

## Menu 1561

Chapter 1561: Midnight Visit (part 2)

The employment agreement was quickly drafted.

In truth, it was a contract.

It consisted of five clauses—

First, after being employed by Duldur, Taniel must remain loyal and not betray him.

Second, Duldur shall not mistreat Taniel without cause and must ensure a weekly salary of no less than 4 Gold Crooks.

Third, with the length of service, Taniel's salary will increase by 5% starting from the third year.

Fourth, when Taniel is required to perform highly dangerous tasks, Duldur shall provide additional equivalent remuneration. .

Fifth, upon the contract's effect, any violating party will suffer excruciating soul-consuming pain.

...

The third, fourth, and fifth clauses were all proposed by Taniel.

Duldur did not object to this.

In the ambassador's view, Taniel, who proposed these conditions, genuinely intended to follow him.

To survive, a contract was signed.

At the same time, ensuring his own interests.

There's nothing wrong with that.

As for the first and second clauses?

They were proposed by Duldur.

The first clause is fundamental.

The second clause is advanced.

These two ensure a pleasant cooperation for both parties.

And a weekly salary of no less than 4 Gold Crooks?

Perhaps for ordinary people, that's astoundingly high.

But for Duldur, it's nothing significant.

Not to mention that as a third-tier 'Bone Resurrector' Tomb Guardian, acquiring Gold Crooks is far easier for him than ordinary people. Even just the salary paid to him by Prince Ruitai, after deducting all expenses, was more than sufficient to pay Taniel.

In fact, he could afford a few more like Taniel.

Though Prince Ruitai could be quite strict at times, he was also generous enough.

A combination of grace and power, that's the secret behind Prince Ruitai's growing influence.

The contract was signed.

A smile appeared on Duldur's face.

Getting a 'Pharmacist' follower is truly a joyous occasion.

In fact, Duldur had tried more than once to recruit one or two followers from the 'Mystical Side', but all efforts failed. Firstly, the nature of a 'Tomb Guardian' made most people from the 'Mystical Side' wary of them. Secondly, Duldur did not have a very good reputation. With these two combined, the result was predictable.

However, things are different now.

With the addition of Taniel, the 'Pharmacist', his situation brightened instantly.

Never mind anything else, just in front of Prince Ruitai, his value could significantly increase.

And that's more than enough!

Thinking of this, Duldur's smile widened.

"Would you like a drink?"

Duldur walked over to the small soda water maker and asked Taniel.

"Yes, sir."

Taniel nodded, naturally slipping into the role of a follower.

After receiving the handed soda water, Taniel asked.

"Sir, what shall we do next?"

"What do you think I came to Lorde for?"

Duldur asked.

This was both a test and a trial.

If Taniel answered well enough, Duldur would naturally rely more heavily on Taniel in the future.

If just average?

Duldur obviously wouldn't abandon a 'Pharmacist'.

However, it's likely that he'd just have him stay in the 'workshop' to serve as a laborer making potions.

"On the surface, it's because of 'Lord Disaster Day', to investigate its cause."

"In secret, there are two aspects."

"First, as Lorde is a direct path to the Capital Terter, Prince Ruitai is surely upset with the military being swayed, so the entire Lorde needs to be sorted out. At a time when it's being rebuilt, Lorde naturally becomes the best opportunity."

"Second, it concerns the wealth left behind by former Mayor Tercon. As he's about to become a 'Bone Desecrator', he is bound to leave a legacy, a legacy that is quite important to you, sir."

Taniel spoke confidently and at length.

He was confident, after all, these insights were analyzed for him by his friend Jason.

Duldur looked at Taniel with surprise.

He realized that compared to the rumors, Taniel was much smarter.

Even better than he imagined.

The rumored Taniel was not only cowardly but also loved playing petty tricks for small gains.

But now it seems...

The rumors were mistaken.

No!

It must be a disguise!

Hiding one's skills!

Regarding this, Duldur felt no dissatisfaction.

On the contrary, he was more satisfied.

For someone like Taniel, who had signed a contract with him, the more capable Taniel was, the more advantageous it was for him.

Now!

Not only did he have a reliable follower, but he could also entrust this follower with more tasks.

This is much better than doing it himself.

For example: letting Taniel command Bondi and Holle to search for the legacy left by Tercon.

"Very good."

Duldur nodded in approval.

Then continued to ask.

"Then what should we do now?"

This time it wasn't a test or a trial.

But a simple inquiry.

Since Taniel had been disguising his true capabilities for so long, Duldur thought he should frequently consult Taniel's opinions.

Who knows, there might be unexpected surprises.

In fact... it was indeed the case.

"Of course, it's to uncover Tercon's legacy!"

Taniel answered naturally.

"What?"

Duldur was taken aback.

Then he realized, immediately sitting up straight.

"You know where Tercon's legacy is?"

Duldur pressed further.

Seeing Taniel nod, Duldur stood up and approached him, asking eagerly: "Where?"

Chapter 1562: Midnight Visit (part 3)

Dorudu never imagined that the legacy of Tercon he searched for in vain, would be known to Taniel.

Did Taniel know it beforehand?

Or were clues gathered afterward?

Or perhaps something else?

It doesn't matter!

None of this matters now!

What matters is where Tercon's legacy is!

"At the Southern Suburb Farm!"

Taniel replied.

Southern Suburb Farm?

Boom!

It was as if a thunderbolt struck in Dorudu's mind.

Wrong!

He was wrong from the beginning!

That bastard Tercon didn't keep the laboratory away from Lorde, but instead placed it right under everyone's nose.

This way would leave most people directionless.

But it truly fits the condition of having numerous corpses and being unexpected.

Is the Southern Suburb Farm lacking corpses?

No, it isn't.

There are at least hundreds of farmer corpses.

If you count the thieves, it's thousands of corpses.

Unexpected?



It fits even more.

If Taniel hadn't told him, he wouldn't have thought of that place until now.

Who would have imagined that a place occupied by a gang of thieves would be Tercon's new laboratory?

"Let's go!"

"We're heading to..."

"Sir, wait."

Dorudu was eager to set off.

But he was stopped by Taniel raising his hand.

Dorudu was about to frown and curse out loud, but he recalled the information Taniel had just given and his own diplomatic role, and he forcefully held back, speaking in a relatively calm voice: "Taniel, is there anything else?" [aŋOβEŠ

"What's your relationship with Samen?"

Taniel asked.

"Samen?"

"What's wrong?"

Dorudu furrowed his brows deeply.

"It's like this!"

"When I was kidnapped by thieves, and accidentally discovered 'Tercon's laboratory', I saw Samen there as I was about to leave. He should also be looking for 'Tercon's laboratory', and..."

At this point, Taniel paused and deliberately looked at Dorudu.

Now Dorudu's face was dark, his eyes glinting cold.

That was murderous intent.

This was why Taniel appeared here.

He needed to confirm Dorudu's true relationship with Samen.

He couldn't just rely on Samen's words.

Confirmation was necessary.

Of course, to ensure the two were not putting on an act, Taniel began his own performance,

For example, right now.

"And what else?"

Dorudu asked in a deep voice.

"Moreover, he should have noticed something!"

"When I left, Samen kept circling around 'Tercon's laboratory' entrance."

"With the distance, even though the thieves are hindering, in less than a day, they will find 'Tercon's laboratory' entrance." .

While speaking, Taniel observed Dorudu's expression.

If Dorudu had shown murderous intent before, now it was fully revealed.

Bang!

Dorudu slammed the table, angrily shouting.

"Samen!"

This was true anger.

After pacing around the desk, Dorudu stopped.

Clearly, the ambassador had made up his mind.

"Taniel, I need you to help me kill Samen."

