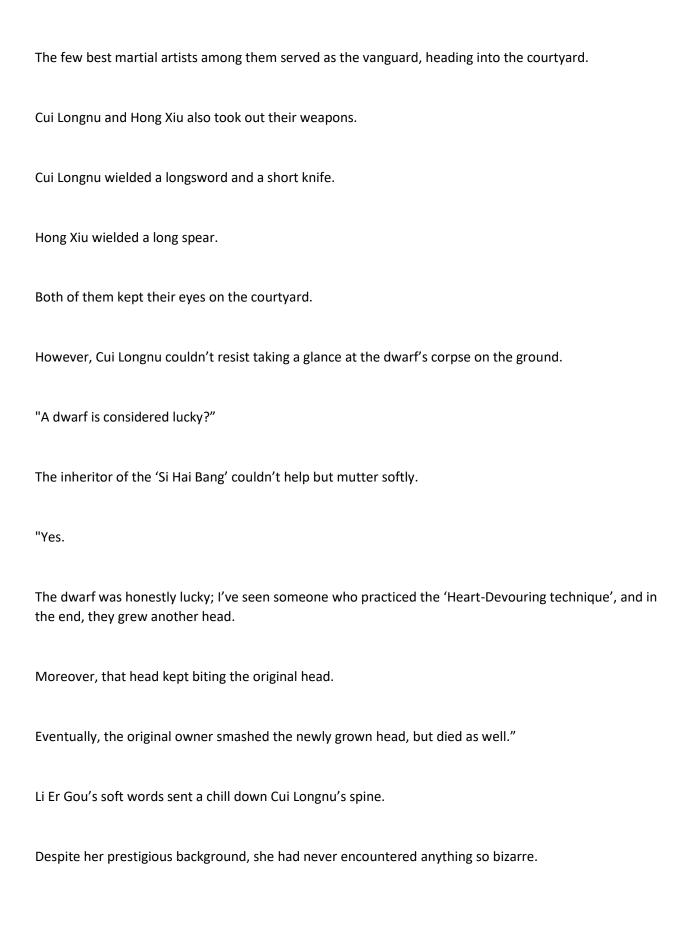
## Menu 1391

Chapter 1391: The Simple and Direct Little Zhao
The sound of the door hinge grinding against the door frame accompanied the appearance of an elderly woman carrying a basket as she stepped out.
Seeing Jason and his companions standing outside the door, the elderly woman was visibly taken aback.
"Who are you?"
The elderly woman asked.
"Looking for someone."
Jason responded in this manner.
"Who are you looking for? I've lived here for over forty years, no one knows this place better than I do. If you're looking for someone, you can't go wrong asking me, an old woman."
Hearing Jason's words, the elderly woman laughed immediately.
Meanwhile, her hand quietly reached into the basket.
Jason chuckled.
"Of course it's"
Wham! <subtex>.</subtex>

Halfway through his sentence, Jason lifted his hand and delivered a punch.

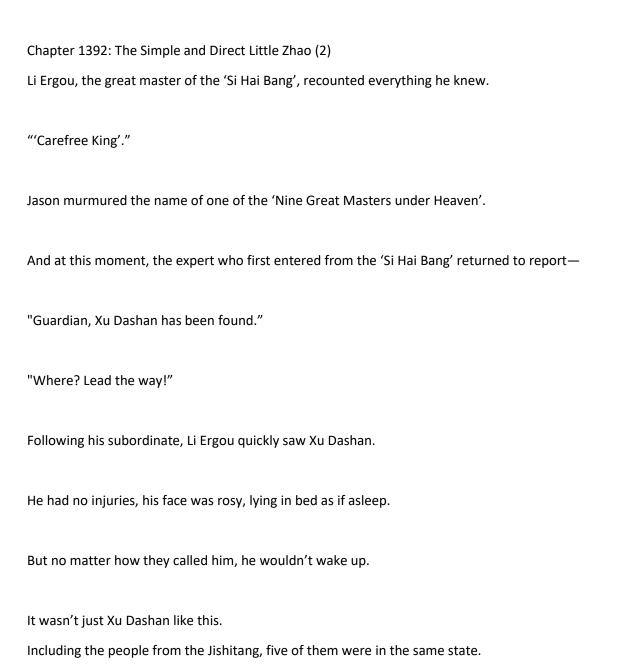
The elderly woman, who was reaching into the basket, had no time to react and was struck by Jason's punch.
The fist, bolstered by numerous buffs, directly exploded the elderly woman.
Bang!
Amidst the rain of blood, a figure flew out from the elderly woman's body, trying to leap over the wall. However, a whirlwind suddenly appeared around the figure, sweeping it down while the sharp wind blades sliced the figure's flesh.
Bang!
Another explosion ensued, another blood rain followed.
This time, it was the figure that self-destructed.
A smaller, dwarf-like figure appeared.
Still trying to escape!
But, unlike the previous leap over the wall.
This time, it was slithering closely to the ground like a snake.
However, just as the figure managed to run less than three meters, the ground trembled violently, and the bizarre force shook the figure straight back, caught by Jason's raised palm.
"You truly are the 'Heavenly Sword'! To be able to detect me! However, you'll definitely die more miserably than me!"





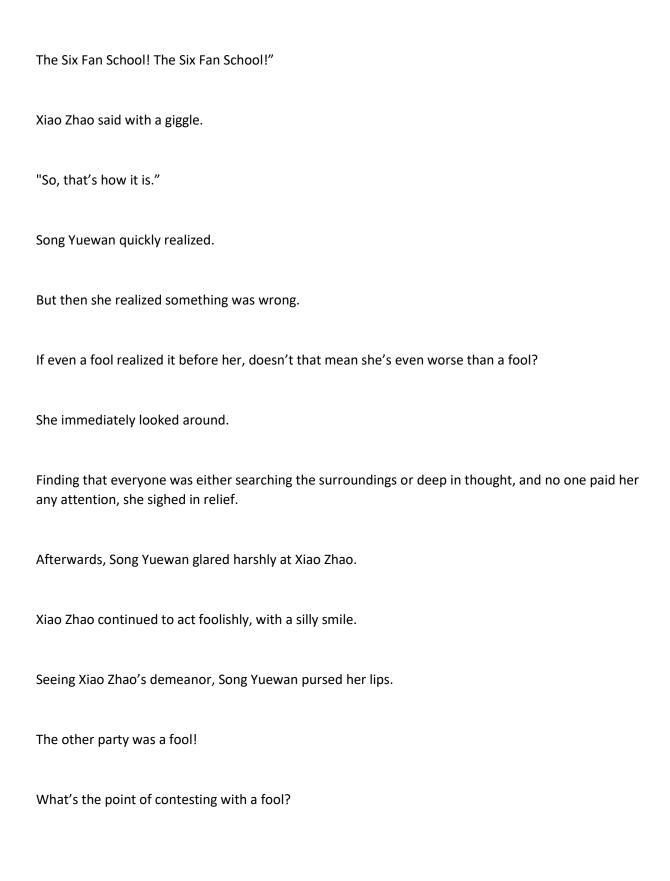
What kind of secret technique could cause a person to grow an extra head?
Even Jason eyed it with curiosity.
"Heart Devouring Sect?"
Jason spoke directly.
Li Er Gou, the 'Si Hai Bang's top martial artist, didn't reply, but pointed at the courtyard in surprise.
Li Er Gou had considerable trust in Jason.
Moreover, Li Er Gou believed Jason was not as 'naive' as his own young mistress.
Since he dared to speak at this time, he naturally had considerable confidence.
The most probable reason was that there was no particular danger inside the courtyard.
It was indeed the case, once he saw Li Er Gou's inquiring gesture, Jason immediately nodded.
In his perception, the only danger in this courtyard was the dwarf who had just practiced the 'Heart-Devouring technique', and Xu Dashan and the others were indeed inside. Although the residual scent of the 'small Creation Pill' on Xu Dashan had grown faint over the days, Jason, with his continually increasing perception, could still detect it if he paid attention.
It was precisely by evaluating this scent that Jason found this place.
Seeing Jason nodding affirmatively, Li Er Gou let out a sigh of relief.

