

Menu 1551

Chapter 1551: Charging Forward!

Whew!

Jason took a deep breath, a plan began to emerge in his mind.

And then, he started to refine and supplement it.

Then...

He turned and walked towards Taniel.

During the battle with the impostor, Jason had been focusing on Taniel—actually, if it weren't for Taniel, Jason could have ended the fight earlier.

That impostor?

Weaker than expected.

However, Jason wouldn't be careless about the battle at the 'restaurant'.

The opponent just lost part of the usage rights of the 'Secrets of Edibility', no longer able to see the world through his eyes.

But in the 'restaurant', there must be more tricks up the sleeve.

Otherwise, the opponent wouldn't have so easily given up that part of the usage rights.

Of course, it might also be that they thought that 'unknown presence' would definitely understand him.

Jason didn't care about these two possibilities.

Because, whether the former or the latter, there is one solution.

That is—

Increase strength!

This is also why he returned to 'Lorde'.

Simply put, it didn't affect Jason's plan.

He could still follow the original plan.

After all, according to his original plan, that 'unknown presence' had always been part of the plan.

The appearance of the impostor, user of the 'Secrets of Edibility' (1), confirmed his long-standing suspicion.

This confirmation naturally would not affect his plan.

Even from some perspectives, it made the whole plan simpler.

Because...

No one was spying on him anymore.

Nobody likes being spied on.

No one wants to be Truman.

No one wants to become Truman.

And Jason?

Just Jason.

He handles everything he encounters in his own way.

Including waking Taniel up.

He took off Taniel's shoes and found a potion under the insole—it was something Taniel had informed Jason of just in case, that in his left shoe, there was a potion to quickly wake someone up, and in his right shoe, there was a healing potion, hidden under the insole,

Jason picked up the potion, his brows slightly furrowed.

Then, without removing the cork.

He just placed the whole potion under Taniel's nose. .

"Smelly!"

"So smelly!"

"What is this, so stinky?"

"Ah, it's my potion... then it's fine."

Taniel woke up and saw Jason holding his potion, immediately took it over, and after realizing that it hadn't been opened, carefully placed it back into the groove under the insole.

"I think you don't need it, your insole or socks work better, you could put more healing or antidote potions instead."

Jason reminded his friend.

No malice.

Just plain truth.

And Taniel just smiled.

"I have a special way of storing them, don't worry, there are enough potions."

Taniel said confidently.

Then, he looked around and gestured what to do next.

Jason turned around and walked out.

No need to be careful?

No need to be cautious?

Taniel wanted to ask, then suddenly laughed.

"What's wrong?"

Jason asked without stopping.

"Nothing."

"Jason, seeing you again... so good."

Taniel said, his eyes slightly red.

Yes.

Really good.

He no longer needed to be filled with fear!

He also didn't need to pretend to be calm!

He didn't need to think about what to do anymore!

Leave everything to Jason!

He?

Trusts Jason.

Just follow Jason's instructions.

As for more?

No need to think that much.

Time had long proved everything.

At this moment, the grievances Taniel suffered seemed to dissipate completely.

No thoughts.

Just peacefully followed behind Jason, walking towards the dungeon exit.

This dungeon was used by the farmer to store grain and vegetables.

No proper staircase, just a wooden ladder.

After the bandits came, nothing changed.

Even being able to keep the wooden ladder was because the bandits needed to enter the cellar.

Otherwise, it would have been taken apart long ago.

For the unproductive bandits, anything usable must be taken, and what couldn't be taken, burned.

It's their usual practice.

So, these bandits were seen as locusts, hated intensely.

Not just by Lorde.

Across Sewock, these bandits are periodically hunted down.

But these bandits are quite cunning.

Faced with the military, they would head for the hills.

Or simply break into small groups.

Sometimes, they even disguise themselves—as civilians.

Facing the army, they are civilians.

But facing merchants, travelers, or even other civilians, they are bandits.

Some ‘mystical side individuals’ even mixed in among them.

This straight-up increased the difficulty of quelling the bandits.

Those bandits are like weeds, eradicated every year, every year they reappear.

So, every sheriff everywhere is most troubled by these bandits.

No exception in Lorde.

Why is Lorde's barracks right outside the city?

To deter the bandits.

Plus, for ease of patrolling.

If a road isn't patrolled by the army, within two weeks, bandits will be entrenched.

So, after Lorde's army 'met with disaster', the surrounding bandits ran towards Lorde as if they were celebrating a 'festival', knowing it was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

If the Capital Terter sent reinforcements, they couldn't plunder Lorde at all.

Chapter 1552: Charge! (part 2)

That's right.

Pillage Lorde!

That is the target set by these bandits!

Maybe it wasn't at first.

But as the three major bandit factions 'Silver Skull', 'Flame Giant', and 'Blood Fox' appeared, the will of the scattered bandits was inevitably influenced.

Not influenced?

Just kill them.

'Silver Skull', 'Flame Giant', and 'Blood Fox', as the strongest bandit factions near Lorde, would not allow any dissent within the bandits. .

Moreover, plundering ordinary people is plundering.

Plundering bandits is also plundering.

The latter's wealth far surpasses the former.

Therefore, the bandits don't mind robbing their own kind.

As long as they're not the ones being robbed.

Especially when the three largest bandit factions, 'Silver Skull', 'Flame Giant', and 'Blood Fox', kill the disobedient bandits and keep half of the wealth for themselves, giving the remaining half to the other bandits, all the bandits immediately pledged allegiance to these three factions.

Following the orders of 'Silver Skull', 'Flame Giant', and 'Blood Fox', these bandits attacked the Southern Suburb farms of Lorde.

Pillaging the wealth they had long coveted but could not touch.

After keeping half, they handed over the rest.

This is the rule.

Of course, with rules, there are always those who break them.

However, at this time, the bandits adhered to the rules.

Compared to these farms in the Southern Suburb, the wealth of the entire Lorde is what they most yearn for.

Even if Lorde suffered a disaster, it would be the same.

The wealth within is still unimaginable.

They would not lose the greater for the lesser.

As for whether they can break through Lorde?

All the bandits are very confident.

Because 'Jason', regarded as a hero by the people of Lorde, that rumored 'Night Watcher', is right in their dungeon.

As for Sheriff Bondi, Holle, and the others?

If they weren't worried that Lorde had hidden figures, they would have acted long ago.

More than a hundred defense forces, which seem like a tough nut to crack on ordinary days.

But when all the bandits around Lorde gather, with over five hundred bandits, they completely ignore this force of over a hundred, let alone that nearly a hundred of them are recruits. ʀʌɴòḂĔş

In a direct confrontation, these people might wet their pants.

Therefore, when the order to kidnap Taniel came from 'Silver Skull', 'Flame Giant', and 'Blood Fox', all the bandits were excited.

They knew that 'Silver Skull', 'Flame Giant', and 'Blood Fox' didn't want to wait any longer.

When they couldn't extract valuable information from 'Jason', they naturally had to change their target.

Gotta say, that 'Jason' really has a tough mouth.

They tried every method.

Yet he wouldn't speak.

However, that's how it is.

So what if he has a tough mouth?

So what if he's a hero?

A dead hero is still cold.

The bandits have already planned to mock this so-called hero in the end.

So, when Taniel was thrown into the dungeon, they were looking forward to it.

So, when strange noises came from the dungeon, they were very nervous.

Without any hesitation, these bandits rushed towards the dungeon.

They wanted to see what was happening.

Then, they were overwhelmed by a terrifying aura.

In the Southern Suburb farm, all ordinary bandits fell unconscious.