Dorudu said.

"Of course, I can."

"However, sir, I'm not skilled in combat, and my strength..."

Taniel first nodded.

Then proceeded to suitably express his difficulty.

"You need not fight; you just need to show you're joining his camp. With that eager-to-see-talent posture of the young emperor, Samen will certainly summon you, and I'll pose as your assistant, at which point we'll launch a lethal strike."

"Be assured!"

"This task goes beyond the expected scope; I will pay you extra compensation."

Seeing the difficulty still written on Taniel's face, Dorudu immediately said.

Then he gave Taniel a fierce look.

Indicating if Taniel didn't agree, Dorudu would kill him.

This was what Dorudu learned from the Prince Ruitai—an imposing presence without anger.

Each time facing such a Ruitai Prince, Dorudu felt intimidated, unconsciously began to emulate—sadly, the effect was not very good, always criticized as being bluffingly weak, harming his reputation.

But today's reaction was satisfactory.

Dorudu saw Taniel's body shiver.

Then, there was a nod.

"Maybe I was indifferent before, so my gaze wasn't fierce enough?"

"Now that it concerns my future, everything seems naturally aligned?"

Doulder found the answer himself.

Thinking this, Doulder felt invigorated.

He realized he had found a path that could rival Prince Ruitai.

Although there's still a long way to go.

But at least he had a goal.

And that's enough.

Next, it was naturally about catching up.

And now was the beginning of his pursuit.

"Let's go!"

"Kill Samen!"

Doulder said this.

Then, he attempted to open the room door to leave.

But he was stopped by Taniel.

Douder glared at Taniel.

He originally intended to use intimidation through his gaze, then have Taniel explain the reason for stopping him.

However, that kind of intimidation was only possible for Prince Ruitai.

He?

It merely turned into a glare.

"Go through the window, it's more discreet."

"We not only need to avoid other people but even our own ones. Only when even our people are kept in the dark can we ensure absolute safety. Moreover, that Samen is the head of Lorde's official Mystical Side—You needn't worry under Prince Ruitai's command, but what about your competitors? It's hard to guarantee they won't do something nauseating."

Taniel explained.

At this moment, Taniel felt a bit exhausted.

He always felt Douder was an empty shell of a waste.

Otherwise, at this point, he should have understood the intention behind his recent actions and cooperated closely.

No need for such a lengthy explanation.

Why did Prince Ruitai send out Doulder?

This doesn't fit the other party's style!

Taniel thought inwardly.

Doulder then nodded in realization, pushed open the window, and leaped down.

Taniel, however, picked up a cloak from the side and leaped out as well, simultaneously closing the window in mid-air.

...

Samen returned to his residence.

Different from Doulder's embassy district.

Due to his Secret Agent status, Samen resided in a place hidden within a residential area, which had a grocery store as a disguise—naturally, the store owner had died due to the 'Lorde Disaster Day', and Samen was a distant nephew and the owner's only relative, thus inheriting the grocery store rightfully.

The official documentation had no issues whatsoever.

Moreover, there were a few witnesses.

Including the surrounding neighbors.

This wasn't bribery.

But rather, that the owner also had a Secret Agent status, and every year, a man resembling Samen would visit specifically to show his face before a few neighbors.

This was naturally the handiwork of the Secret Agents.

However, not all of them.

Only a particularly special dozen received such treatment.

Samen was one of them.

Outstanding talent, outstanding capability, were among the key reasons for receiving such treatment.

More importantly, it was due to the young Emperor's appreciation.

At this moment, Samen, who was placed high hopes upon, was sitting in the room quietly thinking.

Thinking about his actions.

Thinking about his meeting with Jason.

Thinking about everything that happened at the southern suburb farm.

Reflection was a necessary daily action for Samen.

Today was no exception.

"Impulsive!"



"Should've been more prudent!"

"Fortunately, Sir Jason agreed—didn't expect Sir Jason to inherit everything from Sir Beta, it's truly wonderful."

Samen thought with a slight smile.

Sir Beta was someone they had strenuously tried to enroll but never succeeded.

For some reason, the chivalrous 'Old Knight' chose neutrality between the young Emperor and Prince Ruitai.

Fortunately, there's still Sir Jason.

A high-level professional joining our camp is absolutely a boost of confidence.

Though there's still an indelible gap with Prince Ruitai, yet one step closer.

It's a good enough start.

Next step...

While Samen was still thinking, he suddenly looked toward the direction of the stairs.

The next moment—

Knock, knock knock!

"It's me, Taniel."

Accompanied by knocking, Taniel's voice rang out.

Samen walked downstairs, opened the door, and looked at Taniel outside and a cloaked stranger—not Jason, although the face was unclear, Samen's perception told him so.

"Taniel, do you have..."

Before the words were finished, the cloaked person made a move.

A sharp dagger, thrust straight at Samen.

Thud!

Blood splattered.

Chapter 1563: Morning!

Duld's body trembled violently as he lunged forward, like a leaping frog suddenly pinned to the ground by an iron skewer.

Pain spread.

Muscles twitched.

He slowly lowered his head.

His wide eyes were filled with disbelief.

A blade had already pierced through his chest, protruding out.

On the snow-white blade, blood gathered into droplets, dripping onto the ground.

The defense he carefully arranged using the 'Corpse Decomposer' and rituals obtained from Prince Ruitai, which could withstand at least twenty revolver shots or three artillery shots, was utterly useless at this moment.

Compared to the skills of the 'Corpse Decomposer'.

His pride lay in his defensive capability.

He believed that even against a higher-level opponent, his defense couldn't be shattered with a single strike.

But now?

Shattered with one strike!

Is this a trap?

Instinctively, Duld looked at Samen.

However, under Duld's gaze, Samen was clearly shocked, frozen in place.

At this point, it was clear Samen had no need to disguise anymore.

Which meant, this was not Samen's doing.

Then...

What's going on?

Such a question had no answer.

There was only the regret of failure.

And the anger rising from that regret.

Wasn't I supposed to kill Samen and then reach the peak of my life?

Why?

Why?

Why is it me who dies?

With the last remaining strength, Duld turned his head to Taniel.

Present were only him, Samen, and Taniel.

If it wasn't him or Samen, then it only left Taniel.

But Taniel, who had signed a contract, was supposed to be impossible.

Yet the inspiration unique to a 'mystical side person' and the flash of insight before death allowed Duld to glimpse a tiny bit of the 'truth'.

"Is it you?!"

Duld looked at the calm-faced Taniel.

Guided by an unknown force, he couldn't understand why the person would willingly endure excruciating soul-tearing pain to defy the contract.

To know, that also meant death!

Moreover, there would be immense suffering before death!

"It's not me."

Taniel answered this way.

Duld was taken aback.

Then, after holding back for a long time, Taniel sneered.

"Just kidding."

"You!"

Duld widened his eyes in fury, spewing a mouthful of blood.

Poof!

Blood sprayed as Duld breathed his last, and with Jason pulling out the short-handled broad blade cleaver, his whole body slumped to the ground.

Duld died.

Died in a scenario he had never imagined.

Yi!

A silver-white slash appeared out of nowhere, sweeping over Duld's corpse.

It wasn't Jason defending against any 'Tomb Guardian' techniques.

It was simply because Jason had long gotten into the habit of acting cautiously.

Only by this time did Samen return to his senses.

"This?"

"A probe?"

After a slight hesitation, the official representative of Lorde's mystical side came to a rough guess.

"Mm."

"Consider it one aspect."

Taniel nodded.

By this time, Jason had started to clean up the battlefield.

"Just one aspect?"

Samen was surprised once more.

He looked at Taniel standing in front of him, then at Jason tidying the battlefield, and his mind, which had just cleared, was once again in a daze.

