

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!"

The dwarf being squeezed in Jason's hand spoke and then died twitching all over.

All this happened in the blink of an eye.

Only after the dwarf died did the surrounding people react.

"Heart-Devouring technique?!"

Looking at the dwarf's corpse, Li Er Gou said uncertainly.

"What is the Heart-Devouring technique?"

Cui Longnu asked curiously.

"The Heart-Devouring technique is a secret technique of the 'Heart Devouring Sect' from twenty years ago. It's rumored that those who practice the 'Heart-Devouring technique' not only drink human blood but eat human hearts; however, once successful, they can withstand multiple lethal injuries without dying like a snake shedding its skin, and their Qi-Blood is far more abundant than others of the same realm. Coupled with several secret techniques, it can create all kinds of unimaginable effects. But all who practice the 'Heart-Devouring technique' end up neither human nor ghost. He was lucky to only become a dwarf."

Li Er Gou explained rapidly, his eyes fixed on the courtyard.

By now, even a fool would know there was something wrong with this courtyard.

The most likely scenario is that their missing people are inside the courtyard.

Over thirty skilled members of the 'Si Hai Bang' quickly spread out.

The few best martial artists among them served as the vanguard, heading into the courtyard.

Cui Longnu and Hong Xiu also took out their weapons.

Cui Longnu wielded a longsword and a short knife.

Hong Xiu wielded a long spear.

Both of them kept their eyes on the courtyard.

However, Cui Longnu couldn't resist taking a glance at the dwarf's corpse on the ground.

"A dwarf is considered lucky?"

The inheritor of the 'Si Hai Bang' couldn't help but mutter softly.

"Yes.

The dwarf was honestly lucky; I've seen someone who practiced the 'Heart-Devouring technique', and in the end, they grew another head.

Moreover, that head kept biting the original head.

Eventually, the original owner smashed the newly grown head, but died as well."

Li Er Gou's soft words sent a chill down Cui Longnu's spine.

Despite her prestigious background, she had never encountered anything so bizarre.

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."

Chapter 1392: The Simple and Direct Little Zhao (2)

Li Ergou, the great master of the 'Si Hai Bang', recounted everything he knew.

"'Carefree King'."

Jason murmured the name of one of the 'Nine Great Masters under Heaven'.

And at this moment, the expert who first entered from the 'Si Hai Bang' returned to report—

"Guardian, Xu Dashan has been found."

"Where? Lead the way!"

Following his subordinate, Li Ergou quickly saw Xu Dashan.

He had no injuries, his face was rosy, lying in bed as if asleep.

But no matter how they called him, he wouldn't wake up.

It wasn't just Xu Dashan like this.

Including the people from the Jishitang, five of them were in the same state.

"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.

To lift the 'Heart Devouring Secret Technique', they must find someone who knows the 'Heart Devour Technique'.

No such person was within the 'Si Hai Bang'.

Immediately, Li Ergou, the great master of the 'Si Hai Bang', looked at Jason with a pleading expression.

"I'll give it a try."

Jason said, turning and walking outside.

Dou Bao followed behind him.

"Where is Master Mu going?"

Song Yuewan, who had been following the group but dared not show herself, finally spoke when she saw Dou Bao leaving.

"Going to find someone who can save Uncle Xu."

Cui Long replied, while sheathed her weapon and popped a bean into her mouth. Nearby, Xiao Zhao looked at Cui Long pitifully, and the latter, helpless, took out another bean and handed it to Xiao Zhao.

Immediately, Xiao Zhao smiled gleefully.

"Does Master Mu know someone who understands the 'Heart Devour Technique'?"

Song Yuewan was taken aback.

"Fool! Fool!"

The Six Fan School! The Six Fan School!"

Xiao Zhao said with a giggle.

"So, that's how it is."

Song Yuewan quickly realized.

But then she realized something was wrong.

If even a fool realized it before her, doesn't that mean she's even worse than a fool?

She immediately looked around.

Finding that everyone was either searching the surroundings or deep in thought, and no one paid her any attention, she sighed in relief.

Afterwards, Song Yuewan glared harshly at Xiao Zhao.

Xiao Zhao continued to act foolishly, with a silly smile.

Seeing Xiao Zhao's demeanor, Song Yuewan pursed her lips.

The other party was a fool!

What's the point of contesting with a fool?

Thinking this, Song Yuewan sighed in frustration and then turned her gaze to the direction where Jason disappeared.

If possible, she really wanted to follow Jason to the Six Fan School.

This, of course, wasn't about affection.

It was simply a means to leverage power.

The scene that just unfolded at the courtyard gate deepened Song Yuewan's longing.

