again and connected the carriage again.

Jacob nodded, but there was a hint of uncertainty in his eyes as he looked in the distance.

"This is the only water source around here, right?" He asked Peter.

"Yes. After this, we only encounter a water source on the main road." Peter nodded in puzzlement since he didn't know why Jacob would ask such a question.

Jacob's eyes shimmered, "Alright, let's go."

Peter shrugged his shoulder and embarked on the carriage, and they continue.

Jacob, however, was now sitting in the back and he kept looking back from the small gap in the curtain.

After moving for two hours, Jacob suddenly said, "Stop the carriage!"

Peter did as he was told and looked back in confusion. "Sir, what happened?"

Jacob didn't answer and opened a small box. It was filled with meat. "Go start a fire. It's time to eat."

Peter's eyes widen as he looked at the high-quality meat and he nearly drooled. He said, "Yes, right away!"

However, Jacob looked in the distance, and just as he guessed, the small dot stopped again!

'They're following us!' Jacob's expression turned frosty at this moment. 'Who could that be?'

But he acted as if he noticed nothing and make a meal.

In the distance,

"What are they doing now?" Old First asked with an unhappy tone.

Old Fourth looked in distance with a foot-long bronze telescope and said, "Don't worry, they're eating. Do you think they can notice us from this distance?"

"Hmph. Let them enjoy their last meat. The moment night descends, we'll move." Old Second snorted.

Old Four's mouth watered as he noticed smoke rising. He said, "We should eat as well. What do you guys have?"

"Umm... dry jerky?" Old First reply.

Old Four rebuked, "Fuck? You didn't bring any meat for us to barbecue?!"

Old First was dumbfounded. "Why would we? Do you think we're on a picnic?!"

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Chapter 82: Four Musketeers

After eating the succulent BBQ meat made by Jacob, Peter couldn't help but cry and told Jacob he had eaten nothing like this before and kept singing praise for his cooking.

Jacob merely chuckled and ignored the young man who seemed to have gone insane after eating BBQ.

Although they seemed eating, Jacob's entire focus was on that small dot in the distance.

Even with his improved vision, he can only see a small dot, so he was sure the other party have some kind of visual gadget which made him warier of their background and strength.

Jacob looked at the sky, and only three hours remain before dusk started to break down.

He looked at Peter, who had a blissful expression on his face. He said, "Is there any patch of trees in our way before stopping for the night?"

Peter was startled by this strange question, but he quickly answered truthfully, since Jacob treated him with the beast meat of his life. "There is a small grove in our way between the main road and this one."

"How fast can we reach there?" Jacob asked with squinted eyes.

"Um... two and half hours if we speed up. But there isn't any need to since the sky is clear." Peter told.

However, Jacob stood up with an impassive look on his face, "I want you to enter that place in two hours and I'll reward you with another meal!"

Peter's eyes suddenly glow like a raging fire when he heard this and quickly stood up in high spirits. He might even kill someone for that meal, much less drive somewhere in which he was proficient.

"Sir, let's go!" He hurried toward the carriage. He was afraid Jacob would go back on his words.

Jacob smiled with a hint of coldness as he glanced toward the east before he coolly entered the carriage.

In the distance,

Old Four nearly choked on his saliva as he watched Peter enjoy the BBQ like a hungry wolf.

He couldn't help but cuss while chewing on those dry jerkies like rubber. "I'll eat all that meat once I kill that hateful prick!"

He suddenly shouted, "Let's go, they're moving! We have to secure that high-quality meat!"

Old First chopped on Old Four's head and rebuked, "Then move the carriage, idiot. You are the driver, remember?"

"Oh, quickly, they seemed to move fast." He said as they quickly embarked on the carriage and move behind them while keeping their distance.

Two hours later,

"Look, they're almost in around the Lionheart Road. I think they're trying to reach Lye Town before night. That's why they're moving so fast." Old Four kept the bronze telescope on his left eye, he said while controlling the carriage carefully.

"Impossible, the Lye Town is still eight hours away. They will be stopped for the night since there are still groups of bandits in the night. We'll get our chance." Old Third retorted as he held a map and pointed to a small-town area.

"He's right, and even if they got to the town, we can easily kill them while they're asleep. It's our specialty." Old Second laughed like a maniac.

However, after then minutes, Old Four paused the carriage.

"What now?" Old One sounded vexed.

"They're stopping in that grove. and that brat is taking out the camps? It seemed they were planning to spend the night there! Fuck, that bastard is again taking out more meat. I'm afraid there won't be anything left for us at this rate!" Old Four complained in resentment.

"Shut up! You always focus on wrong things." Old First retorted in a gloomy tone, "Since they're staying in the open, let's turn it into their grave."

"Hide the carriage. We'll slowly move in, and the moment they let their guard down, heh..." Old Second laughs cruelly.

Jacob and Peter again enjoyed another delicious meal, and it was already started to darken, so they decided to rest and continue their travels at the first ray of light.

It was how typical long-distance traveling work here since they didn't have any lights on the roads, and it wasn't safe if you didn't have any guards.

Banditry was quite an ordinary thing on these roads at night, and those rats ran extremely fast if they encountered anything dangerous.

Nevertheless, as long as you hand your belonging to them, they will not bother you and let you go.

Anyhow, the full moon illuminates the lands with the soft moonlight,

Four silhouettes suddenly flashed past tree after tree as they were extremely careful to not make any sound and continues to move toward two pyramid tents close to a carriage and horses.

One silhouette suddenly made a hand signal before the other three formed a fist in response and, with cat-feet, they moved in. Each one of them held a long barrel gun close to their shoulder in a shooting position.

This gun's barrel was two feet long and four inches wide. It was a musket!

They all surrounded the first tent from four different sides as if they know who was in there, they have done this countless times.

"Attack!" Old First shoulder before he pulled the trigger.

'Bamm...'

'Bamm...'

'Bamm...'

'Bamm...'

Four raging sounds reverberated in the vicinity like thunderbolts.

"Hehe, the Four Musketeers struck again!" Old Four or the Fourth Musketeer laughed out loud in pleasure as he held his Musket on his shoulder.

"Let's butcher the Kid." The Second Musketeer laughed like a manic as they moved toward the last tent.

They weren't afraid anymore since the threat was already gone, so there wasn't any need to hide their presence anymore.

"Old Third, do you want to enjoy the Kid first, like you always do?" Fourth Musketeer chuckled nastily, "Old Third?"

However, no reply came, and he looked back confusingly and what he saw made his skin crawl with needles.

His three brothers' heads were cut in half like some extremely sharp blade had passed through them like a wind.

"NOO... how?!"

They were just talking happily a moment ago and the next moment they were dead?

"This must be a dream... this must be!" He didn't dare to believe, that after all these years of escaping death together, they would have died without even putting any resistance.

"Yeah, it's a dream. How about I butcher you so you can enjoy this dream?" A devilish voice sounded at this moment.

Fourth Musketeer suddenly jumped in fright and wet his pant out of pure terror.

"Don't kill me! I surrender. Just make me your slave, but don't kill me. I know many secrets. Spare me, please. I was forced to do all this!" He didn't care about his lofty image anymore and kowtowed like crazy.

Jacob appeared as he clean the blade of his sword from blood and coolly said, "How about telling me who you are and why you come after me?"

He spared this idiot because he wanted to know who was bold and bore enough to go after a nobody like him.

Furthermore, these four were all C ranks, and if not for their moronic stunts, they might've resisted for a second or two in front of him.

But they were extremely confident in handling others if things went wrong with their strength, and that also render their downfall. They underestimate their prey after getting easy blood for so long that they forget something. Sometimes, prey can be a hunter in disguise!

Fourth Musketeer quickly told, "W-we are Four Musketeers, a C rank mercenary team of Lionheart City, and hired to kill you last night as quickly as possible. As for the person who hired us, it was through the Vice Agency Leader!"

Jacob's eyes narrowed. "It seemed it wasn't your first time getting this kind of job?"

"Yes, that Vice Agency Leader is a black-hearted bastard. He always deals in such jobs as long as they paid well and no one is strong enough to go against him while the Agency Leader is always out of City." Fourth Musketeer had tears in his eyes as he cursed the Vice Agency Leader who send them after this monster.