Samen originally thought he knew enough about Jason and Taniel.

But the scene before him entirely overturned his perception.

Jason, Taniel were even more cautious and...

Ruthless!

Unrestrained!

That's right, ruthless!

Look at the corpse on the ground!

Who was that?

Duld, the official ambassador tasked with handling the 'Lorde Disaster Day' — the highest authority in this operation, holding power equivalent to the mayor of Lorde City and the commander of the Lorde military camp.

Although they were on opposite sides, Samen still acknowledged the other's identity.

And now?

The other was dead.

Dead without any clear understanding.

Anyone else facing the opponent would feel apprehensive.

But Jason, Taniel?

They acted directly.

Of course, Samen could imagine Jason and Taniel had already arranged the conclusion.

But because of this, he was even more astonished.

Because the time was too short.

How long had they been apart?

Two hours?

Or one hour?

In such a short time, they had arranged everything.

This sent a chill down Samen's spine.

Because if everything was pre-arranged, it meant all he did was within Jason and Taniel's calculations.

But if it was handled on the spot...

That would be even more terrifying!



The decisiveness and lack of hesitation made Samen's scalp tingle.

Without hesitation, Samen sharply increased Jason and Taniel's danger rating.

Of course, more importantly...

Just now, that silver slash!

Samen was sure that among the 'Night Watcher' he knew of, there was no such slash.

Conversely, in higher ranks of the 'Knight', there was a similar slash.

Sir Beta's legacy was so rich?

Samen felt a faint sense of envy deep down.

He knew that although Jason was still a low-tier 'Night Watcher' at the moment, his actual strength could already match higher-tier professions — which was something countless 'mystical side people' dared not even dream of.

Because by simply following the steps.

Jason would certainly become a high-tier 'Night Watcher'.

Every advancement would grant Jason a 'baptism'.

Every 'baptism' would make Jason stronger.

Chapter 1564: Morning! (2)

When Jason becomes a high-rank 'Night Watcher', his power will exceed the level of 1+12.

Just like...

Prince Ruitai.

Why was he able to steadily become a high-rank occupation?

Wasn't it because of that legendary dragon?

And now Jason also has a similar aid.

Although it cannot compare to Prince Ruitai's dragon mount, it is still a rare advantage.

It must be seized!

Therefore, when Jason stood up and signaled that the battlefield was cleaned up, Samen immediately helped move the bodies.

Below the general store, there is a basement.

Inside, there is enough space.

Of course, there's also plenty of lime and acid.

Clearly, this official base has another function.

Jason glanced at it and no longer cared.

Even Taniel did not pay more attention.

A base that itself accommodates secret agents, what light do you expect?

Even if there is, it's false.

Even the blazing sun overhead cannot illuminate the darkness of the human heart.

Only deeper darkness can dispel the original darkness.

So, Taniel fully supported Jason's trial.

The effect?

Not bad.

At least in Taniel's view, Samen should behave much better.

As for more?

Taniel couldn't see it.

It can only be left to his friend Jason.

"Do you need me to cooperate with anything?"

Samen pointed downstairs.

At this moment, the three were already sitting on the second floor, in the original reception room—the small reception room had no sofa, only wooden chairs and a low round coffee table.

And the beverage was just some cheap floral tea.

This was already the best thing in the general store.

"No need."

"He left on his own."

"Without alarming anyone."

"So, he's just missing, not dead."

Jason picked up the teacup, took a small breath to ensure it was non-toxic, and sipped.

Sour, a bit sweet.

Surprisingly good.

Then, he drank another big sip.

Opposite him, Dudul was once again stunned.

What does it mean to leave on his own?

What does it mean he's just missing, not dead?

Samen considered himself quick to react, but at this time, he couldn't understand what Jason meant.

How exactly should Dudul's matter be handled?

Samen fell into deep thought.

As the person involved, Taniel of course knew.

But he couldn't say.

The contract signed with Dudul, at this time, with Dudul's death, the power of the contract had already begun dissipating.

And those followers, Taniel believed Jason had also dealt with them.

So, at this time, Dudul was just missing, not dead.

Only, the number of missing people increased.

Jason took another sip of the floral tea.

"Lord Jason, what should I do?"

At this time, Samen straightforwardly gave up thinking.

Because, he thought of several ways, all lacking solid evidence.

Meanwhile, he still had to ponder why Jason said this to him.

Was there some implication?

Or was there something he wanted him to do?

As a 'Secret Agent', certain instincts were already imprinted on Samen's soul.

Like at this moment.

When he realized it was too complex, and if handled poorly, could bring bad results, Samen immediately gave up thinking.

He handed over the initiative to Jason.

This was showing weakness.

The very straightforward kind.

Similarly, this show of weakness also represented goodwill.

Jason sharply noticed this.

"Just report the information normally."

"Dudul and many followers are missing."

Jason emphasized.

"Understood."

Samen nodded, and in front of Jason, Taniel, began writing a secret letter.

Then, released the messenger pigeon.

As the carrier pigeon spread its wings and flew out from the grocer, Jason left the store with Taniel.

As soon as they stepped out of the grocer and into a side alley, Taniel couldn't wait to speak.

"Saman should be fine, right?"

Taniel asked.

"For now, it seems there's no problem."

Jason chose to answer cautiously.

"A guy who believes he has a sense of honor and loyalty, thinking he's unique, yet has long been accustomed to living in the shadows... sigh, it's hard to say whether it's sad or pathetic."

"Hopefully, he can have a better outcome."

Taniel sighed.

Then, Taniel noticed his friend turning to look at him.

That gaze was as if they were meeting for the first time.

Instantly, Taniel started to smirk awkwardly.

"Jason, don't look at me like that."

"Most people can see these things, right?"

"Saman daring to come to Lorde at this time means he already has resolved to die."

"Such a character is naturally admirable."

"However, his past habits make him cautious and hesitant—the most likely scenario is that he touches upon an opportunity to salvage everything but misses it."

Taniel answered honestly.

"Not everyone can see that much."

Jason replied.

Just now, before Taniel spoke those words,

Jason already had similar thoughts deep down.

Exactly the same as what Taniel said.

Not to boast,

At least Jason was confident, most people wouldn't think this far.

If not for sensing his friend was normal, Jason would have thought Taniel was possessed or under some mind control.



"Consider it learning through experience!"

Taniel sighed again.

"I'm a teacher at Deer Academy, where everyone is into research, the academic atmosphere is intense, but when I didn't want to stay there for life, I became a 'Secret Agent.'

"Jason, did you know? On my first day as a 'Secret Agent', I nearly got killed."

"By our own people!"

"Someone pushed to the brink, ready to make one desperate move, but didn't dare target the real big shots, only dared to come after small fry like me."

As Taniel spoke, his expression was not full of anger or resentment.

Instead, it bore heavy traces of helplessness.

"And then?"

Already guessing the process and outcome, Jason cooperatively asked,

"He was killed without hesitation."

"I was rescued."

"It's that simple—at least officially recorded, thanks to that, I skipped the probationary period and gained some small privileges."

"A blessing in disguise, I suppose." .

Taniel's face showed even more helplessness.

Just as Jason was contemplating whether to offer Taniel some comfort, Taniel suddenly stretched lazily.

"What are we going to do now?"

"A nap?"

"Or breakfast?"

"By now, Anan's eatery should be open."

"I'm kind of craving salted eel."

Taniel asked his friend.

Taniel indeed liked 'Anan's Eatery' and 'Firelink Eatery.'

Not only because they were cheap but also because they were tasty.

In the week since becoming the police's second advisor, these two eateries had already become an indispensable part of his life.