Because they all rushed towards the dungeon.

So, these bandits fell centered on the dungeon.

When Taniel walked out of the dungeon, what he saw were circles of fallen bandits.

Even Taniel, who had unwavering faith in Jason, was stunned at this moment.

"Jason, how did you do it?"

Taniel couldn't help but ask.

Didn't act directly?

Was it some kind of secret technique?

But what kind of secret technique could be executed so quietly and on such a large scale?

Even if there is.

Doesn't it require physical strength?

Or was it a ritual?

But there was no sign of a Secret Magic Array or corresponding items?

It couldn't possibly be done through sheer aura, right?

Impossible.

Not to mention a friend who just became a 'Night Watcher', even the teacher of a high-ranking 'Night Watcher', couldn't do it.

Taniel questioned from the Mystical Side's perspective.

"Release the hunger."

Jason responded in this way.

"Release hunger?"

Taniel was stunned, with a puzzled look, completely at a loss.

As the 'Pharmacist', the second advisor to the police station, Taniel was completely confused.

However, Taniel soon burst into laughter.

"Jason, you're telling cold jokes again."

"Uh..."

"Don't worry, it's very funny."

Taniel tried his best to show a smile.

'Lord Jason is good in every way, a truly reliable person, except for his cold jokes!'

This was a well-known fact within the police station.

There was also an emergency response plan for facing 'Lord Jason's cold jokes'.

Smile!

When you encounter such a cold joke and don't know what to do, just smile.

Just smile!

This is not about sparing Jason's face, but out of respect for Lord Jason.

Taniel was doing exactly that now.

Of course, it wasn't really out of respect for Jason, just simply considering his friend's feelings.

Cold joke?

Jason blinked his eyes, thinking about his created 'Purification Ritual' and 'Holy Water'.

Suddenly, he felt even hungrier.

Instantly, Jason didn't want to wait any longer.

"Come out."

Jason flared his nostrils.

A faint scent drifted from the shadows of the farm in front of him.

Three different scents.

Pretty decent.

This did not surprise Jason.

'Mystical Side individuals' becoming bandits was normal in Jason's view.

'Mystical Side individuals' simply possessed powers that ordinary people did not.

This did not mean that 'Mystical Side individuals' had particularly noble characters.

However, truly noble people are the most respectable.

Because they not only have powers beyond the ordinary's imagination, but also the determination to control that power.

For example: the old knight and that knight's attendant.

Thinking of this, Jason frowned.

Because when the old knight and that knight's attendant appeared in his mind, he suddenly felt that such a comparison was simply an insult to the old knight and the knight's attendant.

It shouldn't be like this.

Sigh.

Jason sighed softly.

He planned to end this battle quickly.

And the three figures hidden in the shadows slowly emerged.

One had an average build, with a rugged face, wearing silver armor, adorned with a black skeleton.

Another was exceptionally tall, standing at about two meters forty-five, bare-chested, with a fierce visage.

The remaining one had their appearance obscured by a hooded cloak, making it impossible to see clearly.

“‘Silver Coin Skull’, the ‘Flame Giant’, ‘Blood Fox’ leader!”

Once the three appeared, Taniel exclaimed their identities.

Taniel naturally knew about the bandit affairs in the Southern Suburb.

Moreover, to better assist Bondi, Holle, Taniel even went to great lengths to study the three.

The leader of 'Silver Coin Skull' was of military background; why they became a bandit was unknown. The leader of the 'Flame Giant', on the other hand, was a ruthless individual who delighted in tearing people apart alive.

However, the most noteworthy was the leader of 'Blood Fox'.

The person was not only a 'Mystical Side individual' but also cunning and ruthless.

Their actions never left any traces.

Several unsolved kidnappings and murders in Lorde over the last decade were likely connected to them.

"Jason, be careful!"

"They..."

Instinctively, Taniel wanted to warn his friend.

But before Taniel could finish, Jason raised his hand and threw a punch.

Whoosh!

A gust of wind howled, as if the wind itself was roaring.

Amidst the pale grey gust, carrying endless sharpness, instantly engulfed the three in front.

Rip, rip.

In a sound akin to fabric tearing, a sudden burst of crimson.

And then,

Silent.

"They, they, they... are dead?"

Taniel, like a jammed record, widened his eyes in disbelief.

Chapter 1553: Taniel Still Has Dreams!

What happened?

What just occurred?

Just now, the three bosses 'Silver Coin Skull', 'Flame Giant', 'Blood Fox' were clearly still here!

Why did they suddenly disappear?

Watching the blood burst out from the gray gust, Taniel was completely dumbfounded.

Jason is very strong.

There's no doubt about that.

Numerous incidents have already proven this.

However, Jason wasn't this strong.

At least, a week ago, he wasn't this strong.

You need to know that the three bosses 'Silver Coin Skull', 'Flame Giant', 'Blood Fox' are well-known among the bandits near Lorde, each with considerable achievements.

The boss of 'Silver Coin Skull' once eliminated at least three military police squads alone while fleeing from the military, a total of thirty battle-hardened warriors.

The boss of 'Flame Giant' faced a siege by a hundred soldiers, not only broke out of the encirclement but also injured more than half of them.

As for 'Blood Fox', there's no need to elaborate.

Meticulous and steady in actions.

Always retreated safely each time.

In Taniel's impression, any one of these three requires yourself to deal with cautiously.

But now?

The three couldn't even withstand one punch from their friend Jason.

This...

Did something happen?

Taniel pondered.

Then, he asked —

"Jason, tell me, have I been unconscious for ten years?"

Taniel looked at Jason with a serious expression.

His mind even started imagining the changing world after ten years.

The identity of a teacher at Deer Academy was certainly gone.

He was just on semi-holiday, not retired.

The second consultant position at the police station was gone too.

No matter how much Bondi wanted to help, the rules were there.

Indeed...

Can I only go and sell elixirs?

Who knows what the market is like now?

The elixirs from ten years ago probably won't work, only enhanced versions might.

That was truly a great discovery.

Can't call it the enhanced version of elixirs.

The name fails to show its greatness.

Let's call it 'Great Elixir'!

Short for: Great Med.

And with the effects of 'Great Med', he would become the top underground medicine dealer, becoming a real boss; by then, all underground sellers would have to call him 'Great Med Boss'.

Shortened: Viagra.

Such a title, at a glance, is overflowing with masculine charm.

Which isn't bad.

Taniel quickly consoled himself.

Jason turned his head to glance at his friend.

"Rest assured, you've been here for less than 24 hours."

"As for my change?"

"I guess it's because I inherited 'Old Jazz's legacy'."

Jason immediately explained, having figured out what Taniel was thinking — this was the explanation Jason had long prepared.

"'Old Jazz's legacy'?!"

"Makes sense!"

"How could 'Old Jazz' leave me a house but not leave you anything?"

"That's really great!"

Taniel was excited and delighted.

Jealous?

Not at all.

A bit of envy, but when thinking about the risks Jason undertook, Taniel's envy disappeared.

With great power comes great responsibility.

This is what his teacher often said.

He always remembered it.

He also knew well what kind of person he was.

A person satisfied with small wealth and comfort — this was the best description of him.

Content with going along — this was his best portrayal.

Taniel once harbored fantasies, dreaming of being powerful, in high positions, wealthy beyond compare — it is what everyone wants; Taniel was no exception.

But the experiences of the past week made Taniel completely abandon those fantasies.

He wasn't that type of person.

Leaving aside the problem of lacking the relevant strength, even with it, he'd be busy dealing with various matters every day, eating meals while on the move.

