

## **Menu 1581**

Chapter 1581: Come On, Show Yourself! (2)

On the contrary, another punch was thrown.

Whoosh!

A fierce wind covered a hundred meters in front, unleashing 'explosive' level power at will.

The fierce wind blew, leaving no trace of bones.

Be it chainmail or full body armor, it was all the same.

They were torn apart like paper, along with their armored owners.

Two gales continued forward.

Leaving two scarlet trails.

As if the earth was bleeding.

Huff.

Jason's breathing was rapid.

[Whirlwind II]!

The master-level [Barehanded Combat] extra option had a vast range of attack, with considerable power, but the physical strength consumption was also significant. With Jason's physique at this time, after two punches, his breathing was labored.

However, with the fortification of the core skill [Dragon. Battle Pattern. Proust. Griffin. Shadow Conceal Body Forging Technique], Jason's breathing returned to normal after two breaths.

At this moment, the battlefield fell silent.

Bondi and Holle widened their eyes, looking at Jason in front of them.

The new recruits were even more frightened, standing frozen, completely at a loss.

After three or four seconds, Bondi and Holle returned to their senses.

"Is this Sir Beta's inheritance?" .

Bondi asked softly.

"Yes."

"It's a part of it."

"I made some modifications."

Jason nodded with certainty.

"Jason, it's just like you."

"As expected, the old Sir was right to entrust the 'inheritance' to you."

Bondi and Holle praised.

As for jealousy?

There was naturally some envy, but no jealousy.

The two knew very well that the 'Mystical Side' was too distant for them.

So distant that even knowing Jason, they only had a slight contact.

As for wanting to learn?

Even to integrate within?

Too difficult.

At least, they couldn't do it now.

With this premise, what jealousy could there be?

Moreover, with the nature of the two, they would never be jealous of a friend.

They wouldn't taint friendship with such darkness.

Bondi and Holle didn't understand the 'Mystical Side', but Pashang beside them did!

Deceit!

Lies!

A 'Knight' doesn't have such power!

Even the 'Knight' class five 'Fearless' didn't exhibit such power!

As a 'Mystical Side Insider', who also has the 'Knight' profession, Pashang was too familiar with that old Sir's power system.

Proficient in single-handed swords, double-handed swords, and shields.

Skilled in bare-handed fighting.

Adept at using full body armor as a defensive system.

And mastered secret techniques like charging, Whirlwind Dance, force field shield, and Sword Qi Slash.

Moreover, there was the astonishing 'Honor Strike'.

But among these, none of the abilities matched the one Jason just displayed.

That was the power of the 'wind'!

Extremely pure!

Even the old Sir's special Sword Qi Slash wasn't presented like this.

Instead, it seemed somewhat like abilities mastered by 'Wizards' or 'Magicians'.

The former is very rare in Sewock, because the 'Wizard' requires such high talent, special factions have long since formed, and those factions' inheritance has never appeared in Sewock.

And the latter?

Even rarer.

Compared to the 'Wizard' talent, 'Magicians' require even more 'talent'.

This 'talent' is innate.

Impossible to be acquired through postnatal learning.

Decided at birth.

Bloodline!

It's a 'profession' that only those with special bloodlines can choose.

Even with Pashang's understanding, it wasn't extensive, but there was one thing Pashang was certain of.

Jason in front of them was lying!

Almost instinctively, Pashang wanted to inform Bondi and Holle.

But it couldn't.

Not only was it ordered by Jason to conceal its form, but it was also commanded not to speak.

Therefore, Pashang could only glare helplessly.

Glancing at the fools Bondi and Holle, it mostly focused on Jason.

Jason was definitely not a new recruit who had just completed the 'Night Watcher' Green Grass Trial!

Although displaying the 'Night Watcher' beginner level, his strength had long surpassed the typical high level.

Moreover, Jason just used the 'Speakers of the Dead' ability, which was truly a 'Tomb Guardian' Associate high-level strength.

Now, this power was still constraining it.

It was definitely the 'Tomb Guardian', no mistake.

And according to the information, he indeed possessed the 'Night Watcher' power.

'Night Watcher' and 'Tomb Guardian' coexisting?

After transforming into an undead, Pashang's increasingly grotesque features became twisted.

It was envy.

Even more, it was jealousy.

What is the biggest difference between ordinary people and the 'Mystical Side' individuals?

Secret technique!

Theoretically, as long as an ordinary person masters a secret technique, they become a 'Mystical Side' individual.

However, it's very difficult for ordinary people to master secret techniques.

It's not just the secretive, precious knowledge that ordinary people cannot access.

But also because...

Talent!

Yes, talent!

Yet another despair-inducing, innate word!

An ordinary person with talent can become a 'Mystical Side' individual through study.

But without talent, forceful study will only cause the heart to burst and lead to death.

That's how secret techniques are.

Professions are similar too.

Under normal circumstances, a talented person's own affinity determines the kind of profession they can become.

This kind of affinity is singular, and naturally, the choice of profession is also singular.

Too many choices will only lead to death.

However, 'Mystical Side' history does have individuals who have simultaneously achieved two professions.

But each one is extraordinarily talented.

Each one is a person who could leave a profound mark in history.

Indeed, they are people who can make an era remember them.

Those who live in the same era as them are fortunate, because they get to witness unprecedented miracles, but it's also terrifying, because they can never surpass them.

Pashang originally thought this era belonged to Prince Ruitai.

Because Prince Ruitai was dual-professioned.

But unexpectedly, Jason is too!

The flames of jealousy twisted Pashang's features.

Lucky one!

Why is it you!

Why not me!

Enshrouded in the sidelines, black smoke almost emitted from Pashang's entire body, but the next moment it vanished without a trace.

Yi!

A silver slash brushed past its body.

A cold wind swept by.

Pashang shivered.

Instantly, it awakened from jealousy.

It looked at Jason incredulously.

What was that just now?

Something like a 'Knight's sword qi slash.

That sharp aura without mistake.

But why is it mixed with 'Night Watcher's unique traits?

Could it be...

Jason wasn't lying?

He really inherited Sir Beta's legacy?

And altered it?

"Impossible!"

"It can't be!"

"Even the dual-professioned Prince Ruitai couldn't achieve such a degree!"

"Jason even more so can't!"

"It must be some secret technique I don't know about, originating from one of Beta's legacies—this is the truth of the matter!"

Unwilling to acknowledge others' strength, Pashang found a reasonable explanation for himself.

Then, the former captain of Prince Ruitai's guard once again looked at Jason.

Because at this moment, Jason did not choose to personally clean the battlefield.

He didn't even instruct Bondi or Holle.

Instead, he let those new recruits go and clean the battlefield.

Under normal circumstances, there's nothing wrong with this.

But from the 'Mystical Side' perspective, Jason left too many 'traces'.

These traces are enough to expose Jason's possession of the 'Tomb Guardian' profession.

And some powerful secret technique.

Intentionally exposing oneself?

Pashang shook his head.

It felt Jason wasn't that ignorant of a person.

Although the information he previously saw had massive errors, Pashang believed some basics wouldn't be wrong.

For instance: Jason displayed a caution that his peers did not possess.

