

Menu 1591

Chapter 1591: Jason: I Am a Rule-Abiding Man!

Jason's words left Samen taken aback.

This official in charge of the 'Mystical Side' clearly didn't understand Jason's character well enough.

He didn't know if Jason was joking or implying something.

But it was different for Taniel.

Hearing Jason's words, Taniel, who was a bit nervous, completely relaxed.

Clearly, Jason was certain of his victory.

What was there to worry about?

No need.

Just eat and drink at ease.

"A late-night snack always makes one admire the beauty of food."

Taniel poured himself another glass of iced drink, and when the sour taste of lemon, the sweet and tart aroma of blueberries, and the pure sweetness of honey blossomed on his taste buds, Taniel squinted with pleasure.

The drink of lemon, blueberry, and honey in his hand seemed simple.

But it's actually quite challenging.

First, the proportion.

The proportion of the three ingredients and water.

It can't be too weak, letting water take the lead.

Nor can it be too strong, making one feel uncomfortable.

It needs to be perfectly delicious with the right balance of sour and sweet.

Without trying hundreds of times, it's impossible to achieve this level of perfection.

Second, the technique.

To perfectly express the flavors of lemon, blueberry, and honey, the mixing technique is essential.

It's an expression of excellence after meticulous refinement.

It's the finishing touch.

Like the pancake for roast duck.

Like the sesame sauce when brushing meat.

Both are perfectly complementary.

The drink before him was just the same, and Taniel poured a glass for Jason.

"Try it; it's quite good."

Taniel said.

"Hmm."

Jason nodded but didn't immediately pick up the glass. Instead, he walked to the bedroom with the large bed and picked up the 'bell flower' lying on the pillow. s

He gently pinched the flower stem and twirled it twice.

Jason opened the window and threw it out.

The gust of wind from the speeding train blew away the petals, carrying this 'flower of victory,' rolling it into the night.

After this, Jason returned to his seat.

"What was that?"

Taniel pointed outside the window.

"Just what you think it was."

Jason replied, picking up the drink glass.

Samen's face changed dramatically.

Although this official in charge of the 'Mystical Side' didn't fully understand Jason and Taniel, he knew the consequences if their words were being listened to.

Immediately, this official in charge of the 'Mystical Side' stood up abruptly.

"Sir Jason, we need to leave right away." .

"It's not safe here."

Samen said urgently.

Jason was unmoved.

Taniel rolled his eyes.

"By the time you realize it's unsafe, we'll already be in coffins—and we'd have to hope the enemy is merciful enough to leave us with a complete body."

"Just sit down and relax."

"Since Jason didn't show any indication."

"Then, let's eat."

"And do you think that if we want to escape now, we can actually get away?"

"They appeared so openly, having already laid out a comprehensive trap. Any action you take will fall under their scrutiny, and they will certainly take targeted actions."

"That would completely put us at a disadvantage."

"Instead of that, it's better to adapt to changes by remaining unchanged."

Taniel had no fondness for Samen.

But since they were temporarily in the same boat, some necessary words had to be said.

It wasn't for comfort.

Taniel simply didn't like outsiders nagging in front of him.

It was just too annoying.

Samen clearly felt Taniel's irritation.

He immediately showed a wry smile.

The unpleasant interaction with Taniel, even though he apologized, did not improve their relationship.

For this, Samen felt a bit of regret in his heart.

But soon, this official in charge of the 'Mystical Side' adjusted his mindset.

Since things had already happened.

What's the use of regretting?

Just do your best to make up for it.

As for more?

Naturally, it was to once again regard Jason seriously.

Exactly.

It was Jason.

Samen recalled the news he got a few hours ago, still feeling a surreal sense as if in a dream.

Jason inherited Sir's legacy.

This was reasonable.

After all, according to the recollections of some people present at the time, in Sir's final moments of life, Jason was always by his side, inheriting Sir's legacy was normal.

But...

The legacy of Sir elevated Jason from being a 'knight' tier one 'attendant' to directly becoming a 'knight' tier five 'Defender.'

This was truly incredible.

But the startle for Samen was just beginning.

Tercon's legacy was also inherited by Jason.

'Tomb Guardian' tier four 'Corpse Whisperer.'

This somewhat exceeded Samen's understanding.

It should be known that Jason is himself a 'Night Watcher.'

This is undeniable.

Though simply an entry-level 'Night Watcher,' this profession truly existed.

And now?

'Night Watcher,' 'Knight,' 'Tomb Guardian'—three professions appeared on Jason alone.

This was unprecedented.

At least in Samen's understanding.

Such talent was simply unprecedented and unparalleled.

It must be known, even Prince Ruitai only had dual professions.

And that was already the reason many 'Mystical Side people' followed.

Following the powerful, for 'Mystical Side people,' was not something shameful.

On the contrary, it was to be expected.

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Once the news about Jason having a triple profession spreads.

Followers will quickly appear around him.

With such a talent, Samen is certain that as long as Jason doesn't fall prematurely, he will definitely become an indelible mark of this era.

No!

Even if he falls.

Jason, at present, has already left a significant mark in the history of Sewock's 'Mystical Side.'

However, Jason will not fall.

Because he does not sense any danger.

Samen has a unique sensing talent, which reached an extreme after undergoing a special 'baptism' ritual.

This is also why he was sent to Lorde.

Although the royal family has lost power, they still have fourth-rank 'Professionals,' or Transcendents who have mastered some unique secret techniques.

The reason they sent him, an incomplete third-rank 'Professional,' is precisely because of this point.

Calmly, Samen took a deep breath.

Then, he showed a remorseful smile.

He really had been too rude just now.

He was thrown into confusion because of a sudden change.

And even ignored his fundamental means of survival.

That was truly inappropriate.

"Sorry, Master Jason, Master Taniel."

"I made both of you laugh."

"I always thought I had been tempering myself for a long time, but the real 'battle experience' is still too lacking."

As he spoke, Samen stood up and once again bowed to Jason and Taniel.

Then, this official in charge of the 'Mystical Side' suddenly took out a deck of playing cards from his jacket pocket, and said to Taniel: "Master Taniel, would you like to draw a card?"

"Draw a card?"

"Divination?"

"You're a 'Diviner'?"

Taniel looked at Samen in surprise.

Even Jason, who was waiting for his late-night snack with his eyes closed, opened them slightly.

The Diviner, a very special profession.

Not only because this profession can predict fortune and misfortune, but also because of its incompleteness.

Unlike other professions with complete inheritance.

The Diviner has only three ranks.

First rank: Card Diviner.

Second rank: Crystal Diviner.

Third rank: Stargazing Diviner.

Rumor has it that thirty years ago, there was also a fourth-rank 'Psychic Diviner.'

However, with the unexpected disappearance of that person, the method for Diviners to advance to the fourth rank vanished completely.

Even to this day, countless Diviners cannot complete it.

Even if these Diviners perform divination daily.

There are no results at all.

The future is like a fog, covering everything.

No one can see it clearly.

Even Diviners are no exception.

Therefore, in recent decades, few 'talented' people in the 'Mystical Side' choose to become Diviners.

They would rather choose a 'profession' that does not harmonize with their talent as well.

Because, at least there is still a path forward.

But Diviners?

The path is severed.

In Tercon's notes, this point was mentioned.

'This should be someone's conspiracy.'

'For what?'

'Naturally, the 'source point' ... damn, I've been restricted again.'

Tercon's records are incomplete.

Heavily restricted.

However, even just a few words were enough for Jason to speculate.

It's still about the 'profession conspiracy.'