That wasn't what he wanted.

He hoped to enjoy the peace and freedom of life.

Even if it's relative.

He didn't want to die from overwork.

What's wrong with a 'laid-back' life?

As long as he doesn't harm others, and others don't harm him, taking care of his parents would suffice.

And if a cute girl becomes a girlfriend, a wife, that would be even better.

Of course, the latter is wishful thinking.

Taniel is aware of this.

So, he planned to focus on the former.

As for later?

Who knows.

Let fate decide.

"Jason, what now?"

Taniel asked.

He wouldn't inquire further about the legacy Jason inherited from 'Old Jazz'.

Unless Jason brought it up himself.

If not, he would remain silent.

Although he planned to 'lie flat', he still adhered to some rules.

The rule of not probing each other's secrets on the 'Mystical Side' was particularly so.

After all, he still wants to live.

"Clean up the battlefield."

"Then, wait for Bondi and Holle."

Jason said as he walked towards the area just covered by the gust.

The three bosses 'Silver Coin Skull', 'Flame Giant', 'Blood Fox' died without leaving a corpse, but their items remained intact.

The boss of 'Silver Coin Skull' had an item, a silver coin with a skull on it, holding it carried a faint mint scent.

The item of the boss of 'Flame Giant' was a crystal as big as the first knuckle of the index finger, it was murky, and a strong salty-spicy flavor spread from it.

The boss of 'Blood Fox' had an item, a small dagger, not meant for stabbing people, but used for picking locks.

Chapter 1554: Taniel Still Has Dreams! (2)

.

The aroma of three props filled the air, different scents made Jason's mouth curl.

Next, it was time to disinfect with strong liquor.

Strong liquor wasn't hard to find on the farm.

Not only did the farm itself store some, but the fallen bandits around had even more — for bandits, two things are essential: weapons and liquor.

Especially the latter.

Sometimes, they would often trade the former for the latter.

Of course, the final result was not too good.

Jason washed this 'food'.

Taniel was not just standing idly by.

He started to help clean the battlefield.

Taniel chose those bandits who were strong and tough-looking, pulled their belts and shoelaces, and tied them up.

As for further body searches?

Taniel didn't do them.

That was for Jason.

This was also the rule, the 'Mystical Side' default rule.

Taniel didn't want to lose friends by breaking the rule.

Jason glanced briefly and then looked away.

Jason had full confidence in Taniel.

And these spoils?

Jason had his own plans.

However, that was something to deal with after Bondi and Holle arrived.

Now?

It was naturally time to feast.

The first thing to eat was the silver coin, which was crisp, with a strong mint flavor and a hint of cocoa.

A bit like mint chocolate.

And the crystal stone that had a salty and spicy taste was somewhat like mushroom bits marinated in salt, oil, and chili, quite chewy and tasted nice, much like a snack Jason used to eat in his childhood.

However, he couldn't quite recall the name.

The taste of the dagger was bland, but the texture was excellent, much like duck intestine.

Coupled with the salty and spicy crystal stone, it was very enjoyable.

Naturally, more delightful were the words appearing before his eyes —

[Swallow the Coin of Malignant Fate]

[Physical strength, energy, and injuries greatly recovered!]

[Satiety +60]

[Satiety: 29871]

...

[Swallow the Tears of the Flame Giant (Mixed Blood, Broken)]

[Physical strength, energy, and injuries greatly recovered!]

[Satiety +80]

[Satiety: 29951]

...

[Swallow the Lightweight Entwined Blade (Damaged)]

[Physical strength, energy, and injuries greatly recovered!]

[Satiety +100]

[Satiety: 30051]

[Excitement of Feast +1]

[Excitement of Feast: 594]

...

Satiety fitting the aroma of food.

But the [Lightweight Entwined Blade (Damaged)] having Excitement of Feast was unexpected to Jason.

"A pleasant surprise."

Jason commented thus.

Then, he joined Taniel in the bandits' binding squad.

Meanwhile, the valuables and weapons on the bandits were also searched and brought out by Jason.

However, Jason didn't pocket them, but tossed them aside.

And while the two were busy, Bondi and Holle gradually approached the southern suburb farm's range.

"Archie!"

Bondi made a gesture towards a young man in the squad.

The young man immediately nodded, crouched, and made his way towards the southern suburb farm.

The map of the southern suburb farm had long been memorized by Bondi and the young man, just like they knew the southern suburb farm had become full of dangers at this moment.

Because, with limited officers, Bondi was already running around dealing with these bandits.

He hadn't investigated what the southern suburb farm had turned into since bandits took over.

Bondi was very clear that, apart from one or two, his lads really didn't have the ability to complete thorough reconnaissance.

Even he wasn't confident.

He wasn't skilled at reconnaissance.

Using the few chances to risk it.

Also having to take on the risk of failure, and even alerting the enemy.

Bondi certainly wouldn't do that.

But this time was different.

Taniel had been bound.

He had to take the risk and try.

At the same time, he prepared for the consequences of possible failure.

Thinking of this, Bondi checked his firearms again.

Two revolvers.

One military rifle.

And a dozen grenades.

These were all his weapons.

Not that he didn't want to carry more, but carrying more would affect the action.

Seeing Bondi check the weapons, the remaining eight people immediately sprang into action.

As seasoned detectives of the precinct.

These detectives not only had rich experience in detecting crimes but even richer fighting experience.

In fact, the latter far exceeded the former.

After all, for those with a military background, handling firearms was truly ingrained.

Likewise, they knew how to adjust themselves before a big battle.

Or through breathing.

Or through thinking.

Yet, not a single person complained.

Regarding rescuing Taniel, these seasoned individuals were absolutely willing.

Because Taniel's potions had saved them more than once.

If they lost Taniel.

The upcoming battle would be hopeless for them.

Understanding this, these veterans could be said to be taking the same all-or-nothing gamble as Bondi.

Rustling.

The unmistakable sound of bodies brushing past bushes was heard.

Without Bondi's command, half of the eight veterans raised their guns, and the other half picked up the gun sounds.

The gunfire was extremely loud at night.

Once the gunfire erupted.

The element of surprise would be lost.

Therefore, knives were more suitable.

"To be unexpectedly hit by bandits."

Bondi thought helplessly.

Apart from them, those who came here must be bandits.

As for Archie?

Archie, being a seasoned scout, would never be so reckless...

"Archie?!"

The next moment, everyone looked at the approaching figure.

It was Archie.

Stumbling and dazed, a soul-less Archie.

"What happened?"

Bondi inquired while glancing behind Archie.

Bondi thought there were pursuers.

But there was no one behind Archie.

The surrounding detectives also gathered and looked at Archie with concern.

"Ja-Jason..."

"There!"

"Over there!"

Archie stammered out.

"Jason?"

"What happened to Jason?"

Upon hearing news of another friend, Bondi immediately became tense.

The time spent with Jason was not long.

Only one week.

The time apart from Jason was also not long.

Also one week.

But during the time together, it felt like a whirlwind.

When apart, each day felt like a year.

Bondi really missed Jason dearly.

"Dead..."

"All dead!"

Archie's fragmented words made Bondi unable to stand idly waiting for news. After gesturing to his subordinates, he cautiously stepped out of the bushes.

The other subordinates did the same.

Not knowing what had happened.

Caution was necessary.

And about ten minutes later, Bondi's eyes widened observing the scene before him.

In front of a campfire, Jason sat there, Taniel was roasting a ham.

Surrounding them were bound bandits, numbering two to three hundred.