Would a cautious person willingly expose what could be considered their 'trump card'?

No!

Unless...

It's a trap?!

But who is this trap laid for?

Who would be interested in Jason?

Wait!

Why is it Jason!

And not someone else?!

In thought, Pashang had a sudden realization.

He thought of a possibility!

Chapter 1582: A Timely Message Arrives!

Pashang, as the captain of Prince Ruitai's personal guard, knew some things that ordinary people could never know.

For example: Prince Ruitai doesn't like sweets, and for breakfast, his fried eggs must be well-cooked, while for dinner, the boiled eggs must be soft-boiled, and they need to be seasoned with black pepper.

And also, this mission.

It seems to be supporting 'Lorde'.

But in reality, it's about controlling 'Lorde'.

Whether it's the former or the latter, Prince Ruitai wants others to see it.

In reality?

Creating a stage!

A stage about to explode with an unprecedented battle.

Why not call it a battlefield?

Because battlefields don't have spectators.

But stages do.

Many, many people will witness this unprecedented battle.

Therefore, Prince Ruitai calls it a 'stage'.

And under such a stage, Lorde naturally ceases to exist.

Some people are indifferent to this.

Others?

Absolutely won't allow it.

Bondi, Holle, among others, absolutely won't allow anyone to destroy their home.

Of course, there's also...

Jason!

"So, is this a declaration?"

"Informing those who want to lay a hand on Lorde that once they have such thoughts, it'll be relentless until death?"

"Ha!"

"You're too naive!"

"Do you know who your opponent is?"

"That's Prince Ruitai!"

Pashang looked at Jason with malicious delight.

Its death was already a fact.

It had signed a indenture with the [Corpse-speaking Contract].

This was irreversible.

It was unavoidable.

Yet, this didn't stop it from still holding malice towards Jason.

Hoping to see Jason have bad luck.

Hoping to see Jason die.

Therefore, at this time, Pashang was happy.

Even when returning to Lorde, Pashang could calmly ignore Taniel's curious gaze.

On the carriage, Taniel looked at Pashang with slight surprise.

At this time, Pashang had already lifted the invisibility state.

Hearing the explosion and the wind, the perplexed Taniel hurried back.

Somewhat disheveled.

But upon seeing Jason, his expression relaxed.

Then, after seeing a look from Jason, immediately understood, not speaking at that moment, waiting until they were on the carriage before asking.

"Jason, did you really find Tercon's inheritance?"

Taniel asked again.

This was Taniel's third inquiry on the journey.

And Jason's answer was the same as the previous two times.

"Yes."

"I found it."

"And inherited it."

Jason stated truthfully.

"Like Sir Beta's inheritance?"

Taniel asked again.

This was also the third time.

"Similar, but different."

Jason responded for the third time, to refuse answering a fourth time, Jason straightforwardly said: "This is the last time I'm answering this question I've answered three times, if you dare ask again, I'll have Pashang play hide and seek with you."

Jason was a very patient person.

Especially when facing someone who could be considered a friend, even more so.

Not to mention answering the same question three times.

Thirty times was also possible for Jason.

He just didn't want to deceive his friend.

He had inherited Tercon's legacy.

Sir Beta's legacy?

That was just his public claim.

Considered a probe.

"Alright, alright."

"I won't ask anymore."

Taniel immediately raised his hands, he could see that his friend Jason was not joking, but serious.

As for playing hide and seek with Pashang?

Pashang was now a ghostly presence.

Though he didn't know exactly what Jason meant, the thought of playing hide and seek with a ghost felt terrifying.

Taniel declined.

Pashang also declined.

Even if it couldn't truly refuse, it still had to express not playing such a boring game.

"Sir, please don't joke."

Pashang said.

By rules, it should address Jason as master at this time.

At least should call him Lord.

But Pashang couldn't say it.

Jason?

Didn't force it either.

As long as it followed the contract.

As for the rest?

Just superficial things, Jason completely didn't care.

"Hmm, no jokes."

"Then let's talk seriously."

"About Tert, about that Prince Ruitai."

Jason nodded, looking up at Pashang floating in mid-air.

Pashang's grim face was filled with struggle.

It didn't want to betray Prince Ruitai. .

In life, it was brutal, vicious, even inhuman.

But as a 'Knight'.

It possessed 'loyalty'.

Its 'loyalty' never changed from beginning to end.

Thus, it became the captain of Prince Ruitai's personal guard.

But that was in life.

That was him.

Now, it was already undead, and with contractual power, its struggle was enough to show its 'loyalty' wasn't empty, but...

Not transcending life.

Even if it's an alternative form of life existence.

About three seconds later, Pashang spoke.

"Tert is very dangerous now."

"Can be said to be fraught with danger."

"Many unidentified people have infiltrated into Tert."

"There are Transcendents, and also Professionals."

"There is a somewhat exaggerated saying that describes the current gathering in Tert as 90% of Sewock's 'Mystical Side individuals'—as for why they're here?"

"I don't know."

"I just heard the lord say once—'quite a good rehearsal'."

With the [Corpse-speaking Contract], Pashang more easily understood Jason's words.

Chapter 1583: A Timely Message Arrives! (part 2)

It knows Jason is asking about Tert's special situations, not about cultural landscapes.

At least, definitely not about any famous restaurants or such.

Next, Jason will probably ask about the meaning of 'rehearse', right?

Pashang thought to himself.

Then he started preparing his words.

"Hmm."

"Does Tert have any famous restaurants?"

"When you say 'rehearse', you obviously mean... what? Restaurant?"

After Jason nodded, Pashang responded out of habit but realized it was wrong as soon as he spoke.

Then, this ghost servant fell silent.

Especially when Taniel looked at him with a 'you don't seem too smart' expression, the ghost servant's silence grew longer.

About two seconds later.

"There are many famous restaurants in Tert."

"But, the most famous should be the 'Starry Sky' restaurant."

Pashang said what he knew.

Starry Sky?

Jason and Taniel's faces turned dark.

Both remembered those not-so-great memories.

"His specialty isn't 'Gazing at the Starry Sky', is it?"

Taniel couldn't help but ask.

"No."

"It's something like 'Brilliant Stars' or 'Galaxy Gathering'."

"It's rarely open; even I only went there with the Prince, and just stayed outside the restaurant."

Pashang said.

Taniel nodded slightly.

As long as it's not 'Gazing at the Starry Sky'.

However, such a high-end restaurant is also beyond their reach.

"Are there any other more ordinary restaurants we can casually enter?"

Taniel asked.

"'Gray Whale', 'Torres', 'Petepu' are probably the most worthwhile ones to visit."

"Gray Whale is seafood-oriented."

"Torres is grilled, fried, and sauted food."

"Petepu is famous for its decor; it's said that entering the restaurant is like a magical journey."

Pashang introduced what he knew, and then saw Jason swallowing salivas.

Ha.

Glutton!

How could such a person be a match for the Prince?

Thinking of this, Pashang became more dismissive of Jason.

Maybe he's talented.

Maybe he's lucky.

But, ultimately it all ends in failure.

Ultimately it all ends in death.

No other possibility.

