

Menu 143

Chapter 143: Early Morning

The text before my eyes paused briefly before continuing to appear—

[Night Watcher advancement to Night Person complete!]

[All attributes +0.3]

[Acquire unique proficiencies: 1, Agile; 2, Blind Fighting]

[Agile: Your agile hands, feet, and body can easily do things ordinary people cannot, such as backflips and aerial spins. To you, such actions are effortless, just like a gymnast; Effect: When you need to perform agile moves or find balance, your Agility temporarily increases by +0.3]

[Blind Fighting: Darkness is not an impediment for you, as your ears and nose can serve as substitutes; Effect: When your eyes are closed or you are blinded, your Perception temporarily increases by +0.3]

...

[Night Person advancement occupation determination in progress...]

[Insufficient information, determination failed!]

...

The process took longer than the time it took to become a Night Watcher, but it wasn't as long as an entire night.

Jason moved his body, quickly adapting to his increased attributes.

Then, with a forceful push from his toes, driving his calves and thighs, he easily completed a backflip on the spot.

Although he had been able to perform similar movements before, they were never as effortless and easy as they were now.

"Agile," huh?

Looking at the description of the Agile proficiency, Jason's gaze drifted down to Blind Fighting.

The next moment, he closed his eyes.

Instantly, Jason, whose Perception had already reached 3.7, gained another temporary bonus of 0.3.

With perception four times that of an ordinary person, his hearing and sense of smell reached new peaks.

At this moment, Jason, standing in the room, could easily notice the long breaths of the guards hidden in the dark outside the vacation cottage.

Two proficiencies, all attributes +0.3!

Jason was very aware of how much the Night Watcher's advancement had helped him.

This all-around improvement was something that ordinary people would take years, or even decades, to achieve.

Even someone from the Mystical Side would need a considerable amount of time, while all he needed was enough food to accomplish it.

More importantly, it was not the end!

It was merely a new beginning.

Seeing the lack of information required for the Night Person's advancement, Jason's brows furrowed slightly.

The best way to obtain 'occupation' information was naturally to return to 'Lorde'.

But that was quite difficult!

Not only were the Shepherds lingering close by and some inexplicable beings surreptitiously spying, but his teacher, in pursuit of the Shepherds, was always on the move.

He needed to find his teacher in the face of danger, along with the new main quest.

The difficulty had almost geometrically increased.

As for the danger?

That was a given.

A slight misstep meant certain death.

"I wonder if I can 'give out candy' in 'Lorde'?"

“If I can, that’ll be another card up my sleeve.”

Jason thought.

Then, his thoughts began to drift involuntarily into reminiscence.

He immediately suppressed such musings.

Forcibly dragging them back to the present.

He certainly didn’t want to die again, out of the blue.

If he was to die, it had to be worth it!

To clear his thoughts completely, Jason pushed open the door of the vacation cottage and walked slowly toward the beach.

The cottage was very close to the beach, requiring only a passage through a patch of rocks to get there.

The night beach was even more beautiful.

The bright moonlight cast upon the sea turned the waters a silvery hue.

The white sand, the silver sea, the sounds of the waves.

The thoughts related to 'giving out candy' in Jason's mind gradually dispersed, leaving only the night sky before him.

He took off his shoes and lay flat on the beach, looking at the night sky.

His breathing slowly became elongated.

The aura around his body grew deeper.

As if blending with the night into one.

The Dufol Language symbol on his heart began to glow more brilliantly, and with each surge of blood, more energy flowed through, accelerating the transformation of his entire body.

Jason was blissfully unaware of this.

He had already fallen asleep.

Jason slept soundly.

In his dream, he sat at a dining table, tasting dish after dish he had never eaten before.

The food was endless, the feasting ceaseless.

Then...

He woke up hungry.

The night had already passed.

In the distance, the sun rose above the sea level.

The fiery sun revealed more than half of its face.

Rubbing his empty stomach, Jason rolled out of bed and put his shoes back on.

“The dream from before...”

“It’s a bit fuzzy, but the taste of that food was really good.”

With that thought, Jason prepared to return to the holiday cottage for breakfast.

Afterward, he would go back to the beach to wait for Gerard to teach him the Griffin style of swordsmanship, martial arts, and marksmanship.

Just as Jason was about to leave, an unexpected person appeared before him.

Peters leapt out from the pile of rocks like a cat.

This was the carriage driver Jason had once hired.

The ‘Cat Hole’ swordsman looked at Jason with a cold face, as if he wanted to say some harsh words.

But when the words reached his lips, facing the calm Jason, he found he couldn't utter them.

Even though he kept telling himself: "You are the heir to 'Cat Hole', and Gerard is one of the great enemies of the sect."

In the end, not only did Peters swallow the harsh words back.

The feigned coldness on his face also dissipated.

The 'Cat Hole' swordsman once again became his ordinary self.

"Has the carriage been returned?"

Jason asked.

"It has been returned!"

"I left it with one of the firms in the Carriage Union, they will take good care of it."

"Please, don't worry, sir."

As Jason inquired, Peters immediately adopted the dutiful carriage driver's demeanor, answering meticulously.

After answering, Peters blinked, sensing something was amiss.

He glared at Jason aggressively once more.

"You're actually Gerard's cousin!"

"Not only has the 'Griffin' betrayed the sect!"

"Has the Tower of Bear betrayed us as well?"

Peters demanded of Jason.

"I didn't know my cousin was that Gerard until I arrived at Hans Port."

Jason said calmly.

Hearing this indifferent tone, Peters was taken aback.

He could tell it was the truth.

Though they had been together for less than ten days, Peters believed that Jason wouldn't lie about such a matter, nor did he care to.

That meant Jason truly hadn't known before.

A seed carefully cultivated by the Tower of Bear turns out to be the cousin of one of their greatest enemies!

This...

What kind of fate was this!

What sort of inner conflict and helplessness lay hidden beneath Jason's calm exterior at this moment?

And what pain was concealed beneath his unaffected tone?

Peters couldn't help but feel sympathy for Jason in his heart.

His aggressive appearance once again failed to hold, and he reverted to his usual carriage driver demeanor.

Peters found himself wanting to offer Jason comfort.

But he didn't know how to provide it.

In the end, all he could say was—

“Hmm, I understand! I get it!”