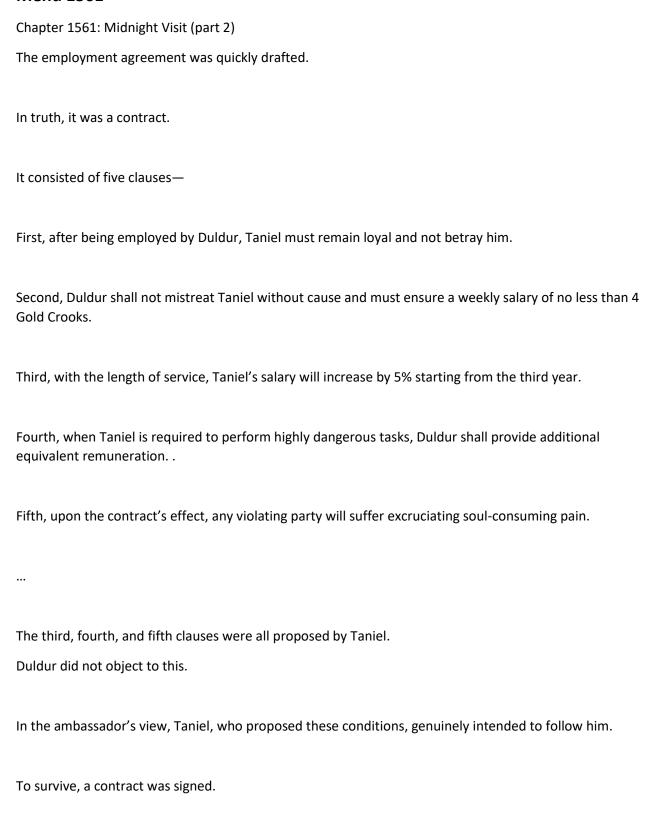
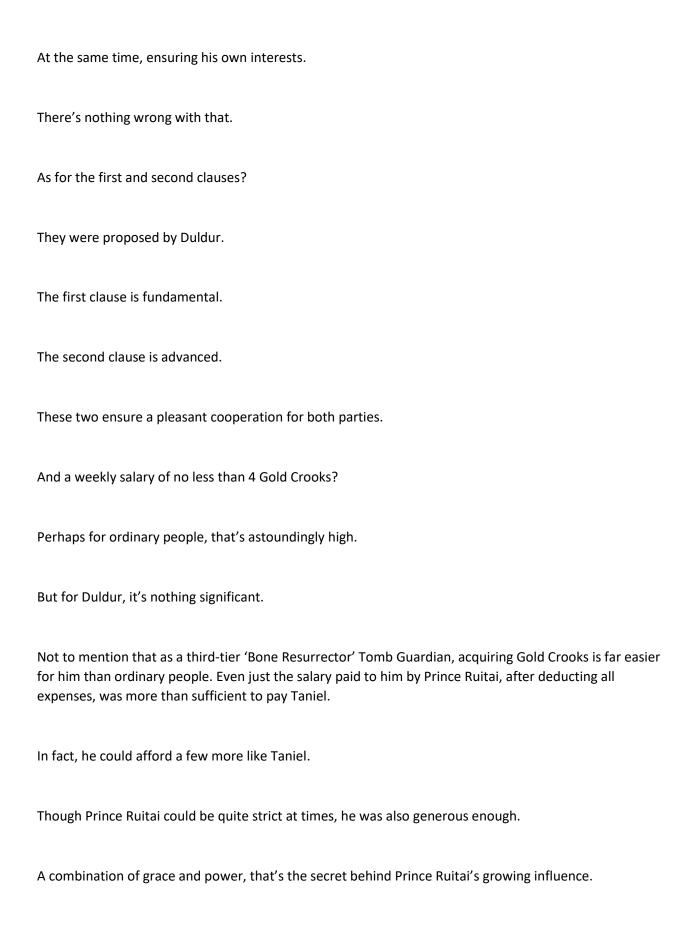
## Menu 1561





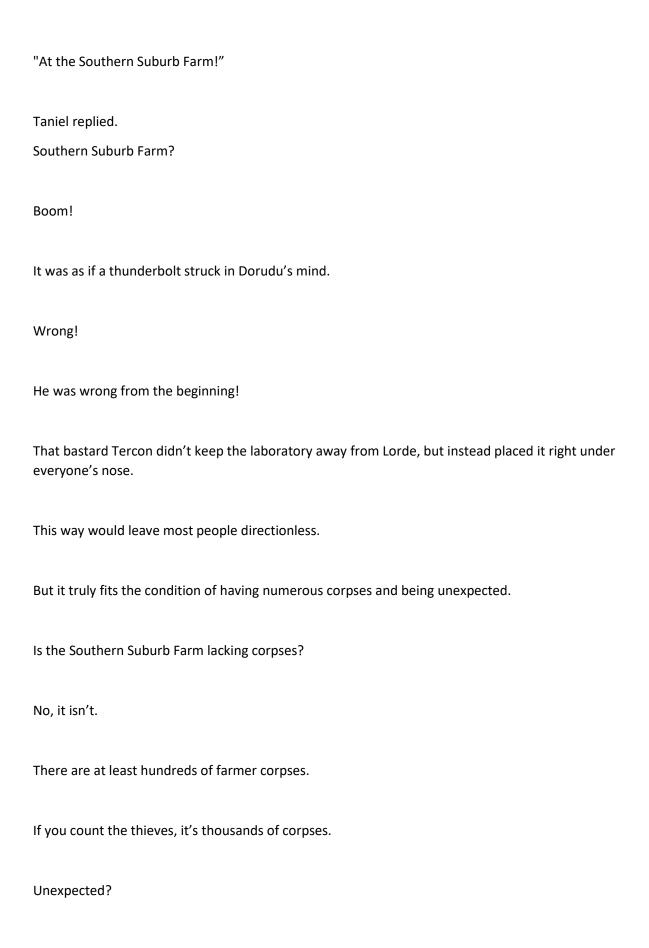




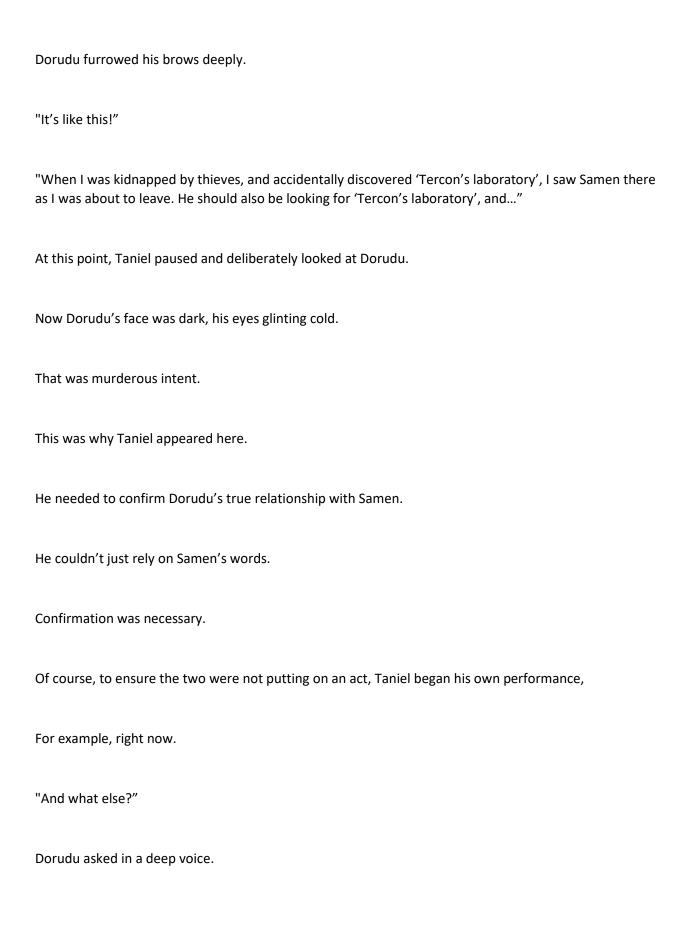
He was confident, after all, these insights were analyzed for him by his friend Jason.
Duldur looked at Taniel with surprise.
He realized that compared to the rumors, Taniel was much smarter.
Even better than he imagined.
The rumored Taniel was not only cowardly but also loved playing petty tricks for 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.