Having only visited Tert a few times, Taniel was no match for Pashang who had been there for years; he hadn't heard of these three restaurants, but it didn't stop him from taking notes.

And while Taniel was taking notes.

Jason spoke again.

"Continue."

Jason said.

"I'm not very good with food, so that's all I know, I..."

"I was actually talking about Prince Ruitai."

Jason interrupted Pashang, emphasizing.

Pashang fell silent again.

Could you finish your sentences?

With that word 'continue', I thought you wanted to know more about Tert's restaurants.

Who knew you were going back to the previous question?

While recording, Taniel confirmed that Pashang wasn't too smart.

He must be the type with muscles growing in his brain.

Such a look made Pashang fume with rage.

Look?

What are you looking at?

If not for being bound by contract, I could easily crush three little weaklings like you with one hand!

Pashang roared inwardly.

But under the constraints of the contract, he still had to bow and say.

"The Prince is a true powerhouse."

"Not only can he fight well, but he also maneuvers skillfully."

"Before the Prince appeared on the battlefield, Eastwalk always had the upper hand in the war with Westwalk and often invaded the Westwalk borders, but with the Prince's arrival, the situation completely reversed, and we gained..."

"Territory!"

Pashang said in a tone full of fanaticism and worship.

Jason listened silently, without refuting.

The first time Jason heard about this Prince Ruitai was from Samen.

As the official responsible for the Mystical Side in Lorde, Samen's words should be trustworthy.

But the other party is a member of the 'Little Emperor' camp.

In these words, naturally there was some exaggeration.

Therefore, hearing about the prince from the former captain of Prince Ruitai's personal guard gives the most direct and true image of that Prince Ruitai when both are combined.

For the next ten minutes, Pashang sang praises of Prince Ruitai.

Various decrees.

Various achievements.

Various military exploits.

Especially the latter, it was entirely boastful.

It seemed like no one before him and no one after him could achieve such greatness.

Taniel listened as if hearing a story, and when Pashang mentioned for the third time that Prince Ruitai rode a dragon across the battlefield, causing the soldiers of Eastwalk to scatter in defeat and securing an unprecedented victory, Taniel couldn't help but ask, "Since it was such a great victory, why not continue the momentum and pursue? Why haven't we heard about this great victory back home, only hearing about successfully repelling the Eastwalk invasion in the newspapers?"

The exuberant Pashang was momentarily stumped.

"It's all that young emperor's fault!"

"Not only did he drag us down by not sending supplies, but he also suppressed the prince!"

A second later, Pashang roared angrily.

"But if Prince Ruitai could turn the tide on his own."

"Then why not form an army by himself and go straight to the heart of the matter?"

Taniel inquired further.

"Because each battle, Lord Dou'er needed to eat a large amount in order to fight, otherwise, we would have long since..."

"So, the victories on the battlefield were all thanks to that dragon Dou'er?"

"This has nothing to do with Prince Ruitai, right?"

"If I had a legendary dragon, I think I could do it too."

Taniel countered Pashang's words.

And that left Pashang dumbfounded once again.

This time, after four or five seconds, the former captain spoke to Taniel in a lofty yet contemptuous tone—

"Mortal wisdom!"

"You simply don't understand the greatness of the prince!"

"Well, having a legendary dragon is indeed great—I admit that much."

Taniel nodded earnestly.

Being able to ride a dragon is enough to demonstrate one's power.

On this, Taniel couldn't disagree.

But relying on a dragon to reverse the tide of battle seemed ordinary to Taniel.

After all, it's a dragon!

A legendary dragon!

Don't even mention a professional.

Even if you strapped a pig onto it, it could turn the tide of battle.

So, all those so-called military exploits?

Taniel acknowledged their existence.

But they should be credited to that legendary dragon Dou'er.

Not Prince Ruitai.

Taniel's slightly perfunctory attitude made Pashang shout out.

"What does an elementary 'Pharmacist' like you know?"

"The prince is not just a special profession 'Dragon Knight' under the 'Knight' profession!"

"He also has a second profession—"

"Magician!"

"It's something ordinary people don't have!"

"It's completely unattainable!"

Pashang yelled.

"Magician?"

"Is he a Dragonvein Warlock?"

Taniel asked.

"Of course, that's indeed..."

"If I had a dragon and was willing to shed blood, I could become a 'Dragonvein Warlock' too, as long as my physique is strong enough. 'Knight' is naturally strong enough in physique, let alone a 'Dragon Knight', and yes, 'Dragon Knight' is also because of that dragon Dou'er!"

Taniel interrupted Pashang once more.

Dragonvein Warlocks are definitely rare.

If awakened naturally, they are even rarer.

But with a dragon by one's side, it becomes much easier.

His teacher was currently researching this topic.

"The greatness of the prince is definitely not in question, nor is Lord Dou'er!"

"The prince's dual-class is truly great..."

"Jason even has three professions!"

"Night Watcher, Tomb Guardian, Knight!"

"If going by professions, wouldn't Jason be greater?"

Taniel argued back, and this rebuttal made Pashang indignant with embarrassment.

As Pashang pondered how to teach Taniel a lesson without violating their agreement,

The carriage suddenly stopped.

They hadn't arrived in Lorde.

A person appeared in front of them.

Samen.

This official leader of the Mystical Side in Lorde ran up to the carriage and, after gently knocking on the door, said—

"Jason, there's news of your teacher and that 'Shepherd'.

"They're in..."

"Tert."

## Chapter 1584: Departure

Dan and the 'Shepherd' are both in Tert?!

Upon hearing this news, before Jason could express anything, Taniel had already sat up straight.

The second advisor of the Lord Police Bureau and teacher at Deer Academy felt something was amiss.

It was simply too coincidental!

Now, when all the information was telling them not to head to Tert, Samen brought news of Dan and the 'Shepherd' in Tert, this... could it have been deliberately arranged by someone?

Taniel thought, glancing at Jason.

Jason seemed as though he had anticipated it.

With a raise of his hand, signaling the schadenfreude-faced Pashang to hide, he pushed open the car door.

"Get in."

Jason stated succinctly.

Samen didn't say much, and directly jumped onto the carriage.

The carriage door closed, and after Samen doffed his hat to Taniel, he sat beside Taniel, facing Jason.

At this moment, this official overseer of the Mystical Side at Lorde had an anxious expression.

Samen wasn't a fool.

He was quite clear about what happened at the Southern Suburb Farm.

Perhaps in direct combat, the official Mystical Side was far inferior to the Prince Ruitai's black-clad knights.

But in gathering intelligence, they were quite excellent.

So, Samen knew what had happened.

And he also knew what consequences would ensue after informing Jason about Dan and the 'Shepherd' in Tert.

Therefore, after hesitating for a moment in his anxiety, Samen immediately explained.

"I only conveyed the news truthfully."

"Moreover, I trust the source of the news."

"It's a royal secret channel, impossible to infiltrate."

Faced with such an explanation, Taniel rolled his eyes.

Initially, Taniel thought Samen was a smart person.

But now?

He seemed as foolish as Pashang.

"There are no walls that don't leak."

"The most secure castle is often breached from the inside."

"The place you think is the safest is actually the most dangerous."

Taniel said coldly.