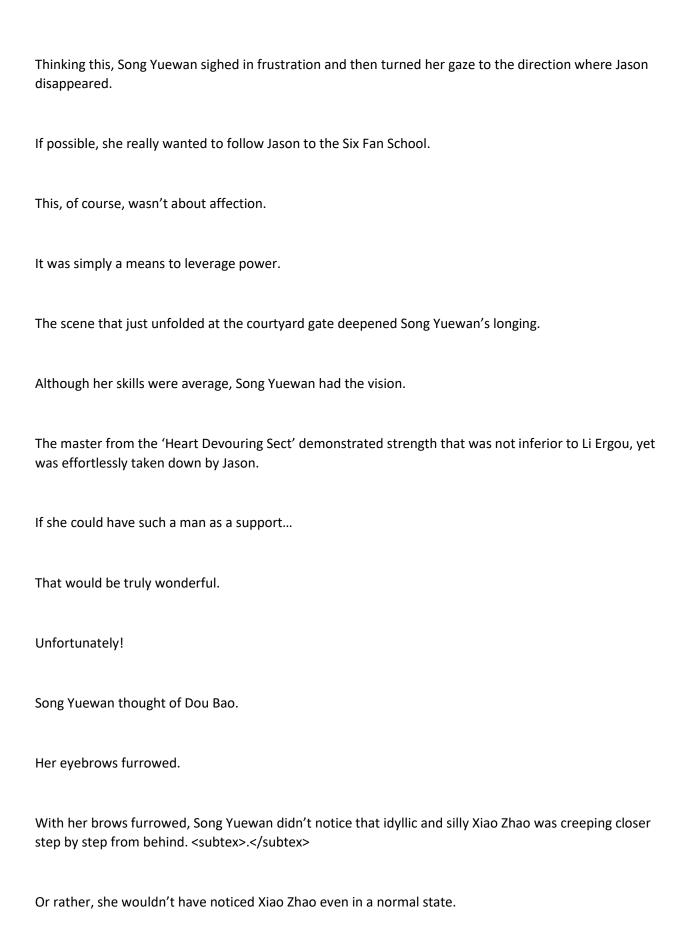
"The 'Heart Devouring Sect' was a cult organization that suddenly emerged twenty years ago in the Northern Land; unlike today's 'Transmigration Cult,' which relies on deception and trickery, the 'Heart Devouring Sect' was most known for massacring ordinary civilians, often slaughtering entire towns or villages. Initially, on the empire's periphery, they didn't attract much attention, but when they moved deeper into the Northern Land's Zhoufu, they were noticed. The Empire's Emperor immediately dispatched experts to suppress them, but it wasn't easy at first, it even resulted in significant losses until the 'Carefree King' took action to quell the 'Heart Devouring Chaos.' However, the 'Carefree King' was also severely injured and has been recuperating, rarely appearing, over the past twenty years."



"It's not poison."
Dou Bao glanced at them and declared confidently.
"It's the 'Heart Devouring Secret Technique'!"
Li Ergou's face turned unpleasant.
The 'Heart Devouring Secret Technique', derived from the 'Heart Devour Technique', can only be resolved with the 'Heart Devour Technique'.
This was confirmed through the sacrifice of countless lives.
In simple terms, if they tried to wake Xu Dashan and the others by other means, even if they did wake up, they wouldn't be far from death, or would simply die.
And if they left them untreated here?
Xu Dashan and the others would also experience a decline in bodily functions over time.
Ultimately, death was inevitable.
This was something Li Ergou absolutely did not want to see.
Not to mention that Xu Dashan was already an old friend of his, whom he had known for decades. He would never let Xu Dashan die just like that.
Moreover, more importantly, the whereabouts of the 'Big Dragon Head' were only known to Xu Dashan.

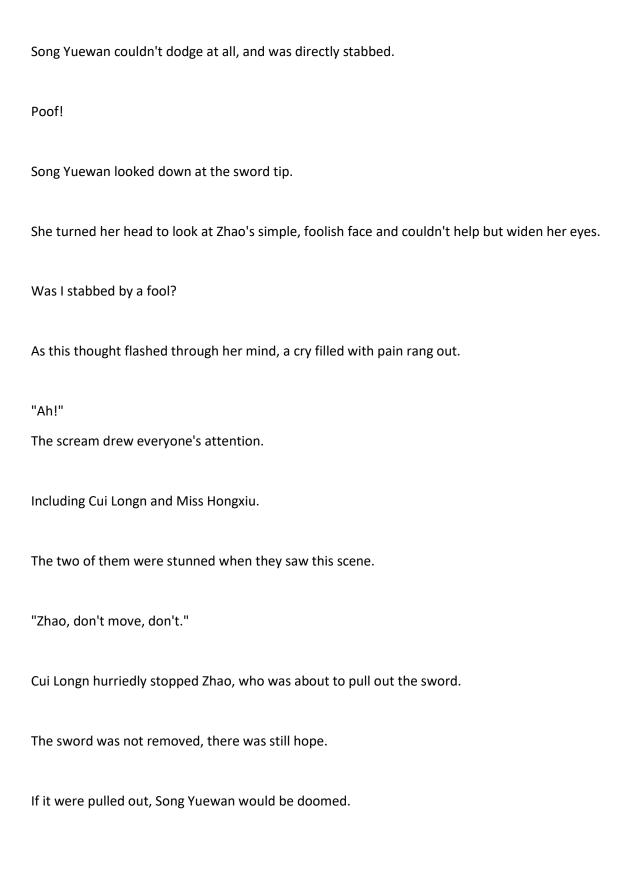






Xiao Zhao might seem foolish.
But her martial arts were still intact.
In fact, she inexplicably began to improve dramatically.
The 'Thousand Faces Immortal-Wandering Scripture' emphasizes immersion; the more selfless the immersion, the faster the strength increases. But this is only the surface; the core is actually being without self or form.
Simply put, you know you're acting, yet you cannot know; you must be like an 'observer' watching 'yourself' act, both immersed and detached.
It's a paradoxical state.
Like being in an infernal realm, tormented from both sides, forcing the mind to rapidly grow stronger amid pain and suffering.
Usually, Xiao Zhao only grasped the surface.
She could never capture the essence.
But after being pranked into foolishness by Dou Bao, she somehow reached this state.
In such a state, Xiao Zhao's strength began to advance rapidly.
However, Xiao Zhao herself was unaware.
She had even forgotten she knew the 'Thousand Faces Immortal-Wandering Scripture' as a 'True Skill'.

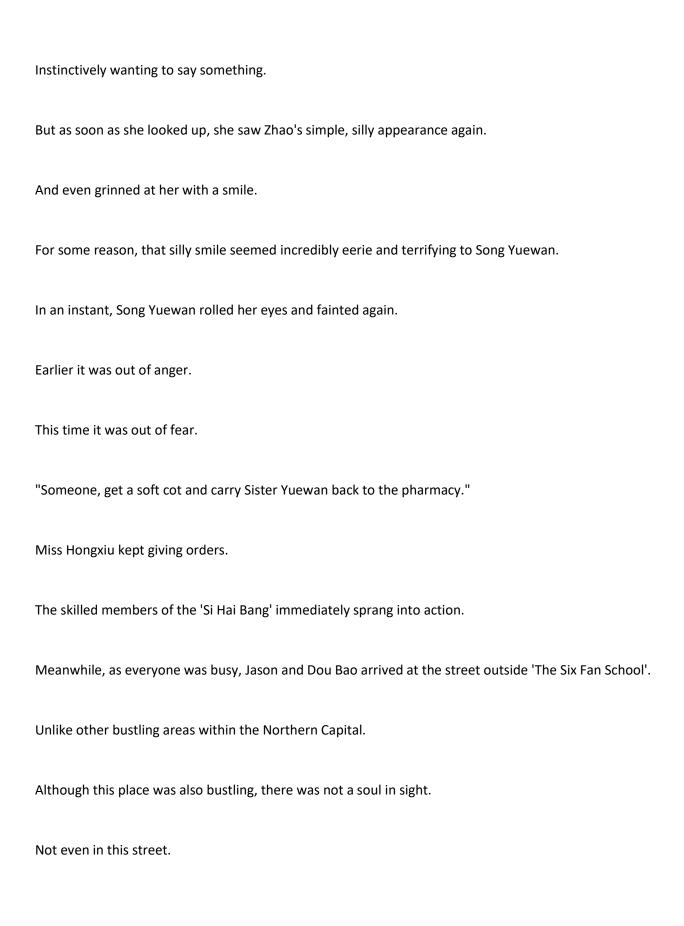
And this fit the 'Thousand Faces Immortal-Wandering Scripture' even more.
For Xiao Zhao, the improvement in martial arts, skill, and realm happened rapidly every day.
If the previous Xiao Zhao was here, she would surely be overjoyed.
But the current Xiao Zhao?
She didn't know.
Every day, she just knew to follow the plump-faced sister for food, stay away from that scary sister, and now
Now there was an annoying sister!
She wanted this annoying sister to disappear!
The foolish Xiao Zhao had no such misgivings, as she approached Song Yuewan from behind and raised a sword—this short sword was her own. Cui Long, seeing that Xiao Zhao was foolish but not reckless, initially worried she'd hurt herself, but later, unable to resist Xiao Zhao's pitiful look, returned the short sword to her.
Chapter 1393: The Simple and Direct Little Zhao (3)
This sword strike was both swift and ruthless.
It was silent as well.
It possessed the ability only top assassins had.



Miss Hongxiu appeared swiftly behind Song Yuewan, supporting the 'Salvation Association' president to sit down, carefully checking the injury, and upon discovering that Zhao hadn't pierced the heart, she immediately breathed a sigh of relief. "Zhao seems used to attacking from the front, directly aiming for the heart, but when it comes to the back, she still thrusts in the same direction, so she missed." Miss Hongxiu explained. Immediately, Cui Longn relaxed. Then she turned around, grabbed Zhao's hand, and gave it a hard slap several times. "From now on, you must not act rashly! Do you hear me? If you don't listen, then in the future, you're not allowed, not allowed... to eat snacks." Cui Longn reprimanded Zhao. <subtex>.</subtex> When she mentioned the punishment, Cui Longn originally intended for a more severe penalty, but seeing Zhao's pitiful look, she couldn't bear it; after all, Song Yuewan wasn't dead. A little verbal punishment would suffice. It wasn't because she disliked the pretentious Song Yuewan.