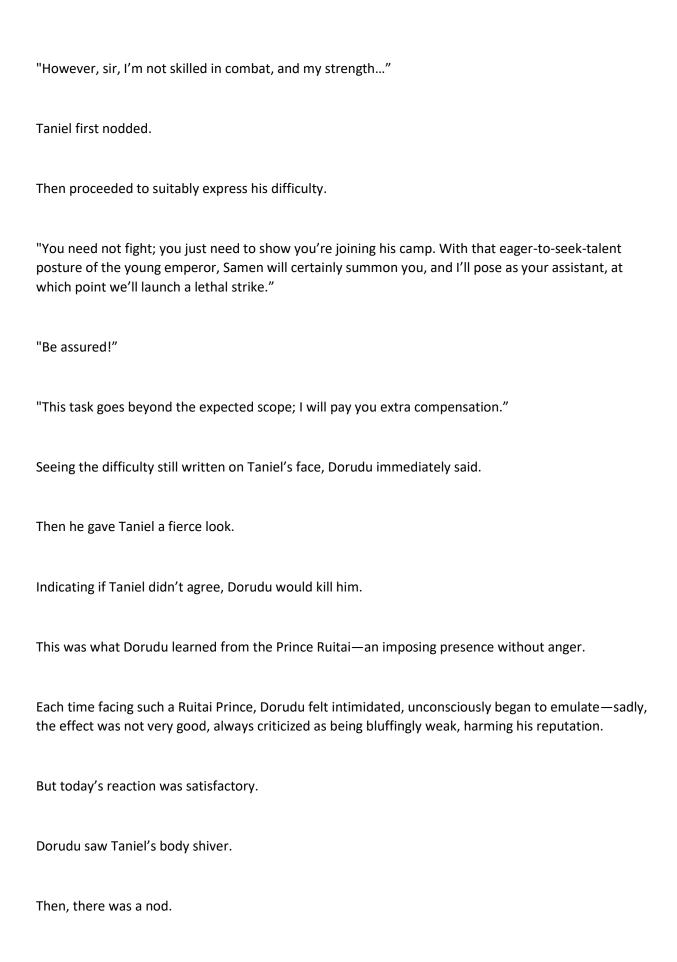


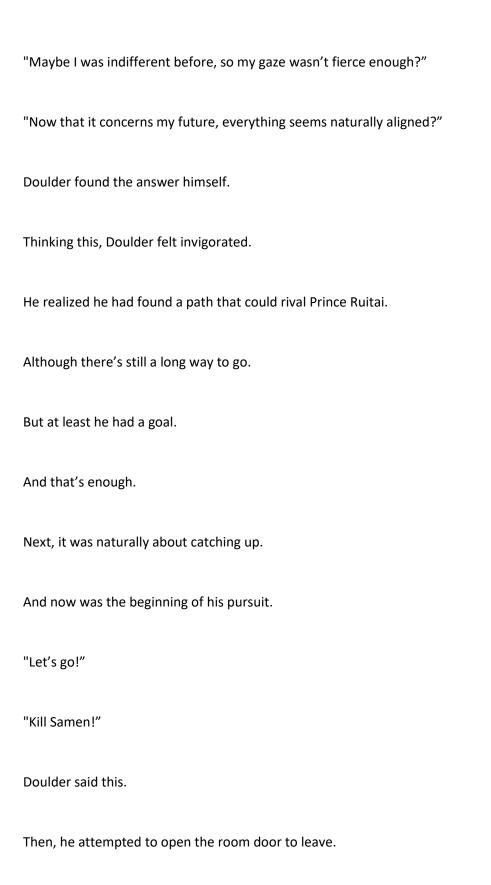


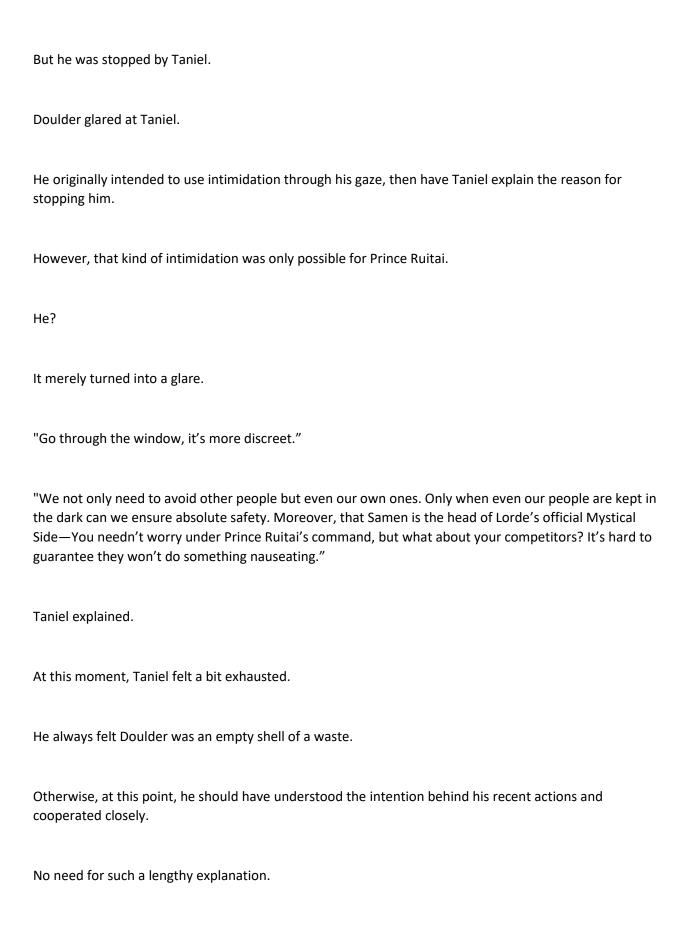
It fits even more.
If Taniel hadn't told him, he wouldn't have thought of that place until now.
Who would have imagined that a place occupied by a gang of thieves would be Tercon's new laboratory?
"Let's go!"
"We're heading to"
"Sir, wait."
Dorudu was eager to set off.
But he was stopped by Taniel raising 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?"
"What's your relationship with Samen?"
Taniel asked.
"Samen?"
"What's wrong?"



