

Menu 1571

Chapter 1571: Secrets!

Professions!

Every profession!

Whether it's 'Night Watcher,' 'Beast Tamer,' or 'Tomb Guardian,' and so on.

The number is limited!

Starting from the initial 77, until now.

It's always been 77.

It's never changed.

How the initial professions came about, Tercon's notes do not delve into much detail, only mentioning 'source point,' the development of 'Extraordinary Power' on 'source point' and the 'self-imposing of Extraordinary Power.'

As for what 'source point' is?

What is 'self-imposing of Extraordinary Power'?

The notes do not mention it.

The notes only detail how, after every profession ends its life, a successor makes a 'certificate' for the profession, and after accidentally killing a 'Professional,' makes a 'dagger.'

The creation of a 'certificate' requires the original Professional's consent and cooperation.

The creation of a 'dagger,' however, requires the plundering of the original Professional's life.

Therefore, we have—

Normal creation: It's a certificate.

Creation through killing: It's a dagger.

"Since the appearance of every profession, there have only been 77."

"Will it neither increase nor decrease?"

Jason's brow furrowed slightly.

When he saw this, he instinctively felt something was wrong.

As if he could smell a hint of conspiracy.

It's very simple.

To give an example.

Someone acquires a 'profession,' starts from a novice, progresses, second tier, third tier, fourth tier, even fifth tier.

Spending countless energy and time finally reaching high-tier of this profession, gaining unimaginable strength to ordinary people. .

But with death, everything starts anew.

Whether it's dying of old age, or by accident, or murder.

Whether it's the 'certificate,' or the 'dagger.'

Everything starts from scratch.

Then, the question arises.

From novice to high-tier, where is that unimaginably powerful strength gained?

Did it vanish into thin air?

Or...

Was it absorbed by something, some existence?

Jason instinctively favored the latter.

Perhaps because he lived in the Nightless City for so long, Jason tends to view everything from the worst perspective.

At this moment?

Naturally, no exception.

If it vanished into thin air, that's naturally nothing.

But if it's the latter, then it gets interesting.

Jason smiled playfully.

Then, he cast a glance at the 'Gravedigger's Daggers' in the box and continued to browse through the book before him.

In the latter part of this notebook, Tercon clearly also investigated 'where the strength went.'

And, obtained some results—

Is everything a conspiracy?

That's what ordinary people see.

In my view.

It's just normal.

Moreover, it's not just me, many others like me think the same.

So, we formed an Alliance.

I initially enjoyed being part of it, but as some 'dangerous individuals' joined, I began to distance myself from this Alliance, the world said I was dangerous, a horrible person, but compared to those guys? I was a good baby.

What they are pursuing...

Sorry, I can't write it out.

Once it's written, those guys will surely find out.

Damn it!

I don't even know if leaving that 'Alliance' was right.

In just twenty short years, those guys reached levels I wouldn't even dare to imagine.

And me?

Still struggling for fifth tier.

It really is frustrating.

I even suspect that when including the batch of people that left, myself included, it was all calculated.

After all, resources are limited.

But I must remind my current self of one thing.

Don't pursue that 'Alliance,' at least until you achieve fifth tier, stay away from it.

I'm sorry, I can't even write its name.

The contract signed when leaving limits me (including the revived me, even as an outsider, damn bastards, always disgusting me in these areas, causing me concerns).

Also, the hidden tricks of the profession?

They exist.

Having inherited my intellect, you'll definitely discover the tricks within.

This trick, I tell you, exists, it's not your misjudgment.

However, that's a good thing.

But I still need to remind you, be cautious of fellow Professionals.

You don't think 77 people of the same profession can live peacefully, right?

You don't think those 'Gravedigger's Daggers' I've collected were acquired by accident, right?

Those were hunted by me.

I was verifying if every profession's count of 77 truly doesn't change, then I confirmed, it indeed doesn't change, when an initial-tier seeks 'shortcut' absorbs an advanced 'Gravedigger's Dagger,' a new 'Gravedigger's Certificate' will appear, maintaining the count of 77.

Where does it appear?

I don't know.

It has no pattern.

This is also a part of the 'trick'.

I'm sure, certain, reiterate tell you, this 'trick' is an 'opportunity'!

You must seize it!

Dammit!

I want to write more!

But the contract limits me further!

I simply can't write it out!

Here, I can only wish myself well.

Also!

Sewock is too dangerous.

You must stay away!

Especially Sewock's capital, Tert!

A bunch of guys have their eyes on it!

Because I was busy advancing to fifth tier, didn't pay much attention to it.

But, you absolutely have to stay away!

...

Jason saw this and his narrowed eyes flashed repeatedly.

"Tercon has also noticed this... Well, it's inevitable."

"Professionals, as long as they are not fools, should all be able to notice it."

Chapter 1572: Secrets! (part 2)

"However, some people see it as danger."

"While others see it as opportunity?"

Jason sat in that high-backed chair, raising his hand to gently tap the tabletop.

The whole person fell into thought.

Everything has two sides.

Just like the two sides of a coin.

Therefore, danger and opportunity coexist.

But there is a key point in this.

That is: profit!

This profit is general, to be specific, it's about benefits to oneself.

The most direct being the 'shortcut' during career advancement.

For a novice 'Tomb Guardian', having an advanced 'Gravedigger's Dagger' will certainly save a lot of effort, otherwise, the advancement conditions would definitely become difficult and harsh.

This should be one of the opportunities.

And also regarded as one of the significant dangers.

Beware of fellow professionals!

It's not just talk.

And from there, at the inception of this mechanism...

Was it designed to make fellow professionals fight each other?!

Then the question returns to the origin: Where did the strength from the professional's death go!

"That thing which absorbs the strength from these professionals' deaths, does it exist... and what could it be?"

"Could that thing, that existence, also be absorbed in reverse?"

Jason boldly speculated.

Tercon wrote in the notes that it's an opportunity.

If it can't be absorbed in reverse, then what opportunity are we talking about?

That would be more like a crisis!

Of course, with the sparse information at present, Jason still can't determine.

At least, he doesn't know the method of reverse absorption yet.

The notes didn't mention it either.

Maybe Tercon didn't know either.

As for Tercon's reminders about Sewock and the Capital Terter?

Jason noted it down.

If possible, he would definitely stay away from Sewock and Terter.

Taniel had previously mentioned that Eastwalk wasn't bad either.

Maybe he could travel to Eastwalk, enjoy the scenery.

As for the trade with Samen?

After pondering it for a moment, Jason continued to flip through Tercon's notes.

Compared to the previous formal tone.

The subsequent notes became much more casual—

Professionals are transcendent.

However, not all transcendents are professionals.

Anyone who masters the 'Mystical Side' power and learns 'Mystical Side' knowledge can be called a transcendent.

However, the strength of such transcendents varies immensely.

Strong ones can destroy cities and nations.

Weak ones can be defeated by an ordinary person with systematic training.