Meanwhile, lying limp in Miss Hongxiu's arms, Song Yuewan, hearing Cui Longn's mild reprimand, rolled

her eyes in anger.

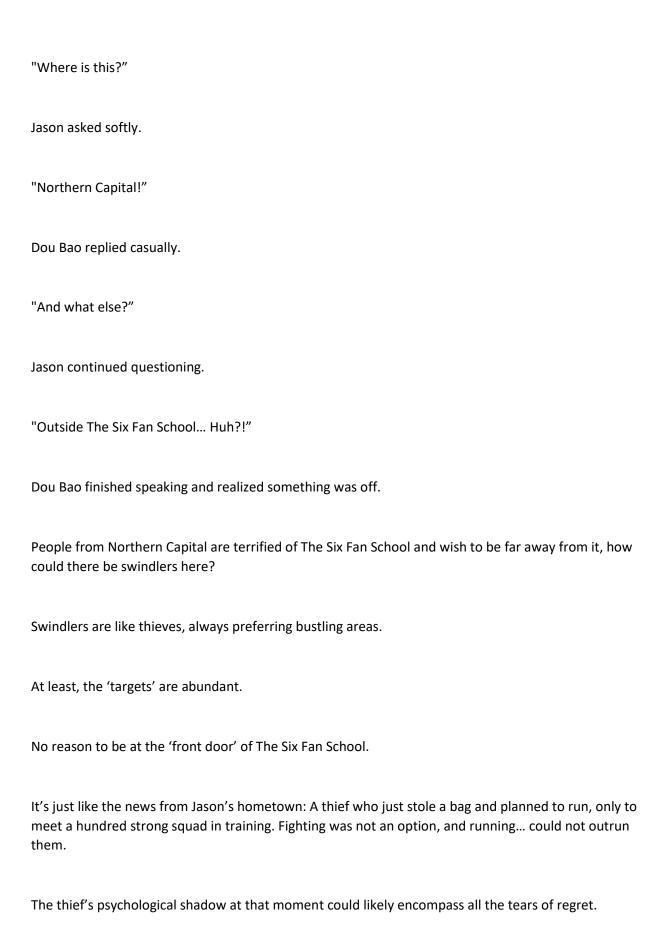


The two streets outside it, as Jason and Dou Bao walked, were also devoid of people.
In fact, the houses were empty, uninhabited.
'The Six Fan School' operates bizarrely and its methods are ruthless, dealing only with major cases, and over the years, its terrifying reputation is well-known among the populace of the Northern Capital.
Making people even more unwilling to come near.
Moreover, the nearby houses have been painted black; both walls, pillars, and roofs are all in black, making one feel oppressed before even approaching it.
People were reluctant to approach even more now, retreating far from it.
Thus, Jason and Dou Bao stood out significantly as they approached.
Jason could clearly sense numerous glances focusing on him as he walked closer.
Some of those were out of ordinary curiosity.
Of course, mixed in were a few exploratory ones.
No need to ask, Jason knew where these stares came from.
After all, this was right outside the 'main gate' of 'The Six Fan School'.
But Jason didn't care, he only worried that he wouldn't be noticed by 'The Six Fan School'.
Noticed?

That would be just according to his wishes.
Thinking this, Jason stepped forward.
But just as Jason entered this street, a voice came from behind—
"Friend, please stay."
Chapter 1394: Better to Stew Feng Feiyu
The voice behind him was deep, and when Jason turned his head, he saw a middle-aged man dressed in gray Taoist robes standing there, smiling at him.
The man's build wasn't particularly robust, and the wide Taoist robe further concealed his figure, making it hard to tell whether he was muscular or not. But his face was square, and combined with his five wispy beards, he appeared somewhat otherworldly. He held a long bamboo pole banner in his hand.
It read—
Ingenious Predictions.
Above the text was a Taiji symbol.
Below, the symbols of the I Ching , , , , , , were depicted.
As Jason scrutinized the banner, the middle-aged Taoist came over with a smile on his face. <subtex>.</subtex>
"Meeting by chance is fate, let me gift you a divination.

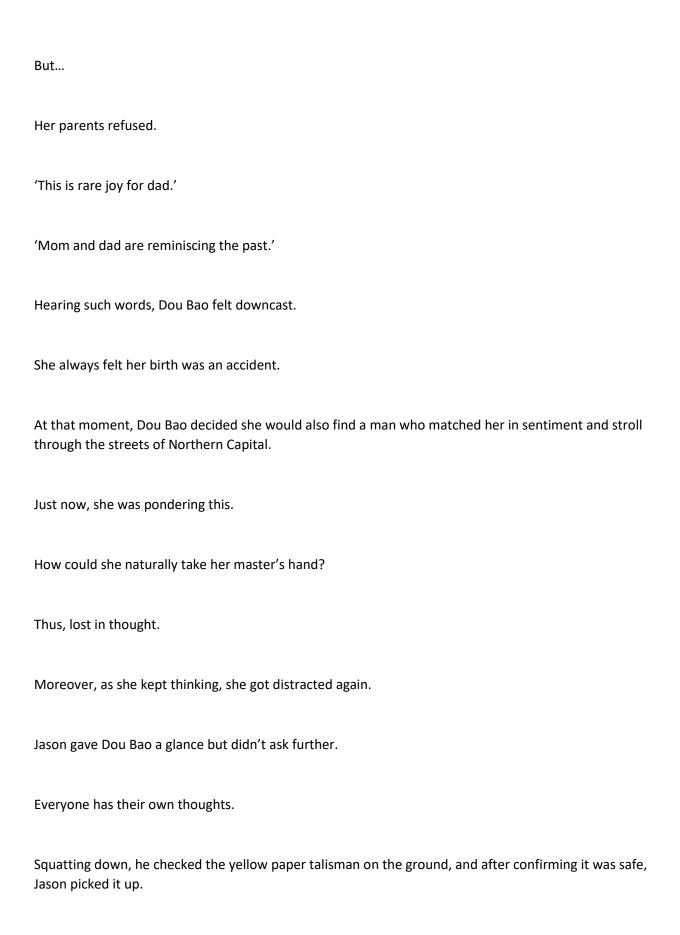
Your features stand out prominently, your gaze is obscure, and with a red cloud passing over your forehead, it seems disaster is looming!"
Thus spoke the middle-aged Taoist.
Jason didn't respond immediately but first smiled at the man, then turned around and picked up half a brick from the alley entrance. In a calm voice, he said, "Master, since you can calculate and predict, have you ever divined for yourself?"
"What?"
The middle-aged Taoist fixed his eyes on the half brick in Jason's hand and, upon hearing Jason's question, answered reflexively.
"Since you've given my monastery owner a divination, coincidentally I've learned a bit too, let me give you one — you have a bloody disaster ahead, do you believe it, Taoist priest?"
Dou Bao explained from the side, raising the horse whip in her hand slowly.
The middle-aged Taoist looked at the half brick in Jason's hand first, then at the whip in Dou Bao's hand, and quickly waved his hands.
"No!
No need!
Witnessing experts this day, I didn't realize the vastness of heaven and earth!"
This is an Amulet, consider it as an apology gift to both of you!"
As the middle-aged Taoist spoke, he tossed down an Amulet made of folded yellow paper and turned to run away.



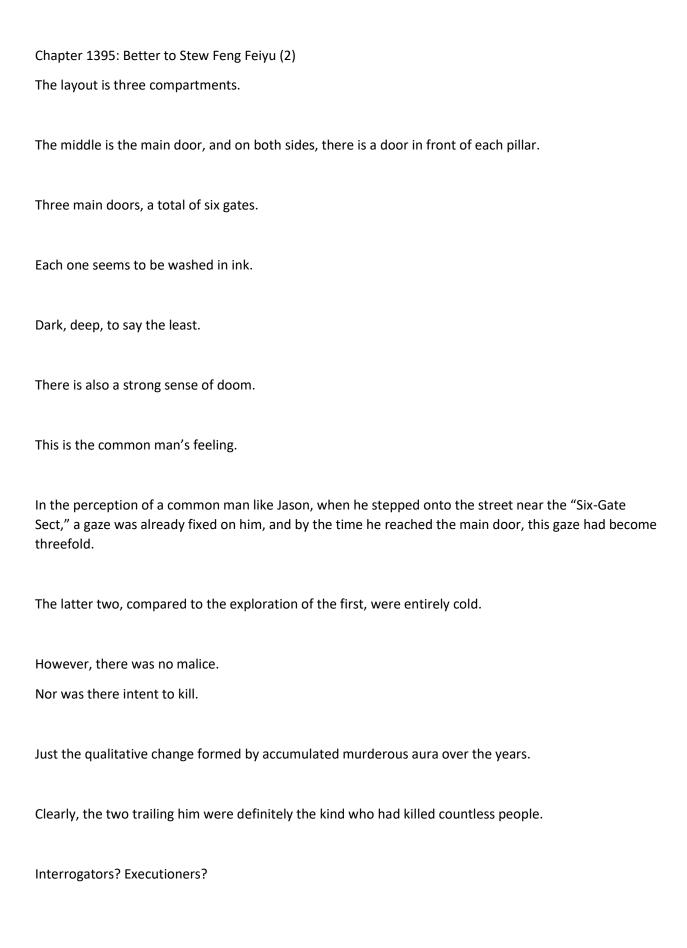


The same logic applies here.
Really think The Six Fan School just eats dry rice?
The gray-black constables and blue-coated arrest officers coming and going aren't blind.
"He's after us."
Dou Bao stated with certainty.
Jason glanced at Dou Bao and nodded in agreement.
Jason felt slightly puzzled.
With Dou Bao's insight, she should have reacted at first glance.
Was she thinking about something just now?
Noticing her master's gaze, Dou Bao's face blushed slightly.
She indeed was thinking about something just now.
It was from when she was a child, visiting Northern Capital for the first time, following behind her parents, watching them strolling hand in hand down the streets.
At that time, she felt a little envious, wanting to walk in between, holding her father's hand with one

and her mother's with the other.