Recalling the records about 'Diviners,' Jason watched as Taniel drew a card from Samen's deck.

It's not a real poker pattern.

Nor a tarot.

But a...

Clown!

Not the 'joker' card clown in poker.

But a real clown juggling bowling pins in a circus.

Seeing this card, Taniel's face darkened.

"Enough!"

"That's enough!"

"You don't need to explain."

"I understand."

Taniel said directly, with a very bad tone.

After pausing for about a second, this teacher from Deer Academy explained: "I've encountered 'Diviners' more than once, and at first, I was really excited, but every time the card drawn is a clown, all kinds of clowns, no matter what I'm doing or intending to do, I always draw a clown, and I am all too familiar with the meaning of the clown."

"One guy even gave me a saying—"

"Smile."

"It's your destiny."

"When you learn to smile, you will become your true self."

As Taniel spoke, he used his index fingers to lift the corners of his mouth into an awkward smile.

"At the time, I almost got depressed."

"I was this close to using a knife to carve a smile into my face."

Taniel gestured again.

Starting to slowly move upwards along the sides of his mouth.

It's just a very simple metaphor, but Samen's senses conveyed an unprecedented feeling of fear.

It seems like the whole world is about to be destroyed.

He shivered involuntarily.

"Believe me, that's not a good idea."

Samen advised.

"Don't worry, it's a foolish idea, I've already given up on it when I discovered the use of the 'panacea' in the laboratory and sold it for 5 Gold Crooks, I became happy."

Taniel winked, then looked at Jason.

"Jason, why don't you draw a card!"

"Divination?"

"I don't believe in fate."

Jason shook his head, refusing.

But suddenly thinking of something, he changed his mind.

"I'll draw one."

"Is there anything I need to pay attention to?"

Jason asked.

"No need to be overly careful, just think about the question you want to ask while drawing the card."

Samen said.

Next, shuffle the deck, cut the deck.

Then, watching Jason draw one of the cards.

Turn it over.

It's a blank card.

"This?"

"It should be an accident, there's only one blank card in this deck."

"Shall we do it again?"

Samen asked Jason.

"Okay."

Jason nodded briefly, and after the previous process, Jason drew another card.

Still a blank card.

Samen frowned, requesting Jason to draw a third time.

But the result didn't change.

Still a blank card.

"Impossible!"

"That shouldn't happen!"

"How can it be like this?"

Samen muttered.

The scene before his eyes had exceeded what he learned and understood.

It was something he had never encountered.

Something he had never understood.

If one blank card was an accident, then three times in a row was impossible.

Because, even if the deceased drew a card, it wouldn't be a blank card.

It would only show the corresponding grave, tombstone, and the like.

"Lord Jason, may I ask you boldly."

"What were you thinking about just now?"

Samen asked with a hint of curiosity and tension.

"Twilight."

Jason said, then closed his eyes.

His core skill still lacked a crucial step.

His change of mind was also a gamble.

But obviously, it's difficult.

Indeed, such shortcuts don't work.

Jason thought and decided to take a more solid approach.

He 'looked' at the text in front of him.

[Tomb Guardian, Tier Five Profession 'Bone Desecrator' Assessment...]

[1, Speaker of the Dead (Completed)]

[2, Century-old Grave Soil (Incomplete)]

[3, Contacted once with an evil spirit: 1/1 (Completed)]

[4, Communicated 10 times with the Undead: 10/10 (Completed)]

[5, Dufol Language reached expert level (Completed)]

[6, Completed two city destructions (at least of ten thousand living beings level) (Completed)]

[Judgment, conditions not met, unable to progress 'Bone Desecrator'.]

...

This is what Jason suddenly discovered while checking his power system.

Unknowingly, 'Tomb Guardian' Tier Five Profession 'Bone Desecrator', he was only one step away from acquiring 'Century-old Grave Soil'.

But when did he destroy a city?

And a city with ten thousand souls?

He remembers that he didn't, right?

He's always been by the book.

...

While Jason was pondering, in the special train's kitchen, 18 security personnel stood in one place, one of them twitching slightly in pain.

"We've been discovered."

One of them said.

"Do we need to launch a strong attack?"

Among the three captains, the bulkiest one asked.

"Expected situation, no need to worry."

"Strong attack is only the best preparation."

"It's our backup plan after negotiations fail."

Among the three captains, the skinny one said with a smile.

And the last captain spoke bluntly—

"I believe Jason is a smart person."

"A smart person will make the smartest choice." .

"Besides..."

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"Moreover..."

"No matter what, we've already got the upper hand!"

"That 'Night Watcher' who luckily inherited Sir Beta's legacy doesn't know what a real level five is like!"

Halfway through speaking, the security captain deliberately paused, then continued speaking.

There was a subtle hint of sycophancy in his words.

As he spoke, he cast his gaze towards the lean captain.

The meaning was clear!

Level five!

On this special train, there is a level five 'Professional'.

Naturally, the level five 'Professional' meant the lean captain was everyone's boss.

"Send over the food Jason ordered."

"Since we want to negotiate, we must show our sincerity."

As he spoke, he waved his hand while sitting there.

Immediately, those around him began to move.

A Transcendent raised both hands, waving continuously.

The next moment, the chefs and waiters gathered in the dining car began to move again.

They smiled, but their gaze lacked liveliness, like puppets being controlled.

The remaining security personnel each took their positions, going to their posts.

Including the two captains.

One patrolled as usual.

The other headed to the roof of the special train.

Though the special train was solid and secure, there still existed some blind spots and dead corners.

Especially the rooftop, which was prone to accidents.

Though they were merely nominal security personnel, the prince had given clear orders that the special train must arrive safely at Tert.

And, Jason must follow.

If he agrees, everyone will be happy.

If not?

It's about carrying the body away.

Who knows what kind of expression the little Emperor will have at that time.

Thinking of joyful events, Holderak, the strongest captain, couldn't help but laugh.

As one of Prince Ruitai's most loyal knights, Holderak had no good feelings towards the little Emperor and the imperial family.

If it weren't for them hindering their progress, they would have defeated Eastwalk long ago.

There was no need for a stalemate.

Not only consuming a large number of troops every year, but also unable to achieve the grand feat of expanding territories.

If the previous war had advanced 10 more kilometers, he, as a level three 'Sword Bearer', would have already promoted to a level four 'Shieldbearer'.

Damn that little Emperor!

And those royals!

They're a bunch of parasites!

Holderak cursed silently.

The more he cursed, the more he hoped the little Emperor in Tert would be embarrassed.

"Peters, when do you think His Highness will launch the counterattack?"

Holderak asked his colleague beside him.

"Counterattack?"

"Of course soon!"

"The wheat is ripe. By launching an attack now, whether seizing the harvest or burning it will put considerable pressure on Eastwalk, and is crucial for His Highness's next strategic plan. Once they lack food, Eastwalk will..." **RANobÊş**

"Hey, Peters, you know what I'm talking about is not this kind of counterattack."

Holderak interrupted Peters before he finished speaking.

The level three 'Sword Bearer' of 'Knight' looked slightly dissatisfied at the other.

"There's no need to play dumb between us, is there?"

Holderak said.

"Playing dumb?"

"I haven't!"

Peters, the gaunt middle-aged man, looked astonished, his drooping cheeks filled with incomprehension.

As if he truly didn't know what Holderak was talking about.

Seeing this appearance of Peters, Holderak frowned.

"I thought we were on the same side."

As he said this, Holderak strode down the corridor of the special train.

He was responsible for the internal patrol.

And now?

He was unwilling to stay for another second.