Professionals are different, even the weakest professional is not comparable to ordinary people.

However, professionals aren't necessarily stronger than transcendents.

Some transcendents possessing special 'secret techniques' are unimaginable even to ordinary people and professionals alike.

Thus, it's good to collect more 'secret techniques'.

You never know when you might need one.

But, it must align with your profession.

'Flash Technique' is an exception!

If you're curious, you may learn the 'Flash Technique'.

But, don't delve too deep into it.

Even if you reach a high level... it only becomes a bit brighter.

...

"Transcendents mastering 'secret techniques'.

"Professionals mastering systematic 'secret techniques'.

Jason tapped the tabletop once more.

The former is like a student who excels in one subject while the others lag behind.

The latter is like a student who is well-rounded in morality, intelligence, physical health, and art, but without obvious weaknesses, also lacks standout areas—of course, only compared to the former.

In themselves, 'the scope of the profession' dictates that they have some focus.

Only...

"What kind of secret technique could suppress 'professionals' and make them avoid confrontation?"

"And how many are there?"

Jason pondered silently.

In this aspect of 'mystical knowledge', he still knows too little.

Will the next level of 'Flash Technique' be it?

Upgrading [Flash Technique] to transcend level requires 1000 points of satiety, 100 points of Excitement of Feast, 20 points of joy of feast, 1 point of joy of satisfaction, which makes Jason eagerly anticipate.

Especially 'joy of satisfaction', Jason anticipates it so much he drools.

He really drools.

Jason wants to taste its flavor.

After a full ten seconds, Jason returned to his senses,

He continued to flip through the notes in his hand.

The subsequent records were even more casual.

Most of them are trivial matters, such as encountering someone in some place and obtaining a good secret technique after killing them, or the dish 'Restless Spirit' from some place actually reaching Lorde, whether tax officials should be sent to keep an eye on these swindlers.

Amidst these rambles, Jason found some things quite valuable to him.

Related to Prince Ruitai.

The notes recording Prince Ruitai began like this——

He is one lucky guy!

He somehow 'picked up' a dragon.

Not some newly hatched dragonling either.

It was a dragon that had passed its infancy, adolescence, and had already entered young adulthood.

Perhaps it was still some distance from maturity.

However, the help it provided to Ruitai was immense.

The balance in Eastwalk was thus broken.

This guy was ambitious by nature, and this time, his wishes came true.

However, such a person becoming a 'Knight' is truly ironic.

...

Hahaha, the investigation is clear.

This guy actually used the 'Knight's Dagger' to become the first 'Knight'.

No wonder he was always so secretive when others asked about his 'profession'.

If the other 'Knights' knew, they would surely attack him en masse.

...

Why is this guy's professional promotion so fast?

Did he find some secret to becoming a 'Knight'?

How is that possible?

'Beta', a real 'Knight', finds it difficult to advance, how could he?!

...

How is that possible?

Is he the child of destiny?

He actually found another path to becoming a 'Knight' in a shabby library —

Lord!

No wonder he's keen on waging war!

The lost land of Eastwalk should be the capital for his promotion.

...

Damn it!

My investigation was too deep!

I'm being targeted by this guy!

...

This bastard actually knows the key to the 'Fifth Tier' of the 'Tomb Guardian' — 'Bone Desecrator'?

Did he also get this information from that shabby library?

Could that worn-out library be related to those bastards in the 'Alliance'?

Should I leave again?

...

That guy offered an irresistible chip.

I became the mayor of Lorde.

That guy helped me complete the key to my promotion to 'Bone Desecrator', and I needed to help him with some things he couldn't do openly.

Kinslaying!

I have to say, this guy is really filthy.

...

Working with that guy was somewhat pleasant, but I must remind myself.

That guy is truly a jackal.

Not only is he sinister and vicious, but he is also adept at disguise.

Do not believe a word he says.

Remember.

If you see this, leave the city where this guy is immediately.

The 'Lord' chosen by that guy seems to...

Have problems.

...

Hahaha.

I knew there was no such thing as a free lunch.

In Ruip's mess, not only are there shadows of those bastards from the 'Alliance', but also some of my old friends.

What exactly are these guys trying to do?

I don't know.

However, Ruip is going to be in big trouble.

So, leave Sewock immediately and stay away from the Capital Terter.

If you are me now, act quickly.

Otherwise, it'll be too late.

Because if those guys from the 'Alliance' and my old friends are entangled, they are definitely not aiming for just a city, what they're plotting should be... (scribbled and modified several times, ultimately completely erased)

I can't write it down.

I feel that if I write it down, neither I nor my current self will survive.

...

There are records about Prince Ruip, similar to diaries, but without dates.

"Was Prince Ruip's rise itself a conspiracy?"

Jason's eyes locked on the words 'Alliance' and my old friends.

Finally, he focused on the parts that had been scribbled over several times.

This should be something.

Jason had some guesses.

But the clues and information were still too little.

Jason couldn't be sure.

Phew!

Jason took a deep breath.

Looking at the last remaining page of the journal.

He felt slightly uneasy at heart.

According to his understanding of Tercon, this last page must hold extremely important information.

And what is extremely important to Tercon.

Of course, it's the promotion to 'Bone Desecrator'.

This last page should record the regular conditions for the promotion to 'Bone Desecrator'.

With that in mind, Jason opened the last page.

The next moment —

He smiled slightly.

Chapter 1573: A Great Harvest!

The content on the last page was as Jason expected.

It was about the promotion requirements for the 'Bone Desecrator'.

Moreover, Tercon was clearly worried that 'he' might read it wrong or miss something, so it was neatly recorded in tidy handwriting—

1. Hundred-year-old grave soil.
2. Have encountered a wraith once.
3. Have communicated with the undead at least ten times.
4. Be at least an expert level in Dufol Language.
5. Completed two acts of destruction (at least at the level of a hundred thousand living beings).

(PS: A reminder to myself, the first four items are easy to achieve, it's just a matter of time, but the last one, you must be cautious. When you destroy a city for the first time, you can easily succeed because no one notices you, but the second time is different. No one wants to see the emergence of a 'Bone Desecrator'; they will do everything in their power to stop you, and if they have the opportunity, they won't hesitate to kill you! Therefore, I became the mayor of Lorde City, spending twenty years to achieve this, but I still failed, even though I was fully prepared. So you must be careful, be careful from the first time, you can disguise yourself to enter some public office, and then create accidents like 'natural gas explosions'!)

...

It was clear that Tercon really went all out.

At the same time, it dispelled a doubt from Jason's heart.

"It turns out the disguise wasn't for causing destruction, it was because after the first destruction, you're being watched for the second time, so you have to disguise like this."

"However, natural gas explosions..."

Jason subconsciously thought of a city frequently reported for natural gas pipeline explosions.

It might not be for career advancement.

But it was also for covering up.

Natural gas is definitely one of the greatest inventions in human history.