Jacob frowned. He had four people before who could pull this kind of stunt, Austin who he rejected, then Ralf and Warren, who Jacob scared shitless. Lastly, Rosalia left resentful the other night after he refused her raid invitation.

'That old guy won't be coming after me with this group of morons, and he hates mercenaries. As for those two idiots, they didn't have that kind of connection, or they won't be just small hooligans of a small town. Then it was probably that arrogant tramp!' His eyes turned deadly cold.

"Do you know anyone named Rosalia Lion?" Jacob asked coldly.

Fourth Musketeer seemed to get started when he heard that name and couldn't help but told with suspicion, "I don't know anyone famous with this name, but I can't help but remembered the Lioness of Lionheart Family, Rose Lionheart. She also vanished for months now. Maybe it is her who is using this alias!"

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Chapter 83: Lionheart City

"Lionheart Family?"

Realization dawned upon Jacob. He didn't even think for a second it wasn't possible, since the Lionheart Family was a Noble household and it would be possible for them to have contacts with that Vise Leader.

"Since that is the case, you can be on your way." Jacob nodded toward Fourth Musketeer.

He felt he was pardoned and secretly swore to take revenge on Jacob for the deaths of his brothers.

However, the sword in Jacob's hand suddenly blurred and the next moment it was right inside the fourth musketeer's skull, as his eyes were filled with disbelief before he died.

"Heh, did he think I mean something else? Truly an idiot." Jacob smirked coldly and took the blade out.

With this, the infamous mercenary team who antagonized the lionheart city commoners and low-rank mercenaries were wiped out by Jacob!

Afterward, he picked up the four muskets and also revolvers around their waists and some bullets and the bronze telescope from the fourth musketeer and knives.

Expect that they weren't carrying anything else, Jacob mused they might leave other things behind on their carriage, but he didn't know where they parked it, nor he was interested in searching for it since it would only waste time.

Anything valuable was on their body and they won't come without their weapons, which was the only thing Jacob was interested in.

Afterward, Jacob goes toward the carriage and connects it with the horse, and leads it away. He didn't bother clearing up the scene, nor he was afraid that others would find out; he wanted them to find it out and back off while there was still time or he didn't mind collecting more loot sent in his way.

After walking for ten minutes, a figure appeared from behind a large tree with a pale face. It was Peter!

"Thank you, sir, for saving me. I never thought there would be bandits following us. If you haven't warned me and helped me here, I would've died." He was sweating profusely since he heard those gunshots a few moments ago.

If not for Jacob secretly telling him to hide here while he took care of the 'bandits', he might have died today.

He was really grateful to Jacob, who was even kinder than his real father has ever been to him.

"Just drive. Don't cry like a baby. I'm going to rest." Jacob handed the leash back and enter the carriage as if nothing happened.

Peter quickly wiped his tears and start driving, he was really touched.

Afterward, they didn't encounter any more bandits or have any incidents on their way, and their journey was quite smooth.

At this moment, Jacob looked at the fifty meters tall walls in the distance and two ten-meter bronze gates and their huge red words carved above those gates, 'Lionheart City'

One of these gates was open, and there was a queue of carriages

While a small door was opened on the other side and there was another queue of walkers on the other side.

He saw those people and carriages paying tolls to enter the city.

Peter spoke unhappily at this moment in a hushed voice, "Sir, you should be careful in the future about walking in and out of the city because they would collect toll everything you enter and only people who don't need to pay toll are nobles and anyone who is affiliated with those powers, like mercenary agency or gunsmith guild. It's unfair!"

"Don't feel anger toward them. You can also be one of them if you strive for it. Cursing and getting envious of others is the easiest thing humans will do and feel better for themselves. But there are those with ambitions who keep working hard and reached a far greater point in life than any other. Everyone is born equal, just starting point is different." Jacob advised, with a hint of melancholia.

Peter didn't understand what Jacob means by those words, but he felt they were quite profound. He was just a commoner with a low IQ. How could he believe someone can pass those great people with just hard work?

'Weren't I work very hard, then what about me?' He thought with confusion.

Jacob remain silent afterward as the carriages pass one by one and finally it was their turn.

A tall guard clad in bronze armor glanced at the young man, who had a bright smile on his face and impassively looked inside and he saw the bulky silver hair man.

He was about to question when his eyes fell on the Gray Card between this man's fingers and then he saw 'C-RANK' in big bold letters and his heart skipped a beat.

"We apologize for the delay, Sir." The guard quickly apologized with sweat on his forehead, "Welcome to the Lionheart City. We hope you can enjoy your stay."

Peter was startled at this time, and the toll he was about to hand the guard remain in his hand. He knew Jacob wasn't ordinary, but he never knew even those arrogant guards would fawn over Jacob.

But he was confused since Jacob was such a big shot, why did he hire his run-down carriage, which wasn't comfortable at all?

"Alright let's go." Jacob impassively said he didn't want to cause a scene here but he can't let those guards check the goods in those crates.

He had seen them skimming through carriages before, so he had no choice but to flash around his ID.

The guard quickly bows respectfully and allowed the dumbfounded Peter to pass.

'I have never seen this C Rank mercenary before. Should I report it to the lord?' The guard mused. He had known all the high-level mercenaries who lived in the city, and Jacob was new.

But the mercenary always traveled around, so it wasn't a new thing for a C Rank mercenary to enter a city like Lionheart City for resupply and then left in a day or two. So, he thought Jacob was just a passerby mercenary and didn't bother with this matter anymore.

Besides, even C-rank mercenaries wouldn't dare to cause trouble since there were Knights Guards of the Knight Order in every city!

The Lionheart was bristling with activities, as all kinds of people were moving on the roads and checking the different shops.

The roads of Lionheart City were quite spacious and made of stones, not like the small dirt roads of Rain Town, where only two carriages can pass at a time.

Furthermore, the people weren't on edge while walking, like in Rain Town. Anyone could stab you and take your things.

The safety of the citizens was the most important thing for a city like Lionheart or no one would come to their city and the nobles will suffer a heavy backlash from the title nobles.

There are two kinds of nobles in the humane kingdom.

Nobles with official titles such as Duke, Marquess, Earl, Viscount, and Baron. These titles were officially granted by the King.

Then there were nobles with unofficial titles. The lowest was Tier-1 Noble, and the highest was Tier-5 Noble. Some high-level officers worked for these nobles and the Kingdom. They also have a very high standing, for example, the lord of Rain Town fell into this category.

Nevertheless, Lords like Rain Towns were still not nobles, but they were still considered one and revered by commoners.

Anyway, these titles were the title any noble with an official title can grant, and these titles have their benefits as well.

But there was a limit to which rank title and how many they can grant with their rank. Like a Baron could only grant Tier-1 Noble Title to three people.

While only a Duke has the right to grant a Tier-5 Noble title and recommend that person for an official Baron Title.

These unofficial noble titles weren't granted like cabbages, since this could inflict the Official Nobles if the person with an Unofficial Noble Title was caught doing crimes. And if the crimes were serious, even those Official Nobles have to pay a hefty price!

That's why those official nobles won't grant these titles easily and, if they did, they would monitor them closely.

The Lionheart Family was such a family with a Tier-1 Noble Title and they were extremely careful with their reputation.

While drifting on the stone road,

Peter was in an excellent mood since he didn't have to pay the toll for the first time in his life. He asked, "Sir, where should I drop you?"

"Where can I rent a house here?" Jacob asked.

The hotels weren't good for him because of the things he carried and it would be far more convenient to rent a small house as he did in the Rain Town. He can come and go as he pleases without having to worry about others watching him.

Pete thought for a moment before his eyes lit up. "Oh, I know a place."

He quickly led Jacob toward the east of the city!

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Chapter 84: I'll Take It!

Soon, Peter stopped outside a building with three floors.

Jacob looked out and saw the name, 'Silver Real Estate Dealers'.

Jacob knew he was in the right place, "Wait here." He nodded and leave the carriage and entered the building.

The interior was quite lavished, made with wood and similar furniture.

A plump man wearing an expensive attire approached Jacob at this moment with a big smile on his face as two golden teeth flash in his mouth,

"Sir, if you're looking for good properties, you come to the right place!"

Jacob nodded, and they both sat in front of each other.

The fate dealer smiled fawningly. "So, what kind of properties my lord is looking for? We have many properties in all the excellent areas of Lionheart City."