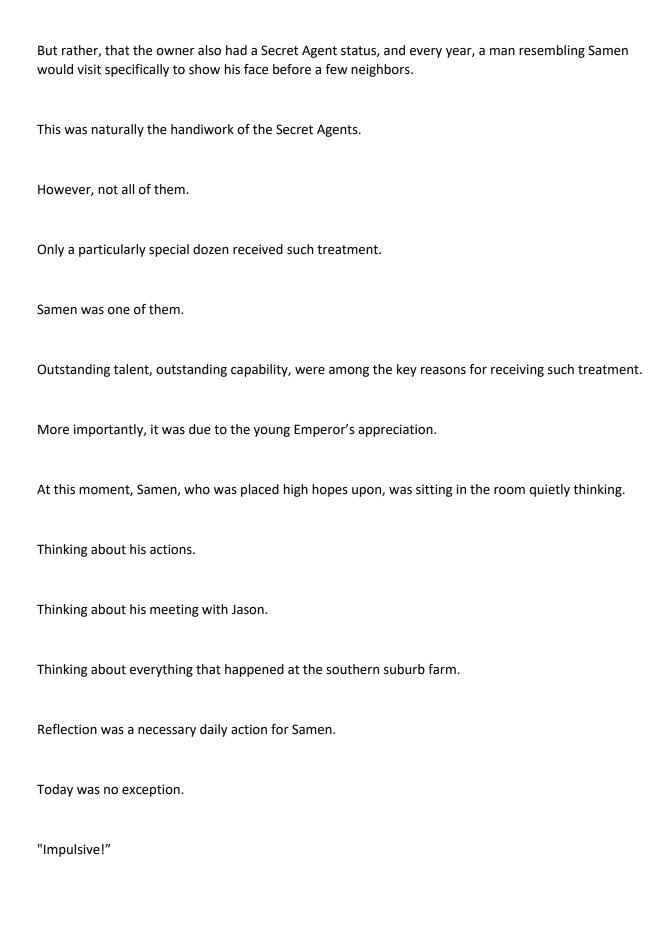
"Moreover, he should have noticed something!"
"When I left, Samen kept circling around 'Tercon's laboratory' entrance."
"With the distance, even though the thieves are hindering, in less than a day, they will find 'Tercon's laboratory' entrance." .
While speaking, Taniel observed Dorudu's expression.
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."







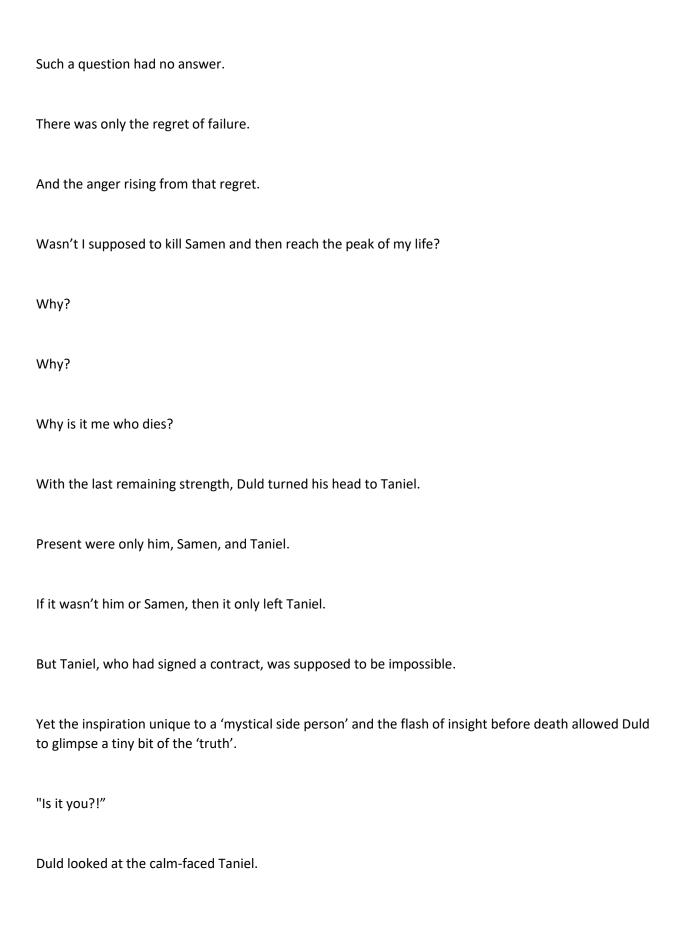
Why did Prince Ruitai send out Doulder?
This doesn't fit the other party's style!
Taniel thought inwardly.
Doulder then nodded in realization, pushed open the window, and leaped down.
Taniel, however, picked up a cloak from the side and leaped out as well, simultaneously closing the window in mid-air.
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.



"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.

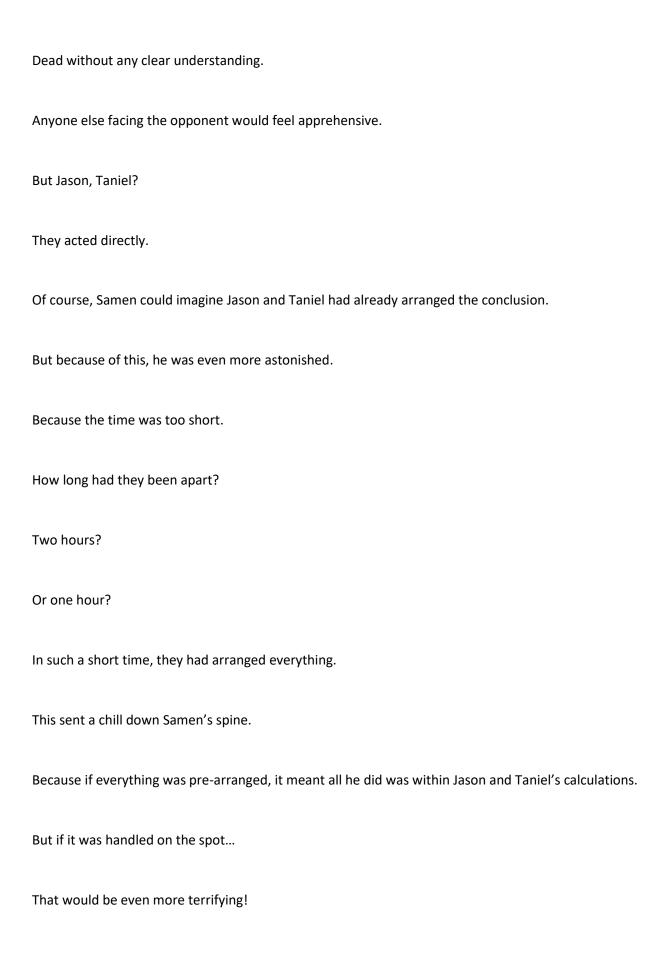
On the snow-white blade, blood gathered into droplets, dripping onto the ground.
The defense he carefully arranged using the 'Corpse Decomposer' and rituals obtained from Prince Ruitai, which could withstand at least twenty revolver shots or three artillery shots, was utterly useless at this moment.
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?



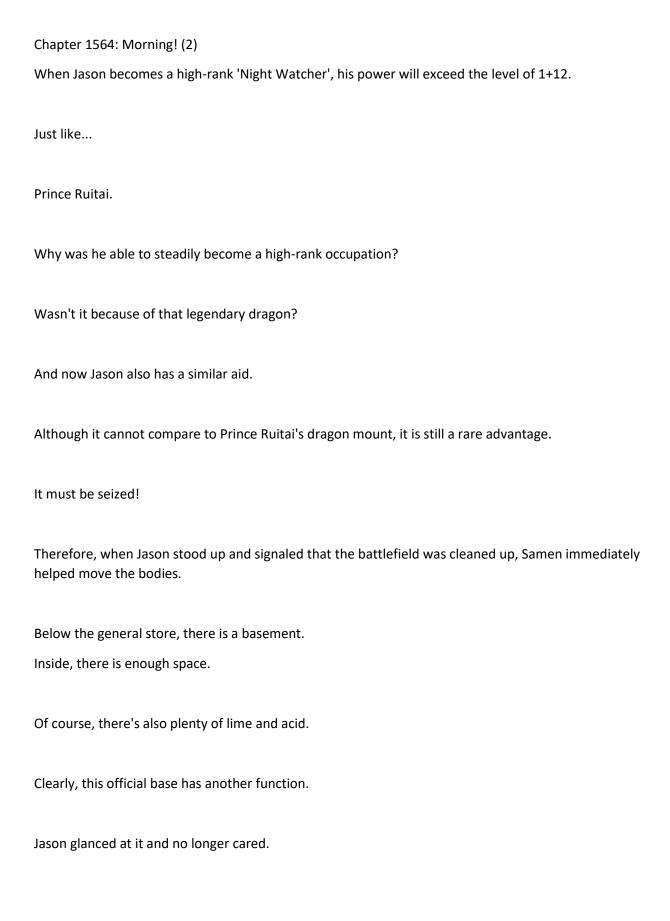
Guided by an unknown force, he couldn't understand why the person would willingly endure excruciating soul-tearing pain to defy the contract.
To know, that also meant death!
Moreover, there would be immense suffering before death!
"It's not me."
Taniel answered this way.
Duld was taken aback.
Then, after 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.