Comparable to the light bulb.

After all, the light bulb brings light.

But natural gas?

Harbors the deepest darkness.

Whew.

Exhaling, Jason placed the notebook he was holding on the table.

After adjusting his posture, he picked up the box containing three 'Gravedigger's Daggers'.

Without hesitation, Jason picked up the [Spirit Protector's Dagger].

[Touch 'Spirit Protector's Dagger']

[Judgment passed!]

[Requirements met, do you want to spend 15 (10 basic + 5 extra) satiety points to complete Gravedigger's advancement?]

...

"Yes."

With a clear goal in mind, Jason gave an affirmative answer.

[Spirit Protector employment complete!]

[Spirit +0.6, Perception +0.6]

[Gained unique talents: Shadow Speed, Spectral Carriage]

[Shadow Speed: When you are in shadow or darkness, you can use some strength to increase your speed and agility. In sunlight, you will lose this boost, but there will be no restrictions, you will just feel hot and sweat like a normal person; Effect: In the shadow and darkness, Agility +0.3]

[Spectral Carriage: You can designate a carriage or any vehicle no larger than a carriage to become a 'Spectral Carriage'. At night, in shadows, its speed will increase exponentially, and in sunlight, it can still keep you in the dark inside the carriage; Making it requires at least a week of time and a great deal of physical strength. The speed of the 'Spectral Carriage' will gain extra speed boosts as your spirit increases]

...

A familiar feeling of increased attributes appeared on Jason's body.

He squinted his eyes slightly, enjoying it.

His gaze swept over the two new talents.

[Shadow Speed] was self-explanatory; for someone who is used to nighttime and shadows, it was a great boost.

[Spectral Carriage] was quite interesting.

Jason subconsciously thought of the battle with that 'Gravedigger' on Kensing Street back then.

The opponent was driving a rather unusual-looking carriage at the time.

"A convenient talent, not only accelerating speed but also creating a suitable battlefield for himself."

Jason evaluated.

As for the creation time?

Jason kept it in mind as well.

And would arrange suitably.

The comfortable feeling of increased strength slowly faded away.

After adapting for a moment, Jason picked up the 'Necropsy Dagger'.

[Touch 'Necropsy Dagger']

[Judgment passed!]

[Requirements met, do you want to spend 45 (30 basic + 15 extra) satiety points to complete Gravedigger's third tier?]

...

"Yes."

Still, a definite answer.

[Necropsy employment complete!]

[Spirit +0.8, Perception +0.8]

[Gained unique talents: Weak Point Strike, Corpse Qi Attachment]

[Weak Point Strike: By proficiently understanding the characteristics of three types of creatures, you can better perform weak point attacks. When you select a type of creature, your attacks will include an additional bullet-level attack (Weak Point Strike will be effective when you select a type of creature.)]

[Corpse Qi Attachment: From years of contact with corpses, you have understood corpse qi, and can utilize them well. You choose a body part to store corpse qi, which can be attached once or all at once during an attack (Based on your physique, special defense judgment, you can store and attach corpse qi above 'Strong' level, once depleted, it needs to be replenished) Effect: You can attach a corpse qi attack from below blade-level to above 'Strong' level to your attack once]

...

Another increase in attributes.

Although it wasn't the first time, the feeling of becoming stronger was truly wonderful.

It's hard not to get addicted to it.

Jason was no exception.

However, to prevent becoming overly addicted, turning into a bastard without boundaries.

Chapter 1574: A Bountiful Harvest! (part 2)

He dispersed his attention as per habit.

Without a doubt, the 'Tomb Guardian' had reached the third rank 'Corpse Whisperer', and his abilities began to increase significantly. .

Whether it was [Weak Point Strike] or [Corpse Energy Attachment], both allowed the combat power of a 'Corpse Whisperer', a third-rank 'Tomb Guardian', to rise sharply.

"Is the third rank a small leap for every profession?"

Jason speculated as he opened the choice for [Weak Point Strike].

1, Humanoid creatures.

2, Beast type.

3, Constructs.

4, Magical beasts.

5, Undead type.

...

A total of five major categories, not as detailed as Jason expected, categorized into each specific creature.

With a glance, Jason chose 1.

No matter the time, the greatest enemy often comes from one's own kind.

This was said by someone unknown.

But Jason remembered it.

He chose to retain it.

He would not actively harm others but also wouldn't remain indifferent in the face of harm.

As for corpse energy storage?

Jason chose his left hand.

And the source of the corpse energy?

In Tercon's laboratory, there was no shortage of such corpse energy.

Moreover, the absorption of corpse energy was even faster than Jason imagined. After the corpse energy was absorbed into his left hand, there were no mutations, just that his left hand looked slightly whiter, but not to the extent of being deathly pale.

Only approximately one shade whiter.

After checking his left hand and confirming that he didn't need to wear gloves to conceal it, Jason picked up the last 'Gravedigger's Dagger'.

[Touch on 'Corpse Whisperer's Dagger']

[Pass the check!]

[Requirements met, do you want to spend 100 (60 basic + 40 extra) points of satiety to complete the third rank 'Corpse Whisperer'?]

...

"Yes."

As Jason gave a positive answer, a series of information about the 'Corpse Whisperer' began to appear.

[Completed job as Corpse Whisperer!]

[Spirit +1.0, Perception +1.0]

[Special proficiencies acquired: Corpse-speaking Contract, Resurrection Skeleton]

[Corpse-speaking Contract: You are now an expert on the deceased, and you can now enslave the dead through contracts (the number of slaves depends on your mental power and the strength of the enslaved undead)]

(Note 1: Enslaving the undead requires three necessary conditions!)

(1, You must know the name of the undead)

(2, The time of death should not exceed one week)

(3, You must contact the corpse of the deceased at least fingertip contact is needed without obstruction.)

(Note 2: The undead retains memories and strength from life, will show likes or dislikes towards you. When they like you, you will find it easier to control them; if they dislike you, the cost doubles, and they will appear as a soul.)

(Note 3: For each enslaved undead, you must bear additional physical strength, and when it exceeds your limits, your life force will decrease until death)

(Note 4: You can release the enslaved soul. Once released, it can no longer be summoned to serve you.)

...

[Resurrection Skeleton: You can summon a skeleton soldier from a complete corpse. Their strength varies based on the corpse, and the number of summons is determined by your mental attributes (with your current spirit attribute, you can summon up to 122 skeleton soldiers. You do not need to pay additional physical strength to maintain them; once summoned, they will carry out your first command, but when you give a second command, you must pay additional physical strength. When a skeleton soldier dies, you can replenish them at any time)]

...

Spirit, Perception attributes each +1.

An even more pleasant sense of power appeared in Jason's body.

This time, Jason straightened his posture.

His gaze was firmly locked on the newly appeared specialization [Corpse-speaking Contract].

Undoubtedly, this is a powerful capability.