It seemed staying a moment longer would make him punch Peters.

Watching Holderak's figure disappear behind the car door, Peters' eyes grew darker.

Such blatant probing wouldn't have happened before.

No!

Don't even say it happened!

Previously, Holderak had always been respectful upon meeting him.

And now?

He dared to probe openly.

Truly bold.

Peters' eyes grew increasingly dark as he scanned the dining car behind him imperceptibly.

Undoubtedly, this was secretly indicated by Daller.

As the only high-ranking 'Professional' under His Highness, Daller's authority was almost second only to one.

Why almost?

Because the few level four 'Professionals' under His Highness could become level five at any time.

Including...

Him!

Him from before!

Naturally, there were secret frictions between them before.

And now, the other side naturally began retaliating.

Not openly.

His Highness wouldn't allow open private fights.

But such secret humiliation wouldn't stop.

His Highness wouldn't stop it either. .

So now he must speak and act cautiously.

Just like the probing words from Holderak earlier, of course, he knew what the other was asking about.

Counterattack?

Naturally, it wasn't Eastwalk.

Rather, the little Emperor and the imperial family!

These Peters knew to be clear.

But he couldn't say.

His Highness is willing to treat subordinates well, provided this subordinate doesn't make mistakes. Once they make mistakes, that His Highness will burst out in wrath.

And among the things His Highness avoids most, counterattacking the little Emperor, the royal family ranks at the top.

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Once subordinates discuss in private.

It will certainly bring about many punishments.

Even though he has been hardworking and contributed greatly, he cannot escape being penalized.

Clear rewards and punishments.

This is also one of the reasons the prince is respected.

Regarding this, Peters naturally has no objections.

He is just angry at Holderak and Daller.

Those fence-sitters!

Not long ago, they were still bowing and scraping to him.

"Do you really think I've fallen into despair?"

Peters sneered in his heart.

Yes, he is a Beast Tamer relying on 'secret pets'.

After his 'secret pet' entered the aging period, his strength declined sharply.

Although nominally a Level Four 'Beast Tamer', his strength gradually became inferior even to Level Three.

However, as long as he is Level Four 'Shepherd' Beast Tamer!

His 'professional' talent allows him to choose another 'secret pet'!

Not just that!

He now holds a secret technique in his hand!

A secret technique that can bring his secret pet back to maturity!

Although initially using this secret technique accelerated the aging of his secret pet, leaving quite a few hidden dangers, even making the 'secret pet', which should have a fifty-year maturity period, enter aging within five short years.

But, using this secret technique again, he can bring his 'secret pet' back to maturity for five years.

With these five years as a buffer, he's more than enough to find a second 'secret pet'.

Then, relying on the secret technique, he again accelerates the maturity of the second secret pet.

As long as he controls it well.

'Level Five' is not impossible!

And now?

It's time for him to use the secret technique.

Even Daller, who has been watching him closely, wouldn't think he'd use the secret technique now.

To obtain this mission, he intentionally showed resistance in the beginning.

This made Daller more eager to include him.

And Daller would never have guessed this was intentional.

Using the secret technique in the inn seems safe but will still draw attention.

Far better to use it now, when everyone's attention is on Jason.

Peters headed to the top of the train.

He doesn't need to open the door.

The invisible 'secret pet' has already opened the door.

In fact, he doesn't need to climb the ladder either, he was lifted to the top of the train by the 'secret pet'.

Peters did not immediately start using the secret technique but genuinely began patrolling.

Neither heavier nor lighter steps.

Walking in his usual step, Peters traversed the train's top.

He knows Daller can hear him.

The closer to success, the more cautious he must be.

Breathing is adjusted to complete smoothness, Peters moved from the dining car at the end to the locomotive in front.

He has already made one round trip.

He calculated the time.

His stride means one round trip takes three minutes.

But completing the secret technique, three minutes are not enough.

Even with the forbidden secret technique, omitting many steps still requires considerable time.

At least ten minutes.

Then...

Must add some flair.

Peters thought, issuing an order in his heart.

In the supply carriage, a rat emerged from the shadows, raising its head to look around.

The patrolling security personnel did not notice the rat.

In fact, when a rat wants to hide, it's hard to be discovered.

This rat, following the order in its heart, headed straight for a bottle covered by a cloth bag in a corner.

Inside the bottle is... phosphorus!

Highly flammable phosphorus!

The bottle cork was quickly gnawed away.

Air began to enter.

The late summer and early autumn heat started reacting with the phosphorus inside the bottle, and the rat rolling the bottle accelerated this reaction.

After about ten seconds——

Boom!

Sparks shot out from the bottle's mouth.

The whole bottle exploded.

Flames scattered everywhere.

The grease inside the supply carriage was instantly ignited.

This wasn't arranged by Peters.

But it's something that already existed inside the supply car.

Yet, Peters ordered the rat to push the bottle close to the grease, and provided a sufficiently large contact surface.

Fire!

Flames suddenly rose!

"Fire!"

"Fire!"

The anomaly in the supply carriage immediately attracted the patrolling security personnel.

Horda, who had just walked to the accommodation carriage, turned back directly.

Daller was the first to arrive.

Seeing the half of the carriage ignited in a breath, Daller frowned.

"Put out the fire!"

Daller ordered.

Then, he turned and scanned the crowd. When he didn't see Peters, the overall leader of this operation immediately guessed something.

He didn't say anything more.

He walked straight toward the connection of the train.

Daller had no evidence to confirm it was Peters's doing.

However, Daller was convinced it was Peters.

After all, he had seen all those recent sneaky movements of his own eyes. .

What did the other party want to do?

Daller knew perfectly well.

Nothing more than relying on that unknown secret technique to return to the peak again.

And this is something he absolutely would not allow.

It was hard enough to get rid of a lurking opponent; he absolutely would not allow the opponent to return to the peak again.

Even if this peak was still quite different from his own, it was the same.

Therefore, Daller moved as if lightning.

He swiftly jumped onto the carriage.

Daller had already made up his mind, no matter what Peters said, he would strike to kill upon meeting.

After killing the opponent, then explain to the prince, stating the opponent disrupted the operation—some necessary traces had long been burned away by the fire, unable to be found, but some residual hints could still be 'found'!

They must be found!

If they can't be found, then they must be created!

Thinking of this, the killing intent in Daller's heart grew stronger.

But the next moment, Daller was dumbfounded in place.

He saw Peters.

Peters was right in front of him.

But!

Peters was dead!

Beheaded in one stroke!

The head rolled to one side of the roof, held by the ventilation shaft, so it didn't fall off.

The headless body slumped inside, blood gushing out.

There were some remaining marks in front of the opponent's body, but they had been destroyed, only identifiable as ritual marks, but exactly what they were was completely indistinguishable.

Moreover, most importantly, the opponent's 'secret pet' was gone!

Although it was a 'Harken' that had entered its aging period!

Its strength remained formidable, a third-tier professional was no match at all, and a fourth-tier professional, if well-matched, could put up a fight.

With the 'Beast Tamer's' death, the 'secret pet' should have appeared.

Even a magical creature like 'Harken' was no exception.

But, there was none in sight.

That left only one possibility —

"At the instant Peters was taken down, that 'secret pet' also died."

"Killed instantly by the opponent!"

Daller's expression turned cold.

Daller wouldn't be surprised by Peters being taken down instantly.

As long as it was set up properly, he could easily finish off the opponent, but to silently take down a 'Harken' in such a short time was unrealistic.

To take it down in a short time, he could still manage.

Silently?

He couldn't do it.