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.



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.



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.

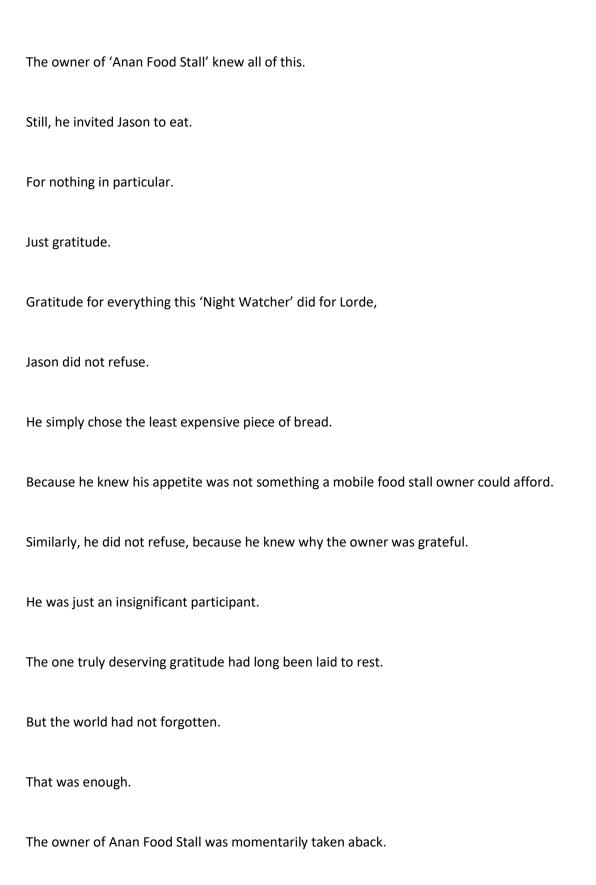








Jason picked up a piece of bread—worth about 1 Copper Corners.
"Thank you!"
Jason said, then, he slid aside the french fries, pea soup, meat pie, salted eel, baked herring, gingerbread, and pineapple from the stall, saying, "You bought 'Night Watcher' me a piece of bread, what's left is the food for 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.



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.



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, 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?









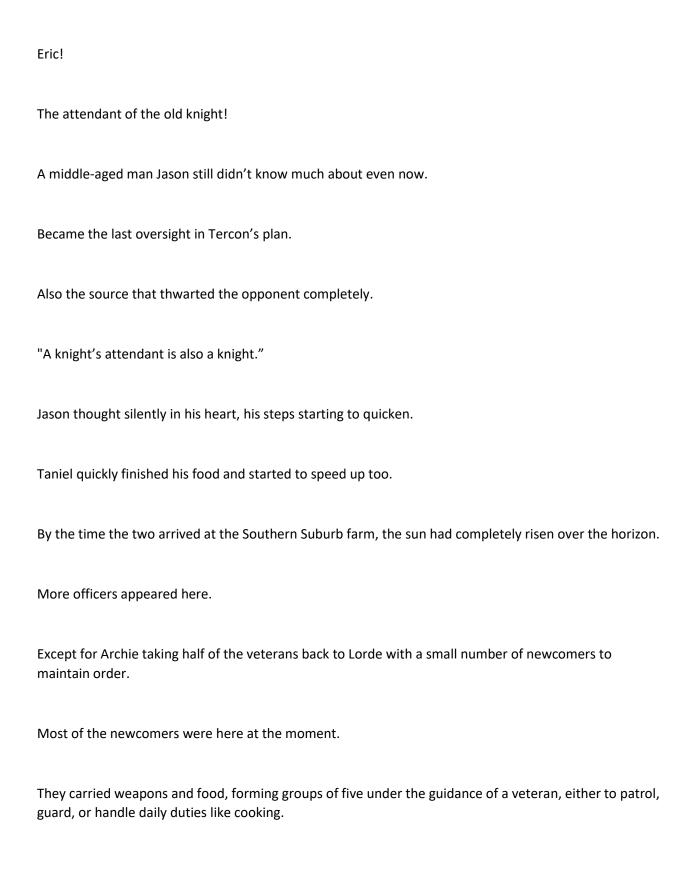
Night and day intersected at this moment.
Darkness and light coexisted.
Faint starlight flickered.
Just like in ancient times.
"Sigh."
Finally, the middle-aged owner sighed and began to prepare food.
He was just a food stall owner.
For him now, it was enough to just make good food.
As for more?
He
The food stall owner shook his head.
"It really tastes good."
"Especially this salted eel, paired with the ham sandwich, it's truly delicious."



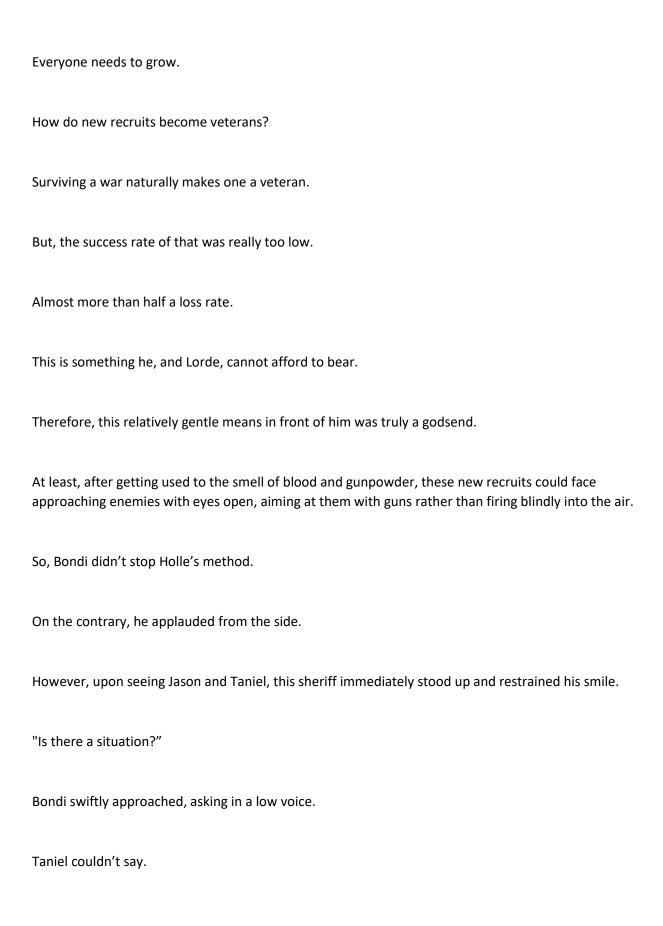




The kind of 'food' that could activate his passive talent of [food intuition] was naturally extraordinary.
And in the entire Lorde, very few could meet this 'extraordinary' condition.
Tercon happened to be one of them.
Moreover, Tercon happened to be facing a crucial moment.
The other side would leave 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.