If used well, it can be enough to turn the tide of battle.

At any time, it can be called a trump card.

Of course, it can also act as an assistant, scout, etc.

What else is more reassuring than enslaving souls?

Naturally, it's enslaving more of them.

Jason's gaze began to scan the notes on [Corpse-speaking Contract].

He was focused on note 2.

If there are memories and strength, then could it be possible to gain more unknown knowledge and information?

The answer is naturally yes.

As for doubled consumption?

Never forget his talent.

He is the 'Undying Jason'!

Therefore, note 3 is not a problem either.

Of course, some things that need attention still require attention.

For example, satiety.

"It seems that around thirty thousand satiety is not quite enough!"

Jason mocked himself.

As he imagined scenarios where he might use the [Corpse-speaking Contract] in his mind,

His gaze continued downward.

He looked at [Resurrection Skeleton].

This one was simple and straightforward.

Skeleton soldiers.

According to the ratio, 0.1 point of spirit should be able to summon one skeleton soldier.

He could summon 122 skeleton soldiers at once.

Afterward, as long as he didn't change the command, no additional payment was needed.

Moreover, as long as there were enough corpses, replacements could be made at any time.

Completely cost-effective.

In some sense, it was even more useful than [Corpse-speaking Contract].

After confirming the descriptions of both [Corpse-speaking Contract] and [Resurrection Skeleton], Jason became more curious about the specialties of the 'Bone Desecrator', the fifth rank of the 'Tomb Guardian'.

"What could it be?"

Jason speculated as he began to organize his gains this time.

He was preparing to leave.

The biggest gain was already in hand.

However, by habit, he carried out one last check.

...

The sunlight pierced through the morning mist.

Chapter 1575: A Bountiful Harvest! (part 3)

The entire Lorde awoke once more, becoming lively and bustling.

At the Southern Suburb farm, the bustling officers made everything vibrant and full of life.

Having eaten two breakfasts, been kidnapped, and spent a sleepless night, Taniel finally found a moment to nap on a haystack.

It wasn't that he didn't want to sleep indoors.

But Bondi was directing people to thoroughly clean the farm rooms.

When the sun shone warmly on his face, Taniel was awakened by Holle's loud voice.

He rubbed his eyes and sat up.

He saw Bondi, looking serious, and Holle, somewhat impatient.

"What happened?"

Taniel asked as he brushed off the straw from his body.

"A patrol team has gone missing."

"According to the schedule, this patrol team should have returned here half an hour ago, then replaced with a new patrol team, but until now, they haven't come back."

Holle repeated the report he had given to Bondi earlier.

Holle did not think there was anything to hide from Taniel.

Even though Taniel was only the second consultant at the police station, he had already proven himself trustworthy.

"Half an hour ago?"

Taniel stopped his brushing motions, furrowing his brow.

The officers before him were, to be blunt, 'rookies.'

Yet, every young person was diligent and earnest.

Additionally, there was an experienced hand leading them.

This kind of accident shouldn't have happened.

Especially when they were all fully armed.

"Could they have encountered something like a large beast?"

Taniel asked.

"No."

"Those bandits cleared this place thoroughly."

"And I asked, no one heard any gunshots."

Bondi, with a serious expression, shook his head.

As a soldier and sheriff, Bondi now had an exceptionally bad feeling.

His patrol team was likely in trouble.

What exactly had happened, he had no idea for now.

However, the other party was likely hostile.

Directly taking out his patrol team only further confirmed their attitude.

"Holle, gather the staff."

"Inform Archie and the others in the city."

"Then, use the current farm, various defensive structures."

Bondi swiftly issued orders.

Now, our side is in the open, the enemy in the dark.

We can't casually send out scouts; given the disparity in strength, that would be sending people to their deaths.

Bondi couldn't accept his men dying in vain.

Therefore, defense was the best choice.

Of course, it wasn't all about passive defense.

When Archie and the veterans arrive, it'll be the time to find out more.

And now?

Bondi looked at Taniel.

Taniel might just be a 'Pharmacist,' but still a 'Mystical Side individual,' having undergone a Baptism, Taniel's physical condition far exceeded a normal person, not to mention he possessed secret techniques that ordinary people did not.

However, Bondi did not expect Taniel to act as a scout.

Compared to scouting, Taniel had more important tasks to do.

"Taniel, go find Jason."

Bondi said.

"Understood."

Taniel nodded and was about to head in the direction where Jason disappeared but was stopped by Bondi.

"Catch."

Bondi tossed over two revolvers, a bullet belt, and a dagger.

"Thanks."

In that cellar, having almost exhausted his last resort, Taniel naturally didn't refuse. After a word of thanks, he fastened the bullet belt on his waistband, inserted the two revolvers into their holsters, and slipped the dagger into his boot.

After doing all this, Taniel slipped into the wheat field.

After running about four or five hundred meters, Taniel felt a slight tremor in the ground.

The next moment—

The earth shook!

Chapter 1576: Reinforcements Arriving Ahead of Schedule

Cavalry!

Groups of cavalry came from the distant horizon!

In a flash, they charged into the range of the Southern Suburb farm.

Under Taniel's horrified gaze, they surrounded Bondi, Holle, and the others tightly.

"This, this is..."

"Reinforcements from Capital Terter!"

"Weren't they supposed to arrive two days later?"

"Why are they here now?"

Taniel thought, his expression suddenly changing.

Taniel is not a fool.

On the contrary, being able to become a teacher at 'Deer Academy,' Taniel definitely has no problem with his intelligence.

In fact, it can be said that he's above average.

It's just because of some aspects of his personality that he seems a bit 'dumb'.

But such personality traits absolutely won't hinder his ability to accurately analyze the current situation.

The vanished patrol guards.

Early-arrived 'reinforcements.'

Prince Ruitai's troops.

After swiftly connecting these pieces, Taniel turned and ran.

At this time, he would never foolishly rush forward.

Rushing forward means certain death!

More accurately, just another death!

Only by finding Jason!

Finding Jason is the only way!

Thinking this, Taniel pressed his body lower, practically crawling on all fours.

At the same time, Taniel prayed in his heart.

Prayed that these reinforcements wouldn't make a move immediately.

Perhaps Taniel's prayer worked, as these distant 'reinforcements' merely surrounded Bondi, Holle, and the others, without launching a charge, though their cavalry guns were pointed at Bondi and the others.

These cavalry were divided into two parts.

The rear, although their armor was shining, was less attention-grabbing than the foremost hundred.

They were all clad in black chainmail, with bombs hung around their saddles, a revolver on each outer thigh, holding cavalry guns shorter than rifles but more finely made, and faster in firing.

Each one had a rugged face, standing tall.

Gripping their saddles without moving, an aura of seasoned soldiers came rushing.

"Black-clad Knights!"

Bondi, Holle's pupils shrank.

The two hailed from the military and naturally understood what these Black-clad Knights represented.