Also a considerable number of corpses.

What happened?

Bondi stood there stunned.

So did those subordinates.

"Lord Jason?!"

When one spoke up, Bondi came back to his senses.

As the sheriff, he rushed over, hugging Jason tightly and patting his back hard.

"Long time no see, Jason."

Bondi said happily.

"Long time no see, Bondi."

"Want some ham?"

Jason responded.

To Bondi, whom he met in the first quest world, Jason had considerable goodwill.

Or rather, he already regarded him as a friend.

Being offered food by Jason, that signifies friendship.

"Of course."

Bondi sat down, glanced around, then continued saying, "Can you tell me what happened?"

"I've spent the past week organizing 'Old Jazz's' inheritance, then, upon hearing Taniel was kidnapped, I rescued him."

Jason stated truthfully.

"I know! I know!"

"The process!"

"I want to hear the process!"

Bondi spread his hands and shrugged, while Jason's gaze shifted to the shadows in the distance.

Under Jason's watchful gaze, a figure walked out.

"If you don't mind, I would also like to hear."

The person said.

This was a man dressed in a black formal suit, wearing a black hat, underneath was a white shirt and a gray vest, with a golden watch chain hanging from the vest.

Clean black shoes reflected the firelight, and the cane was tucked under his arm.

Facing Jason's gaze, the person removed the hat, bowed slightly as a greeting.

And when the person took off the hat, seeing clearly the person's appearance in the firelight, Taniel exclaimed—

"It's you!"

Chapter 1555: Samen!

Taniel gasped in surprise upon clearly seeing the well-dressed middle-aged man in front of him.

The person was very familiar to him.

He had even seen him not long ago.

The man was his liaison officer, who had taken over Duke's official role concerning the 'Mystical Side'.

Generous, was Taniel's first impression of him.

Wary, was Taniel's heartfelt warning to himself.

Therefore, when the man appeared here, Taniel immediately became vigilant.

Taniel did not hide his expression.

Bondi saw it.

His hand immediately reached for the gun handle.

The remaining people also raised their gun barrels.

"Please, don't misunderstand me!"

"I have no malice at all!"

"I come with sincerity!"

The man in front of them immediately raised his hands to indicate his harmlessness, while his gaze turned towards Jason, who had been sitting there the whole time, not moving, merely staring at the roasted ham.

Clearly, the man wanted to talk to Jason.

Or perhaps, he came specifically for Jason.

As for how he knew Jason was here?

It might be that he had some special channel and got news of the impostor.

Or it might simply be that he wanted to see whether Taniel could lead him out.

Jason leaned towards the latter.

If it was the former, there was no need for the man to present himself in this manner.

He could have completed some very special arrangements.

Rather than appearing in the current manner.

So, it should be the latter.

Recalling Taniel's abduction this time and Taniel's attitude of familiarity towards him...

"Was he utilized?"

Jason sighed inwardly.

That Taniel was used wasn't something surprising.

Because Taniel himself wasn't very smart.

Being utilized was quite normal.

However, as Taniel's friend, Jason naturally wouldn't do nothing.

Jason's aura changed slightly.

Very faintly.

But the man perceived it.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Taniel, I had to use you to draw out Mr. Jason—in here I offer you my most sincere apology."

The official said, bowing to Taniel.

At the same time, he took out a check with his free hand and handed it to Taniel.

I was utilized?!

Taniel, though not very bright, wasn't a fool. With the man's words as a reminder, he quickly understood the cause and effect of the matter.

Instantly, Taniel was furious.

He glared angrily at the man, about to shout and curse.

But when he saw the amount on the check, Taniel's anger vanished.

In fact, not only did his anger vanish, but Taniel also broke into a smile.

"It's nothing, it's nothing."

"We are friends, after all."

"Your name is... Samen?"

"Yes, Samen!"

With a broad smile, Taniel threw an arm around the shoulder of the official in front of him, then turned around and winked at Jason, showing him the amount on the check.

1000.

The unit is Gold Crooks.

Calculating by Jason's weekly salary of 1.5 Gold Crooks as a consultant at the police station, this was equal to a salary for 666+ weeks.

There are approximately 52 weeks in a year.

Converted to an annual salary, it was more than 12 years, nearly 13 years of salary.

One must know, Jason's weekly pay was definitely not low.

It could even be considered a high wage.

And by this standard, obtaining nearly 13 years' worth of salary all at once, it was no wonder Taniel was smiling so broadly,

Even Jason felt a little tempted.

After all, according to his plan, there would be a lot of expenses soon.

Why was he counting spoils that weren't 'food'?

Wasn't it to make his future plans go more smoothly?

But the counting just now was unsatisfactory.

Cash was less than 100 Gold Crooks.

There was quite a bit of weaponry, which might sell for 200 Gold Crooks.

But that would take time.

Jason didn't have that much time.

So, just now, he interrogated some of the awakened robbers—knowing not to put all his eggs in one basket. Jason understood this reasoning, just like others, naturally would.

Especially in the profession of robbery.

What they carried on them was definitely only a part.

More should be buried.

Especially someone like the 'Silver Coin Skull', 'Flame Giant', 'Blood Fox', must have private stashes.

It was the buried Gold Crooks Jason was after.

Unfortunately, it didn't go as expected.

None of the robbers present knew about the trio's stash.

At first, Jason thought the robbers were playing tricks, but after using some means, Jason could confirm that these robbers indeed didn't know.

The bodies seen by Bondi and Archie were those robbers who had been handled.

As if they had a telepathic connection.

Taniel could keenly perceive his friend Jason's mind.

This second consultant at the police station directly stuffed the check into Jason's hand, then turned Samen around, and with proper decorum said, "Samen, let me introduce you to my friend, Jason."

The whole process had no reluctance at all.

A friend was short of money, Taniel could see it.

While counting spoils just now, Taniel saw Jason seriously calculating the coins in those pouches.

Jason was not a greedy person.

Taniel knew that well.

So his friend's behavior naturally indicated there was something up.

Though he didn't know what it was, Taniel was willing to help his friend.

Moreover, without a friend, he wouldn't have been able to see this check of 1000 Gold Crooks.

Was Samen expressing his apology to him?

Chapter 1556: Samen! (part 2)

If Taniel really believed those words, then he would truly be a fool.

Taniel knows very well how those 1000 Gold Crooks came about.

So, he won't feel reluctant.

After all, emotionally and logically, this cheque should belong to Jason.

Taniel knows this in his heart.

And Samon's ability to offer 1000 Gold Crooks as an apology indicates he is quite a capable individual.

Without any hesitation or delay.

This official representative took off his hat once again.

"Mr. Jason, nice to meet you for the first time."

"I've really heard a lot about you."

"It's truly great to see you this time."

As he spoke, the official representative bowed to Jason.

"Is there anything you need?"

Jason asked after swallowing the last piece of ham.

The other party directly offered 1000 Gold Crooks to earn Taniel's "forgiveness"; Jason didn't believe they would be so generous without any request.

Of course, judging by the posture the other wanted to show, if he agreed to the following request, there would be even greater benefits.

"Well, Chief Bondi, could you help Mr. Jason continue cleaning the battlefield?"

Samon turned around and asked Bondi very politely.

"Alright."

Bondi naturally realized it was an excuse to send him away.

There were certain things the other obviously didn't want him to know.

However, Bondi wasn't angry.

Having passed his youthful days, he understood his position very well.

Some matters should not be forcibly involved in.

Otherwise, one would end up in an awkward situation, especially in such a special domain as the “Mystical Side.”