Even though he's a fifth-tier 'Shadow Dancer' assassin.

After checking Peters's body once more, confirming that Peters was beheaded from behind by a single stroke, and the blade was sharp, the wielder was powerful and extremely precise, Daller had no other clues.

There were no footprints.

No traces.

Not even a smell.

"An old hand!"

"Not just an old hand, but a good one!"

"And probably also an 'assassin' professional!"

"At least fifth-tier like me!"

"Possibly, mastering some special combat techniques and secret techniques!"

Daller thought, his gaze becoming solemn.

If among the many 'professionals,' he least wanted to face any profession.

The 'assassin' was at the top!

Because he was an 'assassin'

He knew very well the methods of 'assassins'!

Wait!

Suddenly, Daller thought of something, turned around, and jumped off the roof, rushing toward the special carriage.

But,

It was too late!

Including Holderak, the remaining 16 security personnel were all lying in a pool of blood.

Looking at the corpses piled up between the dining car and the banquet carriage, Daller's scalp tingled slightly.

Because these people died in the same way as Peters.

All beheaded in one stroke.

And similarly, he didn't hear a single sound.

Cold sweat started to trickle down his neck, toward his back.

The next moment —

Gray fog spread thickly

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The mist spread, and a faint numbness appeared on the skin.

Moreover, it quickly seeped into the muscles.

Poison!

Daller narrowed his eyes but took no action.

The [Poison Tolerance] skill of an 'assassin' had long rendered Daller's body extremely resistant to any poison, and the toxins within the mist before him were no exception.

For ordinary people, it would be a deadly poison, but for Daller, it was only a minor discomfort.

It was completely bearable.

Compared to the bearable poison, Daller was more concerned about the assailant hidden behind the scenes.

His eyes were veiled by the mist. .

But his ears were not.

Daller listened to his surroundings.

The [Listen] skill of an 'assassin' significantly enhanced Daller's perception.

Even in a bustling city, he could clearly hear people whispering twenty meters away.

This time was no exception.

He caught a faint sound of wind.

Very subtle.

Like a ghost drifting by.

But Daller heard it.

The next moment, he drew the dagger with his left hand and thrust it backward.

Then...

There was nothing.

The silhouette was right behind him, but the dagger in his hand, even his fingers, passed through the other's body.

Empty!

A ghost!

Daller was stunned for a moment, then quickly retreated.

Fast!

And nimble!

Just like a monkey, more agile than a lynx.

However, shadows pounced on Daller like stacking dolls.

Moreover, Daller was very familiar with these 'people'.

They were his colleagues.

They were his subordinates.

They were the 'people' who had just been corpses nearby.

And now?

They had turned into these!

Beginning a frenzied attack on him.

He saw Peters, saw Holderak.

The former was the ghost that ambushed him, standing there with a sinister smile.

The latter was one of the ghosts that charged forward, about to pin his hands down.

"Bone Desecrator!"

Daller said fiercely.

If at this point, he still couldn't figure out what he'd encountered, then he truly would be useless.

Daller never thought he would encounter a fifth-tier Bone Desecrator of the Tomb Guardian!

Had those guys changed their minds?

Or was it some setup by Tercon?

Daller's mind spun rapidly.

Then, he ruled out the former.

Those guys and the prince were in their honeymoon phase of cooperation.

And they had reached a critical juncture.

At such a time, even if those guys were reckless and disregarded the rules, they wouldn't act rashly.

Because they cared about benefits!

So, only Tercon's legacy remained!

It's the useless Dollu!

The prince had already secured a chance for him!

Yet Jason had seized it before him!

Useless!

Also gotten Pashang killed!

Leaving me completely passive!

Pashang and Daller had a pretty good relationship.

In some sense, they could be considered allies.

Pashang's death naturally infuriated Daller.

However, that was a matter for later.

Now?

Daller looked at the swarming ghosts, a cold glint in his eyes.

If it were truly a Bone Desecrator, it would indeed be quite troublesome.

But if it were just someone borrowing some artifact to temporarily gain such abilities...

Then it would be easy to deal with!

"Jason, do you think you've won?"

"You're underestimating the fifth-tier!"

Concluding swiftly, Daller coldly laughed, immediately assuming that Jason must have used some trick left by Tercon to achieve the current situation.

As for the scene before him being orchestrated by Jason?

Impossible!

Absolutely impossible!

The gap between a 'corpse-speaker' and a 'Bone Desecrator' was like heaven and earth, even though it was just a tier apart.

When each profession reached the fifth tier, a qualitative change occurred.

The simplest example was the difference in the [Corpse-speaking Contract] and [Resurrection Skeleton] between a 'corpse-speaker' and a 'Bone Desecrator'. When used by a 'corpse-speaker', there were many limitations, but in a 'Bone Desecrator's' hands, not only were these limitations significantly reduced, but the power was also enhanced.

For instance, a 'corpse-speaker' couldn't possibly simultaneously contract a fourth-tier and a third-tier profession.

At most, it could contract just one fourth-tier profession.

Yet a 'Bone Desecrator' could easily contract a fourth-tier, a third-tier, even a second fourth-tier was no problem.

Therefore, it could only be a Bone Desecrator making a move here.

Or some lucky individual reaching the level of a 'corpse-speaker' and using some artifact.

Thinking of Jason's luck and his own ill fortune, Daller grew increasingly angry.

Exactly!

That's misfortune!

The current mission was botched.

Even if he took down Jason, it couldn't undo the deaths of Peters, Holderak, and others.

Even if Jason was willing to surrender, it would be the same.

Thinking of the prince's fury sent a shiver down Daller's spine.

He definitely didn't want to face such anger.

But at this moment, there was nothing he could do.

Facts wouldn't change on account of anyone's will.

However!

He could capture Jason!

Torture him thoroughly!

Make Jason understand what it meant for death to be a luxury!

As an 'assassin', he was highly skilled in the art of interrogation and torture.

And now?

He just needed to capture Jason!

"Let me show you the difference between us!"

Daller said coldly.

A slightly chilly power appeared on his body.

Black covered Daller's physical form.

The black hue was deep, yet more elusive and agile.

As if...

A shadow!

Yes, a shadow!

Somehow, the shadow beneath Daller's feet came alive, transforming into armor that protected him, causing the attacks of the numerous ghosts to be in vain.

Chapter 1596: Daller Who Can't Be Backstabbed! (part 2)

Looking at Holderak and the other specters roaring unwillingly.

Daller's eyes showed mockery.

He raised his hand, the power of shadow converging into a sword in his palm, and swung it straight.

Whoosh!

A slash filled with the power of shadow swept directly through the nearest specter.

The specter immediately dissipated.

Not only did it vanish without a trace, but it also didn't regroup.

Another specter was so frightened that it retreated repeatedly.

"'Shadow Slash,' one of the skills I acquired after becoming a fifth-ranked 'Assassin,' integrates offense and defense like the 'Shadow Armor,' making me faster, more agile, and capable of some things that only a 'Night Watcher' can do, such as..."

"Slaying specters!"

Whoosh!

As his words fell, the shadow longsword in Daller's hand delivered another slash.

This time his target was Holderak.

Holderak, who was a third-ranked 'Knight' and 'Sword Bearer' before the 'Corpse-speaking Contract,' still maintained normal thinking, strength, and combat habits after the pact.

At this moment, facing the shadow slash, Holderak had no intention of dodging.

A longsword gleaming with spectral light appeared in his hand, and Holderak swung it towards the shadow slash.

The dark slash collided with the faintly glowing spectral strike.

There was not much sound.