Black-clad Knights: a cavalry unit, handpicked from various Sewock forces by Prince Ruitai, that struck fear into the enemies.

Every black-clad knight was skilled in the army, not only adept at shooting, throwing, and melee weapons but could easily kill ordinary soldiers unarmed.

Bondi, Holle could have been selected for this unit.

But both eventually gave up.

Because they were ultimate opponents.

Only the victor could be selected.

With just a simple competition, given their relationship, the loser would only bless the winner, yet the final contest required the victor to kill the loser.

Thus, they abandoned the idea.

But precisely because of this abandonment, their friendship strengthened even more.

Also made them realize, the new soldiers behind them were simply not opponents.

Not to mention those new soldiers.

Even if all the veterans from Lorde were gathered, they wouldn't stand a chance.

They're not even on the same level.

Any Black-clad Knight before them could easily deal with anyone behind them.

Even them.

One-on-one, there's confidence.

One-on-two?

Still barely manageable.

One-on-three?

Totally not an opponent.

But the Black-clad Knights in front are not just a hundred strong.

This is what made Bondi, Holle most helpless.

They not only fail in duels but also in numbers.

Right now, they put together only about a hundred.

While the Black-clad Knights are a hundred strong, not to mention the additional nineteen hundred cavalry behind.

How to fight this?

One charge and they'd be completely annihilated.

Bondi gestured for a regrouping formation, relying on defensive structures.

Bondi could only hope Taniel finds Jason.

Not to bring Jason back!

But to move away!

Even if his friend Jason arrives, against a hundred Black-clad Knights and nineteen hundred cavalymen, he'd be utterly ineffective.

He only hoped his friend Jason could deliver this message back to Lorde.

Then, through Lorde, by telegram, pigeon, or royal secret channels, the news would swiftly spread across Sewock.

This must be done!

Otherwise, the Black-clad Knights would slaughter Lorde.

Just like they've done before.

And now?

He needs to buy time for his friend.

"Sheriff of Lorde, Deputy Sheriff Bondi, at your service."

"May I ask where you are from?"

"And what brings you here?"

Bondi, leaning against a barn, shouted loudly.

The sheriff didn't rashly stick out his body.

He knew very well, each Black-clad Knight was a sharpshooter.

Facing even one sharpshooter is enough to terrify.

Facing a hundred?

That's no longer just terrifying.

That's wanting to be turned into a beehive.

Black-clad Knights raised their cavalry guns silently.

About two seconds passed, and the Black-clad Knights retreated like the tide.

A Knight, riding a black warhorse, clad in full armor, stepped out slowly.

The black warhorse was entirely black, without a single stray hair.

Its head massive, hooves larger than sea-sized bowls, even approaching slowly exudes a forest king scanning its territory vibe. In fact, when this black warhorse emerged, the surrounding Black-clad Knights' horses nervously pawed at the ground.

Chapter 1577: Reinforcements Arriving Ahead of Schedule (part 2)

Even though these warhorses were extremely excellent.

They were carefully selected breeds.

And meticulously fed and trained every day.

Compared to this unique black horse, they were still far inferior.

Whether in size or aura.

They were not in the same league.

If an ordinary person rode this horse, it would definitely give the feeling of a monkey dressed in a crown.

No!

Simply a monkey sitting on horseback.

It appeared incredibly comical.

However, the silhouette seated on this black warhorse did not give off any such feelings; on the contrary, the armored figure complemented the horse perfectly.

Because the knight in front of them was similarly tall and imposing.

Even when approaching at a slow pace on horseback.

It felt like a charge of a thousand troops.

New recruits within the Southern Suburb farm were all intimidated.

They felt dry-mouthed, their minds blank, their bodies trembling uncontrollably.

Among them, a recruit's stiff finger was on the trigger, and accidentally trembled slightly.

Bam!

The gun fired.

The bullet shot towards the knight.

"Who fired the shot?!"

"Don't shoot!"

Bondi shouted loudly.

If possible, he would naturally prefer to shoot and take down the enemy in front of him.

But Bondi clearly understood that the enemy in front of them could not be taken down so easily.

Once they fired.

It would only lead them to doom instantly.

Death, of course, scared him.

But what scared him more was failing to buy enough time for his friend.

"Sheriff, it's... it's me, I..."

A recruit squatting in the barn, aiming outside, stammered.

However, before the words were finished, his eyes widened.

Not just this recruit.

Everyone around, including Bondi and Holle, widened their eyes looking outside.

What did they see?

They saw the bullet shot by the recruit being caught in the armored knight's hand.

The bullet shot out.

As usual.

But there was no collision.

Instead, it just hovered in front of the armored knight.

Then, it was 'plucked' down by the knight.

Just like plucking an inconspicuous flower in a garden.

Effortlessly.

And casually.

Bondi felt a sinking feeling in his heart.

From the beginning, he knew the recruit's shot would not harm the knight in any way, but what Bondi did not expect was how easily the opponent 'blocked' the shot.

Perhaps his friend Jason couldn't do that?

Thinking of this, Bondi was devoid of any hope.

He didn't know why Prince Ruitai would send such a powerful knight.

But he knew that the opponent had ill intentions.

Not only before.

Also now.

Bondi, who had once been on the battlefield, could clearly sense the opponent's killing intent.

Perhaps because of the garrison incident, Prince Ruitai wants to make an example?

Bondi pondered, took a deep breath, and walked out of cover.

Holle was anxious and wanted to follow.

But was stopped by Bondi with a wave.

"Sir, I'm sorry."

"Please forgive my recruit's rudeness."

"They were just too tense."

Bondi performed a chest-slamming salute in a military manner.

The knight seated on horseback did not return the gesture, only looked down at Bondi.

For a full three seconds—

"Bondi?"

The knight spoke.

"It's me."

Bondi responded.

"I'll give you a chance, kill Holle, and I'll spare you, and offer you the chance to rejoin the Black Shirt Knights."

"Of course!"

"The same applies to Holle."

The adversary stated.

The voice was neither too high nor low.

But enough for everyone to hear clearly.

"Dream on!"

"I am human!"

"A person with flesh, blood, and feelings!"

"I won't become a cold-blooded machine!"

Holle shouted angrily.

As he shouted these words, Holle repeatedly attempted to step out, but was stopped by Bondi's hands behind his back.

Compared to Holle's anger, Bondi was very calm.

This Sheriff hadn't forgotten the original goal.

"Your Excellency, could you tell me why?"

Bondi asked.

"Why?"

"Naturally, because I want to see two fools killing each other!"

The knight spoke bluntly, with a mocking laugh in his voice.

Faced with such laughter, Holle's temples throbbed, and the hand gripping the gun handle bulged with veins.

He wished he could just shoot this guy on the spot.

However, he knew bullets wouldn't work.

Then...

What about explosives?

Jason had demonstrated more than once that if bullets didn't work, use explosives to shatter the 'mystery' act.

Holle naturally remembered it very well.