Although her skills were average, Song Yuewan had the vision.

The master from the 'Heart Devouring Sect' demonstrated strength that was not inferior to Li Ergou, yet was effortlessly taken down by Jason.

If she could have such a man as a support...

That would be truly wonderful.

Unfortunately!

Song Yuewan thought of Dou Bao.

Her eyebrows furrowed.

With her brows furrowed, Song Yuewan didn't notice that idyllic and silly Xiao Zhao was creeping closer step by step from behind. <subtex>.</subtex>

Or rather, she wouldn't have noticed Xiao Zhao even in a normal state.

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.

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This sword strike was both swift and ruthless.

It was silent as well.

It possessed the ability only top assassins had.

Song Yuewan couldn't dodge at all, and was directly stabbed.

Poof!

Song Yuewan looked down at the sword tip.

She turned her head to look at Zhao's simple, foolish face and couldn't help but widen her eyes.

Was I stabbed by a fool?

As this thought flashed through her mind, a cry filled with pain rang out.

"Ah!"

The scream drew everyone's attention.

Including Cui Longn and Miss Hongxiu.

The two of them were stunned when they saw this scene.

"Zhao, don't move, don't."

Cui Longn hurriedly stopped Zhao, who was about to pull out the sword.

The sword was not removed, there was still hope.

If it were pulled out, Song Yuewan would be doomed.

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.

Instinctively wanting to say something.

But as soon as she looked up, she saw Zhao's simple, silly appearance again.

And even grinned at her with a smile.

For some reason, that silly smile seemed incredibly eerie and terrifying to Song Yuewan.

In an instant, Song Yuewan rolled her eyes and fainted again.

Earlier it was out of anger.

This time it was out of fear.

"Someone, get a soft cot and carry Sister Yuewan back to the pharmacy."

Miss Hongxiu kept giving orders.

The skilled members of the 'Si Hai Bang' immediately sprang into action.

Meanwhile, as everyone was busy, Jason and Dou Bao arrived at the street outside 'The Six Fan School'.

Unlike other bustling areas within the Northern Capital.

Although this place was also bustling, there was not a soul in sight.

Not even in this street.

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.

His movement was swift, as if there was a fierce beast behind him.

So frightening!

What kind of people are these!

Don't even let anyone deceive others!

Just straight to the brick and whip, brutes!

All brutes!

Even from a distance, Jason could hear the man muttering.

Though Dou Bao didn't hear, she guessed it.

Subconsciously, Dou Bao took out a bamboo tube, raised her hand, ready to give him a hit.

But Jason stopped her with a raised hand.

"Master, rest assured, it's not lethal, just itching powder."

Dou Bao quickly explained, worried Jason might misunderstand.

Inside Northern Capital and outside are different, of course, Dou Bao knew the difference.

Jason, however, showed a meaningful smile.

"Where is this?"

Jason asked softly.

"Northern Capital!"

Dou Bao replied casually.

"And what else?"

Jason continued questioning.

"Outside The Six Fan School... Huh?!"

Dou Bao finished speaking and realized something was off.

People from Northern Capital are terrified of The Six Fan School and wish to be far away from it, how could there be swindlers here?

Swindlers are like thieves, always preferring bustling areas.

At least, the 'targets' are abundant.

No reason to be at the 'front door' of The Six Fan School.

It's just like the news from Jason's hometown: A thief who just stole a bag and planned to run, only to meet a hundred strong squad in training. Fighting was not an option, and running... could not outrun them.

The thief's psychological shadow at that moment could likely encompass all the tears of regret.

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.

But...

Her parents refused.

‘This is rare joy for dad.’

‘Mom and dad are reminiscing the past.’

Hearing such words, Dou Bao felt downcast.

She always felt her birth was an accident.

At that moment, Dou Bao decided she would also find a man who matched her in sentiment and stroll through the streets of Northern Capital.

Just now, she was pondering this.

How could she naturally take her master’s hand?

Thus, lost in thought.

Moreover, as she kept thinking, she got distracted again.

Jason gave Dou Bao a glance but didn’t ask further.

Everyone has their own thoughts.

Squatting down, he checked the yellow paper talisman on the ground, and after confirming it was safe, Jason picked it up.

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.

Chapter 1395: Better to Stew Feng Feiyu (2)

The layout is three compartments.

The middle is the main door, and on both sides, there is a door in front of each pillar.

Three main doors, a total of six gates.

Each one seems to be washed in ink.

Dark, deep, to say the least.

There is also a strong sense of doom.

This is the common man's feeling.