"I absolutely trust this channel and the person in charge of it!"

Even if his heart was anxious at first, by now Samen naturally wouldn't show any of it, instead standing firmly on his side.

This is the professionalism expected of a 'Secret Agent.'

"That's your business."

"Not ours."

"We have neither the reason to investigate Tert, nor the need to continue cooperating with you."

Taniel said this.

At this moment, Taniel had no desire to establish any relationship with Tert.

Although not entirely certain, looking at Tert now felt like watching a massive vortex.

Anyone who approached would be torn to pieces by the immense pressure.

Including him and Jason.

Therefore, Taniel had already made up his mind to quickly arrange everything once they returned to Lorde, and then head to Eastwalk with Jason.

Sewock was clearly no longer suitable.

Eastwalk naturally was the first choice.

"Taniel, you can't do this, I..."

"Of course, I can do this!"

"I am free, Jason is also free, we have no reason to pay for your ideals!"

Taniel's tone had turned unkind.

Even though he had served the officials in the past, that was before.

Now?

The safety of his friend and himself was more important.

Samen silently glanced at Taniel.

Ultimately, he turned his gaze to Jason.

He would no longer try to persuade Taniel, because, Taniel made sense.

Protecting the royals was his ideal.

Not Taniel's.

However, Samen also knew that between Jason and Taniel, Jason was the one who truly made the decisions.

If Jason didn't speak, nothing was truly decided.

Even if Taniel objected, if Jason agreed, Taniel would agree.

Conversely, if Taniel approved, but Jason objected, Taniel would also object.

It wasn't a hierarchy.

Just a habit.

"What exactly is the news."

Jason asked.

This question made Taniel freeze, while Samen's spirits lifted.

Jason's question did not seem like a refusal.

Instead, it was more like considering.

As for the result of the consideration?

It was naturally judged based on his answer.

"Mr. Dan appeared in Tert four days ago, stayed for a night at the 'Night Watcher's Home', and then left, but it can be confirmed that Mr. Dan is still in Tert."

"The 'Shepherd' seemed to have arrived in Tert earlier than Mr. Dan, but our people did not find his exact whereabouts, however, on the second day after Mr. Dan arrived in Tert, someone noticed the 'Shepherd' at a secret gathering — it was a baron's gathering, providing a relatively safe meeting place for some Transcendents, and charged a certain fee. The 'Shepherd' was not an invited guest; he was likely searching for something."

"We haven't investigated what exactly he was searching for."

To ensure the alliance with Jason, at this point, Samen absolutely would not conceal or exaggerate the facts.

Instead, he recounted it straightforwardly.

"Night Watcher's Home?"

Jason asked about the part he was interested in.

"That is the only publicly known base of the 'Night Watcher' in Sewock, specially serving the 'Night Watcher', and occasionally cooperating with us officially, so we are aware of its existence."

Samen responded.

A publicly acknowledged base?

Having originally decided to head to Tert, upon hearing this information, Jason was naturally even more determined to go to Tert.

## Chapter 1585: Departure (2)

However, before that, there's one more thing to do.

"Can you get in touch with the 'Winchester Workshop'?"

Jason asked.

"I can."

"Lord Jason, do you want to customize a weapon?"

"The Winchester Brothers have a collaboration with us officially, but the brothers are eccentric, and it's difficult for us to intervene in their production."

Samen answered confidently, then cautiously asked.

It's obvious that the Winchester Brothers are not simply just eccentric.

They must also have...

Great strength!

Otherwise, with the official style, they wouldn't be acting like this.

"Pass a message for me."

"I hope to meet them."

As Jason spoke, he knocked on the door of the carriage that connected to the driver's seat behind him.

Archie, who was driving, directly pulled the reins.

The carriage stopped.

Samen didn't hesitate, he saluted Jason again, and then left the carriage.

The carriage door closed gently—

"Did you expect this?"

As the carriage door closed, Taniel, who could no longer hold back, immediately asked.

"Yes."

"Why should I demonstrate strength?"

Jason countered.

"Demonstrating strength?"

"To make people aware?"

"To make people... take notice?"

Taniel froze, then asked tentatively.

"But wouldn't that be too dangerous?"

"Instead of this, why don't we hide in the shadows?"

"Wouldn't that make it easier to act?"

Taniel was puzzled.

"We can't hide in the shadows, this time is different from before, everyone's attention should be focused on Tert at the moment, but some people are also considering Lorde—in this context, two people in disguise appearing in Tert, while the two of us disappear from Lorde, do you think such a disguise would be useful to those with intentions?"

Jason explained.

Then, after a slight pause, he continued.

"Moreover, if there are some 'not-so-smart people', who, to test whether we're still in Lorde, take some extreme actions, causing the newly rebuilt Lorde to suffer damage again, causing harm to Bondi, Holle, and the others... I don't want to see such a situation."

"So, we want to leave openly."

"We want to go to Tert openly."

"Because, as long as..."

Taniel looked at Jason, quickly catching on to Jason's thinking.

"As long as you're fine, with the strength you showed at the southern suburb farm, everyone will have lingering fears and won't act rashly."

"And, just in case, you've also asked Samen to contact the Winchester Brothers."

Said Taniel, taking a slight breath.

"I understand."

"I'll send a telegram to my teacher in a while."

"I'll ask him to watch over Lorde!"

Jason inherited the old knight's estate and also inherited the old knight's will.

To protect Lorde!

He?

He also inherited the old knight's estate, so naturally, he should also inherit the old knight's will.

After all, the big house at 10 Pea Street was left to him by the old knight.

That was a real house.

Although not as good as Tert, it was enough as a retirement residence.

And since it's where he plans to retire, it's naturally not allowed to be interfered with by others.

He must also protect Lorde well.

Even if he grows old, he wants to sell the all-cure potion with Jason.

"Your teacher?"

Jason looked at Taniel curiously.

Taniel rarely mentioned this teacher.

He didn't know much.

"Yes, he's a somewhat old-fashioned old man, but he's upright and someone you can rely on."

"Moreover, he's a four-tier 'Pharmacist': a Master of potion-making!"

"Not far from being a true five-tier 'Potion Expert'!"

"With my teacher around, Lorde's safety is definitely not a problem!"

Taniel spoke with great confidence about his teacher.

"Thank you."

Jason suddenly said.

"What for?"

"We're friends, after all, and..."

"I also have a stake in Lorde."

Taniel grinned.

Jason looked at Taniel's smile, and his own mouth involuntarily curled up.

The two exchanged smiles.

A sense of understanding suddenly emerged.

Almost in unison they said—

"Lunch, Fire Spread Eatery!"

...

Police dormitory, 305.

The room was fairly tidy; Taniel wasn't a very messy person.

After sending off the last old police officer who came to visit upon hearing of his return, Jason quietly sat in the chair waiting.

About ten minutes later, Taniel knocked at the door, carrying two large bags of food.

"Sausages, cheese, pork rinds, beets, and all the bread, cream."

"I bought all the butter too."

"Jason, I bought your tea as well, but we'll need to brew it ourselves."

After putting down the two food bags, each half his height, Taniel said.

"Very nice flavor."