Between eating and sleeping, Jason undoubtedly chose the former.

"To Anan's Eatery!"

"Then, we'll continue!"

Jason said as he stepped and picked up the pace.

"Continue?"

"Continue what?"

"Isn't today's work over yet?"

"But I'm a seriously injured person, I need rest!"

Taniel groaned.

However, as Jason walked farther and farther away, Taniel immediately chased after him.

Anan's eatery had opened.

But, due to the early hour, only the owner was busy.

Seeing Jason approaching, he immediately waved.

"Long time no see!"

"The eldest brother buying breakfast for the family, 'Night Watcher' sir."

"Today it's on me."

The owner said with a smile.

Jason picked up a piece of bread—worth about 1 Copper Corners.

"Thank you!"

Jason said, then, he slid aside the french fries, pea soup, meat pie, salted eel, baked herring, gingerbread, and pineapple from the stall, saying, "You bought 'Night Watcher' me a piece of bread, what's left is the food for my family as 'family's eldest son,' so how much more?"

Chapter 1565: Return to the Southern Suburb Farm

The middle-aged owner of the food stall was momentarily stunned.

He certainly knew the rumors about the 'Night Watcher' in front of him.

Exceptionally capable.

Humorous, loves to tell cold jokes.

And also...

A huge appetite.

Especially the last point, which was widely discussed.

Known for having the appetite of ten people.

Some even suggested Jason should participate in the 'Big Appetite Competition' held in the Capital Terter.

He would undoubtedly be the champion.

The owner of 'Anan Food Stall' knew all of this.

Still, he invited Jason to eat.

For nothing in particular.

Just gratitude.

Gratitude for everything this 'Night Watcher' did for Lorde,

Jason did not refuse.

He simply chose the least expensive piece of bread.

Because he knew his appetite was not something a mobile food stall owner could afford.

Similarly, he did not refuse, because he knew why the owner was grateful.

He was just an insignificant participant.

The one truly deserving gratitude had long been laid to rest.

But the world had not forgotten.

That was enough.

The owner of Anan Food Stall was momentarily taken aback.

Then he showed a big smile.

It was a brilliant smile.

It was a smile of recognition.

"As long as I'm here, whenever you want to eat, come anytime, no charge."

The bald owner said this.

His words carried emphasis.

Jason nodded.

Then he said—

"This time doesn't count."

Jason also emphasized.

"Thank you for your patronage, a total of 1 Silver Crooks and 12 Copper Crooks."

The bald owner sighed and quoted the price for this time.

Counting out the corresponding amount of coins, placing them on the counter, Jason picked up the food, nodded at the bald owner, and turned to leave.

And in his heart, Jason had already decided not to return.

Of course, it wasn't that he wouldn't have breakfast here anymore, but that he would send someone else to buy it.

Otherwise, 'Anan Food Stall' wouldn't last two days before it went bankrupt.

Quite soon after Jason's figure disappeared, soft sobs could be heard from the corner of 'Anan Food Stall'.

The freckle-faced young man, Solin, was sniffing.

"Is this Jason?"

"Is this the 'Night Watcher'?"

"Is this the true 'Dark Knight'?"

This young man, who founded the 'Flute Daily', murmured to himself.

There was an inexplicable emotion on his face.

The middle-aged owner of the food stall glanced at the young man and silently prepared the food.

Jason, as a 'Night Watcher', went into the shadows to hunt monsters and protect everyone's safety.

As a food stall owner, naturally, he had to make more food to ensure everyone was fed.

The freckle-faced young man grew even more emotional.

He looked in the direction Jason had left.

Then looked at the middle-aged owner of Anan Food Stall.

He slowly spoke in a voice only he could hear: "A hero who lingers in the darkness and a lonely gourmet... that's a man's romance!"

The middle-aged owner, who was frying meat, almost flung a meat patty onto the young man's face.

"Hey, hey, hey, who's lonely?"

"I have been in love before!"

"When I was young, I was quite a looker!"

The middle-aged owner loudly protested.

"You're already bald."

"And you still..."

"Single!"

Solin emphasized.

Over time, the talkative Solin had come to understand the kind of life the equally talkative owner of Anan Food Stall led.

In his youth?



Perhaps he truly was as he claimed.

But that was in his youth.

Now?

He's just a bald, lonely, somewhat skilled, principled, but also slightly greasy middle-aged man.

The owner of Anan Food Stall seemed struck and stood in a daze.

Then, he looked up at the gradually brightening eastern sky at a forty-five-degree angle.

For some reason, he exuded a melancholic aura.

"You know?"

"In my youth, I was quite adept at using a meat saw."

"And a handgun, shotguns too."

"At that time, those infected with beast mutation..."

"Enough!"

"A handgun might be credible, but a shotgun? Really?"

"That's a novel weapon launched not long ago by 'Winchester Brothers' workshop, and besides being adored by 'Night Watcher' Jason, ordinary people couldn't handle its recoil."

"To the extent that Winchester Brothers had to develop a version suited to regular users."

Solin rolled his eyes, mercilessly exposing the middle-aged owner's lies.

Blood therapy.

Beast mutation disease.

And that aunt at Pass-the-Flame food stall, with her kind demeanor, also concocted lies to deceive him.

Pass-the-Flame?

Ashes?

Honestly, not even third-rate novels dare to write like that.

"You and Pass-the-Flame Aunt really should, if you like storytelling, submit to my 'Flute Daily', why do you both narrate these stories mysteriously every time."

"Maybe, you'll even become an author."

While speaking, Solin reached for his pocket, planning to buy a meat patty.

Ultimately, he settled for a pie.

After all, a whole meat patty required 3 Copper Corners.

Whereas the pie, even for a whole, only cost 6 Copper Crooks.

He could eat half.

Leave half for lunch.

Even, saving a bit, solve dinner too.

"See, this is why I'm not an author."

"Because there's never enough to eat!"

"If I'm not satisfied with eating, the rest..."

"Is just meaningless."

The middle-aged owner sighed while handing the pie to Solin.

Chapter 1566: Return to the Southern Suburb Farm (2)

"This is just a temporary setback, I will definitely succeed. If only I were like the characters in those biographical novels—then, I would divide my power into twelve parts, in the form of rings, and distribute them to those who follow me, or are attracted to me, then..."

"Then you'd be taken out as a monster!"

"Rings, really?"

"Why don't you infuse them with souls!"

"Besides, your name Solin isn't quite right. You should add some elements that fit your character persona, like prefixes or suffixes."

The middle-aged shop owner teased.

"Prefixes, suffixes?"

"That's right!"

"Exactly, just like that!"

"What is your food stall made of?"

Solin's eyes lit up, and he asked.

"Oak, why?"

The middle-aged food stall owner replied.

"Then how about I call myself Solin Oak? A wandering prince, gathering companions to restore his kingdom, overcoming countless hardships, and finally, when the restoration is complete, falls as a tragic hero before hope..."

Solin completely immersed himself in his own fantasy.

The middle-aged owner looked at Solin's appearance and couldn't help but shake his head.

He no longer paid attention to this daydreaming young man.

He just raised his head to look at the sky again.

At this moment, the sky was just getting bright.

Night and day intersected at this moment.

Darkness and light coexisted.

Faint starlight flickered.

Just like in ancient times.

"Sigh."

Finally, the middle-aged owner sighed and began to prepare food.

He was just a food stall owner.

For him now, it was enough to just make good food.

As for more?

He...

The food stall owner shook his head.

...

"It really tastes good."

"Especially this salted eel, paired with the ham sandwich, it's truly delicious."

Taniel, who had been eating at Anan's food stall for many days in a row, expressed great enthusiasm as he took the food from Jason.