In the perception of a common man like Jason, when he stepped onto the street near the "Six-Gate Sect," a gaze was already fixed on him, and by the time he reached the main door, this gaze had become threefold.

The latter two, compared to the exploration of the first, were entirely cold.

However, there was no malice.

Nor was there intent to kill.

Just the qualitative change formed by accumulated murderous aura over the years.

Clearly, the two trailing him were definitely the kind who had killed countless people.

Interrogators? Executioners?

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 purple-clad 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.

Inside the tavern, six or seven tables were distributed around wooden pillars, with two nimble waiters busy front and back.

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

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

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 sugar-tossed 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. ʘǎ NŎĚs

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.

"Bring them."

Jason said succinctly.

Soon, all sorts of food were served.

Mostly his usual three: smashed cucumbers, tossed tomatoes, fried peanuts and such; occasionally scrambled eggs, sliced pig ears were considered a treat.

This was a place designated for those less fortunate, so expectations couldn't be high.

Yet, no matter how cheap, it still costs money.

By the time the waiter went out to buy groceries for the sixth time, Feng Feiyu couldn't hold back anymore, he grabbed Jason's hand, smiling bitterly: "Mr. Mu, wait! Could I ask for a favor? I came in a hurry, didn't bring enough silver, if you keep eating, I'll have to stay here and wash dishes for Su Niang. Though I'm willing, Su Niang surely won't..."

"I'm willing."

The female boss standing at the counter lifted her head, speaking matter-of-factly.

Then, she waved towards the waiter.

Immediately, the waiter rushed into the backyard, moments later, a large pot of braised stew was brought out and placed before Jason.

Jason looked at the stew, then at the pleading Feng Feiyu.

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.

She was moved deeply.

But,

It could only remain in her heart.

Saying it out loud was impossible.

Some things, once said, would change.

Better to remain unsaid, just like back then.

Thinking of this, Su Niang sighed again.

This made Dou Bao even more puzzled.

"Why? You like him, he likes you, isn't that enough?"

Faced with Dou Bao's innocent words, Su Niang was taken aback for a moment, then looked at Jason, who was eating happily, and couldn't help but laugh.

It was a smile of envy.

A smile from the heart.

"I truly admire your courage, sister.

Sister here is very timid.

Would rather stay put than make it irreparable.

Moreover..."

At this point, Su Niang suddenly paused.

Then, under Dou Bao's expectant gaze, Su Niang continued to speak.

"Moreover, you say he likes me, perhaps he does like me, but maybe he just likes the current me. In ten, twenty years, when my looks start to fade, will he still like me?"

"Why not?"

Once you like someone, it should be regardless of any changes.

Even if one dies, the remaining one's love would still be unchanged."

Dou Bao said with great certainty.

"It's different.

He might now be able to give up the Feng Family for me.

But by then, would he regret giving up the Feng Family because of me?

Who can guarantee that?

I don't want to take that risk."

Su Niang spoke candidly.

Dou Bao could hear such candor.

So, she shook her head.

"Happiness is fought for by oneself, when no one can help you, then help yourself.

My mom told me that at the time she chose to be with my dad, she also left her family.

Even faced assassination.

My dad seems to be the same, not like mom's family, he seemed to come from some secret power or something.

But ultimately, they still got together.

And had me.

They're still very much in love.

They always complain about me interrupting their couple time."

As she spoke, Dou Bao felt uncomfortable, and couldn't help but pout.

Seeing Dou Bao's expression, Su Niang couldn't help but laugh.

"Weren't they in great danger facing the assassins?"

"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.

A moment later, what came from the backyard was—

"How can you be so useless?"

"Is that how you wash dishes?"

"Hurry and heat up some water."

...

Similar words continuously echoed.

Chapter 1398: Aspiration and Pragmatism (2)

The guests around started laughing knowingly.

Jason finally felt like he was partially full.

Sitting upright at the dining table, sipping the tea Dou Bao had brewed.

"Master, do you think Sister Su Niang is too timid?"

Dou Bao couldn't help but ask.

Jason held the teacup, thought for a moment, and replied.

"Not timid.

It's human nature.

In fact, you could say she's done really well."

In Jason's view, Su Niang is very rational and restrained.

She likes Feng Feiyu.

This is beyond doubt.

However, in this affection, she knows what she should and shouldn't do, which is really rare.

It's something most people find difficult to achieve.

Even harder is that she's still enjoying that little warmth in her own way.

"Isn't a love like this not genuine?"

And why do I feel there's a bit of humility?

If you like someone, you should boldly say it, and then rush towards each other regardless of everything."

Dou Bao shared her thoughts.

Jason didn't disagree.