Jacob coolly stated, "I'm not staying permanently here. I want to rent a small house with a pool and garden for three months and I'll pay in advance. But I only have one condition. I don't want any commotion around so it had to on a peaceful location. Do you have such a place?"

The fat dealer was startled by Jacob's strange demands, but he deals with all kinds of customers, so Jacob's demands were still reasonable and he also seemed quite rich since he was willing to pay upfront.

Furthermore, with Jacob's build, he could tell Jacob wasn't normal at all.

So, he quickly nodded with a big businessman smile, "Indeed, I have such a place and it's quite expensive since it's in the safest place in the entire city."

"Oh, which area?" Jacob was slightly intrigued.

"The Lion Street! This area is only two miles away from the Lionheart Estate, and only rich people live there, even high-rank mercenaries. That's why no one causes trouble there, and it considers the safest area of the city." The fat dealer quickly told with a hint of excitement.

Jacob had to admit this place had the qualification to be the safest place.

"How much?" Jacob asked. He was as rich as those official nobles with all those titan iron bricks, so money wasn't an issue right now for him.

The fat dealer's smile broadens instantly. He knew he would be going to get a huge commission. He quickly told, "The owner of this property wants 2 Gold Coins for a month. However, since sir will pay in advance for three months, I can negotiate the price with him."

However, to his surprise, Jacob shook his head and said, "I don't want to waste time, so I accept 2 Gold Coins a month. I want to move this instance. Can you do it or I can go somewhere else?" Jacob stated, with no place for negotiation.

The fat dealer was shocked since 2 Gold Coins were quite a sizeable sum for even an E-rank mercenary, but this guy was speaking as if it was nothing. But he was quickly thrilled since his commission would be high as well if Jacob pay high.

He quickly stood up, afraid Jacob would go somewhere else, "I can arrange that Sir, give me ten minutes!"

Jacob nodded and watch the Fate guy running on the upper floor.

Soon, the fat dealer appeared with sweat all over his face and panting heavily as if he had run a marathon and fat on body jiggle.

"Sir, I-let's... go!" He shows the key in his hand to Jacob.

Jacob was speechless. 'He won't die with this much running, right?' he wondered as he followed him.

Soon, the fat dealer hailed his own private carriage, and Peter followed that carriage, with Jacob now riding within the fat dealer's lavish and comfortable carriage.

After traveling for twenty minutes, they enter a spotless area with beautiful houses around and tree on the roadsides.

Finally, they all stopped in front of this two-story house, which was two hundred square meters in size. It has a small pool and a garden. This wasn't small at all and made quite well. The furniture was also with the house, so Jacob won't have to buy a new one, but if he damaged it he had to pay.

Soon, a dainty woman in her late twenties appeared. She was the owner of this house.

The fat dealer introduced, "This is Miss Miley, the owner of this house. Miss this the gentlemen who want to move immediately and he's willing to pay three months rent in advance so..."

Before he could finish, the dainty woman cut him and she spoke coldly, "I'm sorry I have already rented this house to someone else this morning and that person might be here at any moment. I won't apologize for wasting your time since I wasn't prior informed, so it's not my fault you wasted this trip."

The fat dealer's expression changed when he heard this and couldn't help but cursed Miley for being a sly bitch, since it was her fault, actually.

Because if she had already rented the house, it was her duty to inform him within an hour so he could remove the house from the renting list, but she didn't bother.

Now it was he who was going to take the blame since Miley's background wasn't simply as a small property dealer like him could headbutt her.

Furthermore, he will be going to lose Jacob, a rich customer, as well, since he wasted the man's time.

However, Jacob smile faintly and said, "I understand. But I like this place and I'm already here, so, how about I increased one gold coin in rent?"

The fat dealer's eyes widened in disbelief. His monthly salary was only one gold, yet this man was offering it like it was nothing. 'Just what is his background?'

Miley's eye shimmered in surprise when she heard Jacob was willing to pay an extra gold coin, which was quite alluring for her. Furthermore, she could tell Jacob wasn't from the city or she would've known someone like Jacob, who seemed to be quite wealthy.

'Is he a merchant?' She thought.

She hesitated before she said as her tone finally soften, "Your offer is indeed quite captivating Sir, but the person I rented this house is an Apothecary Apprentice and I don't think it would be a wise decision to antagonize him for both of us."

"Apothecary Apprentice?!" The fat dealer's round face loses all its color when he heard 'Apothecary Apprentice' and nearly wet himself.

In Lionheart City or any city, in fact, one could offend any but someone from the Apothecary Guild because they had an extremely high status in this kingdom because of their skills in medicine.

Although strength was important for a nation's development, what can they do with strength when they don't have medicinal knowledge to protect that strength?

As a matter of fact, in this place, medicinal knowledge has a far greater value than strength because no matter how strong you are, if you get wounded or get ill with some unknown illness, then no matter how much power you have, you will fall.

That's why these apothecaries were so precious to this kingdom and enjoy a status equivalent to a C Rank mercenary even if they were just Apothecary Apprentices which were as weak as an ant in front of a C-rank mercenary.

"Sir, how about I arrange another place for you? Give me three hours and I can find a house which satisfies your needs. It better if leave before the esteemed Apothecary Apprentice come." He suggested in an extremely respectful tone.

Jacob sighed. He knew the status an Apothecary represents in this place and it won't be good to clash with one just because of the house. He still has to stay here for a while, so it won't be good if some quack will ruin his plans.

"Alright, we'll leave." Jacob nodded, although he wasn't afraid of trouble in this place, but seeking trouble was another matter.

Everyone sighed in relief as Miley in the white dress had a good impression of Jacob right now.

She couldn't help but said, "Sir, if you don't mind the size or price of the place, there is a mansion two blocks away. It's five-time bigger than this place. The owner is my friend's father. Although they want the annual rent in advance, I can make them drop it to six months."

Jacob stopped and questioned, "How much?"

"10 Gold Coin for a month, which means you have to 60 Gold Coins. What do you think?" She asked. Even for someone like her, 60 Gold Coins were quite a massive number.

One could buy a large house with 60 gold coins in another area of lionheart city, but this place was the most expensive area.

The fat dealer cursed Miley for trying to rob him of his job, but he remained silent and only wish Jacob would reject her since it was just too damn expensive.

"Is there a pool?" Jacob inquired.

The fat dealer had a bad feeling when he heard this.

Miley smiled brightly. "Yes, much bigger than this one."

Jacob chuckled, "I'll take it!"

Chapter 85: Trip To Gunsmith Guild!

Afterward, with Miley's help, everything goes smoothly without any more problems, and Jacob becomes the tenant of a luxurious mansion on Lion Street.

This mansion area was eight hundred square meters with a backyard, horse stable, garden, pool, and a small workshop. The mansion itself was built on four hundred square meters of space and had two floors and a huge basement.

Jacob wasn't shocked by the enormous place, since he had lived in a castle half of his life, so this place was tinny if you asked him.

Nevertheless, it was quite a good place to practice his martial arts and other activities, which he didn't want anyone to see, and it was quite peaceful here. He quickly settles down after paying everyone their dues. He even paid some silvers to that fatty for his time, which made him happy.

The mansion also has its own cleaning and security staff, so he doesn't have to worry about anything. He decided to rest for a day before he started with his plans the other day.

The sun rose as Jacob also woke up from his peaceful sleep. Although he could go five or six days without sleeping, he still preferred to sleep if he didn't have anything important going on.

After waking up, he first started to perform every fighting technique he knew three times before he would shift to another, and so on.

It was his habit in his previous life before he stopped doing them altogether. Because he simply couldn't keep up as he grew old.

Now, he was back to his old routine, and he was far better than he ever was, even when he was in his prime. Some moves are quite dangerous and a burden on the body if performed regularly in some martial arts, and even masters won't practice them recklessly.

But he could do them without feeling any fatigue or any internal injury danger because his body was simply not normal. He could feel the more he performed these movements, the more control he had over his body. It was like his body was a weapon that could grow limitlessly.

After spending four hours in physical training, Jacob was sweating profusely as every muscle in his body was pumped.

'It's time to use the pool.' Jacob left the backyard and headed toward the pool area.

He naturally wanted a place with a pool because of the water meditation technique.

Although he nearly died performing it last time, this doesn't mean he would give up on it altogether.