Just a muffled noise, and then.

The shadow slash vanished, and Holderak's entire spectral body dimmed.

But, Holderak managed to block this strike.

Moreover...

It bought Peters a chance.

Transformed into a specter, Peters ignored the brass carriage's obstruction, emerged from the ground, and grasped Daller's ankles. A cold energy rapidly spread.

The boots began to be filled with frost.

However, Daller remained unharmed.

"Peters, you're truly someone seeking shortcuts but forgetting the basics."

"Never mind hastening the 'Secret Pet.'"

"Don't you know that, as a first-ranked 'Assassin,' besides gaining [Agile Attack], you also acquire [Poison Resistance] and [Cold Resistance]?"

"That was first rank!"

"How could I, having been enhanced multiple times afterward, possibly be invaded by mere specter cold?"

Daller lowered his head, looking at the terrified Peters.

With a wave of his sword.

The shadow slash swept through Peters' body.

The fourth-ranked 'Beast Tamer' was directly cut.

Yet, it didn't dissipate.

Instead, it re-entered the carriage.

Clearly, the fifth rank of the 'Assassin' could harm specters, but compared to a professional 'Night Watcher,' it was still lacking.

One must know, even a first-ranked 'Night Watcher's' [Protection Against Evil] is enough to be fatal to ordinary specters.

Daller did not care about this.

'Assassins' are most adept at dealing with humans. .

Not specters!

He looked at Peters, who scrambled back among the specters, mockery in his eyes deepening.

"Cowardly fellow."

As he said these words, Daller unhurriedly approached the specters.

He wasn't worried about any delay causing changes.

In fact, he hoped to stall for a bit.

What the artifact Tercon left was, Daller didn't know.

But there was one thing Daller was certain of.

From his knowledge of 'mystical knowledge,' every precious artifact has usage limits.

Once the time is exceeded, the artifact will fail.

Some even consume certain materials continuously during use.

Therefore, Daller was not in a hurry.

"Let's see how long you can hang on!"

Daller said, swinging his sword again.

His former subordinates were cut down one by one.

Those specters who were not 'Professionals' would be completely dispersed by the power of shadows with just one slash.

While Holderak and Peters, though they withstood one or two more hits, couldn't withstand much, and both their states were on the brink of collapse, as if a breeze could scatter them.

As a result, they kept dodging.

But it was useless.

Daller's agility was beyond imagination.

What posed problems for ordinary people barely existed for Daller.

Peters and Holderak's speed of sinking into the brass carriage wasn't as fast as Daller's speed of darting through windows.

After two consecutive tries, Peters and Holderak were too scared to continue that way.

Instead, they could only run back and forth in the fog, even hiding in mid-air.

But when the last 'Transcendent' specter floating in mid-air was split in two and completely dissipated, Peters and Holderak virtually had no escape.

Daller no longer had the interference of other specters.

His focus was entirely on them.

"Heh."

"Where's Jason?"

"He wouldn't have lost his nerve, would he?"

With victory in sight, Daller seemed less urgent.

He appeared to be gradually pressuring Peters, Holderak.

In reality, he was exerting pressure on Jason.

When each 'Corpse-speaking Contract' spirit dies, while the contractor does not suffer substantial harm, they lose a considerable amount of physical strength, like just now.

15 spirits died.

Even the 'Bone Desecrator' was panting at this moment.

But until now, Daller still hasn't heard any sound of panting.

That item!

Daller quickly thought of the crucial point.

Then, he became more resentful of the useless Durdu.

He couldn't even handle a dead man's legacy!

"However, should I say, not surprising for someone out of that organization?"

"To possess such a precious item!"

A trace of greed flashed in Daller's eyes.

An item that can raise a professional level out of thin air and eliminate negative states is naturally extremely precious.

Even if it can only be used once!

The remaining 'shell' would still be in high demand!

Moreover!

Who knows if Tercon might have left more items?

If there were another one...

Thinking this, Daller's narrowed eyes gleamed brightly.

Gold Crooks?

He didn't care.

But he liked secret techniques!

Loved those powerful secret techniques!

Although he was a tier-five 'assassin', he had collected quite a few secret techniques!

But suitable ones were very few.

And this was one of the reasons why he allied with Prince Ruitai, besides his instinct to obey the strong.

He hoped to use Prince Ruitai's influence to become stronger.

However, secret techniques were too precious.

Especially those suitable for tier-five 'assassins', even more so.

Unless one offers something of equal value, not even Prince Ruitai could obtain the corresponding secret techniques.

And now there was an opportunity.

Completely an unexpected delight!

If that were the case, enduring Prince Ruitai's wrath wouldn't be impossible!

With this thought in mind, Daller became less anxious.

However, necessary vigilance was still maintained.

He raised his hand, and several traps formed by the Power of Shadow appeared around him.

When an 'assassin' progresses to tier-two, [Trap Making] appears.

And when progressing to tier-five, traps can be made with the Power of Shadow.

The traps become more bizarre.

More difficult to detect.

After completing all this, Daller swung his sword again.

The spirits under the transcendent's command didn't force Jason out, naturally because their value wasn't enough.

Whereas two professionals, one tier-three, one tier-four, were considerable wealth.

He did not believe Jason would sit idly by.

Moreover, a tier-three and a tier-four 'professional' would die, could that item withstand?

Probably a bit difficult.

So, Jason would definitely appear.

Holding onto this belief, under Daller's Shadow Sword, black slashes erupted.

And he began to [listen] to the surroundings.

Then...

He heard it.

He heard the sound of a blade piercing flesh.

He heard the sound of blood splattering.

He heard breaths abruptly cease.

Then...

He felt pain.

Unimaginable pain.

He lowered his head.

He saw it.

He saw a portion of a blade piercing through his chest.

Blood trickling down the blade, drop by drop.

Daller's mind went blank for a moment.

After about a second or two, only one thought remained.

"No!"

"Impossible!"

"How could I, a tier-five 'assassin', be backstabbed?"

Chapter 1597: Samen's Wild Imagination!

When Jason put his deer stalker hat back on, pushed open the compartment door and returned to his own compartment, Taniel was engrossed in a novel.

From the angle Taniel held the book, Jason could clearly see the title: "Sphinx's Stubbornness".

What a peculiar title.

Jason appraised in his heart.

And Samen on the side appeared much more normal.

Seemingly sitting there, yet observing everything around with a vigilant demeanor.

Upon seeing Jason enter, he visibly relaxed.

"How was the dining car?"

Samen asked.

"Very nice."

"Especially the chef's skills."

Jason replied.

He had used the excuse to check out the dining car to temporarily leave his compartment.

After all, someone as cautious as him, having confirmed the enemy's presence, would never wait for an attack, naturally opting to strike first.

"Uh, is there nothing else?"

Samen, amazed, asked impulsively.

The person in charge of Lorde's 'Mystical Side' was too curious.

According to his guess.

Jason must have left to solve the present trouble.

Yet so much time has passed.

He hadn't heard a single sound.

Could I have guessed wrong?

Samen began to doubt his judgment.

Then, started to carefully consider a safe escape route.

Three professionals, fifteen transcendents.

Even though he didn't recognize those three professionals, their calm presence must mean they have assured victory.

Which is bad news for them.

But not without chance.

Before entering Tert Station, there's an abandoned station — that was Tert's original station, but as time passed and Tert's population grew, the station had to be rebuilt.

Initially, it could still function as a transfer station.

But with the new station's expansion and the relaying of tracks, it was completely abandoned.

Yet, the tracks can still be used!

Which means, if the train quietly shifts to the old tracks.