He just remained silent for a moment.

Dou Bao's words are hard to argue against.

It's a beautiful ideal that many yearn for.

Su Niang's approach is also hard to criticize.

It's a realistic choice some people make.

As for the others?

Involving interests, scheming.

In Jason's view, that's the lack of purity.

As for Dou Bao's and Su Niang's affections?

Both are pure.

And humility? <subtex>.</subtex>

It doesn't exist.

What if Feng Feiyu and Su Niang disregarded everything to be together, and then the Feng Family caused chaos to bring Feng Feiyu back, splitting the two, or even leading to death?

Would that be not humble?

Not necessarily.

Jason shook his head, picked up the teacup, and took a sip.

It's not fine tea leaves.

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.

Just casual chatting about anything and everything.

Most of the time, Dou Bao talked while Jason listened.

Occasionally, under Dou Bao's questioning, Jason would express his views.

They sat like this for over an hour.

Feng Feiyu returned from the backyard.

Sitting down, he picked up a big bowl of tea and gulped it down.

"I say, Brother Mu, aren't you being a bit unkind?

Just watching me wash dishes?"

Feng Feiyu muttered.

"You seem to enjoy it."

Jason said slowly.

"Cough, cough."

Feng Feiyu choked, the purple-clad arrest officer widened his eyes, and said in an incredulous tone, "I enjoy it? Why would I enjoy washing dishes?"

"You definitely don't like washing dishes.

But if it's for someone you like.

You'd do it willingly."

Jason's tone didn't change, still speaking slowly.

Feng Feiyu subconsciously glanced at Su Niang behind the counter.

Su Niang glared at Feng Feiyu.

Feng Feiyu awkwardly touched his nose.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

Feng Feiyu retorted stubbornly.

Then, the next moment, this purple-clad arrest officer stood up.

"Let's go, first heal your friend.

We have things to do tonight.

Su Niang, I'm leaving now, I'll be back to wash dishes tomorrow."

The first part was said to Jason, the latter part, Feng Feiyu turned his head with a cheeky grin towards Su Niang.

"Remember, tomorrow, the day after, the day after that, you have to come every day for a week."

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?"

Standing in the courtyard of Jishitang, Feng Feiyu said softly.

"Highly likely it is."

Jason replied truthfully.

Such an obvious scenario, Jason couldn't think of anything else besides a trap.

"That Taoist was picked up on the street, a long-time swindler in the Northern Capital West Market, hired for three silver dollars to deliver the message to you.

Nothing of value can be extracted from his mouth.

Predictable."

Feng Feiyu said with a smile.

Then, the purple-clad chief arrest officer started murmuring to himself.

"Not sure if it's 'Heart Devouring Sect' or 'Transmigration Cult'."

"Why couldn't it be both joined into one?"

Jason retorted.

When Heart Devouring Sect attacked Xu Dashan and others, Jason had such a suspicion.

But he couldn't be certain.

Because he knew too little about the Heart Devouring Sect.

Unlike his familiarity with the Transmigration Cult.

Thus, he didn't dare to judge whether his suspicion was correct.

After all, although both are cults, there might be differences in doctrine, possibly some divergences.

So, at this moment, he straightforwardly asked.

"Impossible.

The two are enemies in some respects.

Collaboration is impossible."

Feng Feiyu said confidently.

Jason waited for Feng Feiyu's further explanation.

Feng Feiyu showed hesitation.

Finally, with a sigh.

"These words are our private conversation, from my mouth to your ears only.

‘Transmigration Cult’ once tried to spread its teachings in Northern Capital but was discovered by Heart Devouring Sect, which brutally killed several altar masters.

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.

But this seems unlikely.”

Feng Feiyu finished his speculation and shook his head.

"Nothing is impossible in this world.”

Jason said.

Feng Feiyu nodded, not refuting.

"Once Xu Dashan wakes up, and we get the whereabouts of that ‘big boss’, everything will be revealed.”

Feng Feiyu finished speaking and began to wait patiently.

Time ticked by.

Soon, the sun set in the west.

But the room remained silent.

It wasn’t until the sky fully darkened that the purple-clad chief arrest officer came out.

This purple-clad chief arrest officer was a woman.

About thirty years old.

Beautiful face and an even better figure.

Her purple outer garment fit tightly against her body.

As she moved, she was more like...

A ripe, juicy peach.

"Little Feng, you owe me a big favor."

This female purple-clad chief arrest officer said, significantly supporting her pale complexion, showing convincing power.

"Written down, Sister Jie Ling'r.

How is Xu Dashan?"

Feng Feiyu expressed gratitude, but immediately inquired further.