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.

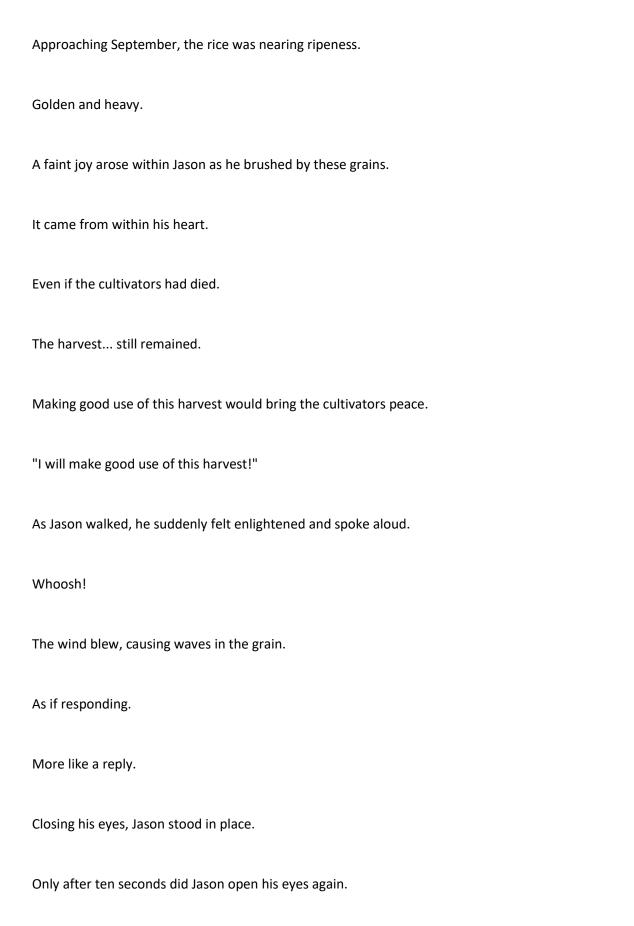


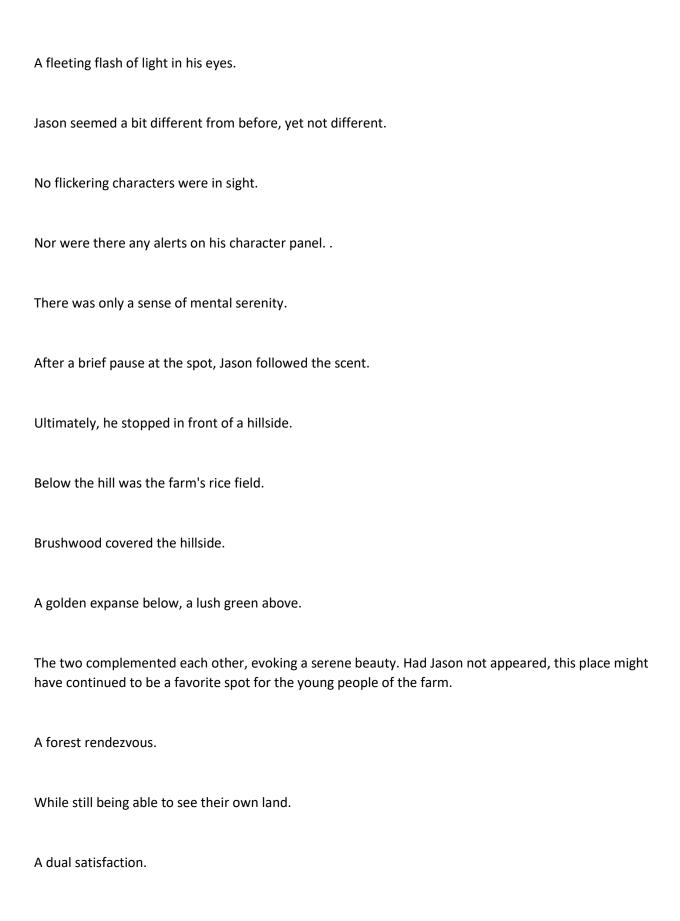
But, Bondi knew his friend Jason well, he would definitely not return here without reason.
There must be something.
"Need to take care of a few things."
"This place is temporarily left to you."
"Don't worry about me."
Jason said to Taniel and Bondi, then walked alone inside the Southern Suburb farm.
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.

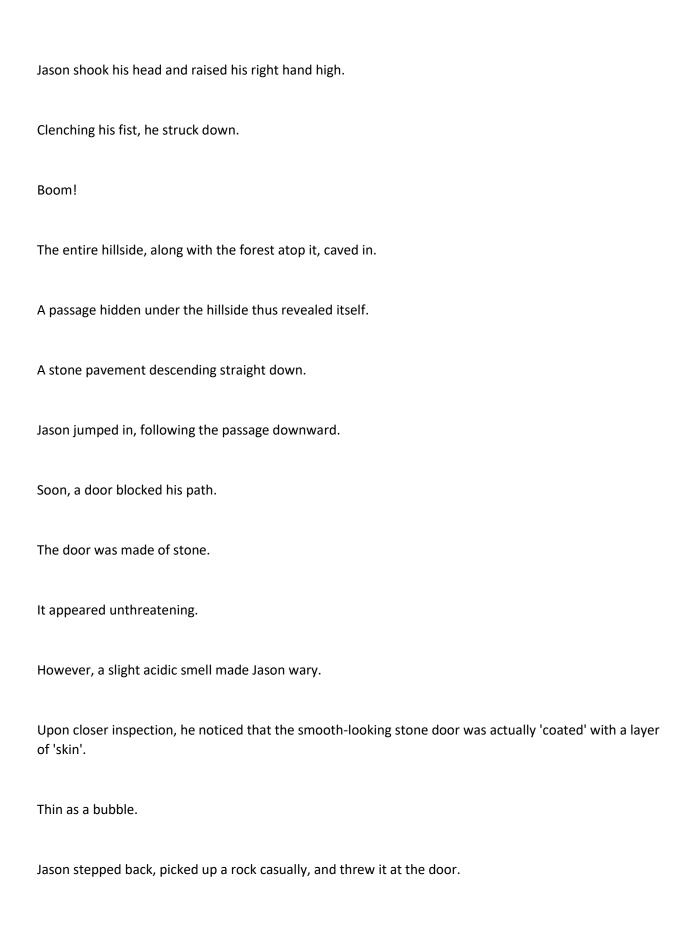
Even though they just had breakfast.
But who says you can't have two breakfasts?
Perhaps it's an illusion, but ever since Jason came into his life, his appetite has grown, and so has his weight. Previously, he hardly had any appetite.
It's not that he didn't eat.
But eating at fixed times was good enough.
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?"

