

Menu 152

Chapter 152: What Happened

Jason had long grown accustomed to Peters knowing everything.

Even though he didn't understand it.

But with no need for an explanation, Jason thought it was a good thing.

Following the scent, Jason walked briskly through the night at the harbor.

The guy just now also had the smell of food on him, but he wasn't a true 'food' owner.

But Jason didn't care.

He had come to clear out some 'pests' for his cousin.

He had come to avenge his own dog.

Therefore, he couldn't wait to find more people from the 'Erosion Guild'.

As for interrogating them?

Too troublesome.

He didn't want to know those things.

He didn't have time to know those things either.

All he needed to do was follow the scent of 'food', find these people, then chop them one by one. That was enough.

What's left?

Gerard would take care of it.

Jason trusted in Gerard's abilities.

Just as he trusted in his own keen perception of 'food'.

The dockside cabin.

It was a place for the dock foremen to rest during the day.

At night, it became a place for them to sleep.

Leaning against the wooden wall, the foreman sitting on the bed was tallying today's skims.

"170 Tel..."

"These guys have been slacking off lately."

"They even dare not to work hard for me, Master Lute."

"I'll take more from them tomorrow."

"And those foremen, telling them to find some kids, and it's such a hassle."

The reduction in coins and uncompleted tasks greatly angered Lute.

He grabbed the alcohol beside him and gulped it down.

Glug, glug.

Puh!

As Lute was drinking, he suddenly froze; his head stiffly bowed down as his eyes incredulously fixed on the blade protruding from his chest.

But there was supposed to be a wall behind me!

In his final moments, Lute was still puzzled by this.

Jason didn't hesitate to pull out his knife and leave.

This was another person tainted with the smell of food.

As for entering?

Jason's nose told him there was nothing inside worth caring about.

Moreover, he had already clearly seen everything inside through the window just before.

“Next!”

Flipping the blood off his blade, Jason disappeared into the dark of the night.

The night’s sea breeze swept through Hans Port.

Pleasant, comfortable.

Like a goddess’s hand brushing over a pearl at one’s neck.

It would draw attention without even trying.

Hans Port, known as the ‘Pearl’ of the Federation... until Jason arrived.

This ‘pearl’ was bright and dazzling.

At least on the surface, it was.

But with Jason's arrival, the undercurrent of darkness beneath the brightness and dazzle, like pus inside a boil, burst forth, splattering the hidden 'Erosion Guild' members in the face.

Ta-ta-ta.

Dressed like a Bounty Hunter, Alec hurried down the corridor.

This caused the guests at the 'Fat Fish Inn' to curse and check what was happening.

Some with shorter tempers even got up to check the door.

But upon seeing the long sword and musket at Alec's side, they wisely retreated, closed the door, and lay back down on their beds.

If people wanted to live,

they had to follow their instincts.

Better to mind their own business than meddle in others' affairs.

That's how to live long.

If it were a normal day, Alec would surely have boasted about it, as this was his favorite pastime.

Half was a disguise.

The other half?

Was genuine.

But today, Alec had no time to linger.

He ran to the door with a grim expression on his face.

Seven contact points!

Including the most secretive one!

All had lost contact just now!

Gerard's retaliation?

Impossible!

Even Gerard at best would be able to find one or two contact points, but he definitely couldn't find the most secretive one.

Moreover, if Gerard were to use a lot of people, they couldn't be concealed from them.

"Damn it!"

"What on earth is going on?"

With doubts in mind, Alec pushed open the inn's door.

Then,

A flash of a blade!

Alec, caught off guard, hadn't expected to be attacked right after opening the door.

But as one of the Erosion Guild's bosses in charge of many contact points, he naturally had something special about him; his sword was unsheathed with a clang.

“

Whoosh!

The long sword stabbed towards the attacker with a speed faster than that of the broad blade cleaver.

Looking at the attacker whose face was hidden behind a hockey mask, Alec sneered.

He was fully confident that the other would withdraw his blade to block.

And as soon as he blocked,

he, Alec, would win!

You should know, although his best skill was swordsmanship, the killing move was not the long sword in his hand!

The killing intent in his heart made the long sword in Alec's hand even faster.

Then, the long sword pierced into the chest of the attacker wearing the hockey mask.

The attacker's short-handled broad blade cleaver also grazed past Alec's neck.

Thump!

Alec's eyes widened in shock.

Why?

You're not playing by the rules!

Aren't you afraid of dying?

Until his death, the leader of the 'Erosion Society' did not close his eyes.

Jason yanked the long sword that was stabbed into his chest.

Clang!

Clang!

Jason threw the long sword to the ground, and the sound of metal hitting the ground echoed behind him.

It was a dagger.

A dagger with the scent of food.

It was the faintest of the three food scents Jason had been tracking.

The stronger the scent, the more persistent its presence.

Naturally, he started the chase with the faintest one.

“Remote control?”

Jason, holding the exceptionally sharp dagger, did not hesitate to give it a lick.

Cool and chilly.

There was sweetness.

But more than that, there was the taste of milk.

Pudding?

Jason sucked hard on it.

Suddenly, the exceptionally sharp dagger began to decay.

[Consumed a very small amount of Swamp Hunter (Essence)]

[Physical strength and experience moderately restored]

[Satiety +4]

[Satiety: 19]

...

The fatal damage just now had used up 3 points of satiety for healing; the current 4 points instantly made up for the loss and even added an extra point.

Jason glanced at this and wasn't too excited.

Because he knew very well that the real big catch was still to come.

This was only the weakest one.

There were two more!

Flaring his nostrils, Jason followed the scent of food and swiftly moved again.

And at this moment, the 'Sanctuary' of the 'Erosion Society,' hidden in Hans Port, was thrown into complete chaos.

"What happened?"

"Why are the spirit seals disappearing one after another?"

"Where is Alec?"

"Where did Alec go?"

Blatt, the 'Sanctuary' Bishop whose prayers were disrupted, shouted furiously.

His voice shook the entire secret chamber, causing it to tremble.

Dust fell in flurries.

But no one around him dared to dodge, allowing the dust to land on them, standing ramrod straight.

It wasn't until Blatt's voice fell silent that

one attendant bravely spoke, trembling:

"Bishop... "

"Lord Alec's spirit seal has disappeared as well."

"What?"

The bishop was taken aback.

His angry mind instantly cleared.

Subconsciously, he thought of one person: Gerard.

"What is Gerard doing?"

The Bishop asked directly.

“Gerard has not left Duron Street No. 111, our ‘Alarm’ has not sounded.”

“The port’s guards, the army, there’s been no movement.”

The attendant reported.

“Then what’s with these spirit seals vanishing?”

“How were they exposed?”

“Could it be that someone smelled them and that’s how they were found?”

The bishop roared, and once again the crowd around him remained silent.

However, the next moment, the bishop directly said:

“Move! Everyone immediately, move!”

All the people acted as if they had been granted a pardon, quickly springing into action.

And at that very moment,

the door to the secret chamber

slowly began to open.

Creak!

Through the gap in the door, a hockey mask slowly became visible.