Keenly aware of what his old friend Bondi was plotting, Holle made gestures towards his subordinates without hesitation.

Soon enough, sticks of dynamite were placed before him.

Then, Holle began strapping the explosives to his body.

One stick wasn't enough.

Then try two.

Two sticks not enough?

Then ten sticks!

With such a straightforward mindset, Holle began strapping thirty sticks of dynamite to himself.

At this point, just a spark...

Forget about Holle being left with no bones.

The entire barn would be blown sky-high.

But Holle didn't care.

With more explosives in his hands, he now only worried about insufficient power.

"You're joking, my lord."

"Back then, Prince Ruitai said it was voluntary."

"To let bygones be bygones!"

Bondi emphasized.

With the corner of his eye, Bondi saw Holle's actions.

This time, Bondi didn't stop him.

Because he knew that compared to his delaying tactics,

Holle's method was slightly better.

Not only could it better bide time, but it might also yield unforeseen results.

However, there was only one chance!

This would be their only opportunity.

So, Bondi mentioned Prince Ruitai in his words.

It seemed like a reminder.

In reality, it was meant to provoke.

Bondi was well aware that the commander before him was looking down on them with a condescending attitude, filled with mockery inside.

That was complete disdain.

That was utter contempt.

However, Bondi was not surprised at all.

Because the opponent had such credentials.

In such a premise, Bondi chose to remind the opponent with a figure directly related or even superior, what would happen?

A reminder on the same level is a reminder.

A reminder from below is called...

A provocation.

However, the knight before him was not angered.

Instead, he laughed again.

"The words of Prince Ruitai, of course, I remember them clearly."

"I wouldn't defy them either."

"However, I am now commissioned to take charge of the entire military and political affairs of Lorde, as your acting Sheriff, Bondi you should obey my orders—now I order you to fight Holle."

"Because I suspect that one of you is a bandit spy."

The voice of the other was once again filled with mockery.

"Sir, we are not."

Bondi argued.

"I am the one who decides that."

"Those bandits have some unique skills that they wouldn't hide in life-or-death situations."

"Therefore, you two must fight to the death."

"Remember!"

"Fight to the death!"

"If you hold back, I'll assume you're both bandit allies, and I'll execute both of you immediately!"

The knight said maliciously.

Bondi fell silent.

Ever since experiencing the selection of the Black Jacket Knights, Bondi knew that this group was inhumane.

But he hadn't expected the opponent to be so heinous.

Absolutely twisting black and white.

Moreover, Bondi could feel that the opponent was doing it on purpose.

Mocking!

The kind of teasing when a cat catches a mouse!

Capturing prey isn't necessarily to eat it!

Also to play with it!

That kind without bottom lines!

This is exactly what the opponent was doing!

Thinking of this, Bondi took a deep breath.

Sigh!

In the long exhale, Bondi seemed to have made his final decision.

He took off one of his gloves and threw it in front of the knight.

Bondi loudly declared—

"I challenge you to a duel!"

Chapter 1578: The Present—Similar Yet Different!

Duel.

A once-popular sport in East and West Walker.

However, it caused too many casualties.

It even affected children.

When a child accidentally died in one such duel, East and West Walker reached an unprecedented agreement: dueling was banned.

Any private duel is illegal.

Regardless of winning or losing, it will entail severe legal punishment far beyond the norm.

You will not only be imprisoned but also fined.

After four months of strict enforcement, coupled with newspapers guiding public opinion to condemn 'dueling' as barbaric, uncivilized, and behavior of the uncultured lower class, dueling gradually disappeared from society.

But only vanished among ordinary people.

In places like military camps, it still persists to a limited extent.

Prince Ruitai's camp under Sewock maintains such a tradition.

Unlike the newspaper's guidance.

In the military camp, the strong are king.

And when some matters are truly hard to judge right from wrong.

Then,

Let there be a duel!

Bondi has participated in duels more than once.

Counting the previous ones, this is the fourth time.

In the first three times, he won.

And this time?

He went with the resolve to die.

His aim was to buy time.

After disregarding life and death, he also wanted to throw his glove in the opponent's face to feel relieved.

However, the opponent could make bullets 'suspend in mid-air.'

The glove he threw would be no exception.

A situation Bondi did not want.

Not because of awkwardness.

But because he was worried the duel would not be established.

Now, the glove has landed, representing that the opponent must accept his duel invitation—if not accepted, for whatever reason, it would damage the opponent's reputation.

Under Prince Ruitai's command, this is something no officer can accept.

Perhaps, in this Knight's eyes, someone like Bondi is nothing more than an ant.

But there are always those who stand on equal footing with him.

There are always those who surpass him.

Those on equal footing joking kindly during a conversation is naturally no big deal.

But what if it's malevolent?

What if it's in front of Prince Ruitai?

In fact, the latter is certain.

Under Prince Ruitai's command, it's not a place for harmonious exchanges.

Competition!

Everywhere!

Most of the time, it's in good spirits.

But occasional malice?

As long as it's not excessive, Prince Ruitai will turn a blind eye as if it never happened.

Bondi had understood these things.

No deliberate inquiries.

But in the military camp, it's no longer a secret; during some collegial leaves, they came to Lorde, and after drinking together, his colleagues told him when they were drunk—that his choice was so right back then.

Because someone with a character like Bondi's, once under Prince Ruitai's command.

It would almost be seeking death.

Bondi is not only righteous but also willing to speak out boldly.

There, there is no space for Bondi to survive.

And now?

Bondi is challenging for survival.

A battle destined for death.

"Come on..."

"Fight!"

Bondi took another deep breath, his gaze becoming entirely resolute.

"Ha."

"Nice look in your eyes."

"I like that kind of look—those I've cut down had the same." .

"And you?"

"Are the next one."

The Knight dismounted from his tall warhorse and strode towards Bondi.

Just as Bondi knew, once he issued the duel invitation, the other party wouldn't refuse.

Caught up in a scandal, damaging your reputation.

And winning elegantly in one match, enhancing your reputation.

As long as your mind isn't troubled, everyone knows which to choose.

The Knight took off his helmet while walking.

Revealing the face of a middle-aged man.

Scars crisscrossed his face.

A long scar ran from the left eye to the right corner of his mouth.

To top it off, there were burn marks, bullet traces.

In short, it's a face that leaves a deep impression.

Once seen, it's unforgettable.

At least, Bondi hadn't forgotten.

"Pashang?!"

Surprise surfaced in Bondi's eyes.

Pashang, the captain of Prince Ruitai's royal guard.

The epitome of elite troops.

When he mentioned the 'selection' of the past, Bondi was speculating the other party's identity.

He guessed many people and even considered if it was Pashang.

But eventually dismissed the thought.

Because Pashang, as Prince Ruitai's bodyguard, couldn't possibly come to Lorde.

But now, Pashang was in Lorde.

Why had the other come?

What in Lorde attracted them?