From the outside, the Amulet looked just like other Amulets, all scripted charms folded into a triangle.
However, inside this Amulet was a note—
Wanshou Temple, third watch.
Upon seeing such text, the corner of Jason's lips curved up.
Dou Bao, standing beside him, also saw it.
"A trap."
Dou Bao stated confidently.
Jason gave no clear response, tucked the note away, and continued moving towards The Six Fan School.
No doubt, it was a trap aimed at him.
Was it because of just now's 'Heart Devouring Sect'?
Or was it planned long ago? Jason didn't know yet.
But he knew there was a more effortless way to deal with this 'trap.'
The blackened building made the street that should be bright feel overwhelmingly oppressive. As Jason reached The Six Fan School's main entrance, he finally saw the official mansion gateway composed of three large doors.



Just as Jason was speculating, a door on the side of the Six-Gate Sect opened.
Feng Feiyu, dressed in purple, walked out.
"Mr. Mu."
Feng Feiyu greeted Jason with a cupped fist salute.
Jason returned the gesture, and without hiding anything, he explained the situation of Xu Dashan and others being troubled by the "Heart Devouring Secret Technique," and that they needed help.
"It's the 'Heart Devouring Sect' again!
These bastards just won't die like a centipede!
Every year they have to cause us some trouble."
Feng Feiyu frowned, speaking with a tone of anger.
Without needing Jason to ask, Feng Feiyu quickly explained.
Since the Heart Devouring Sect was wiped out twenty years ago by the Carefree King leading the elite of the imperial guard and the experts of the Six-Gate Sect, those remnants scattered outside completely hated the Empire.
They all sneaked into the Northern Capital, waiting for an opportunity for revenge.
"They call it revenge, but in essence, isn't it just for their own convenience?

Where else can you find such a populous place with abundant resources like the Northern Capital?
Whether it's plotting to rob wealth, harm lives, seize 'Secret Medicine,' or conveniently practice 'Heart Devouring Technique,' it's extremely convenient."
Feng Feiyu snorted coldly, his eyes filled with murderous intent.
Then, this purple-clad chief constable spoke to Jason.
"Mr. Mu, don't worry, leave this matter to our Six-Gate Sect. I'll send someone to Jishitang to heal Mr. Xu and others shortly.
Also
It's already noon, and I know a good restaurant nearby. I promised to treat Mr. Mu to a meal before, so there's no better time than now."
Feng Feiyu said this.
"Alright."
Jason nodded straightforwardly.
Seeing Jason's straightforward demeanor, Feng Feiyu smiled.
"Wait a moment, I'll be right back."
Feng Feiyu said, then quickly returned into the Six-Gate Sect.

About ten minutes later, having changed out of the purple constable clothes, Feng Feiyu emerged in plain clothes. "The clothes are too conspicuous. If I really went to eat in that outfit, the landlady would throw me out directly." Feng Feiyu explained. While speaking, the corners of its mouth involuntarily tilted up. Looking at this smile, Jason could confirm that the relationship between the landlady and the purpleclad chief constable in front of him was not ordinary. In fact, it was just like that. Following behind Feng Feiyu, Jason and Dou Bao crossed several streets and alleys, arriving at a tavern with no signboard, a purely wooden building, with only one floor, and currently a pole standing, with a cloth hanging from it inscribed with the word 'wine.' The cloth inscribed with the word 'wine' was already mottled, evidently very old. The tavern's facilities were also very old, the threshold was almost worn smooth, nearly polished.

A woman in a plain dress with a wooden hairpin, not more than twenty, stood behind the counter, flipping through an account book.

Inside the tavern, six or seven tables were distributed around wooden pillars, with two nimble waiters

The shop wasn't big, yet there were quite a few people.

busy front and back.

Most were bare-chested traders, sitting there laughing heartily.
A few, dressed more decently, were also having drinks, very restrained, sipping by themselves, and occasionally glancing at the woman behind the counter.
Clearly, their intentions were not truly in the wine.
Feng Feiyu stepped right in.
Humph.
A cold snort directly burst into the ears of those dressed decently.
Thump, thump.
These people just fell to the ground like that.
One by one, they scrambled up clumsily, about to shout.
However, upon seeing Feng Feiyu, their faces immediately changed, and they started trembling uncontrollably.
The quick-reacting ones quickly tossed down a silver coin, covered their faces, and left.
The slow-reacting ones were already wetting their trousers by now.
Feng Feiyu didn't mind the dirt, picking them up and tossing them outside the tavern.
The whole process was met with hearty laughter from those nearby, with no one stopping it or even commenting much.

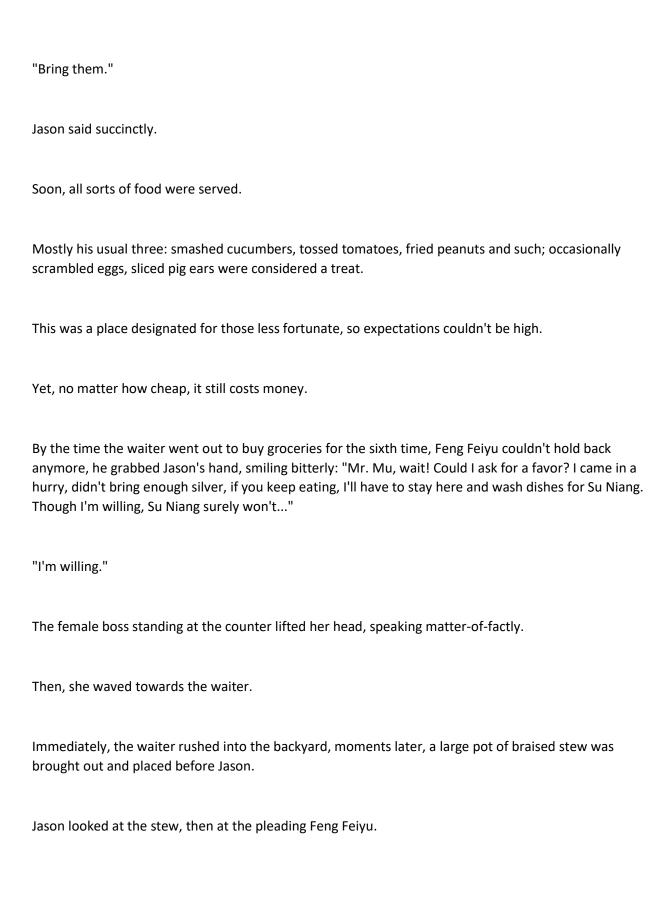
Clearly, everyone was used to it.
After dealing with one batch of flies, Feng Feiyu returned, jovially approaching the counter.
"Su Niang, get me some water so I can wash my hands, touching filth just now I need to cleanse."
"Go to the backyard yourself."
The woman in the plain dress frowned, speaking irritably.
"Alright then."
Feng Feiyu happily went to the backyard to wash its hands, and soon after returned cheerfully, sitting at a table with Jason and Dou Bao.
"I want the old three dishes."
Feng Feiyu called to the waiter, then turned to look at Jason.
"Mr. Mu, what would you like?"
Feng Feiyu asked.
"The elbow and fried meatballs."
Jason replied.
"You've been here before?"

Feng Feiyu looked at Jason in surprise.
This place, hidden away, was hard for the general public to find. Only nearby residents or laborers seeking cheap drinks wouldn't mind coming for a drink.
Of course, there were also those with ulterior motives.
Just like those he had tossed out.
If it weren't for the sake of living up to his chief constable title, Feng Feiyu would have already broken the legs of those bastards.
Chapter 1396: Better to Stew Feng Feiyu (3)
Therefore, unless you're a local from Northern Capital.
Otherwise, you won't find it at all.
And Jason, according to 'The Six Fan School' intelligence, has never been to Northern Capital.
"No, but I smelled it, it's fragrant."
Jason pointed in the direction of the backyard kitchen.
Feng Feiyu was taken aback, then laughed.
"Follow what Mr. Mu said and do it."
Feng Feiyu told the waiter.