Before leaving with his subordinates, Bondi discreetly made a gesture to Jason.

It was a reminder.

And a statement.

A reminder for Jason to be careful.

A statement that he was always there and would appear if needed.

"Mr. Jason, your reputation is higher than I imagined."

Samon saw Bondi's movements and couldn't help but praise.

Before coming to Lorde, Samon naturally had a detailed understanding of everything about Lorde.

Especially of people like Bondi, who directly participated in the “Disaster Day”; he knew to an extent even things Bondi might have forgotten.

Hence, Samon was very clear about Bondi's character.

Sense of justice.

Straightforwardness.

Straightforward personality.

Because of this, given his qualifications, becoming the local commissioner was more than sufficient, yet he remained at the level of the chief.

What was more surprising was the presence of a group of such people under his command.

At the time, Samon was surprised just by looking through the information.

But he didn't delve into it.

This world is full of wonders.

People are diverse.

There are those who are shrewd and sophisticated, and naturally, there are those who are righteous and incorruptible.

For Samon, both are people he can get along with.

Naturally, the latter makes one more at ease.

Someone who can earn the respect of the latter makes one feel at ease as well.

Thinking of this, Samon sighed deeply.

As if finally relieved, he pointed to the round wooden stump by the bonfire, and after Jason nodded, this official representative just sat down.

After sitting down, he didn't speak immediately but stared at the bonfire for two or three seconds, then finally asked.

"Mr. Jason, have you been to Tert?"

"No."

Jason shook his head.

Tert, the capital of the Sewock Kingdom.

Its prosperity is said to be ten times that of Lorde.

The population exceeds a million.

There, various restaurants are scattered like stars across the streets — this is Taniel's description, and some delicacies were introduced to Jason by Taniel.

For example: Haggis!

A traditional, historied delicacy.

Known among certain foodies.

Taniel also once invited Jason to taste it during his winter break.

Jason agreed with pleasure.

After all, no matter how bad the food is, it can't surpass "Starry Sky pie" or "eel jelly."

As a result, Jason learned more about the Sewock Capital Tert from Taniel's mouth.

"That's a real pity."

"Mr. Jason, you really should go and see."

"See the people there."

"Abundant, peaceful."

"Look at the streets there."

"Each one has a history of a hundred years."

"In the evening, when the breeze brushes your cheeks, as you walk down such streets and pass by the smiling residents, you'll truly fall in love with this city."

Samen describes Tert.

That's his impression of Tert.

Jason has never been there, so he can't comment much.

He can only imagine based on Samen's description.

Not exceptionally stunning, but certainly pleasant.

That's what Jason thought.

And Taniel beside him lightly coughed.

Jason hasn't been to Tert.

But he has.

This teacher from Deer Academy, the second advisor to the police department, immediately reminded his friend.

"Jason, when you go, try to buy an umbrella, especially when walking through narrow streets and alleys, make sure to open the umbrella, especially in the morning, otherwise you'll be attacked by yellow liquid falling from the sky."

Taniel finished speaking and made a motion of dumping a chamber pot.

Jason was silent.

Instantly, the previous pleasant feeling vanished.

Samen's smile became a bit stiff.

"That was due to the incomplete sewer system a few years ago, things have improved a lot these years, more people choose to go, moving to Tert is the best proof."

Samen explained.

"So, the production of perfume increased tenfold?"

Taniel continued to ask.

"It's the commerce department's operation."

"Perfume is an incomparable profitable item."

"Guard Sewock brought items with high tax revenue, naturally it should be greatly developed."

Samen explained.

This official responsible person tried to change Jason's 'first impression' of Tert.

Unfortunately, it didn't succeed.

Compared to Samen's explanation, Jason naturally trusted his friend Taniel more.

And Taniel wouldn't let Jason down either.

"A very good tax policy; merchants' tax increases are undoubtedly justified, but the tax for commoners has also been rising for five years straight, right?"

"Moreover, in comparison, the tax on commoners is heavier."

"Merchants, however, pay much less."

"Even though the amount merchants pay is quite substantial, one person equals tens, hundreds, thousands of commoners' taxes, but the latter pays with money for buying food."

Taniel spoke with a slightly questioning tone.

"This is something that cannot be helped."

"Sewock has experienced war, and the war has never been far, naturally needing more taxes."

"Our Emperor has also cut royal expenses by half."

Samen sighed.

Then, this official didn't wait for Taniel to speak again.

He looked directly at Jason and asked.

"Mr. Jason, what do you think of our Emperor, the royal household?"

This time, Samen didn't beat around the bush.

He originally intended to let Jason feel the beauty of Tert through its 'small details', thus improving Jason's impression of the royal household, but Taniel's words turned his description full of 'taste'.

Instead of continuing to beat around the bush.

It's better to just speak frankly.

"Do you represent the royal household?"

Jason didn't answer immediately but asked back.

"Yes."

Samen said, while taking out a ring engraved with special patterns.

It looked like two swords crossed in front of a shield.

It had a crown design above it.

Jason didn't understand and looked at Taniel.

Taniel took the ring, examined it carefully, then nodded to Jason.

Then, with a subtle look towards Jason, Taniel directly spoke.

"Mr. Samen, you being a messenger for the royal household really surprises me."

"Meeting a representative of the royal household in such a remote area is indeed quite rude."

"Once morning comes, I'll host you at the 'Starry Sky' restaurant."

"It's too late now, so let's temporarily end this conversation."

Saying so, Taniel stood up eagerly, signaling Jason to leave with him.

As for that 1000 gold crook check?

That's an apology gift and won't be returned.

Jason looked at Taniel, whose face showed urgency, his curiosity grew even more.

However, he did not speak and simply stood up. He believed in Taniel.

Following behind Taniel, Jason walked to the side.

Watching Jason prepare to leave, Samen hurriedly shouted loudly.

"Mr. Jason, are you afraid too?"

"Don't you want to know who the real murderer of Sir Beta is?"

Immediately, Jason's steps halted.

Chapter 1557: Dreamlike Cuisine—Reservation!

Sir Beta.

The old Sir's death... is there a hidden story?

Jason turned around, squinting his eyes at Samen.

A coldness!

An even more chilling intent than before made sweat break out on Samen's back.

As the official in charge of Lorde's 'Mystical Side', assigned this time, besides having considerable strength, Samen also excelled in his innate superhuman perception and extraordinary danger assessment.

This was an exceptionally outstanding talent.

It was innate.

And it grew continuously with age.

Something ordinary people did not possess.

After a certain ritual, this perception became even more miraculous.

Therefore, Samen knew that it was best to provide Jason with an answer right away.

Otherwise, something he would regret for life might occur.

Why does Jason possess such powerful strength?

An inheritance!

The inheritance of the old Sir!

Samen 'heard' Jason's words just now.

He believed in such words.

Because, besides this, there was no other explanation.

What kind of inheritance could transform a person so drastically in just a week, to such an unbelievable extent?

Samen pondered, but he didn't speak slowly.

"Mayor Tercon of Lorde had a very close connection with Prince Ruitai."

Samen said.

"Prince Ruitai?"

Jason was taken aback.

He hadn't heard this name before.

Meanwhile, Taniel covered his face.

"I knew staying here would lead to such things happening—we simply wanted to avenge the 'old Sir', and didn't want to get entangled in the war between His Majesty the Emperor and Prince His Highness."

Taniel spoke and was about to pull Jason away.

However, he didn't succeed.

Jason stood still, looking at Taniel.

Taniel?

He immediately avoided Jason's gaze.

Jason was quite familiar with some of Taniel's habits.