Clearly, Anan's food stall had truly hit Taniel's taste buds.

"The pea soup is not bad either."

Jason handed over a bowl of soup.

A wooden bowl, not the thick kind used at home, but the thinner type, a kind of tableware that has become popular among mobile food stalls in recent years, along with matching spoons and forks.

"Mm-hmm, of course."

"What are we going to do next?"

"Go back to the dorm to catch up on sleep?"

Taniel asked as he ate.

At this time, they had already started down another road, not the one leading back to the police dormitory.

Clearly, Jason had other plans.

"Go to the Southern Suburb Farm."

After tossing the last sandwich into his mouth, Jason replied.

"Southern Suburb Farm?" .

"With Bondi and Holle there, it should be fine, right?"

"Do those bandits have more tricks up their sleeves?"

Taniel's expression became tense.

In Lorde, the greatest gain for Taniel was getting to know Jason, Bondi, Holle, Finch, and others.

These people could all be called friends.

Taniel didn't want anything to happen to any of them.

"Of course not."

"Those bandits should be all the ones around here."

"We are there for Tercon's legacy."

Jason truly trusted Taniel.

Therefore, he wouldn't hide some things from Taniel at all.

Such as: Tercon's legacy.

"Oh, so it's for Tercon's legacy, then there's no..."

"What do you mean nothing wrong!"

"Tercon really has a legacy?"

"And it's really at the Southern Suburb Farm?"

"Was what I said to Durdle true?"

"Wasn't it just a made-up lie on the spot?"

Taniel stared, pulling at his hair, looking at his friend in disbelief.

And Jason?

Gave a slight nod.

"There really is, it is there, no lie."

Jason said calmly.

Previously, when approaching the Southern Suburb Farm, Jason's [Food Intuition] was telling him there was tasty food nearby.

At first, Jason thought it was from bandits.

But, after carefully distinguishing, he found that 'food' was underground,

Far exceeding the farm's cellar.

In a deeper place.



The kind of 'food' that could activate his passive talent of [food intuition] was naturally extraordinary.

And in the entire Lorde, very few could meet this 'extraordinary' condition.

Tercon happened to be one of them.

Moreover, Tercon happened to be facing a crucial moment.

The other side would leave an escape route for himself.

Adding all these aspects together, what would be beneath the Southern Suburb farm, the answer was almost foreseeable.

In fact, Jason suspected, the reason Tercon would follow Prince Ruitai's order to blow up the entire camp was also to secure his fallback.

However, Tercon didn't expect that the old knight and that knight's attendant would be so resolute.

A strike of glory.

A strike that burns life.

Tercon never expected the old knight would risk his life for the entire Lorde.

No!

The other side was prepared!

But what they were not prepared for was that people other than the old knight would also do the same.

Eric!

The attendant of the old knight!

A middle-aged man Jason still didn't know much about even now.

Became the last oversight in Tercon's plan.

Also the source that thwarted the opponent completely.

"A knight's attendant is also a knight."

Jason thought silently in his heart, his steps starting to quicken.

Taniel quickly finished his food and started to speed up too.

By the time the two arrived at the Southern Suburb farm, the sun had completely risen over the horizon.

More officers appeared here.

Except for Archie taking half of the veterans back to Lorde with a small number of newcomers to maintain order.

Most of the newcomers were here at the moment.

They carried weapons and food, forming groups of five under the guidance of a veteran, either to patrol, guard, or handle daily duties like cooking.

Of course, there was also battlefield cleanup.

As Jason and Taniel approached, the sound of vomiting was incessant, that pungent stench of sourness made Taniel roll his eyes uncontrollably.

Clearly, for these young, newly joined officers, such a large number of corpses was incredibly overwhelming.

Completely beyond their imagination.

Even newcomers who had seen blood were extremely unaccustomed at this time.

Looking at those humanoid corpses piled densely like straw, none among the newcomers didn't frown.

Not to mention having to burn, dig pits and bury them.

"Wear gloves, masks."

"Spray the potion made by Advisor Taniel on gloves and masks."

"Everyone must spray thoroughly."

"Everyone must transport the corpses."

"Once done, go eat, then patrol."

Holle's loud voice was clearly heard from afar.

Bondi sat by the campfire, watching all this with a smile.

Everyone needs to grow.

How do new recruits become veterans?

Surviving a war naturally makes one a veteran.

But, the success rate of that was really too low.

Almost more than half a loss rate.

This is something he, and Lorde, cannot afford to bear.

Therefore, this relatively gentle means in front of him was truly a godsend.

At least, after getting used to the smell of blood and gunpowder, these new recruits could face approaching enemies with eyes open, aiming at them with guns rather than firing blindly into the air.

So, Bondi didn't stop Holle's method.

On the contrary, he applauded from the side.

However, upon seeing Jason and Taniel, this sheriff immediately stood up and restrained his smile.

"Is there a situation?"

Bondi swiftly approached, asking in a low voice.

Taniel couldn't say.

But, Bondi knew his friend Jason well, he would definitely not return here without reason.

There must be something.

"Need to take care of a few things."

"This place is temporarily left to you."

"Don't worry about me."

Jason said to Taniel and Bondi, then walked alone inside the Southern Suburb farm.

As the largest agricultural and meat supply area near Lorde.

The Southern Suburb farm was vast.

Especially the farmlands, they were vast and boundless.

When Jason walked into them, hidden among the wheat stalks, he quickly disappeared.

Bondi watched Jason's disappearing silhouette before turning to look at Taniel, pointing at the iron pot on the campfire, he said—

"Want some?"

Chapter 1567: Tercon's Laboratory!

Bondi's suggestion instantly caught Taniel's attention.

Even though they just had breakfast.

But who says you can't have two breakfasts?

Perhaps it's an illusion, but ever since Jason came into his life, his appetite has grown, and so has his weight. Previously, he hardly had any appetite.

It's not that he didn't eat.

But eating at fixed times was good enough.

Unlike now, where he constantly thinks about having extra meals.

Especially during midnight, it's even more so.

The quieter the night, the more unbearable the hunger becomes.

One could even call it—

At that special moment, appetite triumphs over X desires.

No matter how perfect a woman is in front of you, she's not as alluring as a skewer of barbecue, a bottle of cold beer, sitting on a sidewalk curb, basking in a summer breeze; that's true happiness, isn't it?

Unintentionally, saliva began to gather in Taniel's mouth.

He straightforwardly spoke.

"Where?"

"What kind of food?"

"Together?"

After speaking, Taniel lifted the lid off the pot over the campfire.

It was soup.

A vegetable soup made with beef chunks, potatoes, carrots, onions, and tomatoes.

And under the campfire, there were bread loaves wrapped in oiled paper.

Tearing open the oiled paper, the steaming bread was revealed. Taniel picked up a piece, dipped it directly into the soup bowl, and after it was soaked with the rich broth, he sent it into his mouth.

Next?

He contentedly squinted his eyes.

Phew!

Upon swallowing the bread, a satisfying sigh escaped.

"Comfortable!"

Taniel exclaimed in such a manner, reaching for the second piece of bread.

Bondi joined in with a smile.

Food always brings goodness.

Even on the brink of death tomorrow.

Food can still be a solace.

Like stars in the dark, perhaps not as bright as the moon, but they embellish the deep night sky, making it so splendid, beautiful, and captivating.

Grains.

Meat.

Vegetables.

Seafood.

They're like those stars.

Hanging in the night sky.

Unchanging through the ages.

Like one's stomach.

Gurgle, gurgle!

Jason, sniffing the scent of 'food', walked through the rice fields.



Approaching September, the rice was nearing ripeness.

Golden and heavy.

A faint joy arose within Jason as he brushed by these grains.