"Got it, sir."
The waiter was obviously familiar with Feng Feiyu, chuckled as he spoke, then turned around to make arrangements.
Soon, the dishes were served.
The first ones up were Feng Feiyu's usual three favorites: smashed cucumbers, fried peanuts, and sugartossed tomatoes.
And a pot of tea.
"I have to be on duty in the afternoon, can't drink alcohol.
Sorry about that.
Consider it I owe Mr. Mu another meal."
Picking up the tea, Feng Feiyu poured a cup for Jason and said apologetically.
Martial artists love drinking alcohol, it's because practitioners have vigorous Qi-Blood, and alcohol can promote blood circulation.
On ordinary days, a cup of rice wine not only invigorates the blood, but if you add medicinal herbs, over time, it greatly benefits the body.
Therefore, martial artists somewhat enjoy drinking.
"Okay."

When invited to a meal, Jason never declines.
Feng Feiyu was delighted about that.
He likes straightforward people.
Even more, he likes people who remain calm in front of him.
Few people can accomplish both, not only because he's the Purple-clad Chief Constable,
But also because he's the heir of the Feng Family.
Those who come looking for him, more or less have some intentions.
But Jason in front of him was different.
He's purely here for a meal.
Just
Why can he eat so much?!
Jason opened his mouth, gobbling down an elbow in just a few bites, which didn't surprise Feng Feiyu.
Martial artists have good appetites.
When they let go, eating three to five elbows in one sitting is no problem.

But when Jason ate ten elbows in a row, and over a hundred fried meatballs, Feng Feiyu's expression changed.
Because by this time, Jason's eating speed had not changed at all compared to before.
Still the same rhythm.
Three bites for one elbow.
With a flick of the hand grabbing five or six meatballs, putting them in his mouth.
This bold eating display by Jason not only surprised Feng Feiyu, but also the surrounding crowd, even Su Niang, the female boss, frequently cast glances. R $\alpha$ N $\check{O}B\ddot{E}s$
Within the time it took for tea, thirty elbows were gone.
The fried meatballs were also thoroughly finished.
"Sir, we're out of elbows and meatballs, would you like me to serve you some other dishes?"
The waiter asked with a wry smile.
He's seen big eaters, but none quite like this.
You must understand, those thirty elbows are their small eatery's stock for three days.
Others might just slice a couple of ounces for drinks.
Unlike this gentleman, who opens his mouth and eats, not even spitting out the bones.

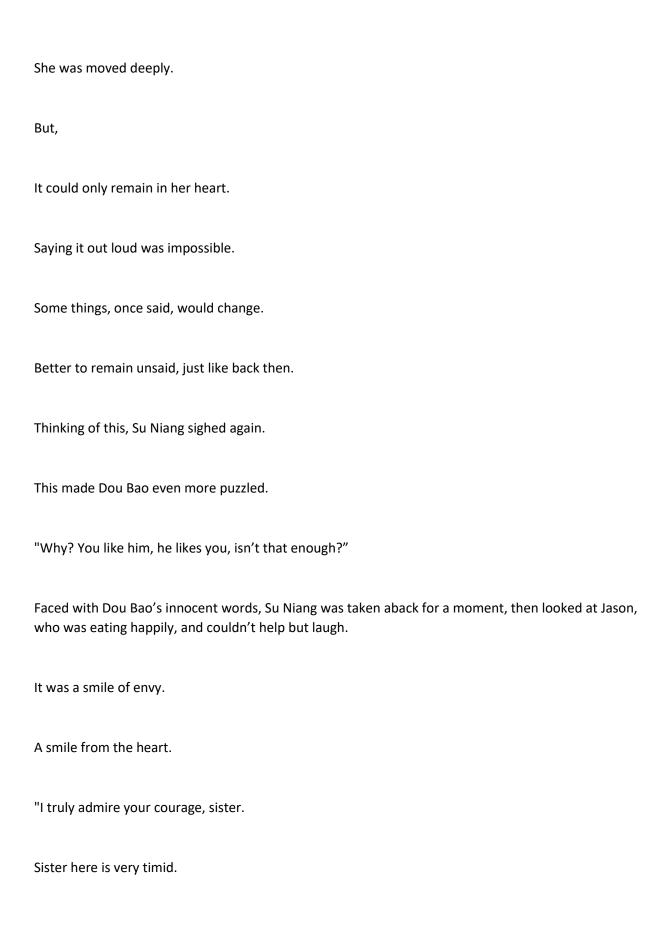


Ultimately, Jason chose the stew.
Feng Feiyu was incredulous.
You actually chose the stew, not me?
Am I, Feng, not worth a pot of stew?
"Go on then, the backyard kitchen happens to need someone to wash dishes."
Su Niang said sternly.
"Su Niang, can't you?"
"Can't, go, wash the dishes."
Su Niang showed no signs of concession.
"Wait!"
When Feng Feiyu resigned himself, Jason suddenly spoke up, at once, Feng Feiyu was overjoyed, yet Jason didn't even lift his head, tossing out an amulet along with a note.
"The fortune teller gave it to me, as for the rest, it's your problem.
Oh
This stew is delicious, boss, bring me two more pots."

Upon hearing these words, Feng Feiyu's face soon showed despair.
He felt he wouldn't be getting out of here in three to five days.
And Su Niang chuckled.
"Alright."
Chapter 1397: Aspiration and Pragmatism
Feng Feiyu hurriedly left after picking up the note, then quickly returned.
When passing by the table where Jason, Dou Bao, and Su Niang were sitting, he looked at Jason with a face full of resentment.
Jason?
Didn't even glance at the other person.
The braised stew in the pot smelled really good, especially the tofu and pork, which had absorbed the soup and were tender but not mushy, and the crispy bread was well-cooked but not sticky.
However, what delighted Jason the most was the soup.
It must be an old broth.
Savory and aromatic beyond measure.
Blended with mashed garlic, fermented bean curd, chili oil, and chive flower, it was truly delicious.

Watching Jason eat heartily, Feng Feiyu silently took in the sight, then looked at Su Niang.
This arrest officer in purple still wanted to put up a fight.
"Go wash the dishes!"
Su Niang said coldly.
"Alright."
Feng Feiyu forced a smile and headed to the backyard.
As Su Niang watched Feng Feiyu's back, the coldness on her face instantly disappeared.
Only a kind of shyness was left.
Her face even flushed a faint red.
This left Dou Bao puzzled.
She could see that Feng Feiyu, this arrest officer in purple, really liked Su Niang, and likewise, the seemingly indifferent Su Niang also really liked Feng Feiyu.
So
Why aren't they together?
Dou Bao couldn't help but ask softly.
"Together? That's easier said than done."

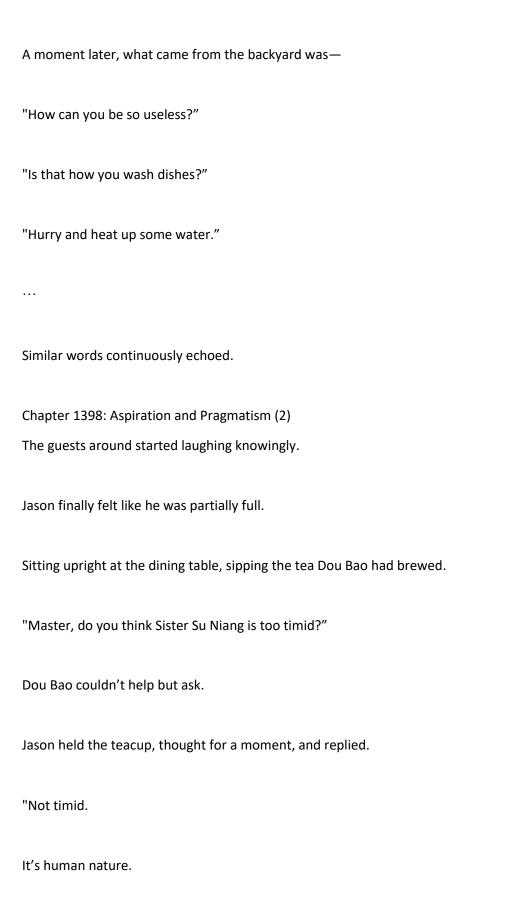
Su Niang sighed softly, then looked up and asked in an even quieter voice, "Sister, do you know who he is?"
"I know."
Dou Bao nodded.
"The Six Fan School's arrest officer in purple.
The Feng Family's number one young talent.
He thought he hid it well, thought I didn't know, and lied to me saying he was running a small business.
But what kind of small businessman can scare those 'flies' into wetting their pants, especially the 'Street Cleaning Tiger' who had been lurking around here and kneeled down to call him granddaddy when he saw him. I'm not really that stupid."
Saying this, Su Niang had a hint of a smile on her face.
Seems she was recalling the scene at that time.
At that time, she was experiencing what could be considered the biggest disaster of her life.
It was Feng Feiyu who saved her.
When the gang all knelt and called Feng Feiyu granddaddy, she remembered it was morning, the sunlight was harsh, falling on Feng Feiyu, as if draping a layer of gold armor on him.
Looking handsome.