It would certainly cause chaos.

At that time, their escape plan will be implemented.

Thinking it over, Samen adjusted his mood, dipped his finger in tea, and wrote on the table: Can we talk?
I have a plan...

"No."

Before Samen could finish writing, Jason directly refused.

He knew what this person in charge of Lorde's 'Mystical Side' wanted to discuss.

But, he had solved everything.

No need at all.

He didn't want to explain now either.

Because his temples slightly throbbed, he just wanted to rest quietly.

[Corpse-speaking Contract] is indeed extremely convenient, but simultaneously signing with a third-level professional, two fourth-level professionals, and a fifth-level professional nearly reached Jason's limit.

His physical strength was fine.

Relying on the accelerated recovery from [Dragon. War Glyph. Plus. Griffin. Stealth Body Forging Technique], he could achieve a balance.

But at this moment Jason could clearly feel that he wasn't just consuming physical strength.

But also mental energy.

Now, Jason felt as if he hadn't slept all night in his 'hometown', lying on the bed reading novels till dawn, not only was his head dizzy, but half his body was also numb from being immobile for so long.

So after refusing, Jason directly closed his eyes and entered a state of feigned sleep.

Samen, interrupted mid-sentence, was stunned.

Looking at Jason with closed eyes, he almost flipped the tea table.

What happened?

Why is Jason calmly sleeping while I am working hard planning escape?

And Taniel!

Yes!

And Taniel, why can he calmly read a book!

With Jason, Samen maintained 'respect', even a disrespectful gaze made him feel guilty, facing Taniel, however, he was fearless.

Samen expressed his displeasure through his eyes.

Being a 'professional', Taniel immediately sensed this dissatisfaction.

"Do you want to read too?"

"This book is quite interesting, it talks about a cat tirelessly learning, experiencing, aspiring to be a writer, but indulging in food, ultimately squandering time achieving nothing, becoming a fat cat, losing fur, calling itself 'Sphinx' while denying baldness — don't those young people getting hair transplants look similar? As if hair became the sole obsession, stubbornness."

"What eventually happens?"

"Still bald!"

"Moreover, though hair transplants seem immediate, they're costly, as time passes, your hairline still rises, then the transplanted area has hair, the non-transplanted area elevates, it's akin to growing horns, turning to drinking poison to quench thirst with further follicle transplants from the back until... nowhere to transplant."

"Indeed, hair loss from the start is tragic!"

"No level of obsession, stubbornness can mend the damage from hair loss!"

"It's entirely real damage..."

"Too pitiful."

Taniel raised his head with a heap of comments.

Instinctively, Samen touched his hairline.

Middle-aged, beyond control.

Though he maintained well, his hairline still started receding.

Not obvious, but present.

"Isn't there a better... I don't mean that, I'm asking whether we should be more..."

"Calm down, calm down."

"Hair loss, isn't an unspeakable secret."

"Even bald till the end is just shaving."

Chapter 1598: Samen's Overactive Imagination! (2)

"There's no good in changing the subject."

Samen's words were interrupted once again.

Taniel, looking understanding, patted Samen on the shoulder.

Samen felt his blood pressure rising uncontrollably.

"I mean the environment we're in now!"

"Not hair loss!"

"It has nothing to do with hair!"

Samen lowered his voice, emphasizing harshly.

"Really?"

Taniel seemed a bit incredulous.

"Really!"

Samen nodded vigorously.

Seeing Samen like this, Taniel seemed to recognize him for the first time.

"I finally understand why His Majesty is so overwhelmed by Prince Ruitai."

Taniel sighed.

"Why?"

Samen frowned, feeling that Taniel wouldn't say anything good.

Indeed, that was the case.

"Because of you foolish subordinates!"

Taniel sighed once again.

Just as Samen was about to stand up angrily to argue with Taniel, Taniel pointed at Jason.

"Do you understand Jason?"

"At least in terms of intelligence, you should know about Jason."

"Then you probably just skimmed through, without delving deeper."

"So, you don't understand Jason at all."

"You have no idea what Jason's current attitude represents."

Taniel withdrew his finger, closed the book, put it on the table, and looked at Samen, who seemed a bit dumbfounded, and sighed again.

Samen stood there in a daze for a full three seconds.

Then, it was as if he finally came to his senses.

He got up and walked out.

The door of the carriage was pushed open with a clanging sound.

This made Jason slightly open his eyes.

Then, he saw Taniel, who had just been mocking Samen, looking at him with a probing gaze.

Obviously, Taniel was speculating just now, with no certainty at all.

Jason was noncommittal about his friend's behavior.

However, under his friend's pleading gaze, he nodded.

This made Taniel completely relieved.

He sat up straight, calmly waiting for Samen to return.

Ten minutes!

When Taniel adjusted his posture for the fourth time, Samen returned.

His face was full of horror, his eyes full of shock.

Even after adjusting for a long time, Samen couldn't calm himself down.

The 'security' team composed of three professionals and fifteen transcendents disappeared.

Yes!

They just disappeared!

No sign of life or death!

Completely vanished.

And the other people on the train didn't know anything.

Even now, these people on the train are in a state of confusion, just mechanically doing their jobs.

"How on earth did you do it?"

Samen stared at Jason and asked.

Jason didn't speak.

The long-waiting Taniel sighed once again.

"Do you really think the Jason you see is the real Jason?"

"Do you really think the Jason you know is the whole Jason?"

"Do you think the fifth-tier 'Knight', the fourth-tier 'Tomb Guardian', the second-tier 'Night Watcher' are all there is to Jason?"

Taniel looked at Samen with the gaze of someone who has been through it all.

Then, this teacher from Deer Academy, the second advisor of the police department, lowered his voice and said—

"Do you think the [Herculean Silver Potion] Jason drank is fake?"

[Herculean Silver Potion]!

Samen's body trembled, as if struck by lightning. .

It was as if he thought of something.

And Taniel didn't give Samen any time to think, he spoke again.

"Or..."

"Do you think Jason only drank one 'Herculean Potion'?"

Taniel deliberately elongated his tone.

This time, Samen was completely stunned.

Not just the [Herculean Silver Potion]?!

There are other 'Herculean Potions'?!

What are they?

Black Iron, Bronze?

Or another Silver?

Or...

Gold Potion?!

Samen's mind raced.

His evaluation of Jason began to rise sharply.

The intelligence report on Jason mentioned the [Herculean Silver Potion], but the advisors around His Majesty kept denying this information.

Not only has Master Hulk been dead for over a hundred years, but these magic potions have long been consumed.

And the so-called magic potions now?

Are merely imitation potions refined a second or third time.

They can't compare to the original at all.

What is refinement?

It's the process of turning those who've consumed the 'Herculean Potion' back into 'magic potions'.

The process is cruel.

And complex.

The success rate is extremely low.

Moreover, the effects diminish rapidly.

But, the wonders of the 'Herculean Potion' ensure that many would pursue it.

However, fifty years ago, even second and third refinements disappeared.

Those who consumed the 'Herculean Potion' were all hunted down.

Let alone the original 'Herculean Potion'.

Thus, the advisors by the Emperor's side concluded that this was Jason trying to cover something up.

Coupled with the rivalry between his teacher 'Dan' and 'Shepherd'.

This further deepened the advisors' suspicions.

After all, the latter is related to that organization.

Adding Tercon's 'ritual', everything started to make sense.

At least, that was how Samen saw it.

At the very least, that's how it was before.

But no one expected it to be true!

Samen was breathing heavily.

He forced himself to calm down, but his gaze at Jason became increasingly respectful and complex.