The legacy of the mayor?

Or perhaps...

The legacy of the old knight?

These abnormalities filled Bondi with vigilance.

Pashang noticed the surprise in Bondi's eyes, the captain of Prince Ruitai's royal guard grinned.

Immediately, with that increasingly grim face, he stepped closer.

"There's surprise in your eyes, and speculation..."

"It seems you know more than I imagined."

"Indeed."

"Someone like you, to die at least makes it worthwhile!"

Pashang said while asking.

"Who will declare the start?"

"I will."

Holle, putting on a jacket, stepped out.

Holle held a silver coin in his hand, his eyes fixed on Pashang.

"Ha."

"Are you planning to duel later too?"

"Sadly, Bondi won't be able to be your judge!"

Pashang's words made Holle's temples throb.

"Shut up!"

"Who'll win and who'll lose is yet to be determined!"

Holle angrily retorted.

And hearing this, the captain of Prince Ruitai's royal guard laughed.

Chapter 1579: Similar Yet Different Present! (part 2)

The laughter was loud.

Yet at this moment, the black-clad knight behind him remained silent, sitting upright on the horse, without even a tremor in the cavalry lance in his hand.

Elite!

Undeniably elite!

Bondi glanced over at his men hidden within the makeshift fortifications, whispering apologies in his heart.

He couldn't bring them back alive.

He would join them in death. .

He hoped there would be no blame.

It took a good dozen seconds for Pashang to finish laughing. He then stopped and looked at Holle with mocking eyes, speaking in a playful tone: "When I place Bondi's head in front of you, I hope you will still be so confident."

After speaking, Pashang looked at Bondi.

"I originally wanted to leave you a whole corpse."

"But unfortunately..."

The malicious words were filled with a thick layer of intrigue.

This was rhetorical maneuvering.

The most superficial kind.

Normally, it wouldn't work.

However, it was different when life and death were at stake.

Pashang had seen it more than once, people showing their 'true colors' at the brink of life and death.

But this time, Pashang was disappointed.

Bondi's eyes remained resolute.

Holle's eyes were still filled with anger, but there was no doubt in them.

Not effective?

Pashang felt a slight discomfort; this was not how he liked his prey.

Luckily, his prey wasn't just Bondi and Holle.

This Captain of Prince Ruitai's personal guard turned his gaze toward the newcomers hidden around.

"Don't worry!"

"After I kill Bondi and Holle, it'll be your turn."

"I guess I could say I'm avenging you in advance."

"After all, it's those two who led you to your death."

Pashang raised his voice more than twice, ensuring everyone present could hear.

The newcomers present heard it.

Some remained unswerving.

Some had shaken eyes.

Death is something everyone fears.

Let alone these newcomers, even seasoned veterans of the battlefield feel fear.

The only difference is the veterans learn to adapt.

And the newcomers?

They exhibit stress reactions.

Just like those wavering now.

Bondi saw it.

Holle saw it.

They didn't harbor any blame, only apologies.

What Pashang said was true.

They couldn't refute it.

All they could do was—

Clang!

The crisp sound of metal echoed as a coin spun and flew into the air.

"Knights..."

"Live by facing death!"

Bondi shouted loudly.

He drew the long sword at his waist, aimed the revolver, and charged straight ahead.

They couldn't argue back, so they could only die before them.

Lead by example?

Yes.

But not entirely.

There was also what is called the last refuge of humanity.

Protecting the homeland behind.

Guarding the pure land in the heart.

Lorde.

He naturally couldn't compare to Sir Beta.

Neither in reputation, strength, nor experience.

He was far lacking in all aspects.

But in one aspect, he was the same.

He would use his life to protect 'Lorde.'

This point, unwavering until death!

The long sword stabbed forward.

The revolver aimed.

The face of Pashang in front of him became clearer, and Bondi calmly embraced death.

Bam bam bam!

The revolver fired continuously, but it was still ineffective.

The bullets floated in front of Pashang, unable to move an inch further.

The thrust sword was held in Pashang's hand.

Everything was just as Bondi had predicted.

Bondi gripped the hilt with all his might, trying to push the sword forward.

But the difference in strength between the two was too great.

The sword couldn't move an inch forward.

Standing beside him, Holle suddenly charged forward.

Thus, he swung his fist towards Pashang to strike.

"Ha."

Pashang laughed disdainfully.

With ease, he caught Holle with his other hand and then lifted Holle with the momentum.

"Did you think the murderous intent in your eyes could be hidden from me?"

Pashang asked mockingly.

"Of course not."

"That's why I let you grab me."

"No!"

"I grabbed you!"

Holle grinned, lifted his other hand, and wrapped both arms and legs tightly around Pashang's body.

The leather jacket on his body tugged as he exerted force, revealing the sticks of explosives.

And...

The lit explosives.

Bondi had chosen to face death calmly.

He, Holle, followed closely behind.

Just like...

The old Sir and Attendant of the past.

Pashang's face changed.

This captain of Prince Ruitai's personal guard, who believed he had everything under control, felt for the first time that things were slipping away from his grasp.

He released Bondi's longsword from his grip, preparing to pull Holle down.

Bondi then also let go of his sword, firmly gripping Pashang's arm, which naturally lifted Bondi's jacket, revealing...

Explosives.

Identical to Holle's explosives.

Likewise, the fuse was lit.

This tacit understanding brought an involuntary smile to Holle's lips.

Bondi looked at his old friend and smiled as well.

As they exchanged smiles, Pashang's face changed again.

His defense shield could withstand bullets without a problem.

It could withstand some explosives as well.

But, this many explosives.

That was something he couldn't resist.

"Let go!"

Pashang shouted, raising both arms, and slammed them forcefully toward the ground.

This strike.

Bondi, Holle would surely meet their demise.

They were prepared for this outcome, accepting it calmly.

The wind.

Blowing through the Southern Suburb farm.

The ripe wheat stalks swayed back and forth.

In the morning sunlight, they shone golden.

Beautiful as ever.

Just like the night of the old Sir Eric's brilliance.

Bondi and Holle closed their eyes, awaiting the arrival of death.

They didn't have a 'glorious strike'.

But they weren't without the power to fight back.

They had done what they could.

In their own way, they had gained their 'glorious strike'.

The current scene was very similar to that night.

Yet, it was also somewhat different.

The observers from back then hadn't changed.

But the observers' strength...had changed.

Whoosh!

The wind suddenly intensified.

Bondi and Holle's hair was blown wildly, their clothes flapped loudly.

The imagined intense pain did not arise.

There was only a voice greeting them —

"That's not how you use explosives."

A voice more familiar than any other.

Jason!

It was Jason!

Bondi and Holle suddenly opened their eyes wide.

Jason appeared in front of them, standing right behind Pashang, his hand gripping the back of Pashang's neck like he was holding a mangy dog.

Bondi and Holle suddenly realized.