It came from within his heart.

Even if the cultivators had died.

The harvest... still remained.

Making good use of this harvest would bring the cultivators peace.

"I will make good use of this harvest!"

As Jason walked, he suddenly felt enlightened and spoke aloud.

Whoosh!

The wind blew, causing waves in the grain.

As if responding.

More like a reply.

Closing his eyes, Jason stood in place.

Only after ten seconds did Jason open his eyes again.

A fleeting flash of light in his eyes.

Jason seemed a bit different from before, yet not different.

No flickering characters were in sight.

Nor were there any alerts on his character panel. .

There was only a sense of mental serenity.

After a brief pause at the spot, Jason followed the scent.

Ultimately, he stopped in front of a hillside.

Below the hill was the farm's rice field.

Brushwood covered the hillside.

A golden expanse below, a lush green above.

The two complemented each other, evoking a serene beauty. Had Jason not appeared, this place might have continued to be a favorite spot for the young people of the farm.

A forest rendezvous.

While still being able to see their own land.

A dual satisfaction.

Jason shook his head and raised his right hand high.

Clenching his fist, he struck down.

Boom!

The entire hillside, along with the forest atop it, caved in.

A passage hidden under the hillside thus revealed itself.

A stone pavement descending straight down.

Jason jumped in, following the passage downward.

Soon, a door blocked his path.

The door was made of stone.

It appeared unthreatening.

However, a slight acidic smell made Jason wary.

Upon closer inspection, he noticed that the smooth-looking stone door was actually 'coated' with a layer of 'skin'.

Thin as a bubble.

Jason stepped back, picked up a rock casually, and threw it at the door.

Splat!

Hiss, hiss-hiss!

A dent quickly formed on the stone door, as copious amounts of acid sprayed out, corroding the ground rapidly.

Within seconds, a hole about ten centimeters deep with a four-five meter radius appeared before the door.

Undoubtedly, had an ordinary person pushed the door.

Their hand would have been instantly corroded.

And because of the pain, one would instinctively retract their hand.

At that moment, they too would vanish along with it.

It might even drag others behind.

Moreover, cleverly, this trap was purely mechanical, not involving the 'Mystical Side'.

In simple terms, even a 'Mystical Side person' could fall victim.

If unlucky, they might capsize here.

Splat, splat!

Jason threw two more stones, ensuring no more acid sprayed out before approaching the door, and still didn't push it directly.

Instead, he used a short-handled broad blade cleaver to pry it open.

With a creaking sound mingling with chirps, the door gradually opened.

Just as the door was halfway open—

Clack!

The sound of springs and gears turning mixed in with the creaking.

To an ordinary person, it might be overlooked.

But to Jason, who could perceive 18 times better than the average person, it was crystal clear.

With a slight misstep, he quickly shifted to the side of the door that hadn't fully opened.

Chapter 1568: Tercon's Laboratory! (2)

The next moment—

Whoosh whoosh whoosh!

A continuous stream of arrows was unleashed.

More than a hundred arrows poured out.

With tremendous force, the arrowheads were completely embedded into the stone floor.

Thump thump thump!

As the arrow wings incessantly quivered, Jason did not emerge from the other side of the stone door because he heard the sound of springs and gears turning once more.

Immediately after.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh!

Another wave of arrows.

And it didn't end there.

After yet another round of arrow rain, the springs and gears finally stopped working.

It was an ordinary mechanism, yet it carried a significant lethality.

Just imagine an ordinary person pushing open the stone door, and they would inevitably do so in one fell swoop.

Then, they would be greeted by a rain of arrows.

Sufficient to turn a person into a porcupine.

And then, just as people believed the arrows had finished, when they revealed themselves, it would be the second round, the third round.

One could say that just the latter two phases were enough to make everyone tremble in fear.

Even an oversight could result in significant casualties within a team.

But...

"Why does this mechanism feel more like it's for preventing tomb raiders?"

Jason thought, but he instinctively reflected on Tercon's 'Tomb Guardian' high-level profession and immediately felt at ease.

Being a 'Tomb Guardian,' the mechanisms naturally originated from the tomb.

And in a tomb, what kind of mechanisms are more prevalent?

Of course, those designed to prevent tomb raiders.

However, this wasn't the 'Tomb Guardian's' crowning skill.

Jason stepped through the door.

With a click under his foot, the ground shifted.

It was a trapdoor.

Then, a pitfall.

Followed by a web of blades.

Step by step, Jason encountered traps.

Almost every few steps, there would be a trap.

All of which could be deadly to an ordinary person.

However, they were standard mechanisms.

No matter how intricate, they could be resolved through conventional means, not by those unknown methods from the 'Mystical Side.'

Jason walked approximately several hundred meters.

Faced with over a hundred mechanisms along the way.

At this point, he stood in front of a door.

Unlike the previous stone door, this one was made of metal.

Based on the green rust, it should be a bronze door.

Not only large but also heavy.

After a slight attempt, Jason used almost half of his strength to open a crack in the bronze door.

Then—

Click, click, click.

Crisp sounds formed a series.



Not mechanisms.

Bones.

A number of ghostly blue soul fires lit up.

Over a hundred scattered skeletons on the ground stood up.

Each wielding a rusty iron sword, iron blade, rotating their tottering bodies, turned their heads, and collectively looked at Jason.

Seeing this scene, an ordinary person would be scared stiff to the ground.

But Jason laughed.

This was right!

This was in line with the 'Tomb Guardian's' style!

After quickly inspecting the surroundings and confirming there were no further threats, Jason swiftly stepped into the bronze door, then raised his hand—

Whoosh!

A 30-meter-long, 3-meter-high conical flame, like a dragon's breath, engulfed the skeletons behind the bronze door.

In an instant, the flames above the War Machine level turned those hundred-odd skeletons into ashes.

These skeletons hadn't even approached Jason in the real sense.

Or rather, to Jason, these skeletons were less of a threat than the previous mechanisms.

At least, those mechanisms might damage Jason's clothes.

The flames roared.

Scorching heat.

Fierce white bones.

All turned to ash.

Flame tongues spouted, filled with countless sparks, overflowing the room before his eyes.

A deep shadow silently descended from the ceiling, its sharp claws directly aimed at Jason's head.

The entire process carried not the slightest sound, nor the slightest gust of wind.

But when the claws were about to reach the head, a silver strike sliced out from thin air.

Thud!

The black shadow, like a block of tofu, was cut by a blade.

Just split in two and fell to the ground.

The black shadow looked like a shadow, even after death exhibited a wispy shadow state, but it was of flesh and blood. However, before Jason could check if it was edible, this black shadow turned into a puddle of black water, seeping into the ground.

As the black shadow vanished, the room immediately quieted down.

Only the high platform in the center of the room remained.

From Jason's vantage point, he could clearly see a book desk.

Walking around the platform, a staircase instantly came into view.

However, Jason did not choose the stairs.

The previous traps were still fresh in Jason's memory.

He couldn't guarantee whether there were similar traps on these stairs, so he leaped straight into the air.

The platform was over 20 meters high.

Jason leaped more than 10 meters, but there was still half the distance to go. At this moment, instead of using the stone wall of the platform for leverage, Jason spun in mid-air and performed another leap as if out of thin air.

He was like a nimble hawk.

Then, there was a brief glide in mid-air.

Finally, Jason landed steadily on the high platform.

[Hawk Turn]!

[Swallow Flight]!

These were additional mastery options derived from [Barehanded Combat], allowing Jason to easily ascend the platform.

And the situation on the platform was something Jason had already seen clearly during his brief glide.

On the wide desk lay books, experimental apparatuses, two boxes, a chair, and... a coffin.

Just as Jason had suspected.