Respect due to power.

Complexity?

Also due to power.

Prince Ruitai possessing dual professions already left them struggling to cope.

Now, another Jason with triple professions appears.

Even if Jason doesn't have a legendary dragon.

But Jason consumed the 'Herculean Potion'!

Even if it's not the original!

It's been refined a second or third time!

That's still shocking enough!

Then, Samen thought of something else.

Taniel!

What is Taniel's 'profession'?

Pharmacist!

To refine the 'Herculean Potion' surely requires the assistance of a 'Pharmacist', Taniel as a first-level 'Pharmacist' naturally couldn't achieve this, but what about his teacher?

Then thinking about how Dan, Jason's teacher, was unusually persistent with 'Shepherd'.

And how Taniel and Jason suddenly became friends!

Everything became obvious!

So that's how it was!

The rumors said 'Shepherd' once consumed a refined version of the 'Herculean Potion'.

Jason's teacher 'Dan' pursued 'Shepherd' for this reason.

So during this period, could they have acquired some refined version of the 'Herculean Potion'?

Then handed this 'Herculean Potion' to Taniel's teacher.

Who completed the re-refinement.

Subsequently, it was given to Jason to consume.

Taniel then brought this refined version of 'Herculean Potion' to Jason, so the two quickly formed such a strong friendship.

So that's how it was!

Samen, feeling a long exhale of relief, stood up again,

"Mr. Jason, I need to use the train's radio to inform His Majesty of everything that has happened here."

"Rest assured, your information will be kept confidential."

"I will inform His Majesty in person!"

After finishing, Samen didn't leave immediately.

Instead, he waited until Jason nodded, then bowed, and turned to leave.

Watching Samen leave, Taniel couldn't help but smile.

"Jason, do you think Samen will cry out of anger when he realizes he's been deceived?"

Taniel teased.

Deceiving Samen wasn't the point.

The point was spreading the erroneous information.

This would be of great help to their journey with Tert—Taniel already had a small plan in mind.

As for feeling guilty about deceiving Samen?

Samen wasn't his friend.

Taniel felt no guilt at all.

Jason didn't answer.

Taniel scratched his head, then asked again.

"Jason, how did you do it?"

Samen was curious, Taniel was also curious.

However, to maintain his persona, Taniel pretended to know everything.

Now that Samen was gone, Taniel immediately dropped the act.

Jason opened his eyes, glanced at Taniel helplessly.

Then, he raised a hand and snapped his fingers.

Snap!

After the crisp sound, four figures appeared, kneeling on one knee—

"Master!"

Chapter 1599: Arrival!

Sir?!

Taniel was taken aback.

The Pashang in front of him, Taniel recognized him.

But the other three people?

Taniel rubbed his eyes, then widened them in shock.

Aren't they the three 'security' captains from before?

How did they all become the undead of the [Corpse-speaking Contract]?

Also!

After contracting such a fourth-tier 'Knight' as Pashang, does Jason still have the energy to contract other Professionals?

This...

"Jason, don't tell me you've already become a 'Bone Desecrator'."

Taniel asked this way.

"No."

Jason replied with certainty.

Taniel breathed a small sigh of relief.

This teacher from Deer Academy, the second consultant of the Lorde Police Department, was truly afraid of Jason nodding and declaring himself a fifth-tier 'Bone Desecrator' as a Tomb Guardian.

Although it was good news for a friend's strength to increase, the speed of this growth was truly too fast.

Too fast for him to handle.

At least!

At least give him some mental preparation!

At the very least, a heads-up like, I'm going fifth-tier.

Hmm.

This kind of nonchalant notice is very much Jason's style. .

Thinking of this, Taniel watched as Jason continued speaking.

"But soon."

Hearing this addition, Taniel's mouth twitched.

Here it comes!

Here it comes!

This kind of nonchalant announcement of immensely shocking news, a 'Jason-style response'.

Phew!

Taniel exhaled slightly.

"It's okay, with you, Jason, everything is normal."

Regarding the fifth-tier of 'Professionals', Taniel had heard it too many times.

That the fifth-tier of 'Professionals' would be a qualitative change.

That the fifth-tier of 'Professionals' would be extremely difficult.

These were for others.

For his friend, Jason?

It didn't exist.

Thinking of this, Taniel felt completely at ease.

Jason had given him too many surprises.

At this point, Taniel was already numb.

Even if one day Jason told him he was a 'God's descendant', Taniel would not be surprised.

Therefore, adjusting his mindset, Taniel naturally shifted his gaze to the three unfamiliar faces among the four-person group in front of him.

"Who are they?"

Taniel asked.

"I don't know."

Jason shook his head again.

He really didn't know.

Previously, he had been focused on the fight, and aside from learning the names of the three from the way they addressed each other, it was only when he finished off Peters that he asked about the remaining 15 Transcendent 'security' names.

As for more detailed information?

He hadn't inquired.

So, at this moment, Jason also didn't know specific details about Daller, Peters, and Holderak.

But, Pashang knew.

As the fourth-tier 'Knight' and captain of the personal guard under Prince Ruitai, Pashang knew quite a lot of things others didn't.

For example: the fifth-tier 'assassin' Daller was a 'Shadow Warrior' Prince Ruitai intended to recruit.

According to that Prince Ruitai's plan, Daller would become his dagger hidden in the shadows.

A dagger that was both feared and dreaded.

And Peters was another dagger.

After all, people would be wary of other people, but who would be wary of a mouse?

Especially if it's a pet cat or dog in the house.

Simply put, if the two collaborated, they would solve ninety percent of the problems for Prince Ruitai.

And Holderak?

He was the main stay in the reserve force.

The thirty-year-old had outstanding talent, not to mention he was fearless.

His character was extremely perseverant.

He once relied on this perseverance to kill three fellow third-tier 'Professionals' in a frontal battle, and although he was seriously injured and had to lie down for six months, he earned Prince Ruitai's admiration.

Prince Ruitai stated that Holderak would inevitably become a fourth-tier 'Knight' within three years.

By the age of forty, he had a great chance of becoming a fifth-tier 'Knight'.

What Pashang hadn't expected was that these two most relied upon and the most promising subordinates of Prince Ruitai were all wiped out by Jason.

Of course, that was not the main point.

The point was, Jason could still use the [Corpse-speaking Contract] to contract with them after contracting Pashang.

Peters and Holderak aside.

Daller was a bona fide fifth-tier 'assassin'!

How could a fourth-tier 'Corpse Speaker' contract a fifth-tier 'assassin'?

This left Pashang deeply puzzled.

What puzzled Pashang even more was the attitude of Daller and the other two towards Jason.

Very respectful.

Without any disdain.

Especially the fifth-tier 'assassin' Daller, who showed no sign of arrogance, displaying humility before Jason, kneeling on one knee to salute upon appearing, and his companions followed suit, so subconsciously he followed as well.

Wanting to stand up now felt strange.

No!

It wasn't just strange!

Ever since encountering Jason, everything had become strange.

Those things that seemed perfectly logical in the past now defied common sense.

Those seemingly impossible tasks were now completed as a matter of course.

As a phantom, Pashang started to feel flustered.

And as Daller, Peters, and Holderak, who were contracted by the [Corpse-speaking Contract], felt Jason's confusion, they immediately opened their mouths to explain.

"Sir, I am Daller, fifth-tier 'assassin', 'Shadow Dancer'."

"Sir, I am Peters, fourth-tier 'Beast Tamer', 'Grazer'."

"Sir, I am Holderak, third-tier 'Knight', 'Sword Bearer'."