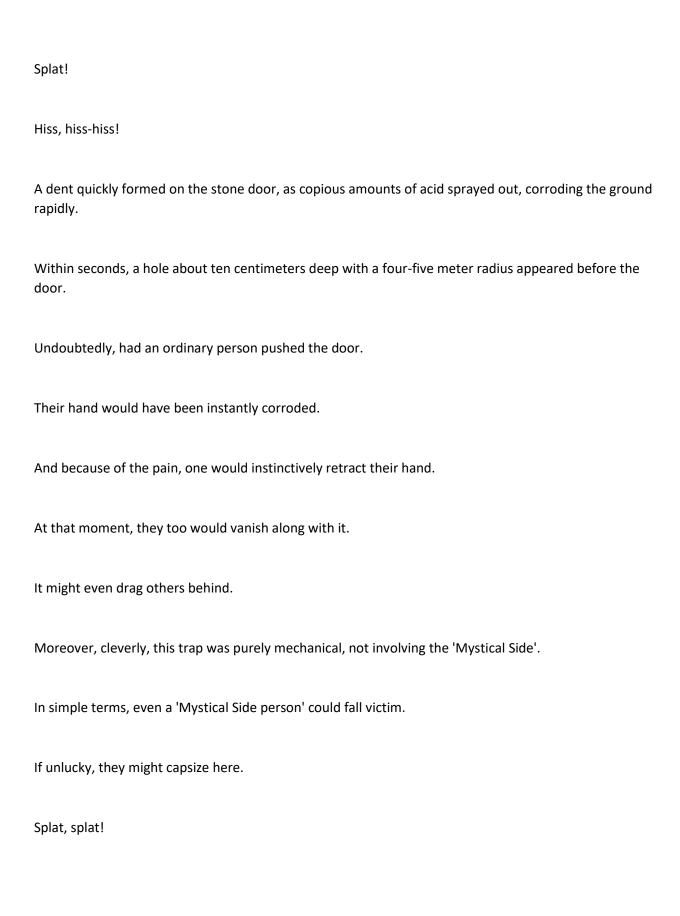
"What kind of food?"
"Together?"
After speaking, Taniel lifted the lid off the pot over the campfire.
It was soup.
A vegetable soup made with beef chunks, potatoes, carrots, onions, and tomatoes.
And under the campfire, there were bread loaves wrapped in oiled paper.
Tearing open the oiled paper, the 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.



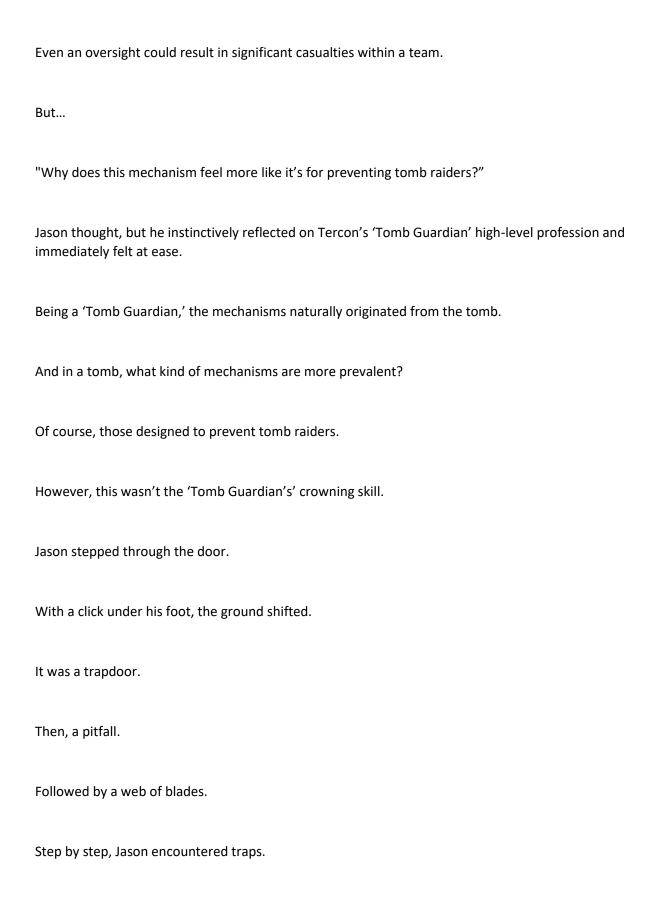






Jason threw two more stones, ensuring no more acid sprayed out before approaching the door, and still didn't push it directly.
Instead, he used a short-handled broad blade cleaver to pry it open.
With a creaking sound mingling with chirps, the door gradually opened.
Just as the door was halfway open—
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!
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!
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!
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.

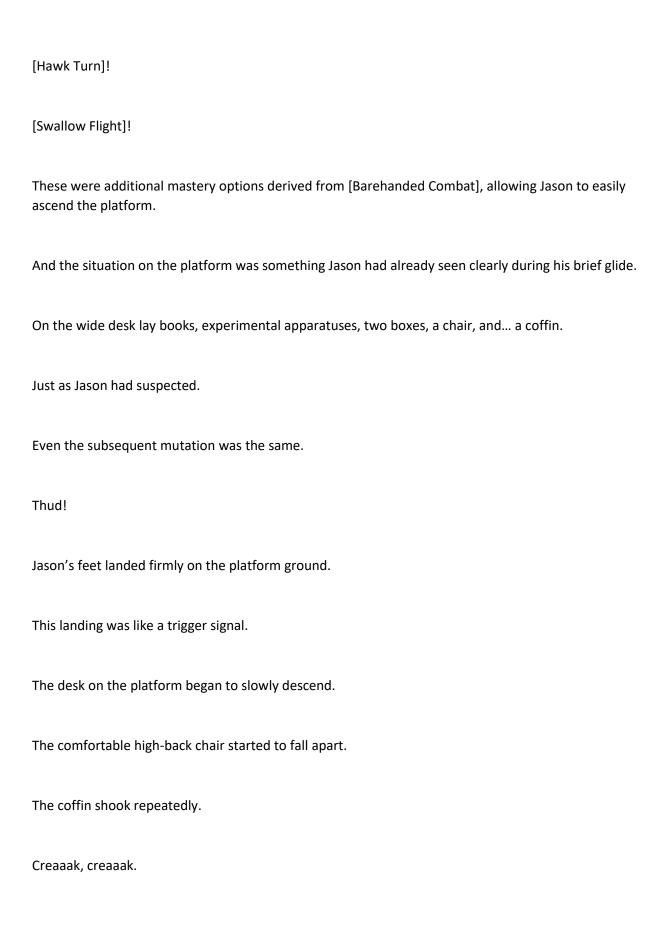


Almost every few steps, there would be a trap.
All of which could be deadly to an ordinary person.
However, they were standard mechanisms.
No matter how intricate, they could be resolved through conventional means, not by those unknown methods from the 'Mystical Side.'
Jason walked approximately several 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.



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.



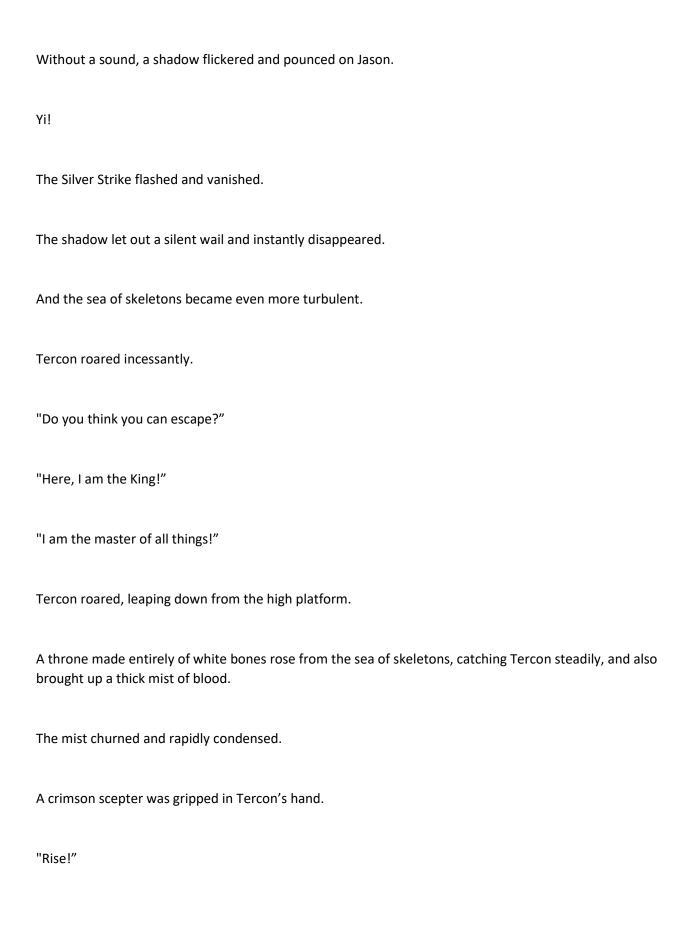
With such sounds, the coffin lid was knocked off, brushing past Jason's body as it fell off the platform with a dull thud.
Then, a pale hand appeared at the edge of the coffin.
The hand pushed hard.
A half-decayed body sat up.
Roar!
"It's you!"
The half-decayed body, with its remaining visage hanging 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.