Jason smiled as he approached the stove, smelled the familiar aroma.

Noon was different from dawn.

At that time, people weren't around much, and Jason didn't attract much attention.

But at this time, if Jason showed up, he'd certainly be surrounded.

Thanks to that newspaper named 'Flute Report'.

Out of nowhere, in today's issue of the 'Flute Report', there was a sketch resembling Jason.

This left Jason relying on Taniel to bring the food.

"If I ever meet this Solin, I must let him know that articles aren't written randomly."

Taniel said, panting heavily.

Two large bags of food, almost emptied the 'Fire Spread Eatery'.

That weight and distance would leave an ordinary person resting multiple times.

Or simply opting for a handcart.

But for someone like Taniel, who underwent 'Baptism' as part of the 'Mystical Side', it was still exhausting.

Of course, most of his grievance towards Solin was that in the newspaper he described Taniel as a backstabbing, opportunistic character, similar to a clown in a novel.

He was clearly Jason's best friend!

Even if described as an attendant, why depict him as a clown? .

Do I really have to be ugly? Should I leave then?

That's just too sad!

"Such tabloids, people just seek amusement, wouldn't truly believe them."

Jason brewed tea while boiling water.

Then, handed Taniel a cup.

"Would you like honey and lemon?"

Taniel brought out a jar of honey and sliced lemons.

"Two spoons of honey, one slice of lemon."

Jason said as he stuffed a grilled sausage into his mouth, chewing heartily.

The sausage was pure meat, juicy.

One bite burst the juices in the mouth.

Moreover, it was mixed with chicken and fish, enhancing the sausage's texture.

Chewing away, Jason took a slice of bread, smearing butter, then sandwiched cheese and pork rinds, added a bit of beet, only then did he clasp it with another slice and put it into his mouth.

Crunch, crunch.

The refreshing beets and crispy pork rinds blended perfectly with the soft bread.

While the fusion of cheese and butter wove the taste seamlessly into the texture.

Gulp!

Watching Jason eat, Taniel couldn't help but swallow eagerly.

Then, he followed suit.

However, Taniel chose to include sausage as well.

He felt it tasted better that way.

It was just a personal choice.

Jason wouldn't say much about it.

But after eating just three servings, Taniel could only sip tea.

He was stuffed.

Looking at his friend still eating, Taniel couldn't help but ask, "Jason, does your profession involve any career related to eating?"

"Does such a career exist?"

Jason asked in return.

"No."

"However, if you could become legendary, Jason, perhaps you could create such a career, just like the Winchester Brothers; not sure if these gentlemen would be willing..."

Thump, thump!

Taniel's words were interrupted by a knock at the door.

Without lifting his head, Jason continued eating.

Because it was the footsteps of a familiar person.

Taniel stood up, but before he could inquire, the person outside directly said—

"It's me, Finch."

Chapter 1586: Inheritance!

Finch, a former senior officer.

This young officer originally lived in the police dormitory at room 202, but two weeks ago, by temporarily acting as Jason's 'assistant', he came into contact with the 'Mystical Side'.

In the end, he chose to apprentice at the 'Winchester Brothers Workshop'.

This time, Jason returned to Lorde, and the only familiar face he hadn't seen was Finch.

It had been a long time since Taniel had seen Finch as well.

He opened the door directly and gave the young man in work clothes in front of him a hug.

Not caring at all about the stains and gunpowder smell on the young man's body.

Finch hugged Taniel back directly.

Even with a large long box in his hand, it was no exception.

"Good afternoon, Finch."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Taniel."

Both smiled at each other and greeted one another.

Then, Finch adjusted his goggles and looked at Jason.

Slightly bent over, bowing.

"Long time no see, Mr. Jason."

As always, the respectful address, and as always, the respectful demeanor.

Finch always felt grateful to Jason, who introduced him to the 'new world' and saved him multiple times.

So this time, when he heard about the tasks assigned by the two teachers, he accepted without hesitation.

"Long time no see, Finch."

As Jason spoke, he pointed to the chair in the room, then pointed to the food on the table.

The room originally only had one chair.

Later, when Taniel moved in, Bondi and Holle often came to discuss things, so two more were added.

It was just right at this moment.

As for sharing the food?

After becoming more able to restrain his 'appetite', Jason was very willing to share the food.

"Thank you."

Finch didn't stand on ceremony, and after placing the long box on the floor, he picked up a piece of sausage and a slice of bread.

Unlike Jason and Taniel, who ate theirs in between bites.

Finch took a bite of sausage and then a bite of bread.

Moreover, Finch was genuinely hungry.

Upon hearing he was to meet Jason, Finch skipped lunch and hurriedly came over.

"Have some tea."

Seeing Finch devour the food, Jason pushed a cup of tea over.

Finch nodded, finished all the food in his hands, and then tilted his head back, drinking down all the tea.

Next, he let out a satisfied sigh—

"Ahh!"

"So refreshing!"

"Just as good as the meals at the 'Kindle Store'!"

Finch exclaimed.

"Is the food at the 'Winchester Brothers Workshop' really bad?"

Taniel asked curiously.

As a teacher at 'Deer Academy', Taniel had long heard of the famous 'Winchester Brothers Workshop'.

It was a 'Mystical Side' force that was no less significant than 'Deer Academy'.

In fact, from a certain perspective, it was even stronger.

‘Deer Academy’ was composed of the principal, vice principal, various teachers, and students, with a large number.

All were Transcendents, among whom there were over a dozen high and mid-tier ‘professionals’, including one Legendary figure.

And the ‘Winchester Brothers Workshop’?

Only two people!

The Winchester Brothers!

Both were Legendary!

A step above high-tier professionals—Legendary!

As for their ‘profession’?

Some said they were ‘warriors’, some said ‘knights’.

Some even said ‘Night Watchers’.

Yet what exactly they were, no one knew.

However, their Legendary status could be confirmed.

Of course, this was regarding the 'Mystical Side', while to ordinary people, they were most known for the firearms made by the 'Winchester Brothers'.

Within the 'Mystical Side', many people wanted to join the 'Winchester Brothers Workshop'.

But they were all rejected.

Some were even warned not to enter the safe zone of the 'Winchester Brothers Workshop', or face the consequences.

Thus, every person on the 'Mystical Side' was exceedingly curious about the 'Winchester Brothers Workshop',

But dared not approach.

After all, those were warnings from two Legendary professionals.

No one dared to underestimate them.

Taniel was one of the curious ones.

Now, having met Finch, a lucky young man taken as an apprentice by the 'Winchester Brothers', he naturally wanted to satisfy his curiosity.

"The food is not bad, it's just... how to put it?"

"In the workshop, the food is top quality and very nutritious."

"But to preserve such nutrition, the cooking becomes simple."

"Every day, egg whites, chicken breasts, and broccoli are the good ones, and most importantly, a kind of nutritional paste invented by Mr. Sam—it feels a bit like nasal mucus; I have to eat three tubes of it every day."

As he spoke, Finch gestured a size resembling a toothpaste tube.

"Nasal mucus?"

"This..."

"The taste is quite unique, but the effect is good!"

As a 'Pharmacist', Taniel of course knew what the so-called nutritional paste was.