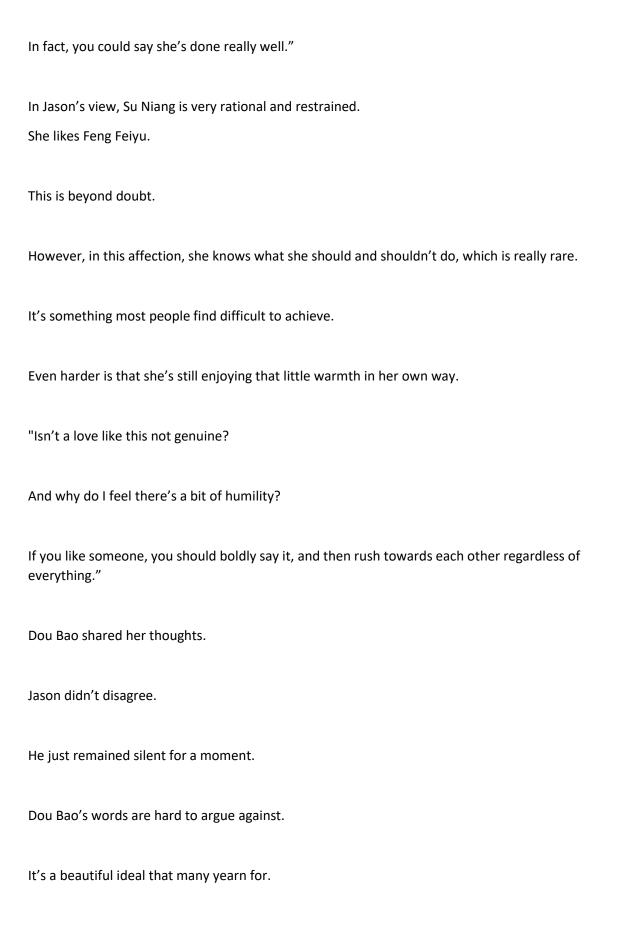






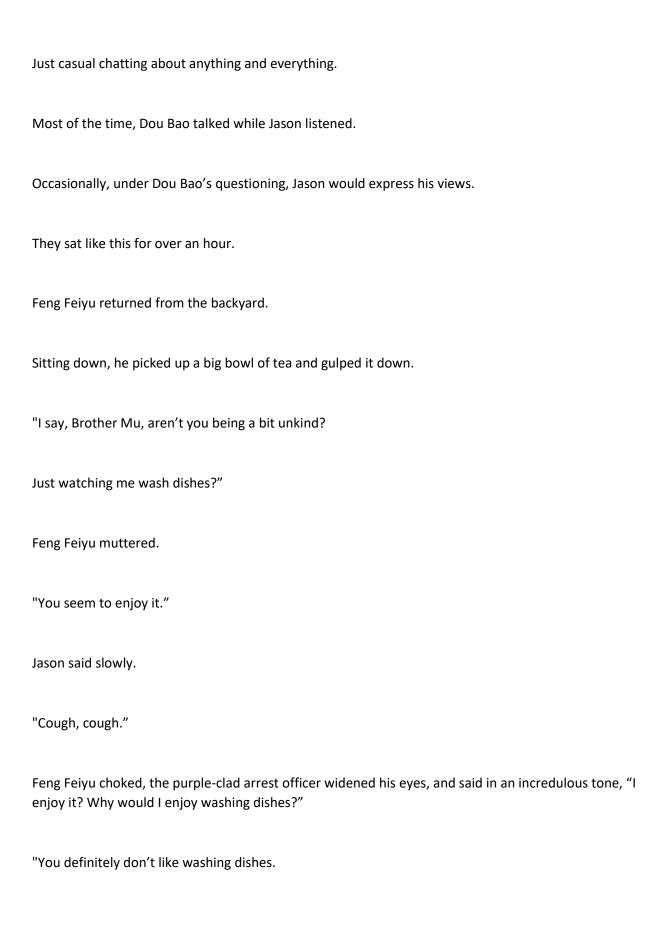
"Not really. <subtex>.</subtex>
The one pursuing my mom was my uncle, and although he had already encountered my mom and dad, he suddenly claimed the wind was stinging his eyes, so he couldn't see clearly ahead, and asked to be assisted to the clinic.
The one after my dad was his junior brother, who had already reached my parents, but then suddenly fell over, having a seizure and shouting, 'I'm having a fit, quick, take me back to the valley for treatment.'"
Dou Bao said with a pout.
Su Niang laughed even more joyfully.
Then, unconsciously, she looked towards the backyard where Feng Feiyu was washing dishes.
Her eyes were full of yearning.
But in the end, it still turned into a sigh.
"If you need anything, let the staff know.
I'm treating today.
If sister feels bored during her time in Northern Capital, do visit sister's shop more often, sister hasn't been this happy in a long time."
Su Niang said this, stood up, and headed towards the backyard.