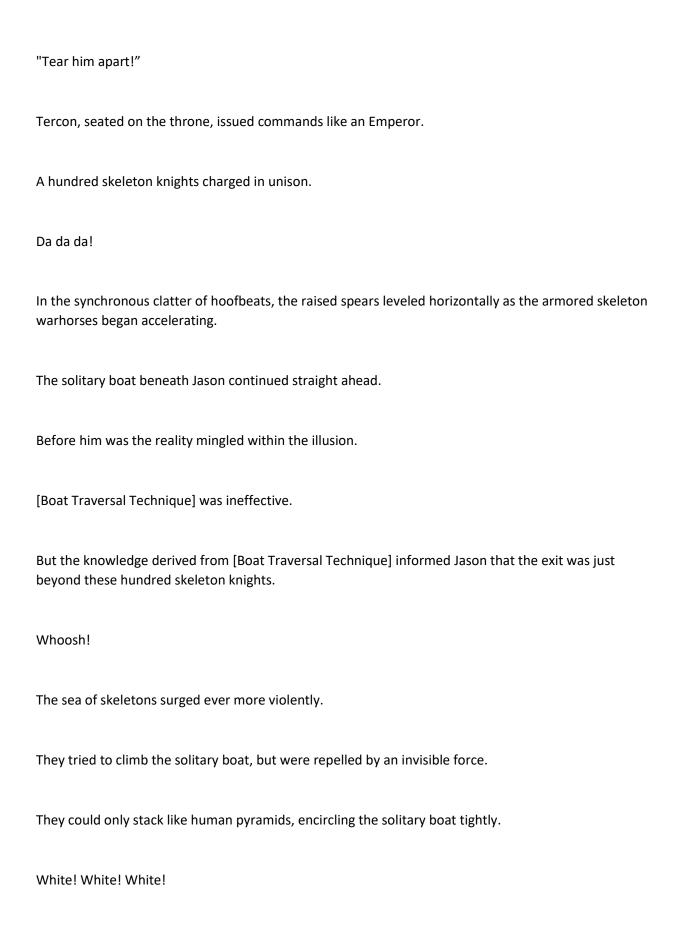
The people of Lorde were illuminated.
He,
Was also illuminated.
"I will make sure you die without a whole corpse!"
"My warriors!"
"Stand up!"
"Tear him apart!"
Just as Jason showed a smile, Tercon raised a hand in front of him.
Instantly, the ground trembled.
Thousands of skeletons emerged from beneath 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]!
[boat Traversal reclinique]:
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.

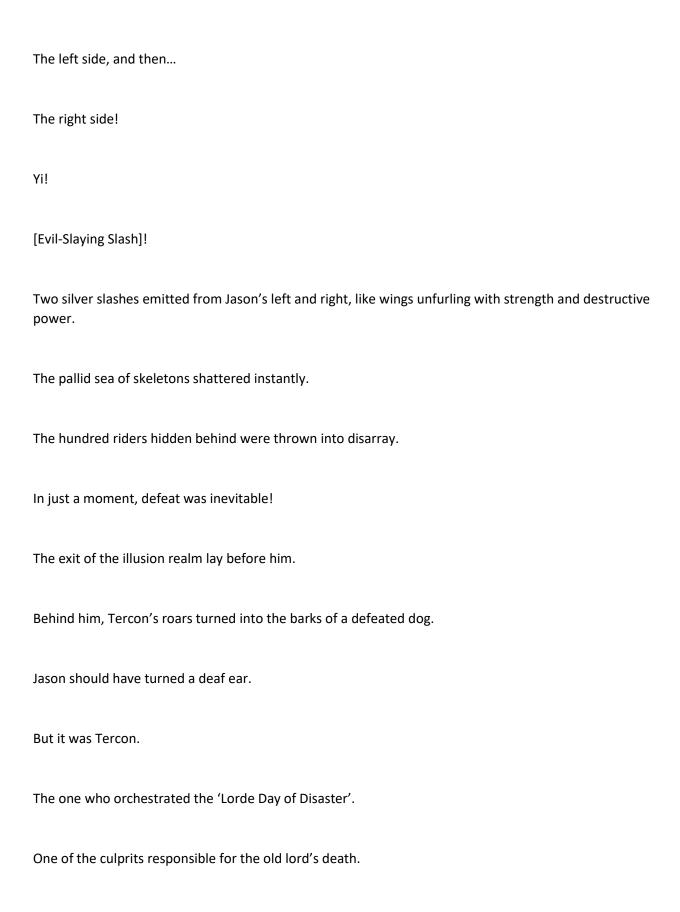


Tercon shouted loudly.
Da da da!
The crisp, continuous sound of hoofbeats appeared in the darkness ahead of Jason's solitary boat.
Dense and endless.
A hundred riders!
Skeleton warhorses, skeleton warriors.
The warhorses armored.
The warriors brandishing spears.
Unlike the shaking, rusty weapons of the 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.



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.



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.

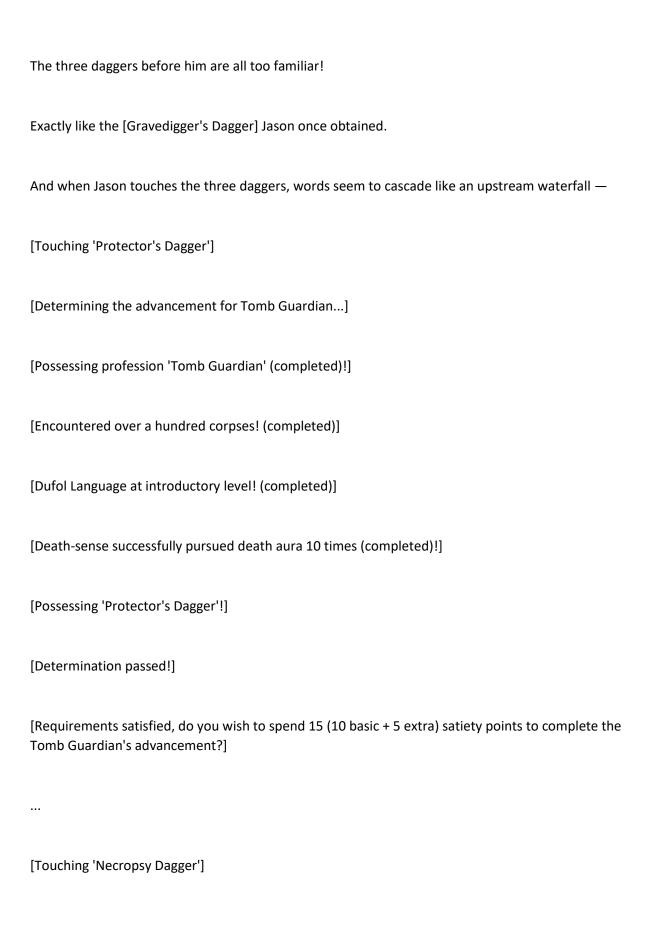
Jason's figure manifested behind him.
The solitary boat reappeared underfoot, carrying him slowly toward the exit.
The skeletons within the illusion realm remained ferocious.
But just as before.
They could do nothing to Jason.
Only watch helplessly as Jason left the illusion realm.
Step!
Jason's feet 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!