In fact, 'Deer Academy' also had nutritional paste.

This was the optimal method for newly encountering 'Mystical Side' students to gain better physical condition.

Combined with the corresponding exercise methods, it could increase the success rate of the first 'Baptism'.

However, the nutritional paste at 'Deer Academy' was made to taste like fruit.

There's apple, peach, pear, etc.

The taste was acceptable.

At least it wasn't difficult to swallow.

But the mucus taste...

It's truly unimaginable.

Except for childhood when he might have sniffled, Taniel could never have imagined formally eating mucus, let alone three tubes a day.

However, the effect seemed excellent.

When he hugged Finch just now, he could feel the solid muscles under Finch's loose work clothes, something ordinary people didn't possess.

"Well, the effect is excellent."

"But... mucus is just too hard to eat."

"Sausages are still tastier."

Finch did not deny it and picked up a piece of sausage, putting it in his mouth, and chewed it vigorously.

Chapter 1587: Inheritance!

However, this is the last part.

There's more in the bag, but Finch needs to control it.

"Before leaving, Teacher Dean said, this is my half-day leave, I can relax a bit, but it must be moderate."

"If it exceeds, there will be punishment."

"I don't want to be punished by Teacher Dean for extra training—running, shooting and such are fine, but mixing salt bombs and such, I'm not yet proficient."

Finch explained to Taniel.

"Very good."

"When you complete your first 'Baptism', you can relax a bit."

"Now?"

"Keep it up!"

Taniel encouraged Finch.

Finch smiled in gratitude, then put on a serious face.

He looked towards Jason.

"Teachers Dean and Sam asked me to convey to Lord Jason that they have understood your intentions and agreed to your proposal."

"However, there are two conditions."

"What conditions?"

Jason asked directly.

Everything requires reciprocity.

It's impossible for one side to always give and the other to always enjoy.

Even if it exists, it won't last long.

Only when both parties contribute can it be considered true cooperation.

Although somewhat surprising that the 'Winchester Brothers' only sent Finch as the liaison, considering their legendary profession level, Jason was relieved.

Legendary Professionals are long beyond the realm of ordinary understanding.

Is there anything unreasonable, actions that ordinary people can't understand?

That's also normal.

At least, it seems normal to them.

As for other people's views?

To Legendary Professionals, they don't exist at all.

However, Jason was very curious about the demands of the 'Winchester Brothers', these two Legendary Professionals.

Finch did not hesitate and replied immediately.

"First, if you meet the 'Shepherd' at Tert... eliminate him!"

Finch relayed the words of his two teachers.

Then, he stood up again and bowed.

This was his request.

"Okay!"

Jason nodded in agreement.

It was something he wanted to do himself, so agreeing was not an issue.

Moreover, Jason didn't ask much more.

Everything was already apparent.

The old Duke was someone worthy of respect.

So, someone was willing to act.

"The second condition is to test this gun!"

"This is recently made by Masters Dean and Sam—yes, it's a modified version of the 'Winchester'."

"Like the previous 'Winchester', it's loaded from the side."

"However, it only holds three rounds."

"And the bullets are custom-made!"

Finch placed a long box on the table and opened it directly.

The familiar sight of a gun appeared before Jason, and subconsciously, Jason picked up this finely crafted 'Winchester' shotgun.

Silver body, wooden stock.

From the barrel to the stock side, intricate engravings were imprinted.

This was not for aesthetic purposes, but a kind of special enchantment.

Jason's 'mystic knowledge' could discern that it contained inscriptions like 'Reinforcement', 'Acceleration', 'Penetration', 'Explosion', etc.

As for the rest?

Jason temporarily couldn't identify them.

Caressing the 'Winchester' shotgun's body, Jason adeptly operated it.

Click, click!

Crisp sounds echoed in the room.

Jason's lips curled up.

The love for firearms is innate in males.

Jason was no exception.

Before the outbreak of 'appetite', his favorite thing was placing a gun under his pillow.

The sense of security was unparalleled.

Just like this moment, holding the 'Winchester', Jason looked at one side of the long box.

A row of bullets was fixed there one by one.

A total of twelve, each as thick as a thumb and as long as a middle finger.

"These are special custom bullets for this 'Winchester' by Teachers Dean and Sam. They use black and red crystal gunpowder; within a 20-meter effective range, one shot can penetrate a 10mm steel plate, and if shot at close range, even a 20mm steel plate isn't a problem."

"The recoil is extreme. Ordinary people, without assistance, would die instantly upon use."

"However, for Lord Jason, it should not be a big problem."

Finch explained.

Jason nodded slightly.

With the combined defense of his physique and body constitution, he could completely handle this gun.

"Lord Jason, you need to meticulously record the usage of this gun, and then submit the notes back to the 'Winchester Brothers Workshop'.

Finch reminded him.

"Sure."

Jason had no reason to refuse.

After properly storing the 'Winchester' shotgun, he looked at Finch, who hadn't taken a seat.

"I need to hurry back to the workshop."

"Although I have a half-day leave, the workshop isn't in Lorde, so I must leave early."

"Furthermore, I still need to prepare for my first 'Baptism'.

Finch explained.

"I'll take you there."

Jason said.

Taniel also stood up.

The two of them saw Finch off to the carriage, then returned to the room.

"When are we leaving?"

Taniel asked.

"Immediately."

Jason answered.

Originally, he thought the negotiations with the 'Winchester Brothers' would drag on for several days, but he didn't expect it to go so smoothly.

"I'll go get ready."

"There's still some stuff at 10 Pea Street."

"I'll also notify Samen on the way."

After saying that, Taniel walked towards the door.

This time, Jason didn't get up.

"I'll wait for you."

After saying this, Jason continued eating the remaining food.

Preparing for the journey?

He's always ready.

Moreover, Jason believed that Samen would arrange everything well.

...

Outside the police station, in front of the fire-cooking stall that was about to close, the owner of the Anan food stall suddenly appeared.

This bald middle-aged owner handed the food he was carrying to the aunt at the fire-cooking stall.

"Bringing your own food to eat?"

"Anan, you're getting more and more stingy."

The aunt from the fire-cooking stall pouted.

"If I don't bring food, would there still be any here?"

"That guy sure can eat."

The owner of the Anan stall rolled his eyes and then looked at the nearby alley.

"Come out if you're here."

"Is it fun to keep hiding?"

"Hiding?"

"Who's as good at hiding as you are?"

With the sound of speaking, one tall and one short figure emerged.

Both were wearing slightly worn leather jackets and jeans.

One had a neat short haircut; the other had somewhat flowing long hair.

The former carried a competent aura, while the latter appeared somewhat simple.

Yet their facial features were somewhat similar.

The one talking was the shorter one.

"Dean, as the elder brother, can't you set an example for your brother Sam?"

"You should at least be a bit more gentlemanly."

"A gentleman 'Hunter' isn't a good 'Hunter'."

Before the brother could speak, the taller Sam replied.

"Hunting, huh?"

The owner of the Anan stall rubbed his right thumb against his left fingers, sighed softly, then pointed to the food he brought and said, "I grilled eel myself, with rice."

The Winchester Brothers didn't refuse and sat down to eat together.