Even the subsequent mutation was the same.

Thud!

Jason's feet landed firmly on the platform ground.

This landing was like a trigger signal.

The desk on the platform began to slowly descend.

The comfortable high-back chair started to fall apart.

The coffin shook repeatedly.

Creeaaak, creeaaak.

With such sounds, the coffin lid was knocked off, brushing past Jason's body as it fell off the platform with a dull thud.

Then, a pale hand appeared at the edge of the coffin.

The hand pushed hard.

A half-decayed body sat up.

Roar!

"It's you!"

The half-decayed body, with its remaining visage hanging with decaying flesh, had a single eye on the intact half of its face that glowed with a scarlet light.

Clearly, it recognized Jason.

Jason and the other had only met once.

But that memory was vivid.

In the moment when the old nobleman shone his last brilliance, the other's appearance had already been etched into Jason's heart.

Tercon!

The high-ranking 'Tomb Guardian' who had planned in Lorde for 20 years, ultimately failing at the last moment.

Looking at Tercon in front of him, looking at this high-ranking 'Tomb Guardian.'

Jason's eyes were filled with undisguised hatred.

Jason rarely viewed anyone with pure hostility.

And Tercon was definitely an exception.

In Jason's view, what he did was unforgivable.

Deception.

Slaughter.

Mixed with despair.

The despair after giving hope, that would be endless darkness.

Just thinking about it sends a chill down one's spine.

Perhaps at that time, the old nobleman realized this, which is why he chose to let his life bloom, using something of his own as fuel to dispel the impending darkness for the remaining people in Lorde.

Sigh.

Jason exhaled slightly.

He showed a smile.

The people of Lorde were illuminated.

He,

Was also illuminated.

"I will make sure you die without a whole corpse!"

"My warriors!"

"Stand up!"

"Tear him apart!"

Just as Jason showed a smile, Tercon raised a hand in front of him.

Instantly, the ground trembled.

Thousands of skeletons emerged from beneath the ground.

Like a sea of skeletons.

"You think I failed?"

"No!"

"I succeeded!"

"I successfully advanced to 'Bone Desecrator'!"

"In ancient times, it was called—"

"Necromancer!"

It was like a pronouncement.

More like an announcement.

With these words, more skeletons appeared, surging like a tide towards the platform.

And Jason?

Ignored them.

Not even giving Tercon a glance.

He turned and leaped off the platform.

His body rapidly descended.

The sea of skeletons below boiled over, each waving rusty weapons or extending claws, ready to tear Jason apart.

But,

Just as Jason was about to fall into the sea of skeletons, a small boat appeared beneath his feet.



Chapter 1569: Harvest!

The sea of skeletons, turbulent and extremely perilous.

The solitary boat, swaying up and down, as steady as Mount Tai.

[Boat Traversal Technique]!

One of the secret techniques passed down from Tongshou Temple.

Not only does it contain a large amount of basic illusions, but more importantly, it can create an illusion seed infused to the bullet level.

Although it takes 18 days to cast, it is quite useful.

At least, it's enough to deal with the half-real, half-fake illusion before him.

Exactly!

A half-real, half-fake illusion!

The Tercon before him is 'fake'.

A substitute Jason had never known.

And that sea composed of skeletons?

Also fake.

However, some of it is real.

Without a sound, a shadow flickered and pounced on Jason.

Yi!

The Silver Strike flashed and vanished.

The shadow let out a silent wail and instantly disappeared.

And the sea of skeletons became even more turbulent.

Tercon roared incessantly.

"Do you think you can escape?"

"Here, I am the King!"

"I am the master of all things!"

Tercon roared, leaping down from the high platform.

A throne made entirely of white bones rose from the sea of skeletons, catching Tercon steadily, and also brought up a thick mist of blood.

The mist churned and rapidly condensed.

A crimson scepter was gripped in Tercon's hand.

"Rise!"

Tercon shouted loudly.

Da da da!

The crisp, continuous sound of hoofbeats appeared in the darkness ahead of Jason's solitary boat.

Dense and endless.

A hundred riders!

Skeleton warhorses, skeleton warriors.

The warhorses armored.

The warriors brandishing spears.

Unlike the shaking, rusty weapons of the surrounding and previous skeleton warriors, these skeleton warriors were composed of formidable, broad-jointed figures.

Their weapons shone with a cold, sharp light.

If the previous skeleton warriors were cannon fodder.

These skeleton knights were the elite.

In the truest sense, elite.

The deadly strike of this half-real, half-fake illusion.

"Tear him apart!"

Tercon, seated on the throne, issued commands like an Emperor.

A hundred skeleton knights charged in unison.

Da da da!

In the synchronous clatter of hoofbeats, the raised spears leveled horizontally as the armored skeleton warhorses began accelerating.

The solitary boat beneath Jason continued straight ahead.

Before him was the reality mingled within the illusion.

[Boat Traversal Technique] was ineffective.

But the knowledge derived from [Boat Traversal Technique] informed Jason that the exit was just beyond these hundred skeleton knights.

Whoosh!

The sea of skeletons surged ever more violently.

They tried to climb the solitary boat, but were repelled by an invisible force.

They could only stack like human pyramids, encircling the solitary boat tightly.

White! White! White!

White beneath the solitary boat!

White above the solitary boat!

White in every direction!

Cries!

Wails!

Laments!

The various sounds concealed the hoofbeats.

The images of the hundred riders vanished completely.

As if only a blank whiteness remained in the world.

Jason remained unmoved, his dark silhouette continuing forward.

Underfoot, the solitary boat seemed to ripple as Jason slowly closed his eyes.

All before him was illusion.

He was searching for the hidden reality.

With perception exceeding ordinary people eighteen times over and supported by a spirit nearly ten times that of a normal person, he quickly located the missing hundred riders.

The left side, and then...

The right side!

Yi!

[Evil-Slaying Slash]!

Two silver slashes emitted from Jason's left and right, like wings unfurling with strength and destructive power.

The pallid sea of skeletons shattered instantly.

The hundred riders hidden behind were thrown into disarray.

In just a moment, defeat was inevitable!

The exit of the illusion realm lay before him.

Behind him, Tercon's roars turned into the barks of a defeated dog.

Jason should have turned a deaf ear.

But it was Tercon.

The one who orchestrated the 'Lorde Day of Disaster'.

One of the culprits responsible for the old lord's death.

Even though the Tercon behind him was a merely illusory substitute.

Jason still paused.

Ultimately, unrest within him could not settle.

The solitary boat, suspended.

His figure, vanished.

Thunder rolled.

A flash of a blade. .

The Tercon seated on the bone throne, incessantly roaring, halted abruptly.

Crack!

A crack appeared across his forehead, rapidly spreading down his body.

Then, across the entire throne.

In the next moment—

Boom!

Tercon, along with the entire throne, was split in two.

Jason's figure manifested behind him.

The solitary boat reappeared underfoot, carrying him slowly toward the exit.

The skeletons within the illusion realm remained ferocious.

But just as before.

They could do nothing to Jason.

Only watch helplessly as Jason left the illusion realm.

Step!

Jason's feet touched the ground.

He was still standing on the very same high platform, before him a broad desk laden with books, two boxes, and various experimental items. The high-backed chair was etched with some decorative patterns, and the coffin remained there.

Everything just as when Jason first stepped onto the platform.

The only difference was, in the illusion realm, the coffin had opened on its own.

And now?

It was Jason who opened the coffin.

Crack!



With a crisp sound, the coffin lid was pushed open.

A thick cold air emerged from inside.

Forming visible white smoke.

Then, a young man appeared before Jason.

A robust young man, unaffected by the cold within the coffin, his complexion ruddy.