Pashang, who was taller than most people, was dwarfed in front of Jason.

When did Jason become so tall?

They thought instinctively.

Then, they were jolted awake.

No!

How was Jason able to control Pashang with just one hand?

Not only did Bondi and Holle find this unbelievable.

Pashang himself was also in disbelief.

"How is this possible?"

"I'm a 'Knight' fourth-tier 'Shieldbearer'!"

"How can a newly appointed 'Night Watcher' have such power?"

Pashang shouted loudly.

Compared to Bondi and Holle before, Jason at this moment was the most unacceptable revelation for him.

Pashang was slightly arrogant but definitely not an excessively conceited person.

This time, the reason he acted this way.

Was entirely because he had investigated beforehand.

The most threatening Sir Beta was dead.

That mayor Tercon was also dead.

Although Lorde still had some 'Mystical Side people', for someone who had advanced to 'Knight' fourth-tier a month ago, they were truly unimpressive.

Moreover, he was accompanied by a hundred black-clad knights.

And a cavalry team of nineteen hundred.

Thus, Pashang became arrogant.

But the scene before him filled Pashang with shock and horror.

After Jason gripped the back of his neck, he found he had no strength to resist.

"A newly appointed 'Night Watcher' doesn't have this kind of power."

"What about me, inheriting the legacy of Sir Beta and becoming 'Knight' fifth-tier?"

Jason said calmly, lying.

Pashang's eyes widened.

"Impossi..."

The word hadn't fully escaped his mouth before Pashang was reduced to whimpering.

Because Jason was stuffing the explosives from Bondi and Holle into Pashang's mouth, one by one.

Pashang struggled.

In the distance, the black-clad knights and cavalrymen charged frantically on horseback.

Jason remained unhurried, chanting softly —

"Of course, your own homeland must be protected by yourself... Rise, fallen ones of the past!"

Chapter 1580: Come On, Show Yourself!

In the murmur, gray mist rolled out from Jason's sleeves, enveloping the entire scene.

It covered the space between the charging black-clad knight and the ordinary cavalry.

They instantly lost their vision.

However,

They did not lose their hearing.

The sound of earth being turned.

Not with a shovel, from above, but from beneath, from deep underground, dry hands pushed up from within.

Resentment.

Hatred.

Pain.

As the hands gradually rose.

Eventually, breaking through the soil.

Roar!

In a silent roar, skeletons crawled out from the earth.

They were farmers in life, slain by bandits.

Now, they are undead seeking vengeance.

The black-clad knight propelling his warhorse forward suddenly felt a jolt, the horse pitching uncontrollably.

Trapped the horse's leg!

The black-clad knight skillfully flipped and landed steadily.

For the knight, such an occurrence didn't even count as unexpected.

So, in mid-flip, the knight drew a revolver from the saddle.

Both hands wielding dual guns.

As figures flickered in the mist before him, the trigger was pulled.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Sparks scattered, bullets flew.

In a barrage of gunfire, the figure not only didn't fall but came closer and closer.

The mist surged, a figure emerged from the gray.

Revealed a ghastly pale face.

A skeletal visage.

Completely devoid of flesh, only skeletal remains.

Two sparks flickered and danced deep within the eye sockets.

"Skeleton!"

Even the black-clad knight was startled, exclaiming loudly, then, trembling, his voice abruptly stopped.

A rusty scythe pierced his throat through the armor's gaps.

Splat!

Gushing.

As the scythe withdrew, blood gushed out.

Simultaneously, similar occurrences were happening continuously.

"Mmm! Mmm!"

With a bomb stuffed in Pashang's mouth, he tried hard to make a sound.

He wanted to tell his men, these are just low-level skeletons, there's no need to be afraid.

A single black-clad knight who discards fear can take down ten skeleton soldiers.

But then, the captain of Prince Ruitai's guards noticed something amiss.

Why were his soldiers reacting so slowly?

And this numbing sensation...

Poison!

The mist is poisoned!

Pashang finally realized.

But it was useless.

He was bound and couldn't move.

His mouth stuffed.

Even his stomach was filled with explosives.

However, he still saw a chance!

The moment Jason released him was his opportunity!

He believed Jason would definitely release him!

Otherwise, Jason would risk being caught in the explosion.

And this was his chance!

Perhaps he couldn't turn the tides.

But he still had a chance to escape!

Survive first, then seek an oppor...

Splat!

Just as Pashang was considering, he felt a coldness at his neck.

A short-hilted broad blade cleaver had just slashed across his throat.

Life seeped away.

Death descended.

Until his life's end, Pashang couldn't grasp why, even with his mouth packed with explosives, Jason chose the blade; if choosing the blade, why then stuff his mouth with explosives.

Pashang couldn't figure it out.

Until it appeared again.

It knelt on one knee before Jason.

Showing a posture of subservience.

After a moment of bewilderment, it looked at Jason in anger.

[Corpse-speaking Contract]!

This is [Corpse-speaking Contract]!

As a 'Knight' fourth-tier 'Shieldbearer', Pashang naturally knew the abilities of a 'Tomb Guardian' fourth-tier 'Corpse-speaker'.

Not just summoning skeletons.

[Corpse-speaking Contract] was the most feared.

No one wanted to become a puppet after death, a puppet with consciousness.

So, even within the 'Mystical Side', 'Tomb Guardians' were unwelcome.

In some areas, they were even actively hunted.

However, this had little to do with Pashang.

He only knew he had become Jason's undead minion.

He couldn't resist Jason's commands.

Only obey and act.

Even if unwilling.

For instance, at this moment—

"Carry your body, light the fuse, charge into your subordinates' cavalry."

Jason said coolly.

His voice filled with indifference.

Pashang's body promptly began to move.

It lifted its corpse, lit the fuse, and charged into the cavalry formation made up of its subordinates.

And then—

Boom!

Flesh and blood scattered.

Already harassed by skeleton soldiers in the poisonous mist, the black-clad knights, and cavalry were immediately blasted into the air.

Pashang's body explosion naturally wasn't that powerful.

But among those skeleton soldiers, some had received special orders from Jason to carry explosives, bombs.

Thus, this explosion was like igniting an ammunition depot.

The black-clad knights suffered heavy casualties.

The cavalry was thrown into chaos.

Charging turned to rout.

However, Jason did not intend to let them go.

Routed soldiers are more terrifying than bandits.

In other areas, within certain ranges, Jason might let them go.

But here was Lorde.

It was the place guarded by the old sir.

He naturally wouldn't allow the existence of routed deserters.

Jason raised a fist and punched forward.

Whoosh!

A fierce wind suddenly swept through.

The poisonous fog was instantly dispersed, the fleeing soldiers immediately saw those menacing skeletons, and understood the wind's overwhelming force that could uproot trees.

Every fleeing soldier wished they had seen nothing.

Fear spread.

Begging for mercy ensued.

Unfortunately, Jason, never merciful to enemies, turned a deaf ear.