Furthermore, he had this feeling the Art of Nature wasn't so simple, and it might probably be a magical technique that can only be practiced by a powerful individual. It didn't mean for normal humans!

The pool was fifty square meters large and twenty meters deep. But there were levels like the first five meters were only two-meter-deep, which was perfect for Jacob to stand up without worrying about swimming.

But to make it even safe, he put on a five-foot stone platform, and now with a push, he could breathe the air.

Soon, Jacob starts the water meditation again.

But this time, he only performed it for a house, and the moment he felt the 10-G force, he broke his meditation to see if everything was right. Nothing happened out of the ordinary. Just like last time, the force vanished the moment he breathed the air.

Content, he began again, and this time he did the meditation properly, and this time he breathed four times, and it was already seven hours since he had started the water meditation.

He could feel his limit was rising from 1:40 to 1:48, but he started to feel the toll on his body, so he stopped doing it at this hour.

The workers wondered what the lord was doing in the pool area for over eight hours, but he prohibited anyone from going there, and they didn't dare to go against his order.

Jacob finally emerged in the dining area when it was already afternoon. He was a cm leaner before, though, which was a minor change in other eyes, but it was massive since he achieved it in over eight hours.

After having lunch, Jacob left the mansion. He still didn't have a carriage, and he didn't want it either since he preferred walking, and if he ran, he was not slower than an adult horse.

Furthermore, where he was going, that place wasn't far from Lion Street.

Five miles from lion street was the city center, and this place never closed for even a second. There were all kinds of shops in this place, but the most famous were four imposing buildings that occupied an entire square.

Furthermore, no one dares to cause trouble here, not even raise their voice, because these four buildings belong to the Apothecary Guild, Gunsmith Guild, Zodiac Taurus Bank, and Star Mercenary Agency!

These four names represent a status far scarier than the royal family, and no one dared to cause trouble in these four places.

In any large city like Lionheart City, these four buildings were compulsory, and they occupied the center of the city without the need to pay for it. Furthermore, no other business or shop was allowed anywhere near this place's five-meter radius.

The Zodiac Taurus Bank and Star Mercenary Agency were the same. They didn't cause trouble for the other side, nor did they cause trouble for them. They exist like harmonized neighbors.

Right at this moment, a man with an eye-catching appearance appeared in front of this ten-story iron color building. There was a huge golden signboard, 'Gunsmith Guild' written in fiery words.

Jacob couldn't help but look at other imposing buildings a few hundred meters away, and each one of them was extremely eye-catching. Especially the bank, which had a Pantheon-like exterior.

But his goal for the building was in front of him right now and following robust men going inside.

The interior was extremely spacious, and the first thing that caught his eye was a huge queue in front of a counter. Many people were standing, but one thing common about them was they were extremely masculine and gave off this intense feeling.

'Are they all blacksmiths?' Jacob wondered as he was familiar with the traits of a blacksmith, and he knew the Gunsmith Guild was like the Star Mercenary Agency.

They recruit daily, but their endorsement conditions were harsher than the agency.

The Gunsmith Guild, as its name suggest, was the guild for Gunsmiths and only Gunsmiths. The firearm business was considered the top business in any region, and they had long transcended cold weapons.

That's why many blacksmiths were forced to leave their traditional ways and learn the art of firearm forging if they wanted to survive.

The gunsmith guild was solely made to research firearms and also to provide a platform for these old blacksmiths to become part of this trend and earn immense wealth.

Jacob saw the queue, and then there was another counter, which was completely deserted, and couldn't help but go there.

The bearded man sitting behind the counter sensed Jacob's presence and looked at him with uninterested eyes. He said, "If you want to take the gunsmith class, wait in that queue until the previous class end."

"Gunsmith Class?" Jacob was astonished. 'So, they teach in this place?' He didn't know about this.

The man looked at Jacob with disdain. "You didn't even know? Are you trying to cause trouble?"

Jacob shook his head. "I'm new in this place, so I don't know about the rules. Can you tell me how to join the guild?"

Jacob suddenly placed his hand on the table before he widened his finger, and a sinning silver coin was under it.

The man's eyes suddenly lit up when he saw the silver coin, and his opinion of Jacob instantly evaluate. He smiled amiably, "You know your way, huh? Alright, since you're new, I'll guide you.

"If you want to join, then you have to be proficient in gunsmithing. If you're not, then don't worry. We teach anyone who wants to learn a beginner course for thirty days. Do you see that queue? You can register yourself for the class there, it will cost you five silver for one lecture, and you can take it as much as you want as long as you pay the price.

"Then, if you're confident we take a single exam in every evening on the second floor, you can register for the Basic Gunsmith Apprentice exam here. There will be three exams in total, and passing the three is compulsory. That's the way to join our guild." The man's voice was filled with pride.

Jacob nodded in understanding, "So, there are ranks of gunsmith?"

The man nodded sternly, "Yes, Gunsmith Apprentice Rank is the entry-level rank, and it has three levels, Basic, Intermediate, and Advance.

"Above this rank is Basic Gunsmith Rank, Intermediate Gunsmith Rank, and Advance Gunsmith Rank. Let me tell you, there aren't any Intermediate Gunsmith in the entire Gloria Country!"

Cursed Immortality

Chapter 86: Scaring Everyone Into Submission!

Jacob nodded in understanding and said, "So, as long as I have skills and knowledge about the Gunsmith Profession, I can take any level test?"

The clerk nodded. "It's seemed easy, right? But it isn't! Anyhow, do you want to start the course today? Let me give some friendly advice. Come back in the morning. You won't be able to participate in today's classes. They're already booked."

Jacob suddenly asked another question. "Then can I rent a forging room to practice here?"

The clerk seemed to be startled by Jacob's question and answered with disdain. "Are you an idiot? Do you even know the forging room in the guild is the best of the best?"

"They won't let a newbie like you anywhere near those rooms, much less rent it. Even I, a Basic Gunsmith Apprentice, can only share rooms with other apprentices, much less a private forging room of my own. Only an Intermediate Gunsmith Apprentice can rent a Private Forging Room." his expression was livid as if someone had just slapped him on his face.

However, Jacob's next words made the clerk startled and nearly cough up blood.

"If there is no limit to the exam level, I want to take the Basic Gunsmith exam. Where should I go?"

Jacob finally understood one thing about this place: there were limited seats and if he wanted the best, then he had to be the best and he needed the facilities here if he wanted to truly make modern weapons.

The only way was to become the Basic Gunsmith, which was the highest rank in this country. Once he got this rank, no one would stop him from using any facilities of this place.

As for drawing attention to himself, Gunsmiths were different from Mercenaries and Apothecaries because their only job was to make the weapons from behind a closed door.

No one would pay much attention to them as long as they didn't invent anything new which can affect the market or nations.

The clerk nearly spat out blood in anger this time as he stood up from his seat and pointed his finger at Jacob and roared, "So, you are causing trouble, huh? Do you think we gunsmiths are easy to bully? Guards, come here and break this bastard's limbs!"

He was completely infuriated by what Jacob just demanded because Basic Gunsmith was the head of this branch and this guy who didn't even know about the ranks of the gunsmith a few moments ago now wanted to take the exam.

In his eyes, Jacob was simply ridiculing the guild and gunsmiths, so he decided to teach him a harsh lesson.

This also draw everyone's attention, and when they heard what that clerk just said, they couldn't help but felt pity for the new guy who seemed to have offended this gunsmith.

"Heh, it seemed he didn't know that every clerk in this building is a gunsmith and he might have said something which offended him. Now he's going to be crippled." Someone sneered, gloatingly, in the queue.

"Look at this tall, burly built. Do you think he's a muscle brain?"

"Sigh... the young ones are truly fearless. But sometimes it's better to know one limit. No one dares to cause trouble in 'Power Square'. Even those knights won't breathe loudly here."

The others whisper to themselves.

The power square was referred to as this square occupied by the four powers, and everyone called it this in every city.

Anyhow, Jacob looked at the Basic Gunsmith Apprentice as if he was looking at an idiot. He just wanted to take a test, and this guy was too narrow-minded to even think that no one can pass the test since he can't.

He sneered as he sensed some guards hurried toward him with cold smiles on their faces.

"I don't want to cause a scene. I just want to take the test. I didn't see it as causing trouble." Jacob didn't act and tried to smooth things out.