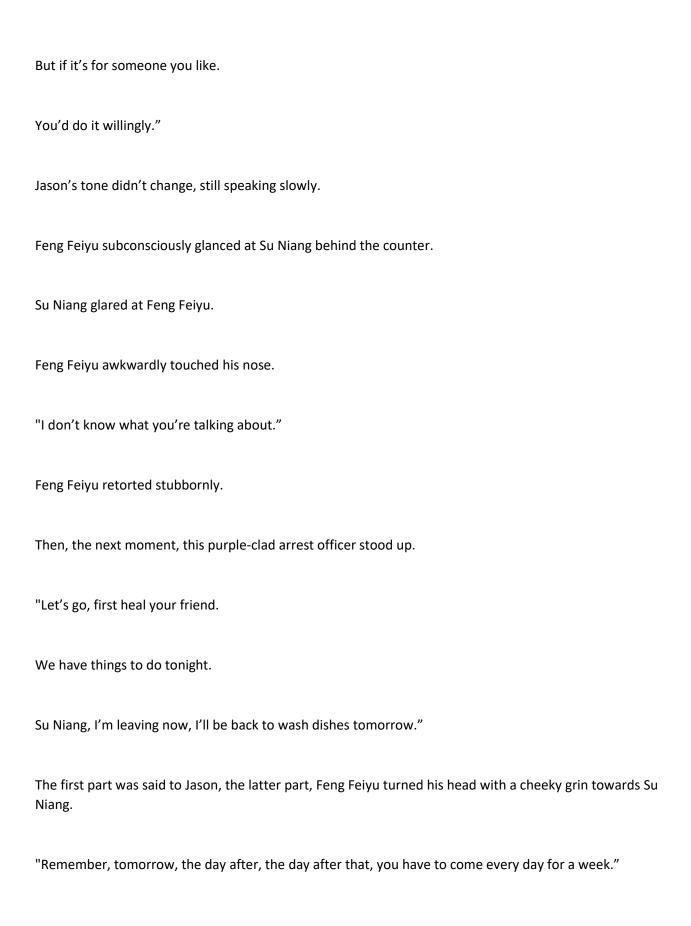




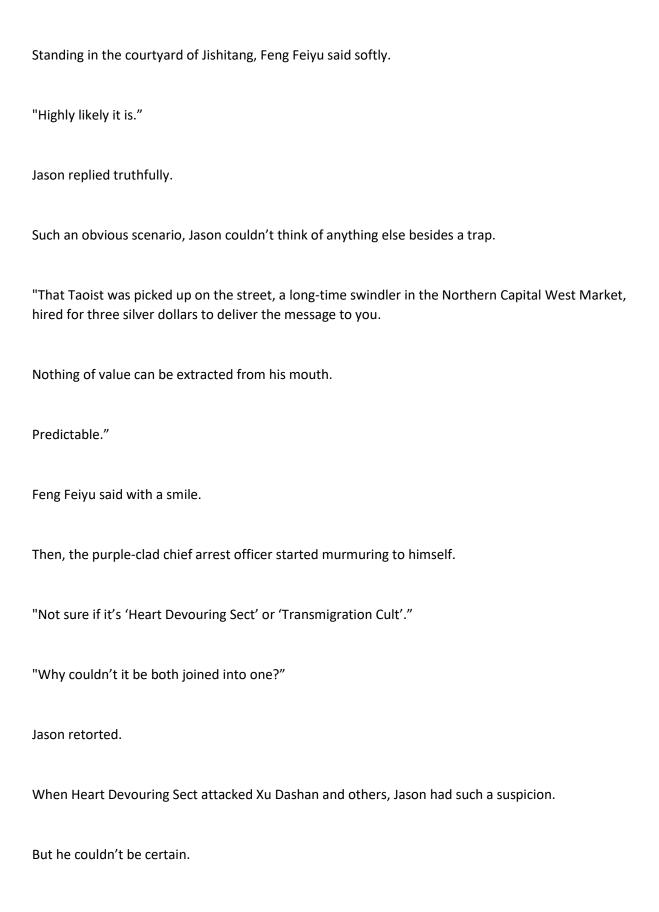


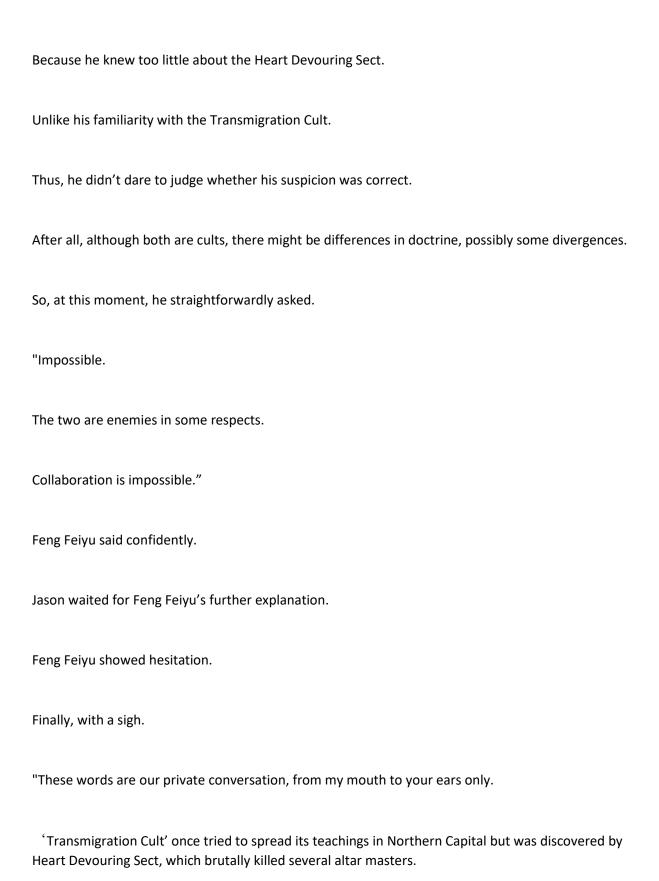
Just the big bowl tea from the tavern.
Made with not-so-great tea, not-so-great water.
Just simply to quench thirst.
"Maybe sometimes, liking someone is like this big bowl of tea."
Jason said.
"Hmm?"
Dou Bao looked at Jason, puzzled.
"Just happened to encounter it.
And
It quenches thirst."
Jason laughed.
Dou Bao somewhat understood the first part, but the latter made her even more confused.
Then, the two began chatting again.
This time, there was no specific topic.



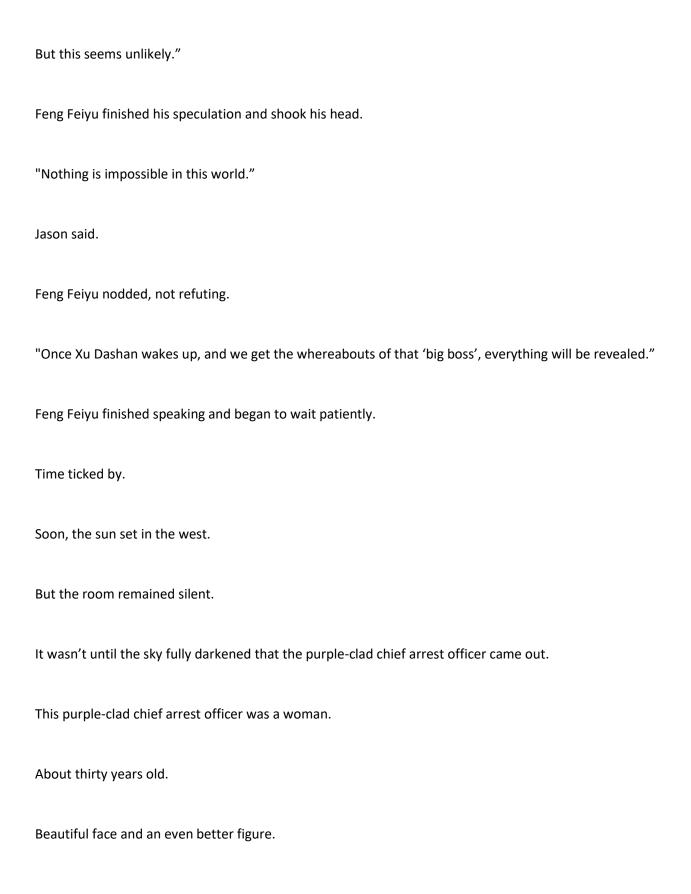


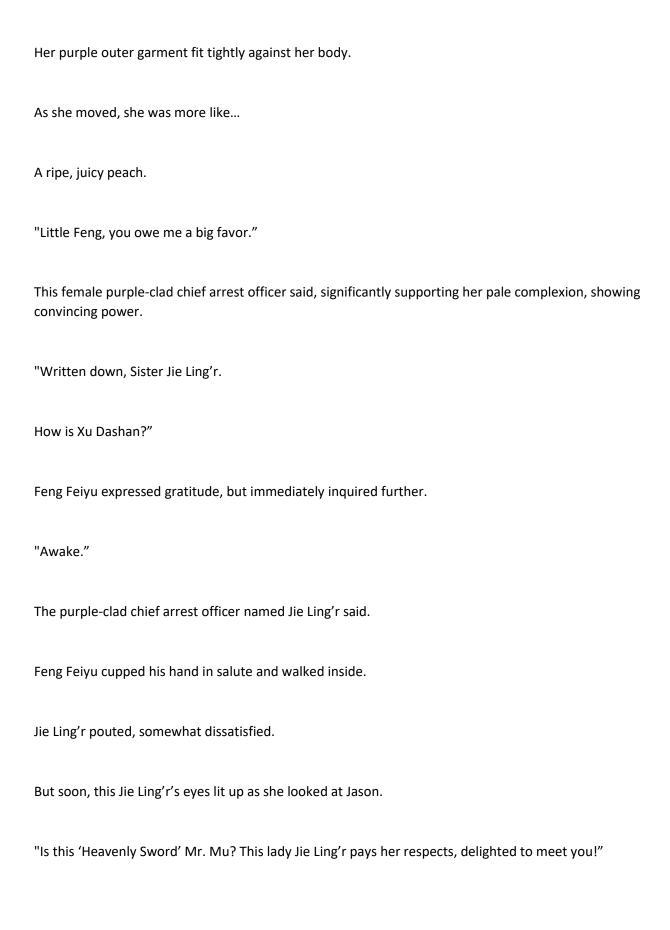
Su Niang said coldly.
"Got it! Got it!"
Feng Feiyu nodded repeatedly.
Jason nodded, Dou Bao waved goodbye to Su Niang.
Su Niang escorted him to the door.
She turned back to the counter only when Feng Feiyu's silhouette disappeared, and involuntarily clasped her hands together, whispering a prayer.
Every time Feng Feiyu said he was 'traveling far' or 'had some business to attend to', Su Niang would pray for Feng Feiyu's safe return.
Of course, Feng Feiyu didn't know.
At this moment, Feng Feiyu's mind was fully occupied with the plans for the night.
Wanshou Temple was right in Northern Capital City.
At the third watch of the night, the city was already under curfew.
Perfect for setting up personnel and executing plans.
Only
"Could it be a trap?"





Even the Transmigration Cult's Sect Hierarch suffered significant injuries back then.
However, they also killed several key figures of Heart Devouring Sect at that time, including the prospective Sect Hierarch.
In other words, the reason Heart Devouring Sect is currently headless is because of the Transmigration Cult's Sect Hierarch.
Thus, deep-seated animosity exists between them, they are like water and fire."
Feng Feiyu whispered.
"Then what about this time?"
Jason pointed towards the door.
There, another purple-clad arrest officer from The Six Fan School was helping Xu Dashan and others who were unconscious due to the Heart Devouring Secret Technique.
"Therefore, that's what I can't understand.
The one at odds with Si Hai Bang is the Transmigration Cult.
But why is Heart Devouring Sect taking action?
Unless"
As Feng Feiyu spoke, he frowned, then instinctively looked at Jason and shared his hypothesis: "Unless that 'big boss' not only waged war with the Transmigration Cult but also with Heart Devouring Sect.





A coquettish, even infatuated vibe directly emerged.
Though not malicious, it wasn't appealing to Jason either.
So, Jason bluntly responded —
"You're too excited too early."
Chapter 1399:
Jie Ling'r was stunned.
What do you mean I was too happy too soon?
Isn't that just a polite remark?
I say I'm glad to see you, and you reply with 'likewise'?
Why aren't you playing by the rules?
But
So handsome!
So manly!
Jie Ling'r watched Jason's tall and burly back, and her already bright eyes grew even brighter, like a thirsty wanderer in the desert seeing an oasis.
The Jason walking ahead sensed this change, and his brow furrowed.

If he had only thought Jie Ling'r was a bit of a romantic before, now he was certain. This purple-clad female chief capture officer must definitely be infatuated. "Don't mind, Sister Jie Ling'r is very nice, just a little slow in the head. Since childhood, she would occasionally act oddly infatuated, just ignore her." A faint mosquito-like voice sounded in Jason's ear. It was Feng Feiyu. Feng Feiyu had already entered the room, at least a five-meter distance between them. A secret technique like transmitting voice? Jason speculated. In the 'Si Hai Bang's' 'Library,' there was an introduction to martial skills like transmitting voice, but none specific, as the threshold was too high. To master such martial skills as 'transmitting voice,' one must at least fully control their own Qi-Blood and have a very thick Qi-Blood as the foundation. So, completing the refining of 'organs' is the basic learning of such martial skills; to truly master them, the remolding of 'Bone Marrow' is just the beginning. Of course, for someone as 'exceptionally talented' as Jason, it doesn't exist. He just needs a 'legacy item.' Perhaps he could make some requests to 'The Six Fan School'? Jason thought as he stepped into the room. Xu Dashan, who had awoken, leaned against one side, sitting on the bed.