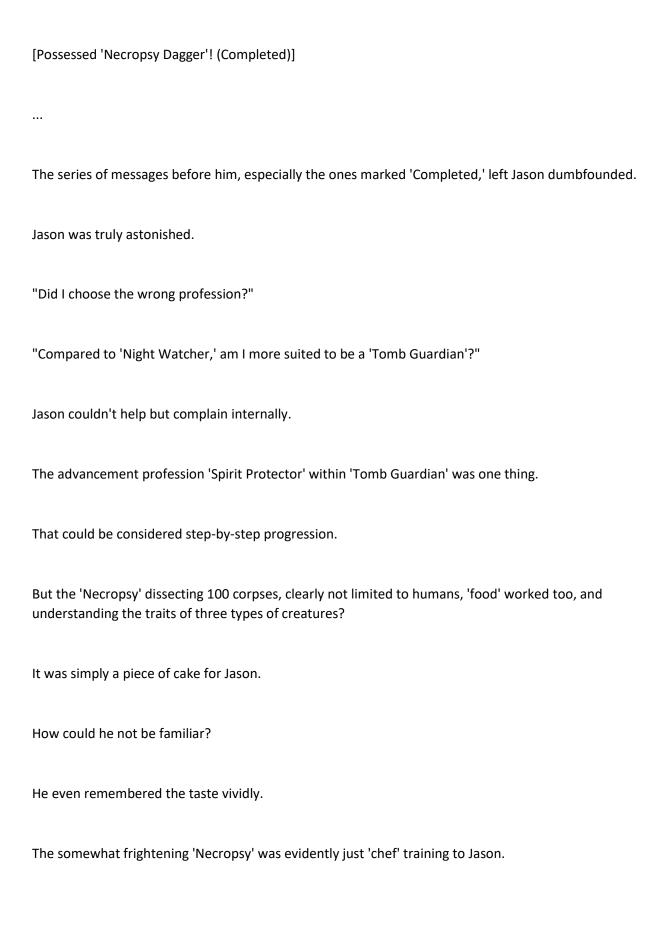


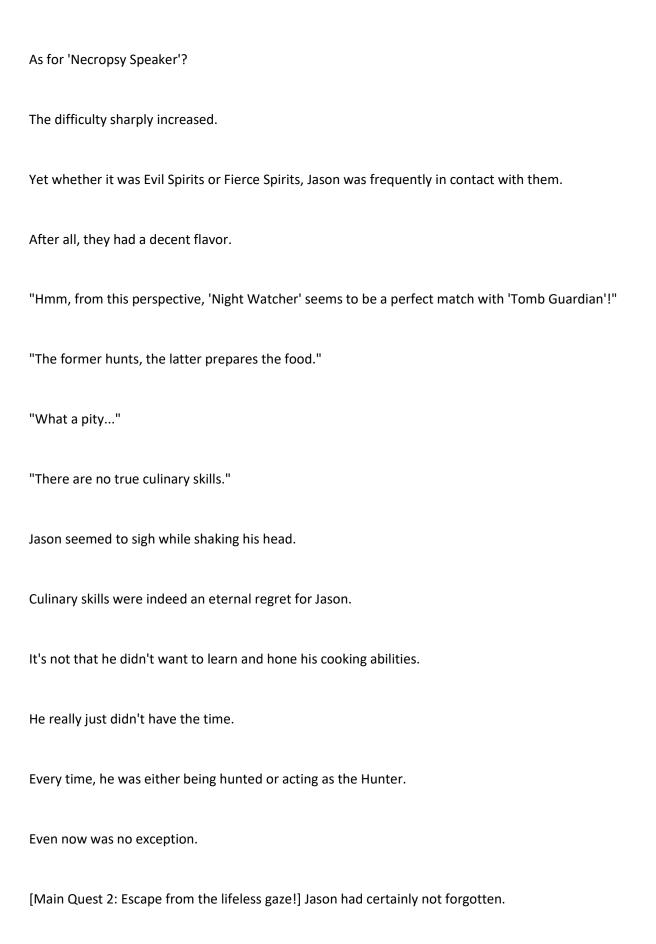
Jason honors his word.
He said he'd grind the bones to dust, and he did.
After ensuring the foe is dead beyond revival, he turns his gaze to the chair and the wide writing desk behind him.
The chair is an ordinary solid wood chair.
Though carved with some patterns, it has nothing to do with the 'Mystical 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!

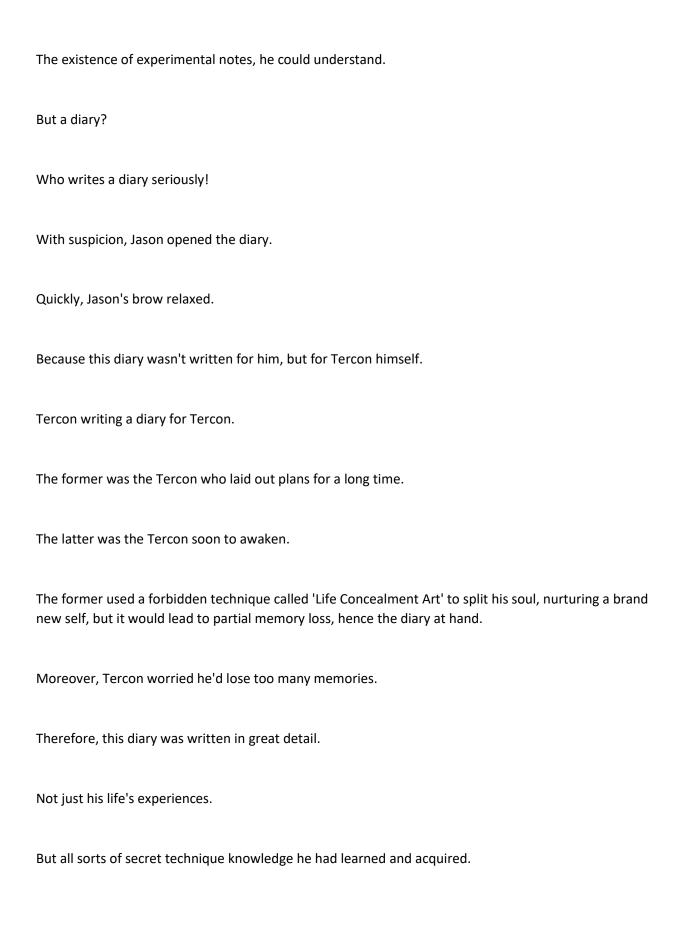


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[Determining the third-tier advancement for Tomb Guardian...]
[Possessing profession 'Protector'! (not completed)]
[Dissected 100 corpses! (completed)]
[Detailed understanding of three types of creatures! (completed)]
[Dufol Language at proficiency 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)]
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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.



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