Like now.

Taniel must know something, that's why he chose to evade.

Jason just kept watching Taniel.

About two or three seconds later, Taniel turned his head.

"The new Ambassador Du'erdu, according to Bondi and Holle, doesn't feel like a normal person, more like a corpse, and even carries a faint scent of blood."

Taniel spoke truthfully.

Jason's expression darkened.

In the replica world in front of him, there were many people, and many corpses too.

But there were few living people who resembled corpses.

Only a 'Tomb Guardian' might be one.

And coincidentally, the former mayor of Lorde who orchestrated 'the Day of Lorde Disaster' for many years, Tercon, was a high-ranking 'Tomb Guardian'.

With such information, anyone would link the two together.

Because one after another, it was all too coincidental.

So coincidental that one couldn't help but notice.

"Is that ambassador one of Prince Ruitai's men?"

Jason continued to ask.

"Not only is the ambassador, but the two-thousand-person army arriving in three days is also Prince Ruitai's forces—compared to the young Majesty the Emperor, who always shows exceptional performance in the East-West Walker War, Prince Ruitai is more convincing."

"Although the Sewock military superficially still obeys His Majesty the Emperor's orders, every time they act only with Prince Ruitai's approval."

"And before this..."

"Duke made several visits to Lorde's military camp, supposedly gained some results, only for that explosion to occur."

Taniel said, lowering his voice.

As a teacher at Deer Academy and a former official 'Secret Agent', Taniel clearly knew things unknown to ordinary people.

For instance: Duke, Samen's predecessor, had constant contact with Lorde's military ever since he arrived.

For instance: When the military camp exploded, it was all-out, leaving no corner untouched, and all the soldiers inside, except those on patrol outside, were almost wiped out, especially those generals close to Duke, who left no body intact.

"Tercon was eliminating dissidents for Prince Ruitai."

Taniel spoke in an even lower voice.

His entire person shrank his neck.

He was like a startled quail.

Upon learning that the old emperor died mysteriously, and after the young His Majesty the Emperor was always opposed by his uncle, Prince Ruitai, Taniel vowed to stay away from their conflict.

The royal family's struggle was indeed terrifying.

One misstep could mean total destruction.

Taniel was very afraid.

But facing his friend's gaze, he couldn't help but speak out.

Alas.

Taniel sighed in his heart.

He knew he was now inextricably involved.

Involuntarily, Taniel glanced at Samen, who always wore a smile.

What's better for sharing when coaxed by a friend?

Of course, it's when the narrative is truthful.

Samen didn't interject or offer any opinion while Taniel spoke.

Because he knew Taniel's words were more useful than his own.

And he?

Just maintain a smile. .

Of course, he also had to face the furious Taniel.

If it were facing Jason, Samen might have been worried.

But facing Taniel?

Samen was full of confidence.

"Did you hear what I said?"

"Are you very happy, telling you these things... it was right for me to say it out loud."

The infuriated Taniel hadn't finished speaking when another check appeared.

1000 Gold Crooks!

Another 1000 Gold Crooks!

How could this guy be so wealthy?

How about tying this guy up?

Taniel grabbed the Gold Note, stuffed it to Jason, while signaling to Jason—although the opponent was strong, they weren't a match for Jason!

As long as Jason took action to take down the opponent, the two of them would be able to gain a fortune.

Chapter 1558: Dreamlike Cuisine—Reservation! (2)

They can still kill and silence, making the other side keep the secret.

Even if they are discovered later, they can take this huge sum of money and flee far away.

Sewock can no longer stay.

Then go to Eastwalk.

Taniel thought about it and blinked rapidly.

Jason, however, turned a blind eye.

He looked at Samen.

"It's not about clearing out dissent, but about clearing out rebellion — this is the real intention of Prince Terry, and likewise, Sir Beta is also on the list to be cleared."

"Because, the 'Knight's Code' of that noble knight cannot be bribed."

"So, he must be cleared out."

Samen sighed.

At this moment, Samen truly felt regret for that old knight. If it weren't for Duke, that fool, judging the situation incorrectly, they would have had a true high order knight in their camp.

That old knight was character and perseverance, absolutely the best ally.

What a pity...

Damn Duke!

Useless fool!

Samen couldn't help but curse.

Duke is already dead now.

If he weren't dead, he would have executed that guy.

Those whose brains are filled with shit will never understand what a high order professional means to the current Emperor.

Huff! Huff!

Samen's breathing became somewhat heavy.

But soon, Samen adjusted himself.

The old knight is already dead.

However, there is still an heir to the old knight in front of him.

He definitely won't be as sloppy as that fool.

"Sir Jason, I can swear by my name that what I say is true, and there is no twisting of concepts, nor word games — all of this is Prince Ruitai's plan, including Tercon's attempt to advance to 'Bone Desecrator,' which is part of the prince's plan. Once the prince discovered Tercon's true identity and failed to win over the old knight, everything was destined."

After swearing, Samen spoke earnestly.

"So that's how it is..."

Jason's voice became deep.

He suddenly felt the old knight's death was so undeserved.

A knight dying on the charge is as it should be.

Dying for glory.

It's the end that knights see as their destination.

But...

Dying in an intrigue.

It's really too unworthy.

Jason looked up at the ever-deepening night sky.

Dark clouds obscuring the moon and stars.

Pitched black, seeing nothing.

"What do you want?"

Jason asked.

"I invite you to ally with us to fight against Prince Ruitai."

Samen said while bowing.

"What can you offer me?"

Jason continued to ask.

"Anything I have, anything the royal family has, can be given to you."

Samen spoke straight without raising his head.

"I want to find the whereabouts of my teacher 'Dan' and also the 'Shepherd.'

Jason stated his condition.

This was his plan all along.

The former is for him to gain more strength.

And the latter?

Revenge!

The Samen before him was not lying, Prince Ruitai was indeed the planner behind it.

But what role did 'Shepherd' play in the whole event?

And what role did the organization he belonged to play?

Jason wants to know it all.

Of course, also including eliminating them.

"No problem!"

"I will use our strength to find these two."

Samen straightforwardly agreed.

Then, this official representative asked again.

"Do you have any other requests?"

For Samen, relying on the strength of the royal family to find two people is not difficult, even though the current royal family is not as good as before, there are still people serving them.

Not just ordinary people.

Also 'Mystical Side people.'

Among them are some 'seers.'

And this does not match the risk Jason bears in fighting against Prince Ruitai.

The deal must be fair!

This is something Samen has always believed in!

And this will quickly gain the favor of the trading partner.

Especially when this trader needs to be drawn in.

"Food... props!"

"Powerful props!"

Jason blurted out.

"Alright."

"I will arrange it for you!"

"Three days!"

"Please give me three days, I will get you a satisfactory answer."

After saying this, Samen tipped his hat and turned to disappear into the darkness before dawn.

Once Samen left, Taniel sighed.

"Jason, why don't we just run away?"

"Anyway, with 2000 Gold Crooks, we can live well anywhere."

Taniel suggested this.

Not seriously, more jokingly.

"Is this Prince Ruitai really scary?"

Jason asked.

"Scarier than you'd imagine."

"Not only does he command the army of Sewock, but his own strength is also terrifying, at least high-level, and..."

Saying this, Taniel swallowed, looking highly alarmed.

After a full second pause, Taniel continued.

"He also has a dragon!"

"A dragon nearly at the level of a legendary professional!"

"And he himself is a special legendary profession 'Dragon Knight'!"

As Taniel said these words, he turned pale.

Those who have never seen a dragon can never understand the terror of a dragon.