Cui Longnu and Red Sleeve stood aside, holding an empty bowl with a lingering strong medicinal scent.
Seeing Jason walk in, a smile appeared on Xu Dashan's slightly weak face.
"Troubled you again, Brother Mu."
Saying this, Xu Dashan looked at Feng Feiyu and clasped his fists.
"Greetings, Chief Capture Officer Feng."
Just like his polite actions, Xu Dashan's words to Feng Feiyu were genuinely polite, yet carried a trace of aloofness.
Feng Feiyu had long been used to this.
People of the martial world had only two attitudes toward him as the purple-clad chief capture officer of 'The Six Fan School.'
Either flattering.
Or keeping a respectful distance.
Compared to the aloofness of the latter, the former required more vigilance, as no one could guarantee whether the other side was smiling while hiding a dagger.
With abundant experience, Feng Feiyu didn't step forward at this moment.
He clasped fists to Xu Dashan, then retreated.

He came in just to confirm whether Xu Dashan had really awakened.
Most of the time, Jie Ling'r was very reliable, but once she acted up, it truly gave headaches.
Fortunately, this time the episode's timing was quite convenient.
Feng Feiyu sighed, watching Jie Ling'r, eyes radiant, breathing rapid, face flushed, rushing over here reaching out to stop her.
"Sister Jie Ling'r, Brother Mu is not your ideal match."
"Get lost!
You said the same thing the previous hundred and thirty-seven times!
And now, other people's kids are even buying soy sauce!"
Jie Ling'r shouted angrily.
However, she didn't rush in.
Not because she listened to reason.
But because somehow Dou Bao appeared on the steps of the room entrance, silently watching her coldly.
That look not only made her heart panic but also sent chills down her back.
As a purple-clad chief capture officer, Jie Ling'r had seen countless fierce bandits with ferocious expressions, but none scared her as much as the woman in front of her.



So unfair!
Really so unfair!
"No, but close enough."
In Feng Feiyu's view, Jason and Dou Bao's marriage was only a matter of time; saying they were married was not too far off.
And what reaction Jie Ling'r would have?
He also guessed.
After all, a hundred and thirty-seven times.
Every time like this.
However, what this purple-clad chief capture officer completely didn't guess was that Dou Bao, who was walking into the room with her back to them, curled her mouth, secretly putting away some powder hidden in her other hand.
Not poison.
Instead, a kind of tonic.
Increasing Qi-Blood circulation, promoting digestion, lubricating intestines for bowel movements.
Simply put, it was a powerful laxative Dou Bao specifically designed for Martial Artists.

Though slow acting, once effective, it was enough to keep a master like Jie Ling'r squatting on the toilet all night.
As for being able to overhear transmitting voice?
Her dad and mom spoke 'whispers' behind her back every day.
She was very curious.
Always wanting to know what they said.
At first, naturally, it was impossible.
But over time, she discovered some patterns.
Chapter 1400: (2)
Then, just a bit of probing and you can find out.
But unfortunately, her mom and dad also noticed, and then, when they spoke in 'whispers', they changed to a different frequency and added some secret codes she couldn't understand at all.
Initially, she still wanted to 'chase' and listen.
Later, when her dad always sent her to buy soy sauce and vinegar, she stopped caring about those.
She calculated every day how much money she could save after buying soy sauce and vinegar to buy candy.
What 'whispers', nothing is as tasty as candy.



Cui Longnu, Miss Hongxiu looked at each other in confusion.
The two foresaw that Song Yuewan's upcoming days might be a bit miserable.
But
Why didn't they feel worried, and actually felt a bit happy?
On the side, Xu Dashan who was leaning on the bed looked bewildered.
"What happened?"
Xu Dashan asked Jason in a low voice.
"Minor matters on the side."
Jason shook his head, then seriously asked: "What happened previously in Ji Shi Tang? And what about the 'Big Boss'?"
"I don't know either, I was in Ji Shi Tang earlier but when I woke up, I was in that dungeon, then, I fell asleep again, and when I woke up again, I was here."
Xu Dashan said, using his finger as a pen, he wrote a place name on the bed. <subtex>.</subtex>
Dou Li Street, Cap Alley, second house.
No doubt, this is where 'Big Boss' Cui Longwang is located.
As for why he did this?

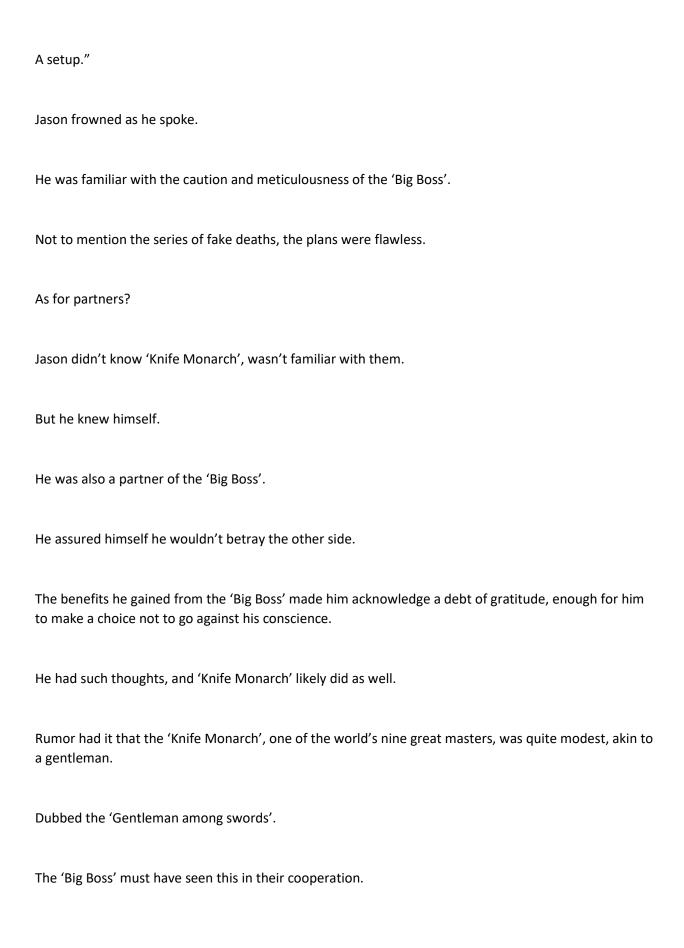




But Feng Feiyu didn't want to talk, Jie Ling'r was ceaselessly asking about everything related to Jason.
This made Feng Feiyu very annoyed.
Not just everything about Jason Jie Ling'r inquired about, but because the angle of the questions was just too tricky.
How does Mu Bai know when to take a bath?
The two of them have never been to a bathhouse together!
One question after another, it really is like three thousand flies buzzing around your ears.
Really want to smack Jie Ling'r to death with one palm.
Unfortunately, it's not possible.
Feng Feiyu hides in the shadows, looking up at the bright moon, unable to help but sigh.
Jason also sighs along.
According to what Xu Dashan wrote, Jason and Dou Bao arrived at Cap Alley, the second house on Douli Street.
However, this place was already abandoned.
Jason walked around the room and the courtyard.
The kitchen had semi-finished meat and some vegetables and fruits, and the room was in disarray, not the usual chaos of daily life, but the chaos after an outsider's search.

It's evident this was once the residence of the 'Big Boss'.
However, it seems the 'Big Boss' received some news and left early, leaving those who came later frustrated, venting their anger on the room's arrangement.
And then
"Owner, the food here has been poisoned.
It's mixed poison.
Single ingredients are fine, but mixed together, they're highly toxic, enough to significantly weaken a great master."
Dou Bao smelled the food in the kitchen and said with certainty.
"Poisoning the food?"
Jason frowned, a flash of displeasure in his eyes.
Wasting food is shameful.
He even thought of taking this food back.
"It's not just the food; the water has also been poisoned."
"Moreover, judging by the freshness of these foods, the poisoning happened at least three days ago, and Xu Dashan and the others were kidnapped yesterday, so it seems someone found the 'Big Boss' in advance."

Dou Bao pointed to the water tank in the kitchen, sharing his analysis.
"And Xu Dashan and the others being kidnapped might be because those people couldn't find the 'Big Boss' and as a last resort, wanted to test their luck to see if they could get the whereabouts of the 'Big Boss' from Xu Dashan."
After a pause, Dou Bao said.
"Hmm."
Jason nodded.
What Dou Bao said was similar to his own speculation.
"With the caution of the 'Big Boss', the only one other than Xu Dashan who knows about this place is that person."
Jason spoke slowly.
" 'Knife Monarch'?
Did the 'Knife Monarch' betray the 'Big Boss'?"
Jason didn't hide the cooperation between the 'Big Boss' and the 'Knife Monarch' from Dou Bao.
"It's possible.
But a more likely possibility is



With such a foundation, the possibility of betraying the 'Big Boss' was extremely low.
Moreover, with their identity and status, what price would someone have to pay to make this 'Knife Monarch' betray the 'Big Boss'?
The cost of making this 'Knife Monarch' break faith would not be cheap.
It would be a loss rather than a gain.
Therefore, there's only one possibility left.
This is yet another setup by the 'Big Boss'.
After pretending to kill himself, the 'Big Boss' began to betray himself.
And as for why?
It's obviously to lure some people from the shadows.
Thinking of this, Jason looked outside.
At this moment—
More than a dozen figures surrounded the area.
The air was filled with a familiar spicy strip scent.