"Bastard, still spouting nonsense?! Beat him to death. It seemed we have been too soft lately. If we didn't show our might, the other might think we are easily glib." The Basic Gunsmith Apprentice cursed viciously.

Jacob's eyes turned icy at this moment, which made the Basic Gunsmith Apprentice suddenly shut his mouth as he felt chilled and shrugged.

Those guards who were about to attack Jacob also felt that strange chill and suddenly took steps back with horrifying looks on their faces. They were all fighters, and they weren't like that Basic Gunsmith Apprentice who never fought in his life. They could sense danger.

But this young man was giving them a feeling of death, not just danger, even that Basic Gunsmith Apprentice felt it.

Jacob's eyes were now exempt from emotions and killing intent rage in his eyes and he finally spoke again, "So, shall we continue?" He looked at the Basic Gunsmith Apprentice like he was an ant who he'll squish.

Basic Gunsmith Apprentice suddenly death staring at him right on his face. He never felt so scared in his life, and suddenly his eyes rolled upward and he fell back with foam coming from his mouth.

This was the result of Jacob focusing his entire killing intent on someone with a weak heart and after his water mediation, he could feel his emotions were more in his control and he could focus his negative thoughts on someone. This was a strange sensation that he only found out about after he practiced the Water Mediation for over eight hours.

Everyone suddenly gulped a mouthful of saliva when they saw this strange scene. Even those arrogant guards seemed to scare-witless of this young man.

The floor was now deadly silent.

Suddenly another clerk, who was also smirking just a few moments ago, said with extreme difficulty, "I- If... if Sir wants to take the... test, please register on the second f-floor."

He didn't dare to show any arrogance anymore. The invisible pressure coming from the man with silver hair was just too scary for them.

Although they were arrogant, they were not fools. Jacob seemed to be extremely powerful, but he didn't attack yet and only show his imposing demeanor. Which made it clear he really wanted to take the test, so if they keep pushing it they might really make an enemy which no one can stop until it was too late!

Jacob finally stop his killing intent and that strange chillness in the room suddenly vanished.

He looked at the clerk and said, "Lead the way. I don't want to cause any scene up there."

The clerk quickly stood up like an obedient dog and in everyone's gobsmacked eyes, he led Jacob toward the second floor with slightly trembling legs.

Those guards also felt they were just given a life pardon and quickly left for their own posts. They felt like they just escape death.

As for the Basic Gunsmith Apprentice, who lose conciseness, they thought he deserved it since he dared to offend that scary monster with no good reason and get them nearly killed.

On the second floor, there were already some people who were waiting for the test to start and also preparing as their lives depends on it. Most of them were old.

When they saw this Clerk was leading this young man toward the registration counter with an ashen face, they all become amused and wondered what kind of identity Jacob had to make this clerk this scared.

When the woman on the registration counter saw this clerk leading this man with an ashen face, she was also bewildered.

The clerk quickly said, as if his life was depending on it, "Sister Rena, register this gentleman for the exam of the Basic Gunsmith Apprentice."

Rena was a middle-aged lady, and she was doing this job for almost a decade, but she never saw this man on edge so much.

She could sense something was wrong, but she didn't know what since no one would dare to cause trouble in the Gunsmith Guild and as a Gunsmith herself, she knew no one can force them to do anything.

But today she sensed the fear in this arrogant colleague of hers.

However, before she could inquire, the silver hair man spoke impassively.

"I want to take the Basic Gunsmith exam, not Basic Gunsmith Apprentice!"

The clerk nearly fell when he heard this and finally understood why that guy reacts that way. Jacob's words were simply infuriated.

However, when he imagined that strange coldness released by Jacob, he didn't dare to lash out and blurted, "Since Sir wanted to take the Basic Gunsmith test, quickly inform Guild Leader only he can invigilate the test."

Everyone felt they just heard something absurd because Jacob didn't seem to even be twenty-five, but he wanted to take a Basic Gunsmith test. It was simply absurd!

Rena finally couldn't take it and coldly looked at Jacob, "Sir, are you an Advance Gunsmith Apprentice?"

Jacob said coolly, "No, it's my first time taking this test. But I didn't hear anyone is compliant to take the apprentice test if they had the skills of a higher caliber, right?"

Jacob felt these guys were just too much since they were reacting as if they have never seen a genius!

Cursed Immortality

Chapter 87: Test For Basic Gunsmith!

Everyone was speechless when they heard Jacob answer and looked at him as if he was crazy and deliberating provoking the gunsmith guild.

Some blacksmiths who were taking this exam for years also felt insulted since this guy dare to say all that nonsense, as if being a gunsmith wasn't difficult at all. Jacob's words were simply ridiculing them.

However, to the clerk who brought Jacob up, he wasn't like the others who felt Jacob was courting death, on the contrary, he felt Jacob was extremely dangerous and he might have some background.

He quickly looked at Rena, who was already on the verge of an explosion. He blurted, "Please, sister Rena, just alert the Elder!"

Rena couldn't help but frown when she saw his almost teary eyes as if he was in grave danger.

'Could it be he wanted me to alert the elder because this guy was threatening him and wanted the elder's help?' She quickly reached this conclusion and nodded.

"Please wait." She stood up and left at the back door.

Jacob didn't move, and his expression remain unchanged.

While the spectators have another opinion about this situation because they could see that the gunsmith was afraid and this might not be going to end well for Jacob if he remained passive.

Nevertheless, they were looking forward to his aghast expression when the Guild Leader appeared with his weapons!

They all know too well this place was the Gunsmith Guild, which supplies firearms all over the kingdom, and they had many hidden cards to deal with arrogant pricks like Jacob.

It would be a huge mistake to underestimate these gunsmiths just because they didn't practice combat.

Even those C-rank mercenaries are wary of the Gunsmith Guild's wrath!

Soon, the back-door slap opened, and a burly old man appeared with a dignified aura, followed by another old man with a slight hunchback and Rena, who had a stony expression on her face.

The tall burly old man who appeared to be in his early sixties was the Guild Leader of this Gunsmith Branch, Drew, a Basic Gunsmith.

While the hunchback old man was the Vise Guild Leader, Olaf, an Advance Gunsmith Apprentice.

They both hold long barrel shotguns in their hands as they looked at Jacob with extremely cold eyes. They had heard what happened from Rena and quickly come here to teach this arrogant brat a lesson.

However, Drew was slightly surprised when he saw Jacob remain impassive despite seeing the shotguns in their hands as if they were toys.

"Brat, I heard you're causing trouble and threatening my guild members, is it true?" Drew inquired in a haughty tone.

Those spectators had long fled to the corner of the hall and watched the show with cold smirks on their faces.

Jacob calmly replied, "If stating my wish to take the Basic Gunsmith Test is causing trouble, then, yes."

Drew's eyes narrowed when he heard Jacob's nonchalant reply.

Olaf suddenly laughed coldly, "Hahaha, a Basic Gunsmith? Are you even qualified?"

He suddenly pointed the barrel toward Jacob.

Jacob said, "Qualify, huh? The shotgun you're holding in your hand had 23 inches double barrels with six millimeters of thickness. This makes the gun's gauge 20. This size denomination comes from one pound of lead divided into equal-sized balls that will fit the barrel. This will make the shell with 12 pieces equal to 12 bores, which is why a 20 bore.

"Now let's talk about Extractors, Bolt, Top lever, Safety thumb piece, Trigger guard, Trigger, Trigger plate, and Hammer..."

Jacob spoke without stopping, which made everyone dumbfounded as they had no idea what he was talking about since he was speaking the language which could only be understood by a beginner gunsmith in Jacob's world.

However, those two old men become pale as they heard Jacob describing the entire process of making a shotgun which shouldn't be known to the public like it was invented by him.

"... all in all, the lockwork is extremely poor. I can tell just with the trigger poison that should be three millimeters back and after six consecutive shots, the magazine barrel will blow. I would be careful with that toy if I were you, old man. Likewise, I recommend try making watches, you'll improve." He finally stopped without showing any sign of arrogance.

At this moment, the entire floor was deadly silent.

Drew finally snapped out of his stupor. Now he looked at the young man with fear and reverence in his eyes, although something that Jacob mentioned about the lockwork was out of his understanding. He could tell he had greatly benefitted from his pointers.