"Awake."

The purple-clad chief arrest officer named Jie Ling'r said.

Feng Feiyu cupped his hand in salute and walked inside.

Jie Ling'r pouted, somewhat dissatisfied.

But soon, this Jie Ling'r's eyes lit up as she looked at Jason.

"Is this 'Heavenly Sword' Mr. Mu? This lady Jie Ling'r pays her respects, delighted to meet you!"

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."

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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.

It was an intuition that moving any further would mean dying without a place to be buried.

Jie Ling'r trusted this intuition.

So, she didn't move.

Dou Bao looked at this frightened Jie Ling'r, expressionlessly put away the 'Storm Pear Flower Needle' in her sleeve, gave Feng Feiyu a faint smile, and walked into the room.

"Little Feng, who is she, why is she so terrifying?"

Jie Ling'r transmitted voice, asking.

"Brother Mu's lady."

Feng Feiyu replied this way.

"He's married?!"

Though transmitting voice, Jie Ling'r's voice still carried a trace of despair.

Why? Why is it always like this?

The person she liked didn't like her.

The person who liked him, she didn't like.

Finally, when she saw one pleasing to the eye, either married or their kids are buying soy sauce.

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.

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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.

Even now, Dou Bao still loves sweets.

Just like her name means.

‘Tang’ Dou Bao.

"Sis, sister, candy, candy."

Little Zhao hid behind Cui Longnu, peeking out to stare at Dou Bao who just walked in, especially eyeing the candy in Dou Bao's hand, smack, smack, drooling.

Different from the usual indifference, this time Dou Bao looked at Little Zhao and smiled, then handed the whole bag of candy beans to Little Zhao.

Cui Longnu was startled.

Dou Bao, she's well-known to Cui Longnu.

She seems harmless, but this one is the most dangerous.

"Dou Bao, Little Zhao she..."

"It's okay, it's normal candy."

Dou Bao smiled and said, then looked at the worried face of Cui Longnu without further explanation, just softly said to Little Zhao: "That sword, nice one, I'm very happy, so I'll give you candy."

"Sword, happy, candy."

Little Zhao seemed to have realized something and nodded.

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?

Of course, it's due to mistrust of Feng Feiyu, Jie Ling'r.

But towards Jason, Xu Dashan is absolutely trusting.

He believes Jason wouldn't harm him, 'Si Hai Bang' and 'Big Boss'.

If he wanted to, 'Si Hai Bang' might have already been done for.

"Do you know 'Heart Devouring Sect'?"

Jason continued to ask.

"Heard of it, but never had any contact, this is the first time—I hope it's the last time, it just feels terrible."

Xu Dashan said and then gave a bitter smile.

On his pale face, weariness was overwhelming.

Jason didn't stay long, instructed Cui Longnu, and then left the room with Dou Bao.

Straight outside, until they exited Ji Shi Tang, Jason looked at Feng Feiyu who followed them out.

"I need to go to a place.

Just me and Dou Bao."

Jason was very straightforward.

"Alright, I'll wait for you here.

Make sure to return before the third watch."

Feng Feiyu nodded and said.

"Certainly."

Jason said, and swiftly disappeared into the night with Dou Bao.

"Do you trust Mr. Mu?"

Jie Ling'r came over to ask.

"Mm, Brother Mu is someone I can rely on..."

"As expected, no wonder I had an eye on him, even the way he walks is dashing, if only I could lean against his solid chest, slurp... slurp... by the way, what were you going to say just now?"

Jie Ling'r wiped her drool, coming back to reality.

"Nothing, you heard it wrong."

Feng Feiyu said thus, leaning into the shadow of Ji Shi Tang's outer wall, merging entirely with the shadow, completely not wanting to engage with Jie Ling'r.

It was really annoying.

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...

A setup.”

Jason frowned as he spoke.

He was familiar with the caution and meticulousness of the ‘Big Boss’.

Not to mention the series of fake deaths, the plans were flawless.

As for partners?

Jason didn’t know ‘Knife Monarch’, wasn’t familiar with them.

But he knew himself.

He was also a partner of the ‘Big Boss’.

He assured himself he wouldn’t betray the other side.

The benefits he gained from the ‘Big Boss’ made him acknowledge a debt of gratitude, enough for him to make a choice not to go against his conscience.

He had such thoughts, and ‘Knife Monarch’ likely did as well.

Rumor had it that the ‘Knife Monarch’, one of the world’s nine great masters, was quite modest, akin to a gentleman.

Dubbed the ‘Gentleman among swords’.

The ‘Big Boss’ must have seen this in their cooperation.

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.