With the introduction of the three undead, Taniel's originally calmed mood turned into a stormy sea.

Chapter 1600: Arrival! (part 2)

Fifth tier!

A 'Professional' contracted by my friend Jason is actually fifth tier!

And it's an 'Assassin'!

Compared to the openness of a 'Knight', an 'Assassin' is completely the opposite.

Although both professions start as 'Attendants', they diverge significantly from the second tier onwards.

Knight: Attendant Apprentice Sword Bearer Shieldbearer Defender.

Assassin: From Golden Finger Deceiver Wanderer Shadow Dancer.

The difference is evident from their names.

Assassins, at the first tier, can acquire powerful feats, and at the second tier, they become more agile and adept at eavesdropping and theft. By the third tier, they have mastered deception and disguise. The fourth tier further enhances combat abilities, stealth, backstabbing, and throat-slitting, and by the fifth tier, they gain the 'Power of Shadow', maximizing their hiding, combat abilities, and skills.

In short, 'Assassin' is one of Taniel's least liked professions.

He dislikes dealing with people who always lurk in the shadows.

Because that way, he always has to guard against daggers from the shadows.

But now, an 'Assassin' has become his friend's 'Corpse-speaking Contractor'!

More importantly, it has reached the fifth tier.

Even more significantly, there was already a fourth-tier 'Professional' before.

Standing by, there was a fourth-tier 'Professional' and a third-tier 'Professional' kneeling.

Taniel scrutinized Daller.

Then took a look at Peters and Holderak.

Next, glanced at Pashang.

Finally, he turned his gaze to Jason.

"Jason, you didn't really drink the 'Herculean Potion', did you?"

Taniel asked.

Because everything in front of him was too astonishing.

Besides the 'Herculean Potion', Taniel couldn't think of anything else.

"What do you think?"

Jason rolled his eyes at Taniel.

Clearly, it was his own fabricated lie, so how did it end up that even he believed it?

Taniel immediately gave a wry smile.

"It's not me fooling myself."

"But I can't find a reasonable explanation for it."

Taniel said, starting to rub his temples.

He even opened a window nearby.

He needed to feel the breeze.

To calm himself down.

"Whatever exists is rational."

Jason used this all-purpose saying to temporarily end the conversation.

He didn't want to deceive Taniel, so naturally, he couldn't say more.

Instead of beating around the bush.

It was better to say nothing.

Taniel didn't press further; his mind was now as chaotic as a stew.

Fortunately, the chaos didn't last long.

The server pushed the food cart into the carriage.

"Ten portions of filet mignon, ten servings of herb-roasted lamb chops, ten shrimp salads, and mashed potatoes."

The server, freed from control, still felt a bit discomforted.

But he looked at Jason with gratitude in his eyes.

No one wants to be controlled.

The server in front of him was no exception.

The same went for others on the train.

All were grateful to Jason for saving them.

So after serving the food, the server pulled a bottle of wine from under the table.

"This is the chef's homemade mead."

"Though it's far from enough to express our gratitude."

"This is all we can offer right now."

"Please don't mind."

The server respectfully handed the mead, contained in a roughly 20 centimeters tall, fist-thick glass bottle, to Jason.

The whole process was cautious and a bit anxious.

It was only after Jason accepted the wine that the server breathed a sigh of relief.

The members waiting outside the carriage also breathed easier.

Holding the wine, Jason looked at the server in front of him, then at the others outside the carriage, nodding slightly, he said, "Thank you, I'll enjoy it."

The server, along with the members outside the carriage, bowed in return.

Then everyone dispersed.

"Jason, tricking people like this even though you don't drink, is not nice."

Taniel joked.

"It's just incidental."

"They mean no harm, and they're grateful."

"If I didn't accept, they would just continue to feel uneasy."

Jason placed the wine aside, picked up the fork and knife, and sent a whole piece of filet steak into his mouth.

The quality lean meat complemented by the perfectly-made sauce.

Especially the way it was cooked, making it feel tender and delicate as Jason's teeth met the beef.

The lamb chops, even more, brightened Jason's eyes.

Again, it was the precise cooking.

The greasy parts were crispy on the outside and tender inside, and with a slight bite, it was like biting into a lychee, with the juice carrying the unique aroma of lamb flooding the tongue.

The shrimp salad that followed excellently neutralized the previous greasiness.

The mashed potatoes were soft, and as soon as you put them in your mouth, there was a milky aroma.

This delicate texture made Jason feel like he was eating ice cream.

There's something added...

Butter!

Jason slightly smacked his tongue and tasted the secret to making the mashed potatoes taste even better.

Moreover, there was a surprise as the milky scent of the mashed potatoes gradually faded, a slight spiciness came through.

Black pepper!

Not abrupt.

Everything was seamless.

The original flavor of the potatoes, when perfectly expressed with butter and milk, was elevated to a higher level by this hint of spiciness.

"Delicious!"

"Better than I've had in the big restaurants before!"

Taniel wasn't stingy with his praise.

"Of course, the chefs cooking for the royal family are all carefully selected,"

Samen replied with a smile as he returned to the carriage.

Taniel nodded in agreement.

Jason?

At this moment, he was completely immersed in the delicious food, ignoring Samen.

"Is it enough?"

"If not, I can ask them for more."

Saying this, Samen headed towards the dining car.

The door of the carriage closed again, and Taniel scooped up the last of the mashed potatoes from his plate with a spoon and ate it in one bite. Only then did he sigh with satisfaction and look in the direction of the carriage door.

So deliberate.

In a hurry.

"Jason, it seems our Samen has received new orders."

Taniel mused.

This was no exception to Taniel.

If it were him, he would also keep a close watch on Jason and provide whatever he could.

To earn Jason's goodwill.

There's nothing wrong with that.

But, the other side lacks genuine 'sincerity'!

Seemingly respectful.

But without follow-up.

No promises, no tangible benefits.

Is the young emperor trying to 'get something for nothing'?

Taniel frowned.

The might of Prince Ruitai was beyond doubt.

Now the young emperor wanted to have his friend 'hold' the position, yet without further indication, this was obviously unacceptable.

As for 'more detailed discussions later'?

That's impossible too.

Clearly, since Prince Ruitai sent a fifth-level 'assassin', he must be very focused on this matter.

Perhaps, waiting at Tert Station...

Wait!

The young emperor isn't planning to pit Jason against Prince Ruitai in a mutually destructive conflict, is he?

Taniel paused in surprise.

Then the more he thought about it, the more it seemed possible.

Any value depends on you being alive.

Once you're dead.

There's no value at all!

Thinking of this, Taniel sat up straight, his expression becoming serious.

At this moment, Jason had just finished the last bit of food.

Wiping his mouth, he headed towards the suite.

As if he wanted to sleep after eating enough.

"Jason..."

"The great battle is about to begin."

"Before that, have a good rest."

"We still have a little time, don't rush."

Jason interrupted Taniel.

Taniel immediately understood his friend's intention, smiled, nodded, and 'sank' back into the couch, picking up a novel to read again.

Just as his friend said.

There's still a little time.

This would be their last time to relax.

So it should be cherished.

Thinking this, Taniel pressed the bell to summon the attendant.

"I need some ice-cold beer."

Taniel said.

What's more comfortable than lounging and reading a novel?

Of course, drinking ice-cold beer.

After that, as Taniel relaxed, the special train got closer and closer to Tert.

Almost cut down the original time by a quarter.

The next evening.

The special train slowly pulled into Tert.

And at the Tert train station, two distinct groups of people almost faced off on the platform.