'C-could it be, he's from a higher region?! But it's impossible for a human to go there and then returned. Or did he find some kind of inheritance? No matter what, he's a genius. I have to keep him here!'

"Please come with me. I'll arrange the test for you." He finally opened his mouth.

Everyone's eyes turned green with envy. They knew this young man wasn't just boasting, but he was a genius and he was about to soar!

Rena also felt her heart tremble when she heard the respect in Drew's voice and she knew she had caused a blunder by belittling this young man, and if he really became Basic Gunsmith, he can easily get rid of her, regret filled her heart.

As for the clerk who bought Jacob here, he felt he was in a dream!

Jacob finally sighed inwardly when he felt this clown show was finally over. These guys were just too theatrical.

Olaf's heart palpitated when he saw Jacob coming in their way, and he also knew Jacob was far more knowledgeable than him. If Jacob really passed the test, then he would be in big trouble.

'Just how did he know so much? He might have stumbled upon some technology from the upper region if I can get my hands on it...' A greedy glint flash past his eyes, but he hid it quickly.

He knew he can't deal with Jacob if he passed the test and earned Drew's recognition. So, he played it safe before he took the next step.

Jacob glanced at the hunchback old man and his lips curled ever so slightly but he pretends as if nothing happened and followed the two old men toward the upper floor.

While walking, Olaf couldn't help but ask with ambiguity, "Are you, by any chance, a noble?"

Jacob coolly replied, "No, I'm a commoner. If you want to ask if I have a background, then no. I'm just a scholar who wants to learn gunsmithing. Is there any problem?"

Drew chuckled at this moment, "Of course not, the Vise Leader is very fond of talent and he nurtured many talented Gunsmiths and all of them were hand pick by him. Since you have no background, then this will make it easier. This will be your home. Even if you failed to pass the basic gunsmith test, I'll give you Advance Gunsmith Apprentice's title."

Olaf nodded in agreement, but his smile was very strange.

"If seemed you still didn't think I can pass the Basic Gunsmith Test, right?" Jacob chuckled. He could clearly see through the old man's words.

Drew didn't hide anything. "Although your observation and knowledge are top-notch, and even I'm not your match when it comes to perception. But there are still practical skills that are far more important than perception and knowledge.

"Even if you know about the combat, that won't make you a fighter, right? The Gunsmithing is the same. Even though you have knowledge and perception, you won't be a gunsmith until you make a gun yourself."

Jacob nodded, "Well said."

Drew had a good impression of Jacob now since he wasn't arrogant as he seemed, and that's why he said he would give me the title of Advance Gunsmith Apprentice even if he failed.

He knew as long as Jacob had experience and guidance, he could easily surpass him and this would also make his branch famous if they produce a young Basic Gunsmith or even an Intermediate Gunsmith!

With Jacob's rise, their branch would get more resources. That's why he was so thrilled when Jacob showcase his knowledge!

They directly reached the ninth floor, where were the most advanced smithies they had in this branch.

The seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth floors were all smithies, and the higher the floor advanced the smithery equipment.

On the ninth floor, there were only three smithies, and they were all for Advance Gunsmith Apprentices and Basic Apprentices.

However, for Jacob, those 'advance equipment' were nothing but ancient, but he knew beggars can't be choosers.

Drew spoke at this moment. "You didn't need to take the first two tests since you have already proved yourself. As for the test fee, it's on the house. Your test is simple, as long as you can produce a revolver from scratch, you will be a Basic Gunsmith of our Guild!"

Cursed Immortality

Chapter 88: Passing The Test

Jacob could tell Drew still didn't believe he could pull this off, but he didn't mind, since he was almost done with his goal of getting a smithy here.

He impassively said, "How much time do I have?"

"Time?" Drew was lost for words and grumbled inwardly, 'Shouldn't you be worried about other things than time?'

But he still replied, "12 hours, and you will only get one chance. Although there aren't many rules when taking the Gunsmith Apprentices Tests since it was just a beginner rank so we are lax in this rank.

"However, from Basic Gunsmith, things change, and you can only take this test once every 10 Days in the Humane Kingdom, and you can't take the test of Advance Gunsmith without passing the Intermediate Gunsmith Test either.

"Well, it's not like you need to test for Intermediate Gunsmith anytime soon since there are only four in the entire Humane Kingdom, and it's very hard to make them invigilate your test..." Drew spoke as his expression darkened slightly, it was as if he had experienced this personally and didn't want to remember.

'It seemed I can't jump the ranks like I just did.'

Jacob was dissatisfied with these rules since his qualification was much higher than even an Advance Gunsmith, but they simply didn't have the means to measure them.

However, even if they had, he won't show his entire knowledge just because of some benefits. He still didn't know how deep this gunsmith hold knowledge of firearms was and if they were on the level where he can show his knowledge without being worried about setting a target on himself.

But this Basic Gunsmith was just too low for him, and their equipment was the main reason for his dissatisfaction. He knew he can't create advanced guns here either.

Especially the ones with delicate components like automatic machine guns and silent sniper rifle

However, this wasn't the only thing he lacks, like he can't make cognitive radar, microchips, semiconductors, or add analytic engines and laser technology.

These things can make an enormous difference between life and death. He needed a proper lab and equipment to make these modern guns, but he didn't have time to invent all this equipment, which would take his precious time.

Nevertheless, it's not like he was hoping to get all this here, but he was still somewhat disappointed with the equipment in this kingdom.

"Fine, I'll start first." Jacob sighed bitterly and moved toward the molding equipment.

Although he never used these kinds of old equipment, this doesn't mean he didn't know how they work. Everything had a foundation, and without it, you can't build anything.

Drew and Olaf closely observed the young man. It won't be a lie to say they were looking forward to seeing Jacob's capabilities, despite different thoughts.

Especially Olaf, who wished for Jacob to miserably fail, and then he can persuade Drew to drop Jacob's rank further to Intermediate Gunsmith Apprentice so he could then easily control Jacob.

In contrast, Drew wanted to teach Jacob and become a teacher of a future genius so he could clear some of his regrets and return the humiliation he once suffered.

However, as time pass both old men's expressions started to change, from surprise to serious, then horror!

Because at first, Jacob looked clumsy, but as time passed, Jacob started to move like an expert, and before long he was moving so fast they didn't even know what he was doing anymore.

However, as a revolver started to shape, they both thought they were hallucinating because Jacob's revolver wasn't like their traditional short barrel revolver, but was completely different.

After familiarizing himself with the equipment, it didn't take him long before he assembled a revolver, which was average in his view, however it was the best he can do with these tools.

Over two hours passed, and a shining long barrel black revolver lay on the table with two golden bullets.

"T-this is?" Drew took a deep breath before he spoke.

He had never seen something like this before, although this was a revolver, it had eight clips instead of six. Which was nothing but an evaluation in their eyes.

Jacob coolly said, "This is Taurus 44 Magnum, just call it Magnum. Just test it. I don't want to waste any more time."

Drew, however, didn't proceed with the testing, and without explaining, he picked up the Magnum and two bullets.

He sternly looked at dumbfounded Olaf and said, "I don't want anything about this out of this room. Tell everyone he failed, and I accept him as my apprentice."

Drew quickly looked at the unruffled Jacob and said, "Come with me."

Jacob could hear Drew's widely beating heart, and he decided to see what this old man was up to so he followed him.

As for Olaf, he had no idea what just happened, but he knew it wasn't as simple as Drew making it, not with that revolver Jacob just made. But he can't offend Drew right now, so he does as he was told and only hopes for Drew to let him examine that revolver.

Even he could tell that the revolver was a masterpiece, and he had gained some insight after watching Jacob's lockwork.

On the top floor,

Drew led Jacob to his office and quickly closed the door as if he was afraid someone would disturb them.

He quickly looked at Jacob, who had a frosty expression, and said while bowing his head, "Mister, I'm extremely sorry to do this, but it was necessary for your safety."

"What do you mean?" Jacob's eye narrowed.

Drew smiled wryly and put the Magnum Revolver on the table, and sternly said, "Truth be told, you are more than qualified to be an Advance Gunsmith with this gun, but there is only one facility in the uncommon region that give the benefits you deserve, and it's in Aureate Kingdom of Green Goblins.