When it sweeps over your head and breathes fire, the despair is unimaginable.

Because your attacks—be they swords, spears, arrows, or secret techniques—can't harm it in the slightest.

Even those who dare to face a dragon won't flee without a fight.

Prince Ruitai's brilliant victories on the battlefields of Eastwalk and Westwalk are inseparable from this dragon.

Similarly, when Prince Ruitai and that dragon appear on the battlefield, it's a signal of victory.

"Jason, did you know..."

Slurp.

As Taniel was about to say more, he suddenly heard a strange sound.

Somewhat like the sound of swallowing.

That sound came from... Jason?

Taniel stared blankly at Jason.

He clearly saw Jason's Adam's apple bobbing.

"Even you, Jason, are surprised?"

"But really, you are incredible, just surprised."

"When I first heard this news, I turned completely pale."

As he spoke, Taniel laughed self-deprecatingly.

It was clear that this teacher of Deer Academy and the second consultant of the police had a wonderful misunderstanding about Jason's swallowing action.

And this wonderful misunderstanding made Taniel think he might persuade Jason.

Immediately, Taniel spoke again.

"So, Jason, we should..."

"Dragon? Dragon!"

Gurgle, gurgle.

Before Taniel could finish his persuasion, he was interrupted by Jason's ecstatic voice.

As Taniel wanted to say something more, the teacher from Deer Academy and the second consultant of the police heard a rumbling of hunger.

It came from Jason.

Jason was hungry?

Didn't he just eat?

Taniel froze.

Instinctively, Taniel pulled out a piece of bread and handed it to Jason—on the Southern Suburb farm, after the robbers attacked, they turned a barn into a makeshift food storage warehouse.

Inside were lots of flour and vegetables.

There was also quite a bit of meat.

Of course, there was bread, too.

Probably baked by the robbers themselves.

The taste was average.

However, it was enough to fill the stomach.

"Thank you."

Jason took the bread and sincerely thanked his friend who had brought him good news.

Dragon!

He had missed it several times!

This time!

This time!

Would he finally get his wish?

As he thought this, Jason stood up.

"Jason?"

Taniel asked.

Jason couldn't help but ask,

"Do you know where that ambassador is?"

Taniel was stunned.

Didn't they just promise Samen?

Why did he want to see the ambassador from Prince Ruitai's camp now?

Could it be...

Was Jason going to switch sides frequently?!

Suddenly, Taniel became interested.

Switching sides frequently was exhausting but very profitable!

If executed properly, it could please both sides, even leading to a fisherman profiting while the clams fight!

With this thought, Taniel stood up and said directly—

"I know! Let's go!"

Chapter 1559: A Late-Night Visit

Lorde, Embassy district.

The noise outside made Dolder, who liked silence, frown.

He got up and walked to the window, watching the workers still constructing outside, pursing his lips.

Unlike the relatively intact embassy district.

The mayor's office, including the entire office building, was completely destroyed under the life-threatening strike of the 'Old Sir'.

"Useless Tercon!"

Dolder muttered under his breath.

Having the advantage of time, place, and people, they ended up perishing together with that stubborn old man.

A waste of the Prince's investment.

But...

The military camp matters were handled well.

As the young Emperor grew older, some people became restless.

"What an ungrateful bunch."

"If it weren't for the Prince's conquests."

"Sewock would have long become history!"

"Moreover, having enjoyed the war benefits brought by the Prince, now they want to return to so-called orthodoxy... Truly hypocritical!"

Dulder sneered.

The ambassador from Sewock's capital, Terter, could already imagine how furious or uneasy those people would be upon learning what had happened in Lorde's military camp.

Among them, many would be furious.

Even more would be uneasy.

But these matters weren't Dulder's concern.

What he cared about now was Tercon's inheritance.

As a fourth-tier 'Corpse Whisperer' of the 'Tomb Guardian', soon to become a fifth-tier 'Bone Desecrator', Tercon's inheritance, having been an elite in Lorde for 20 years, must be considerable. Ra N
Ö B Eş

For a fellow 'Tomb Guardian' like him, it was undoubtedly more valuable.

And the reason the Prince sent him to Lorde was also to help him better advance from a third-tier 'Corpse Dissolver' of the 'Tomb Guardian' to a 'Corpse Whisperer'.

This was a sign of trust.

And also a reward.

Dulder was well aware of this.

Therefore, while completing the Prince's task, he was also actively searching for Tercon's inheritance.

But it's been four days.

He's investigated Tercon's residence, office, and laboratory.

There's nothing.

The residence was simple and maintained the persona of a 'good mayor'.

The office was a ruin, and although the excavation hadn't ended, he had asked some wandering spirits, and there was nothing underneath.

And the laboratory?

It was located in a two-story building between Tercon's residence and office.

To avoid exposing his identity, Tercon was very cautious.

Every day, a fake puppet was created to stay at the residence while he himself went to the laboratory, always returning before dawn.

These things had been thoroughly investigated by the Prince long ago.

But in the laboratory, there was nothing.

Nothing at all!

Some basic experimental supplies were present.

Anything of value?

Just wasn't there.

"Is it a decoy?"

"The real laboratory isn't there."

"Or did he set himself a fallback when completing the 'Advancement Ceremony' and deliberately moved it?"

Dulder pondered.

He leaned towards the latter.

As a third-tier 'Corpse Dissolver' for the 'Tomb Guardian', he was fully aware a 'Tomb Guardian' cannot improve their prowess without corpses; whether in experiments or ceremonies, they are closely tied to corpses.

Back when Tercon just became Lorde's mayor, he was also just a third-tier 'Corpse Dissolver'.

During these 20 years, he not only smoothly advanced to fourth-tier 'Corpse Whisperer' of the 'Tomb Guardian', but he was also close to becoming a higher-tier 'Bone Desecrator' of the 'Tomb Guardian'.

This speed of advancement would require a vast and sophisticated laboratory.

There must be one.

Yet it's untraceable.

This taste left Dulder increasingly irritated at heart.

"If I were Tercon, to leave myself a fallback, where would I move the laboratory?"

"Firstly, for safety, it should be far from Lorde."

"Secondly, it should allow for easy acquisition of a large number of corpses."

"Finally, it must be a place that surprises everyone."

Dulder mused.

At this moment, the ambassador had already returned to his desk.

He held a glass of sparkling water brewed with lemon, mint, and a heavy dose of sugar — since becoming a ‘Corpse Dissolver’, a small amount of alcohol no longer affected his thoughts, but Dolder still preferred beverages with a better taste.

He didn’t like fragrant yet sour red wine.

And during contemplation, sugar helped him think.

Unfortunately, after finishing a sweet, refreshing drink, Dolder’s thoughts yielded no results.

Just like a few days ago.

This left Dolder increasingly irritated.

Three days!

Just three more days!

The Prince’s army would arrive.

By then, he wouldn’t be able to accept Tercon’s inheritance as freely as he did now.

Even though accepting Tercon’s inheritance was tacitly permitted by the Prince.

But tacit permission is still just that.

There’s always room for maneuver.

A loophole to exploit.

And the bastard leading this army was very adept at exploiting loopholes.

And he would certainly do so.

After all, if it were him, he would do the same.

The Prince's followers weren't exactly amicable.

Competition?

It's always present.

"Must speed up."

"If I alone am not enough..."

"Then I'll gather more people."

Dulder immediately thought of Bondi, Holle, and others.

Bondi and Holle have considerable reputation in Lorde, and command over a hundred underlings.

If mobilized, it's far better than searching alone.