None of the three spoke further.

Certain matters didn't need to be said.

For example: Anan's owner asking them to agree to Jason's request.

After finishing a bowl of rice, Dean, the elder brother, suddenly spoke.

"Is he the one you have faith in?"

"Yeah."

"A pretty good young man."

"His talent is good enough, his will is tough, and he's cautious. Most importantly... he has principles."

The Anan owner nodded.

"But what about his power?"

Sam, the younger brother, hesitated.

"Power?"

"Don't underestimate this young man. If you do, even though both of you are already legendary, you might suffer—his strength isn't weak. You could even say, it's very strong."

"The power that comes from his bloodline, from the depths of his soul, is not to be underestimated."

The Anan owner said, releasing his hands as they hung by his sides.

"Bloodline Sorcerer?"

The Winchester Brothers exchanged glances, asked with some surprise.

This time, the Anan owner smiled.

He nodded.

And the lady from the fire-cooking stall, who had remained silent, said with displeasure.

"You 'Hunters' just love this stuff."

"It's not just this, but our experience tells us that only those with unusual bloodlines are best suited to become 'Hunters'!"

The Anan owner said seriously.

"Is it fair to ordinary people?"

The fire-cooking lady questioned.

"Fair?"

"Being alive is the greatest fairness!"

The Anan owner answered seriously.

"Nonsense!"

"One day, you will all go extinct!"

The fire-cooking lady said disdainfully.

The Anan owner just smiled brightly.

"We won't!"

"Because, passing the torch!"

"We are all..."

"Demon Hunters!"

Chapter 1588: The Journey

Nighttime.

Train station.

A faint mist lingered as a group of people stood on the platform bidding farewell to each other.

Bondi and Holle, along with a familiar group of young people, were seeing off Jason and Taniel, who were about to leave Lorde.

As an 'outsider', Samen sensibly distanced himself to the side.

A rather considerable distance.

Moreover, he turned his head away.

Truly giving the farewell stage to Bondi and the group.

"The Winchester Brothers, these two gentlemen have agreed to be advisers for the police department, Lorde will be safe, no need to worry... Bon voyage."

Bondi whispered as he embraced Jason.

"Mm."

Jason nodded.

Bondi released Jason, and Holle stepped forward.

"Come back soon."

"We'll drink... oh, Jason, you don't drink."

"Then we'll have tea."

Holle said with a smile as he hugged Jason.

"Sure."

Jason agreed.

Holle gave Jason a strong pat on the back.

The deputy sheriff wanted to say something more but ultimately couldn't say it.

Sometimes men are just not good with words.

Not out of pretension.

But genuinely unable to speak the words.

They just bury them deep inside. .

Then, when alone, they completely erupt.

Even if they cry out loud.

It has to be alone.

This is also a man's kind of romance.

"Goodbye, everyone."

Before boarding the train, Jason took off his deerstalker hat, placed it on his chest, and gave a slight bow to bid farewell.

Bondi, Holle, Archie, and others returned the gesture.

And watched Jason and the group board the train.

Taniel was the last to board.

"Leave it to me!"

"I'll bring Jason back in one piece!"

Taniel laughed, promising to everyone.

The young people trusted this promise and nodded.

Bondi and Holle simultaneously rolled their eyes.

"You rascal, just take care of yourself, don't trouble Jason."

Holle stepped forward and gave Taniel's chest a hard punch.

With a thud, Taniel immediately feigned pain, clutching his chest and crying out.

"Good to know it hurts."

"Be smart, it's not shameful to run when in danger."

"Otherwise, you won't even have the chance to scream in pain."

Bondi advised from the side.

"Don't worry, I'm not stupid."

"I guarantee I won't trouble Jason."

"I promise when danger comes, I'll run first, or play dead if I can't run, how's that?"

Taniel waved goodbye to his two friends with a grin.

"Not great!"

Bondi and Holle both flipped Taniel the finger.

Taniel, however, laughed heartily and jumped onto the train.

Woo!

The train whistle sounded loud in the night of Lorde.

Taniel waved his hat.

"Wait for our return!"

The train carried away Taniel's final farewell, starting slowly.

Clank, clank clank.

After a dozen breaths of acceleration, the train grew faster and disappeared into the night with a thick plume of steam.

On the platform, Bondi, Holle, and a group of young people lowered their raised arms.

Bondi stared blankly at the train disappearing into the distance.

"Want a drink?"

Holle walked over and nudged Bondi's shoulder.

"Do you think Jason and Taniel will be okay?"

Bondi murmured almost to himself.

"Of course!"

"That's Jason, the one who inherited 'legacies' from the old lord and that bastard Tercon."

"Someone like him will definitely be safe!"

Holle replied with conviction.

"As for Taniel?"

"He's smarter than we think, and also..."

"Shameless!"

"This guy will definitely be fine!"

When mentioning Taniel, Holle's tone turned peculiar.

By the end, he couldn't help but laugh out loud.

Bondi seemed to recall some things about Taniel and couldn't help but laugh along.

"Come on, let's have a drink."

"Then, tomorrow we'll continue rebuilding Lorde."

"We have to give Jason and Taniel a surprise when they return."

Bondi raised his hand and placed it on Holle's shoulder.

"Hahaha, absolutely."

"Let's go, to my dorm, I have some liquor there."

"If you want some cooked meat, let's buy some at the food shop."

Holle laughed heartily.

Although the two were chief and deputy chief, with sheriff titles to boot, and earned considerable salaries, they didn't have much extra money to indulge in a big meal at a restaurant. **Რ᲏ᲛᲟᲔᲔᲔ**

It's not due to careless spending.

It's just that they sent most of their salaries to the families of their former comrades.

Comrades who would forever rest on the Sewock battlefields.

They supported their parents, wives, and children for them.

This is their promise.

Regret it?

A man's promise holds no regret.

Because, if they died, their comrades would certainly do the same.

"By the way, Taniel said his teacher is coming to Lorde to help us better rebuild and protect Lorde."

"The person will temporarily stay at Pea Street No. 10."

Holle took a couple of steps and reminded Bondi.

Compared to Bondi's generally stern demeanor, Holle and Taniel, both outwardly rugged and carefree, got along better.

"What do we need to provide?"

Bondi asked.

"Food, water, and some sweets."

"Make the food mostly vegetarian."

"And as for water, best served with ice."

"Then, don't bother the person without reason."

Holle replied.

"Sounds like a relatively easy-going person."

Bondi smiled a bit.

"Yeah."

"Should be quite nice."

Holle nodded in agreement.

Compared to some people they've recently met, Taniel's teacher seemed quite harmless.

Chapter 1589: Journey! (part 2)

Maybe a bit eccentric.

But so what?

As long as it doesn't harm others.

It's harmless.

It's manageable.

That, is enough.

The group left the platform.

On the platform, the temporary lights for the loaded train were turned off one by one.

But it wasn't dark.

In the distance, the scattered lights from Lorde's construction sites, bustling through the night, were exceptionally conspicuous.

Just like stars in the night sky.

The two seemed to be echoing each other.

Both tranquil and lively.

And the train moving through the night broke the surrounding silence—

The large steam engine running at full power.