"However, both you and I know those little bastards would rather kill you and offend the Gunsmith Guild than let a human genius like you enter that facility and grow under their nose." His expression turned extremely gloomy,

"Besides, even the goblins in that gunsmith guild won't let a human grow, no matter what, unless they had lost their minds.

"Although the Gunsmith Guild isn't affiliated with any race or any organization in power square, as the matter of fact. But everyone knows each race is selfish, and if they felt threatened by an enemy race, they would try to get rid of that threat even if they seemed peaceful on the surface.

"So, I'm asking you if you want the intermediate gunsmith rank, but that process will be lengthy, and you have to go to the royal capital. Or you can get the Basic Gunsmith Rank ID in seven days.

"However, I personally think giving you the Basic Gunsmith Rank will be a waste of your talent. At least you should be in those higher-level workshops in the royal capital since it would be impossible for you to go to the rare region. At least it is better than having nothing. What are your thoughts?"

Jacob suddenly pulled an amusing smile. "So, you want to protect me?"

Drew thought Jacob was taking this situation too lightly and kindly advised, "I don't know how you get your knowledge and experience. But I know better to ask. There are many old facilities abandoned by many experts after their research, which they don't bother to destroy.

"However, those useless facilities can be a treasure trove for a race like us. But having knowledge is nothing if you don't have the talent to use it, and you are a talented person.

"But sometimes it is better to remain hidden before you can grow. I can write a letter to the guild leader in the capital, and he'll know what to do, all remain is your approval."

Jacob knew what Drew wanted, he wanted him to go to the capital branch of the gunsmith guild and remain hidden there until he grew old, and the other kingdoms won't feel threatened by his existence.

It was like deteriorating his talent just because they can't protect him. He even wanted to laugh in disdain.

He plainly rejected, "Look, I know you mean well, but you don't have to worry about me. Just give me the identity of the Basic Gunsmith and a private room in this place, and I'm content. Although it looked like I'm after fame but I know when to stop."

Drew's eyes contracted as he got what Jacob meant. He couldn't help but thought, 'What a wily brat!'

He couldn't help but reevaluate this young man in front of him.

Jacob suddenly looked at the Magnum Revolver as his lips curled. "This Magnum will be my goodwill and appreciation gift to you. We both know you should be able to become an Intermediate Gunsmith as long as you research that revolver. It will put another layer of protection on me, right?"

Drew couldn't help but get shocked when he heard this, "A-are you... serious?!"

Cursed Immortality

Chapter 89: Accepting A Mission

Jacob looked at the ID card in his hand, which he received just now.

It was made purely from bronze and there was the Gunsmith Emblem carved on the back and in front was his name and rank of Basic Gunsmith. He had to admit, the Gunsmith Guild was really rich to make a mere ID card with bronze.

It has been a week since he joined the Gunsmith Guild under the identity of Advance Gunsmith Apprentice. But the fact that he was going to be a Basic Gunsmith was only known to Drew.

Drew had to admit that Jacob had really played it well. Not only did he offer him the Magnum Revolver as a token of goodwill, he even let him claim the credit for the design as long as he can make the revolver.

In return, all Drew has to do is to keep his mouth shut and make sure no one found out about Jacob's talent, and let him use the smithy of the top floor without any restraint or disturbance as long as he wanted.

For Drew, this arrangement was a piece of cake for him and it was also what he wanted for Jacob as well, so he quickly agreed. But he still felt Jacob should be at least an Intermediate Gunsmith and remain hidden in the capital.

However, since Jacob didn't want that, he also accepted this arrangement as well.

From Drew's point of view, Jacob didn't trust anyone but him and once he becomes an Intermediate Gunsmith, Jacob might use him to do the same thing and acquire the Intermediate Rank without anyone finding out.

That's why he now viewed Jacob as a wily fox, not just any young man.

Getting the identity of a Basic Gunsmith was quite an easy process. As long as Drew's rank didn't outshine the test rank he was invigilating, he had the authority to make the final decision.

Furthermore, not only Jacob was now registered in the Gunsmith Guild's database as he was registered in the Star Mercenary Agency, but he also received another bank account at the Zodiac Taurus Bank and 500 Gold Coins to pass the Basic Gunsmith Test as well as he will receive 10 Gold Coins every month as a salary.

The Basic Gunsmith benefits outmatched the benefits of C Rank Mercenary.

There were also crafting missions in the Gunsmith Guild and as long as he completes them he could get rich in no time, far quicker than completing the mission of the agency.

Moreover, he enjoyed a 5% discount on any material as long as he purchased them from the guild as well.

Nevertheless, Jacob wasn't the least bit excited about all these benefits because he never joined these organizations for their generous benefits or money. They were all tools that he will throw away the moment they lost their value to him, without a second thought.

In this week, Jacob had not only continued his routine with the Water Meditation and got leaner by two inches, with the parts he had Isaac make in Rain Town and with more complex parts he created himself in the gunsmith guild.

He created three guns and completely modify the firearms he plundered to this day successfully.

Furthermore, he had also used the titan iron to create a whole gun made purely with the titan iron. If those gunsmiths in the rare region know this, they might curse Jacob to no end for wasting titan iron.

Even Jacob was shocked when he tested that gun and he had to admit this gun was up to his standards, but the bullets were the main problem since only bullets made with Titan Iron or Iron with the same traits can draw out its true power, but he knew it would be hard to acquire such metal in future even in the rare region.

Nonetheless, this didn't stop him from using ten titan iron bricks to create a hundred bullet rounds.

Today he was only here to get his guild identity card and after taking it, he left the guild and he wasn't going toward his mansion, but on the other side of the power square.

His destination was an imposing building with a star emblem engraved on the front: Star Mercenary Agency!

The Star Mercenary Agency branch in Lionheart City greatly differs from the branch in a small town like Rain Town.

The first floor was designed like a pub and there was a bar on the west wing of the first floor where many mercenaries were chatting and enjoying drinks while some mercenary teams were discussing the mission.

On the east wing was the registration and mission area.

Jacob headed toward the east wing without any hesitation. He had already gathered information about this place.

The reception counter wasn't crowded, especially the mission counter. A dainty woman sat there and when she saw Jacob approaching, she closely looked at his unique appearance.

Jacob wasn't as burly as he was a week ago, but his build was still heavy and intimidating.

"How may I help you, sir?" she smiled charmingly, as she found Jacob quite attractive.

Jacob coolly spoke while he placed his Mercenary License, "Where I can get a mission?"

The woman was startled when she heard since the mission board was on the other side, but when she saw the 'C-Rank' on Jacob's license, her eyes widen and she quickly understood what Jacob mean.

Although C-rank mercenaries weren't as rare in the Lionheart City as they were in the Rain Town, those mercenaries seldom accept missions in such a low-profile manner and with a humble attitude.

That's why she was surprised, even so, she quickly regained her composure. "Sir, please follow me."

She promptly stood up and led Jacob to a private room without drawing much attention, and only the women working beside her noticed this and they guess Jacob's identity.

Only a mercenary above D Rank can make them treat him so respectfully and may discuss business in the private room.

When they enter the private room, the receptionist respectfully said, "Sir, take a seat. I'll be back with the mission log."

Jacob nodded and sat down. He was here for two reasons.

First, he was soon going to inject himself with the Tiger Bull's heart essence, which mean he would be out of heart and blood, so he needed to hunt again.

Second, he wanted to see if there was another hunting mission that could interest him.

Especially if there was some kind of news on the rare beast, although the chances of it were close to zero. But when he thought about his encounter with the Killer Skull Society, he was hopeful.

That bunch was a terrorist organization, and a terrorist organization's job was to terrorize others by any means possible. He was hoping they would deliver some rare beasts to his doorsteps again, and the best way to find them was the Star Mercenary Agency.

They had an enormous network and if someone sighted such a beast antagonizing the cities, the first place they could come would be, without any doubt, the agency.

Moreover, he had still an incomplete mission he took from the rain town branch. If he found nothing interesting, he can take another mission and complete bother of them on this trip.

Jacob wanted to cross the 20% threshold before he started his journey toward the rare region and he still needed some final preparation.

The receptionist came back with a thin book and place it in front of Jacob with a smile as she said, "Sir, these are C rank missions available here."

Jacob nodded and opened the book.

-C Rank Mercenary Mission,

-Danger Level: C

-Type: Collection Mission

-Mission: Purple Crown Grass (Uncommon).

