

Menu 151

Chapter 151: Understanding Everything Peters

Blood sprayed out from inside the chest cavity.

The head flew high into the air.

A thud.

The hunter from the 'Erosion Society' fell to the ground, dead.

As the opponent died, the strength left the leather rope instantly, and the net scattered, allowing Peters to easily break free from his restraints.

"Jason!"

The swordsman from 'Cat Hole' looked gratefully at Jason.

But Jason was bent over, searching for spoils of war.

He had come here to find the 'Cat Hole' swordsman, to see if he could get information about the 'Erosion Society' from him.

And now?

He had an even more direct method.

On the 'Erosion Society' hunter's body were three different scents of varying concentration!

And, there was no food to be found on his body.

Clearly, these scents of food the man carried must have come from other members of the 'Erosion Society'.

What's more, one of the scents was not far from here.

Jason stood up and headed towards the nearest scent.

Watching Jason turn and walk away without a word, Peters hesitated for a moment before following.

He didn't know what Jason was going to do.

But he knew that Jason had saved his life.

That,

Of course, meant he had to follow.

As long as Jason didn't ask him to leave, he would keep following behind him.

Until he had repaid the life-saving debt.

...

Three glass jars were placed on the ground, forming an equilateral triangle.

Each jar contained a bloodied infant.

With complete limbs, distinct features.

But obviously underdeveloped.

Crack!

Crack crack crack!

Victor knelt in the center of the equilateral triangle, whipping himself with a leather scourge.

Each lash was delivered with all his strength.

After just a few strikes, his skin was torn and flesh was gaping open.

But Victor did not stop.

On the contrary, he became more and more excited.

Breathing heavily, his face flushed with excitement, Victor cried out loudly—

“Simos!”

“Simos!”

“Simos!”

After crying out three times, Victor collapsed to the ground.

This small dockside merchant, like a fish out of water, kept gaping his mouth but not a single breath flowed; instead, a shadow composed entirely of dark gray emerged from his body.

The shadow had a blurred face.

That face was very similar to Victor lying on the ground.

Or rather...

It was basically Victor’s soul.

He was brimming with joy.

Feeling the ‘Divine Grace’ for the first time.

Savoring the flavor in detail.

But before he could relish the experience, a sudden suction force from his body pulled him back inside it.

Breathing returned to the body.

Victor opened his eyes.

Looking at his body, covered in wounds and dripping with blood, his eyes were clearly filled with disgust.

“Useless body!”

He said so.

But still, he moved towards a cabinet on the side.

He needed to medicate his body.

Until he could truly discard his body, he still needed it to provide his soul with enough nourishment.

“I have completed the first step of the ‘Divine Grace’!”

“Next...”

“It’s the official blood sacrifice!”

“The blood of ten children should be enough to please Simos!”

Victor schemed.

Long used to mingling on the docks, Victor knew that finding ten children wasn’t easy, but not difficult either, especially when he had enough money as a premise.

At the thought, Victor was somewhat impatient to stand up; he was prepared to find a few ‘acquaintances’ to help him with this task.

Step, step, step.

Creak.

The rapid steps of an excited Victor made the floorboards groan, but Victor didn't care about that anymore.

Just one more blessing of 'Divine Grace'.

And he would truly be a cut above the rest!

He would no longer have to live in this foul-smelling place!

He would dwell in a house made of polished marble columns, fountains, and gardens, served by maids, and he would feast on delicacies only enjoyed by the truly powerful.

The excited Victor opened the door.

A towering figure blocked his view.

The backlight of the moon made the looming figure even more profound.

In the darkness, the hockey mask seemed colder, piercing to the Bone Marrow.

Pu!

Before Victor could speak, he was beheaded with a single stroke.

Jason stepped into the room, searched it carefully, and then turned to leave.

Peters, following behind Jason, had a grim expression when he saw those three glass jars.

The 'Cat Hole' Swordsman clenched his dagger tightly.

If it weren't for his honor prohibiting it, he would've sliced that bastard on the floor to pieces.

"Jason, was he also from the 'Erosion Society'?"

The 'Cat Hole' Swordsman asked, unable to hold back.

"Hmm."

Jason nodded and kept walking.

“Deserves to die!”

The ‘Cat Hole’ Swordsman spat through gritted teeth.

Peters was not hearing about the ‘Erosion Society’ for the first time, but it was his first real encounter with them.

In the past, he knew only that the ‘Erosion Society’ had committed numerous bloodbaths in Hans Port and in the southern part of the Federation.

But the specifics were covered up by the Federation, so he did not know.

And from that recent scene.

The so-called ‘bloodbath’ was an understatement.

What it truly was...

A massacre!

A merciless massacre!

Such people naturally deserved to die! Deserved to be wiped out!

An organization capable of such slaughter, yet still in existence, must indeed be powerful!

Two people...

Was too few!

Alone and powerless!

Subconsciously, the 'Cat Hole' Swordsman wanted to persuade Jason.

But upon seeing Jason's familiar, relentlessly moving forward silhouette, he couldn't bring himself to speak.

He opened his mouth, but in the end, Peters stomped his foot and followed.

Since he had decided to repay the life-saving debt.

He might as well pay it with his life if necessary.

Cats,

aren't afraid of dying.

Because...

we have nine lives!

Jason heard Peters's stomping.

He knew what Peters wanted to say.

The 'Cat Hole' Swordsman's hesitant nature was all too familiar to Jason.

Similarly, he understood his comrade's resolve.

Or more accurately: Honor!

Otherwise, with Peters's skills, living a life of wealth would be too easy; there would be no need to play the role of a coachman.

So, Jason anticipated that Peters would follow.

Two people?

Maybe that was still too many!

The 'Erosion Society,' which had evaded Gerard's numerous attempts at eradication, certainly had their own 'defensive measures' in place.

Undoubtedly a combination of sentries, undercover agents, and secret techniques.

One more person increased the risk of being discovered.

As for the dangers one might encounter alone?

Jason had considered that before setting out.

If necessary, die once.

If once isn't enough, then... die a few more times.

He never feared death.

With that in mind, Jason decisively said:

"You stand still, I'll go buy you some dried fish snacks."

Peters was startled.

Dried fish snacks?

Spicy sweet flavor?

No, that's not right!

It wasn't the flavor; Jason meant for him to stay put!

He meant for me to...

Monitor the area near the docks!

Realizing this, Peters caught on and nodded.

"I understand!"