As Sewock's famous 'Royal Train', it was not only fast and secure, but also luxuriously appointed inside.

Overall, there were six train cars.

Including three accommodation cars, one office car, one banquet car, and one supply car.

The accommodation cars were divided into suites, attendant rooms, and guard rooms.

The 'Royal Train' had a total of 24 crew members.

Aside from the conductor, chef, and six waiters.

The remaining 18 were seasoned military men with vast combat experience.

And these 18 were the direct security of the 'Royal Train'.

"Impressive!"

Sitting in the guest area of the suite, Taniel looked at the brass fittings of the car, stepped on the soft carpet, glanced at the chandelier that didn't sway one bit despite the high speed, and then picked up the drink placed before him.

A drink blended with blueberries, lemons, and honey—Samen had asked if alcohol was needed, which Jason and Taniel refused.

Taking two ice cubes from the ice bucket, Taniel put them in the glass, shook it once, took a sip, and immediately squinted his eyes.

"Comfortable!"

Nestled in the soft sofa that could envelop one's entire body, Taniel praised.

It was genuine praise.

Taniel wasn't riding a train for the first time.

But such comfort was his first.

Even with first-class tickets before, it required over twenty people squeezing into one car.

Even with special tickets, which provided a small compartment, it meant dealing with 3-5 others, in a cramped space. If someone smoked, the smell was awful.

Far less pleasant than standing in the corridor enjoying the breeze.

Yet after standing for too long, one had to return to the compartment, and that feeling... was indescribable.

Hence, with the trend of train travel in recent years,

Taniel never liked it much.

But today's train journey completely changed his mind.

"No wonder it's the royal special train."

Taniel remarked, glancing at the waiter in a white shirt, black vest, and red bow tie next to him.

The waiter, who served drinks to Jason and Taniel, had a smile full of etiquette.

"Honored guests, do you need a late-night snack?"

"We have prepared steak and lamb chops."

"The steak is Kandell Black Angus filet."

"The lamb chops are from Walker's prairie lamb."

"Side dishes mainly consist of olive salad and romaine lettuce, mashed potatoes, and shrimp."

The waiter asked.

"One of each... ten portions,"

Taniel answered instinctively, but when he saw Jason frown slightly, he quickly corrected himself.

"Very well, sir."

Though surprised by the ten portions, the waiter, serving the Sewock royalty, showed no sign of it, slightly bowed in respect, and did not immediately leave.

Instead, he placed a fresh flower on the suite's pillow.

The flower was golden.

With water droplets on it.

Appears freshly prepared.

"Lily of the valley—a flower of victory, the official flower of Sewock royalty, quite rare."

Noticing Jason's puzzled look, Taniel explained.

As a 'Pharmacist', Taniel had substantial knowledge of plants.

Jason nodded, watched the waiter leave, and then focused on the silent Samen.

In fact, just now, except for Taniel,

Jason and Samen remained silent in the car.

Samen seemed to be thinking.

Jason?

Was observing.

As a resident of the 'Nightless City', a thorough observation in new locales was almost instinctive.

The train seemed made of brass overall.

But that was an illusion.

The interior was likely reinforced with steel plates and had some 'Mystical Side' power augmentation.

Making it sturdy enough and able to defend against special circumstances.

Of course, the most crucial part was the security force of 18 men.

Each was steady, strong, and sturdy.

Moreover, each should have undergone 'Baptism', as Jason clearly sensed a 'Mystical Side' power aura from them.

Three of them, appearing to be leader figures, should be 'Professionals'.

Just unsure of what rank of 'Professional'.

Besides this, there were the conductor, chef, and waiters.

Besides having skills related to their jobs, they also had some combat basics.

Just like the waiter earlier, whose steps were completely silent in ordinary ears, each step perfectly measured.

It's clear the Sewock royalty took their safety very seriously.

However, this didn't reassure Jason.

On the contrary, Jason became even more alert.

Simply put, what kind of danger was such security meant to ward off?

Chapter 1590: The Journey! (3)

Is it routine?

Or a special arrangement after something out of the ordinary?

If it's the former, that's easy to explain.

If it's the latter, Jason's nerves began to tense up.

Especially when he noticed that after boarding the train, Samen hadn't said a word and seemed deep in thought.

Thud, thud thud.

Jason lightly tapped the coffee table in front of him three times.

Immediately, Samen was startled awake.

Raising his head to look at Jason staring at him, Samen immediately showed an apologetic smile.

"Sorry, Mr. Jason."

"I just got lost in thought."

Samen apologized.

"Why did you get distracted?"

Jason straightforwardly followed up.

Such questioning seemed aggressive, extremely impolite, but Samen showed no anger; on the contrary, the official in charge of Lorde's 'Mystical Side' gave a wry smile.

"I'm afraid we've run into trouble."

Samen said in a lowered voice.

Nearby, Taniel, holding a drink and sinking deep into the couch, showed an unsurprised expression.

"I knew it!"

"Nothing good ever comes from getting mixed up with guys like you!"

"What exactly happened?"

"Don't tell me there's a bomb installed on this special train!"

Taniel said grumpily.

Towards the official's stance, Taniel had always been extremely cautious.

Especially after learning about the conflict between the young Emperor and Prince Ruitai, his caution had reached an extreme.

If not for Jason's insistence, Taniel would have taken his relatives and friends and gone far away to Eastwalk already.

"There's no bomb, however, the security personnel aboard this train are more than double what they were before."

"Previously, the number of security personnel on this special train was roughly 6-12 people."

"Most of the time, it was 6 people."

"Only when royal VIPs traveled would it be 12."

"And now it's 18!"

Samen's voice grew quieter.

"Does this mean the young Emperor is showing us special attention?"

Taniel asked rhetorically.

"His Majesty's regard for you two is beyond doubt, but it has been only 7 hours from when I applied at noon until now; even if His Majesty wanted to give special treatment, he couldn't send so much security with 'Extraordinary Power' in such a short time."

"After all, regarding the 'Mystical Side,' His Majesty has always had limited control."

"Even though there has been quiet development in recent years."

"It still can't compare with Prince Ruitai."

Samen spoke with much subtlety.

In fact, in Sewock, His Majesty's influence in the 'Mystical Side' is nowhere near a tenth of Prince Ruitai's.

After all...

Not everyone has a giant dragon.

"Are you saying this is Prince Ruitai's arrangement?"

Taniel glanced at his friend Jason, and seeing that Jason still had no intention of speaking, he immediately asked.

"It seems likely."

Samen spoke with some difficulty, once again apologizing to Jason and Taniel: "I apologize to both of you for my previous arrogance. There's been a failure in our intelligence network, which we're so proud of."

Upon saying this, Samen looked utterly dejected.

As if his faith had collapsed.

And indeed, that was the case.

Samen and his group had firmly believed the young Emperor would win precisely because of this intelligence agency built by people loyal to the royalty, and now there were problems even within it.

Samen was immediately struck hard.

"I told you that the strongest bastion is easiest to break from within..."

"Jason, should we slip away?"

Taniel muttered, then proposed to Jason.

Jason?

Shook his head, calm and unruffled, he said—

"Let's eat first."