-Reward: 1 Gold Coins Per Bundle (10 Purple Crown Grass = 1 Bundle).

-C Rank Mercenary Mission,

-Danger Level: Between C & D

-Type: Extermination

-Mission: The Notorious group of Stone Ridge Bandit

-Reward: 100 Gold Coins

Jacob skimped through these missions. There were all kinds of missions, from collecting materials to the assassination of powerful, notorious figures throughout the humane kingdom.

Although the rewards were lavish bounty and assassination missions, he knew these missions remain unacceptable for a reason and he didn't want to ruffle some unknown feathers without no good reason.

Suddenly he stopped on a mission that arouse his interest,

-C Rank Mercenary Mission,

-Danger Level: C

-Type: Investigation

-Mission: Investigate the mysterious disappearance of people around the Lion Forest.

-Reward: 150 Gold Coins

Jacob's eyes suddenly shimmered with a peculiar glint. 'Lion Forest is fifty miles away from here and I have to cross it, anyway. Besides, this mission seemed to be quite interesting.'

"I want this mission." Jacob looked at the woman impassively.

She quickly looked at the mission Jacob was pointing at and frowned slightly. "Sir, are you sure? There's something wrong with that place.

"To this day, over thirty people have gone missing in Lion Forest, including two E-rank mercenary teams and one D-rank mercenary who took this mission before. It was originally an E-rank mission, but now it climbed to the C-Rank."

Jacob's lips curled, "I want this mission!"

Cursed Immortality

Chapter 90: We Finally Met!

Jacob left the agency after accepting the investigation mission and headed to his mansion not far away.

The past week, he only spent his morning in the pool area, since he spent most of his time in the Gunsmith Guild's workshop, and after an entire week he was finally done with the preparation.

It was far quicker than he thought it would take, and it was probably because he didn't feel much fatigue despite lengthy and delicate work. If he hasn't exhausted himself with the water meditation technique, he might've done it in three days.

Nevertheless, he now had greater gasp over his strength and he mused he might reach the A rank strength after he hit the twenty percent or he might reach it before it.

Well, it still remained to be seen since he can't gauge his strength, nor he wanted to test it in the star mercenary agency. Those neighboring kingdoms might start a war just to eliminate a freak like him since he was human.

One had to know that A rank was like a legend in an uncommon region.

Anyway, today Jacob was also going to use the heart essence of the tiger bull which he had made in the Rain Town but didn't inject since he was concerned about his body condition.

Now that he had trimmed it down to a satisfactory level, he was ready for the next injection.

He goes straight toward the underground chamber and sealed it.

After making sure he was ready. He took out the injection filled with the red liquid from his pendant and pierce his heart without any hesitation.

It was like a regular thing for him now.

However, his expression changed when the liquid simmered in his heart. He felt like boiling mercury just entered his bloodstream!

'This heart essence is too potent. What was the tier of this bull!?' Jacob was alarmed.

He never thought a rare species' heart essence could make him feel pain like this anymore.

Yet, it seemed he was still wrong. He remembered Immortika had once told him the higher species tier was the more pain he'll suffer, while it would also bring him just as many benefits as well.

However, even the wolf king, who was probably a tier five species, wasn't able to inflict pain on Jacob as he felt now. This means this tiger bull was probably a tier six, or he was a tier seven, which made it a rarer species!

But he knew it was impossible since that bull won't be so helpless if it was already stepping into the rank of a tier seven species. Those hob trolls won't be able to capture it, much less kill it.

So, this means it was probably at the very edge of tier six!

Nevertheless, Jacob would've done this again even if he knew since the more painful it was, the more percentage he'll get and reached the twenty percent quickly.

The pain only last for five minutes before that comfortable sensation returned and not only that, Jacob visibly felt getting lighter, both mentally and physically.

The entire process lasted for half an hour before the entire heart essence was exhausted and integrated with Jacob's body.

"Cursed Immortality!" He quickly summoned the book so he could see his progress. He knew this wasn't a normal injection.

...

-Second Level: Turn Immortal Mark into Cursed Mark

-Completion: 17.02%

...

"If I have one more heart essence at that bull's level, I might've broken into the twenty percent right now," Jacob mumbled with a hint of regret.

He suddenly felt the urgency to move toward the rare region more, but he didn't lose his reason. He would decide this after this trip.

The night passed, and in the morning, Jacob performed the water meditation as per his habit. He was already at the 1:53 mark and after his last injection; he increased his endurance by five minutes altogether.

He was quickly approaching the second-hour mark.

After twelve hours, Jacob donned clothes he made with the Tiger Bull's hide and he had to admit just the weight of a shirt and pants was over thirty KG and the long jacket was thirty KG alone.

Nevertheless, Jacob felt comfortable in these extremely flexible yet soft clothes and the weight was like non-exist for him.

To hide the traits of Tiger Bull's hide, he used black metal pigment that was used to coat guns and now no one can tell his clothes were made with Tiger Bull's hide and they look just like normal clothes unless someone tries to lift them.

He also connected firearms within his long jacket and his short swords hidden behind his back. He was also now fully armed.

"I'm going out for some time, if anyone comes looking, tell them I'm out of the city," Jacob instructed the middle-aged man who was also the butler of this mansion and he was quite reliable.

"I'll see to it, my lord." The butler bowed in acknowledgment.

Jacob nodded and left the mansion in a carriage.

However, another carriage was following Jacob's carriage from some distance.

Two men sat in this carriage. They both wore expensive gear and had muscular builds.

The man with long hair lifted the curtain slightly from the window and looked at Jacob's carriage with his hawk-like eyes. "It seemed the boss has overestimated this guy. He's as carefree as a cat." His voice was filled with disdain.

The short hair man with a thick beard replied as he chuckled coldly, "I also didn't understand why Boss is being so cautious. He's just a gunsmith with some talent. I didn't see any reason to follow him around with caution. We can just scare the poor guy and he'll sign his life story."

"I think that's the problem. Since he's talented, we can't make a move without vigilance or we might have to escape this place. Even the boss won't be able to cover for us like he always does." The long-haired man shook his head.

"Whatever, but I had to admit he's rich to live in that mansion with all those beautiful maids." He licked his lips with a lascivious expression.

"Heh, once we're done, we'll have our fun, don't worry. But yesterday there was a change in his routine. Do you find out what he did in the mercenary agency?" He questioned while his eyes were affixed on Jacob's carriage.

"Don't have any clue. He was there just for ten minutes and left. No one seemed to notice him." He said with uncertainty.

"Strange. Could he be selling his crafted weapons to the agency instead of the guild? But he didn't go back to the guild as well and returned. Now, he's moving toward the outer city. Something is strange about this." The long hair man said with suspicion.

They were following Jacob for a week now and they knew his routine. So, this was quite unusual since Jacob followed a strict routine every day.

A cold glint flashed past the beard man's eyes, "Do you think it's our chance?"

"Not sure, but you should contact the boss. We can't move carelessly. I'll follow him for now. Meet me at point three in an hour after you get our next instruction." He declared.

"Alright."

The bearded man nodded, and he jumped from the moving carriage and landed on the ground like an agile cat before he swiftly moved and vanished into the trees.

After half an hour, Jacob disembarked the carriage and left the Lionheart City on foot from the west gate, since it was closest to the Lion Forest.

The long hair man observed it from an alleyway and frowned. 'He left the city? Should I follow him or wait for Brute? I can't let him get out of my sight. I'll leave a message for him.'

When Jacob was over a mile away from the city when he suddenly vanished behind a tree.

'Where did he go?!'

He couldn't help but rub his eyes in confusion since the man was just walking a few tens of meters away from him and suddenly he vanished behind a tree like a ghost!

'Is he resting?' He thought and remain hidden.

However, an icy voice rang at this moment with a hint of mockery, "We finally met, huh?"

The long hair man suddenly jumped in horror when this voice sounded from right behind him.

However, before he could react, a powerful hand gripped his neck from behind and it was so strong he felt he was in the grip of a metal claw!

"Ah... I..." He choked under that tightening grip as he put his arm around that stony hand to escape from that grip, but alas, he was helpless.

Jacob's murderous voice rang again.

"Now, you have two choices. I can chock the lights out of you or you can tell me why you were following me around. If you chose the first option, keep struggling and if you chose the latter, then stop!"