Moreover, with a faint, lingering breath.

Chapter 1570: Harvest! (part 2)

There's no doubt, this is Tercon's back-up plan.

This is the route Tercon reserved for his retreat.

However, Old Lorde's 'Holy Strike' was too powerful, causing Tercon's plan to not fully activate.

According to the plan, he should have resurrected from this body after a few days of failure.

Then, using the bandits' envy of Lorde, he would execute the alternative strategy.

Unfortunately, the 'Holy Strike' indefinitely extended the resurrection.

At this moment, only unconsciousness and waiting remain.

And...

Becoming a lamb ready for slaughter.

Yi!

Another [Evil-Slaying Slash]!

Does Tercon deserve mercy?

This is a foe more hateful than any enemy!

When facing enemies, Jason eradicates them completely.

When facing foes, it's only natural to grind them to dust!

"Ah!"

Tercon, whose body was cut by the Silver Strike, suddenly woke up, gazing in horror at Jason standing before him, uttering the last words of his life —

"[Evil-Slaying Slash]?!"

"How is this possible?!"

In response, Jason delivers another [Evil-Slaying Slash].

Originally horizontally sliced, Tercon is vertically sliced, becoming a neat quadripartite, and fiery flames swiftly devour his body, burning the coffin to ashes along with him.

Then, a gust of wind blows.

Jason honors his word.

He said he'd grind the bones to dust, and he did.

After ensuring the foe is dead beyond revival, he turns his gaze to the chair and the wide writing desk behind him.

The chair is an ordinary solid wood chair.

Though carved with some patterns, it has nothing to do with the 'Mystical Side', merely decoration from the past.

And on the chair, a sponge cushion is filled.

Solid color.

Making the whole chair more comfortable.

Also making the chair, aside from its solidity and comfort, unremarkable.

Redirecting his gaze, Jason looks at the wide desk.

Among the experiment equipment and materials, there's no 'food', unworthy of attention. .

There are eleven books in total.

All of them are experimental records, considered valuable, especially for the 'Tomb Guardian' profession, they're high-value items.

But to Jason, they're dispensable.

"Can trade them for some needed items."

Jason quickly develops a clear plan for the future of these eleven experimental records.

Then, he looks at the two boxes.

Compared to the books and experimental materials, apparatus loosely placed on the desk, these two boxes draw attention.

Not only are they neatly placed.

But they also possess the 'box' decoration themselves.

In this private underground laboratory, having this added layer of assurance sufficiently demonstrates Tercon's importance placed on these two boxes.

Jason picks up one of them.

After ensuring it's not dangerous, he opens the box.

Daggers!

Three daggers!

Three daggers made entirely of a certain kind of bone, gripped only by thumb, index, and middle fingers, the blade curved into a bizarre arc, filled with sharpness.

Familiar!

The three daggers before him are all too familiar!

Exactly like the [Gravedigger's Dagger] Jason once obtained.

And when Jason touches the three daggers, words seem to cascade like an upstream waterfall —

[Touching 'Protector's Dagger']

[Determining the advancement for Tomb Guardian...]

[Possessing profession 'Tomb Guardian' (completed)!]

[Encountered over a hundred corpses! (completed)]

[Dufol Language at introductory level! (completed)]

[Death-sense successfully pursued death aura 10 times (completed)!]

[Possessing 'Protector's Dagger']!

[Determination passed!]

[Requirements satisfied, do you wish to spend 15 (10 basic + 5 extra) satiety points to complete the Tomb Guardian's advancement?]

...

[Touching 'Necropsy Dagger']

[Determining the third-tier advancement for Tomb Guardian...]

[Possessing profession 'Protector'! (not completed)]

[Dissected 100 corpses! (completed)]

[Detailed understanding of three types of creatures! (completed)]

[Dufol Language at proficiency level! (completed)]

[Possessing 'Necropsy Dagger'! (completed)]

[Requirements not met, determination failed!]

...

[Touching 'Whispers of Death Dagger']

[Determining the fourth-tier advancement for Tomb Guardian...]

[Possessing profession 'Necropsy'! (not completed)]

[Contacted 6 Evil Spirits! (Completed)]

[Contacted 3 Fierce Spirits! (Completed)]

[Achieved Proficiency Level in Dufol Language! (Completed)]

[Possessed 'Necropsy Dagger'! (Completed)]

...

The series of messages before him, especially the ones marked 'Completed,' left Jason dumbfounded.

Jason was truly astonished.

"Did I choose the wrong profession?"

"Compared to 'Night Watcher,' am I more suited to be a 'Tomb Guardian'?"

Jason couldn't help but complain internally.

The advancement profession 'Spirit Protector' within 'Tomb Guardian' was one thing.

That could be considered step-by-step progression.

But the 'Necropsy' dissecting 100 corpses, clearly not limited to humans, 'food' worked too, and understanding the traits of three types of creatures?

It was simply a piece of cake for Jason.

How could he not be familiar?

He even remembered the taste vividly.

The somewhat frightening 'Necropsy' was evidently just 'chef' training to Jason.

As for 'Necropsy Speaker'?

The difficulty sharply increased.

Yet whether it was Evil Spirits or Fierce Spirits, Jason was frequently in contact with them.

After all, they had a decent flavor.

"Hmm, from this perspective, 'Night Watcher' seems to be a perfect match with 'Tomb Guardian'!"

"The former hunts, the latter prepares the food."

"What a pity..."

"There are no true culinary skills."

Jason seemed to sigh while shaking his head.

Culinary skills were indeed an eternal regret for Jason.

It's not that he didn't want to learn and hone his cooking abilities.

He really just didn't have the time.

Every time, he was either being hunted or acting as the Hunter.

Even now was no exception.

[Main Quest 2: Escape from the lifeless gaze!] Jason had certainly not forgotten.



Especially the sense of oppression when the other first appeared, Jason still remembered it vividly.

Whew!

Jason took a deep breath.

He quickly calmed himself down.

He didn't choose to immediately advance to 'Tomb Guardian.'

Instead, he opened the final harvest of this journey.

This box was the same as the one containing the three 'Gravedigger's Dagger.'

Even the size was almost the same.

And inside was a diary.

That's right!

A diary!

Tercon's diary!

A thick volume.

Jason frowned.

The existence of experimental notes, he could understand.

But a diary?

Who writes a diary seriously!

With suspicion, Jason opened the diary.

Quickly, Jason's brow relaxed.

Because this diary wasn't written for him, but for Tercon himself.

Tercon writing a diary for Tercon.

The former was the Tercon who laid out plans for a long time.

The latter was the Tercon soon to awaken.

The former used a forbidden technique called 'Life Concealment Art' to split his soul, nurturing a brand new self, but it would lead to partial memory loss, hence the diary at hand.

Moreover, Tercon worried he'd lose too many memories.

Therefore, this diary was written in great detail.

Not just his life's experiences.

But all sorts of secret technique knowledge he had learned and acquired.

Of course, it also included the 'Bone Desecrator' fifth-tier advancement knowledge of 'Tomb Guardian' and more.

It even enclosed various unknown messages.

Jason skimmed through the diary, eyes alight with joy.

No matter if it was the mystical knowledge within or those hidden messages, they were invaluable to Jason.

Especially the latter, which gave Jason a better understanding of the current situation.

It also solved the long-standing puzzles for him.

For example, why is the job of 'Night Watcher' called the 'Night Watcher Badge'...

While other professions get things like 'Gravedigger's Dagger' or 'Beastmaster's Dagger.'

This diary clearly recorded —

Normal crafting: is a badge.

Slaughter crafting: is a dagger.

Of course, the most important thing wasn't this record.

It was about the extension of this record.

That is...