Chapter 1560: Late Night Visit (part 2)

As for fending off bandit attacks?

In Lorde's view, it didn't matter.

No matter how fierce or brutal these bandits were,

He would not suffer the slightest harm.

He was confident of remaining unscathed under a bandit raid.

And the civilians attacked by bandits?

What did that have to do with him?

These civilians were not within the scope of his mission objectives.

Besides, in three days that idiot would arrive, naturally needing to be kept busy!

And what's busier than suppressing bandits?

Of course, it's bandits who have reaped a rich harvest and are preparing to retreat to the mountains.

At the thought of the opponent running through the mountains and forests like a dog, Lorde couldn't help but chuckle.

He was genuinely pleased at his competitor's misfortune.

Moreover, this situation allowed him to delay time smoothly.

It was simply killing two birds with one stone!

What more could he not do?

Of course, to make Bondi and Holle obedient, he had to 'make a statement.'

Stating that he could fend off bandits.

Then, just show a little strength.

He was well-versed in this routine. .

Of course, to Bondi and Holle, people like them, deceit?

There was no such thing.

Because it was naturally expected.

A group of lower-class people.

For them to cooperate with him was already their great fortune.

Once again, he walked to the side of the coffee table, where sat a small soda-making bottle that had been sold just last month at Tert's Department Store.

Exquisitely made, costly, and quite scarce.

If he weren't a confidant of Prince Ruitai, he wouldn't have possibly obtained this small soda-making bottle.

In fact, he even used a bit of his connections with Prince Ruitai to acquire it.

As for spending two months of his salary?

When he tasted that sweet, sparkling water, Lorde felt it was all worth it.

He drank the carbonated water, which had sugar, fresh lemon slices, and mint, in one gulp.

Someone had recommended honey to him.

However, compared to honey, Lorde preferred sugar.

Because the sweetness of sugar was more pronounced.

Setting down the cup, Lorde planned to leave his bedroom.

Sleep?

As a third-level 'Tomb Guardian' 'Disassembler', although not like a second-level 'Night Watcher' 'Vigil' with reduced need for sleep, normal late nights were no concern.

Just as Lorde was about to leave, the door sounded—

Knock, knock knock.

First, one knock, then two more.

This was a signal agreed upon with Lorde and his retainer.

A code indicating there was no danger.

"Sir, Mr. Taniel has made an unexpected visit..."

"Let him in."

The retainer drew out the words, and Lorde agreed straight away.

Unlike Bondi and Holle, these lower-class people,

Taniel, being of the 'Mystical Side,' was someone whom Lorde could regard seriously.

After all, they were of the same kind.

Especially after learning that Taniel was a 'Pharmacist' and held a position at Deer Academy, Lorde had hinted more than once to Taniel about having further discussions.

The former could provide substantial aid to his faction—not the large faction of Prince Ruitai's, but a smaller, interest-aligned coalition.

It's crucial to note that his small faction did not have a 'Pharmacist.'

And the latter?

That was something that Prince Ruitai valued.

You must know that Deer Academy had high-level Professionals.

Prince Ruitai had tried multiple times to ally with Deer Academy.

But attempts yielded no results.

If a teacher from Deer Academy could act as a trailblazer, that would be ideal.

So, Lorde humbled himself to approach Taniel.

Unfortunately, Taniel played dumb.

Ignoring his implications entirely.

Initially, Lorde planned to 'visit' Taniel again before matters concluded.

Unexpectedly, Taniel had come to his senses.

Maybe it was the beginning of good luck!

Lorde thought to himself.

He then quietly awaited Taniel's arrival.

About two minutes later, a retainer in a black suit opened the door, gesturing invitingly.

Taniel entered.

Seeing Taniel's wrinkled clothes, stained with dirt and blood, Lorde smiled.

He seemed to have guessed Taniel's purpose for coming.

Immediately, the Ambassador leisurely reclined in his chair.

Taniel counted this as his first formal meeting with the Ambassador in front of him.

Previous meetings had all been indirect.

Looking at the other's pale face, with the thick scent of blood that even perfume couldn't entirely mask.

Taniel frowned.

'Tomb Guardian' of the third-order 'corpse resolver'?

Relying on Deer Academy's systematic 'Mystical Side knowledge,' Taniel quickly made a judgment.

'Tomb Guardian' has been dealing with corpses from the very beginning.

But in the first and second order, there is no blood scent.

Only when reaching the third-order 'corpse resolver' will they be tainted with a significant, lingering smell of blood due to dissecting corpses.

What about the higher fourth and fifth orders?

If the opponent were fifth-order, they couldn't possibly appear in Lorde.

The fourth order is also impossible.

If the opponent were a fourth-order 'corpse speaker,' they would have already found Tercon's heritage, rather than stumbling around like a headless fly these past few days.

"Good evening, Your Excellency Dordu."

Thinking so in his heart, Taniel greeted the ambassador before him.

"Good evening, Mr. Taniel."

Realizing that Taniel might have encountered some trouble coming to ask for help, Dordu, who moments ago seemed somewhat anxious, now shifted to a nonchalant demeanor.

The difference between being active and passive is significant.

When you hold the initiative.

Everything changes.

Taking measure of the opposite party, one can handle things with ease.

And,

There's more to gain.

Taniel looked at Dordu sitting in the chair, seemingly looking at him down the nose, and awkwardly scratched his head.

However, he said nothing.

It was then that Dordu spoke.

"No need to be embarrassed, Mr. Taniel."

"You have encountered trouble."

"Tell me about it."

"Perhaps I can help you."

Thus spoke Dordu.

This wasn't a gesture of friendliness.

It was full of arrogance.

With a superior, condescending attitude.

Taniel responded to Dordu with a perfectly measured smile.

"Of course."

"I indeed have encountered some trouble."

"Otherwise, I wouldn't have come here."

Taniel said.

"Well, go ahead."

Leaning back in the chair, Dordu extended his right arm and knocked on the table. When the sound of knocking echoed in the room, he finally completed his sentence.

"Let me hear what it is."

Charity.

Much like seeing a beggar and tossing a copper crook, feeling the beggar should be grateful.

Taniel despised such people.

In his usual life, whenever he encountered such people,

He would merely mutter a curse under his breath before turning away.

But not today.

His cooperation.

Thinking of his friend's expectations, Taniel took a deep breath and said:

"I was kidnapped by those thieves."

"Although I managed to escape by luck, those thieves won't let it rest."

Taniel spoke, half-true and half-false.

"Those thieves?"

"Quite bold."

"Mr. Taniel, you can temporarily stay in the embassy area. Believe me, they won't come here, nor dare to—of course, just temporarily, you'll have to figure it out yourself come daylight."

Dordu remarked, smiling as if he suddenly understood.

"What? Daylight?"

"This... I..."

Taniel was in a state of panic.

Seeing Taniel's appearance, Dordu felt a tiny sense of satisfaction.

"There's no other choice.

The thieves are numerous, and who knows what figures may be hidden among them."

"Allowing you to stay until daylight is because I am aware of what you've done for Lorde and willing to take the risk."

"Though I admire your act of accompanying heroes, I am merely a spectator."

Dordu continued.

He emphasized the words hero and spectator.

Enduring the other's affected manner, Taniel took a deep breath.

This time, making no attempt to hide.

As if resolved.

"I am a spectator, you cannot help me."

"What if I'm willing to join your team?"

"I could sign an employment agreement to be your attendant."

Taniel voiced the prepared argument.

Dordu's lips twitched into a smile.

Isn't this exactly what he had hoped for?