

## Menu 142

Chapter 142: Advancement Value of the Night People

The duke's son had a mischievous glint in his eye after he spoke.

He was waiting for Jason's follow-up questions.

He believed Jason would ask—everyone asked when it came to the matter of the “Cursed Child,” because they were all afraid.

But to the duke's son's disappointment, Jason just stood there calmly, looking at him indifferently.

After a good five seconds, the duke's son could not help himself.

“You're not afraid?”

He asked.

“Afraid of what?”

Jason countered.

“Gerard is the ‘Cursed Child’!”

“He’s a monster that people fear and who brings disaster to those around him!”

“Aren’t you worried?”

“Or is it that...”

“You don’t know what ‘Cursed Child’ stands for?”

The duke’s son asked curiously.

This was the first time he’d seen someone who was completely unaffected by the ‘Cursed Child.’

So much so that he began to doubt Jason’s ignorance.

Even though, in some sense, he was not wrong.

However, Jason happened to know about the so-called ‘Cursed Child’; he had heard the story from little Reed.

“Bringing bloodshed to family.”

“Bringing death to friends.”

“Bringing disaster to those around.”

Jason spoke slowly, and the duke’s son nodded repeatedly as he listened.

Then, Jason’s tone involuntarily rose.

“So what?”

“Gerard is Gerard, even if he is the ‘Cursed Child,’ what does it matter.”

“And as for a monster?”

Jason leaned slightly forward, with the moonlight casting behind him, and the shadow of his tall figure enveloped the duke’s son as Jason cracked a smile, revealing the frighteningly white teeth that made the duke’s son shiver inwardly.

He said each word deliberately:

“Coincidentally...”

“I’m also a monster.”

The duke’s son took a step back subconsciously.

When he came to his senses and was about to step forward again, Jason straightened up and pointed outside the cottage.

The duke’s son gazed at Jason.

It seemed as though he wanted to discern whether Jason was lying.

In the end, the duke’s son just shrugged.

What did it matter to him whether Jason lied or not?

As long as his sister was safe, everything was fine.

As for Gerard, Jason's cousin?

It had nothing to do with him.

Turning around, the duke's son set to leave the cottage, his steps light and cheerful.

He had already decided to soothe his sister first, then go celebrate.

His sister had not been married off.

That was truly a relief.

Feeling somewhat excited, the duke's son was about to hum a tune.

But instantly, his body stiffened.

He saw the old butler, Reed.

The old butler had a grim expression as he looked at him.

“Good evening, Butler Reed.”

The duke’s son greeted, his expression slightly stiff.

“Good evening, Lord Kela.”

“You assured me earlier that you would not leave 111 Duron Street prior to the conclusion of the investigation,” the old butler stated meticulously.

“Yes, it’s just that I...”

“Furthermore, not only did you disturb Master Jason’s rest just now, but you also slandered Master Gerard. I believe I need to request an urgent communication with the duke of Fort Swallow and inform his grace of everything here,” the old butler interrupted the duke’s son mid-sentence, not giving him another chance to speak.

Several guards appeared around him, ignoring his attempts to explain and ‘escorted’ him away from the palm-lined path.

Jason witnessed all of this.

He had no intention of speaking up.

He was not acquainted with the man, so there was no need for him to intervene.

The old butler turned around to face Jason, who stood in front of the cottage; the darkness on his face had already dispersed, replaced by a warm, respectful smile.

“Master Jason, good night. Get some rest early,” he said, bowing slightly.

“Alright.”

Jason nodded and returned to his room.

Watching the closed door, the old butler stood for a moment and then shook his head gently, releasing a soft sigh.

“Lord Hans!”

“May your plans continue.”

“It wasn’t the worst outcome.”

...

“That guy said Gerard is the ‘Cursed Child’?”

“What a bad person.”

In the room, after Dennise placed the third snail she had collected into the wooden box, she turned and spoke to Jason.

The big-hearted Dennise was not at all concerned about the so-called ‘Cursed Child.’

She only cared about the tone of the grand duke’s son when he spoke.

She really disliked that tone.

“Butler Reed will take care of that guy.”



“Go to sleep.”

“Remember to wash your hands.”

Jason patted Dennise’s forehead.

“Oh~”

Dennise turned and headed upstairs. Just as she was about to step on the staircase, she suddenly turned and asked, “Jason, do I count as a monster?”

Looking at Dennise’s somewhat earnest eyes, Jason coldly replied,

“You are!”

“You and Gerard are both monsters.”

“And I am a monster among monsters.”

“Because I eat monsters.”

Dennise was initially startled, her eyes almost misting over, but the very next moment, she was brimming with vitality again. Waving her arms, she said to Jason, “Goodnight~ Jason~”

Then came the hopping and jumping sounds as she went upstairs.

“We are monsters~ We are monsters~”

Dennise’s off-key voice echoed.

“Don’t hop on the stairs.”

Jason called out.

“I got it~”

Dennise answered, but continued without change, including her off-key singing.

However, the cabin soon became quiet.

Jason could clearly hear Dennise's prolonged breathing.

Do the dead need to sleep?

Jason used to think they didn't.

But Dennise had broken that norm.

Yet, Jason was used to it.

After all, this wasn't the first time Dennise had broken the norm.

Pushing open the door to the living room of the holiday cabin, Jason walked into the backyard.

The night's moonlight and starlight shone down here.

The distant sound of the waves followed the wind.

Jason looked up at the night sky, his gaze flickering.

Bringing bloodshed to the family?

Bringing death to friends?

Maybe so.

But,

It's just that the strength is too weak!

As long as one is strong!

All the 'curses' are nothing but a joke!

The words in front of him reappeared—

[Night Watcher advanced occupation 'Night Keeper' judgment in progress...]

[Conditions met, yes/no spend 10 points of satiety, 1 point of Excitement of Feast, to complete the Night Watcher advancement?]

...

“Yes.”

Jason said in his heart.

In an instant, the consumed satiety and Excitement of Feast turned into a warm flow that emanated from his stomach and entered his heart.

Thump, thump thump.

His heart began to beat rapidly.

The Dufol Language marks on his heart, representing [Protection Against Evil][Mist Concealment][Flash Technique], started to flicker.

His blood, flowing with the heartbeat, circulated throughout his body.

Another enhancement of muscles, bones, and organs began.

Jason's brain could clearly perceive all of this.

In his eyes was the profound darkness of the night.

Enduring through the vicissitudes of life,

Unchanging from ancient times.

[Night Watcher advancing to Night Keeper...]