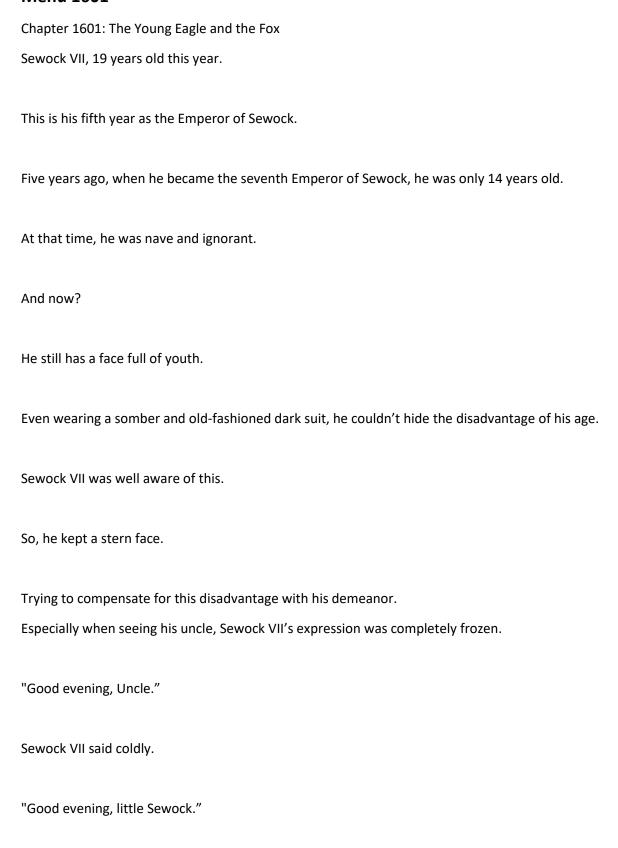
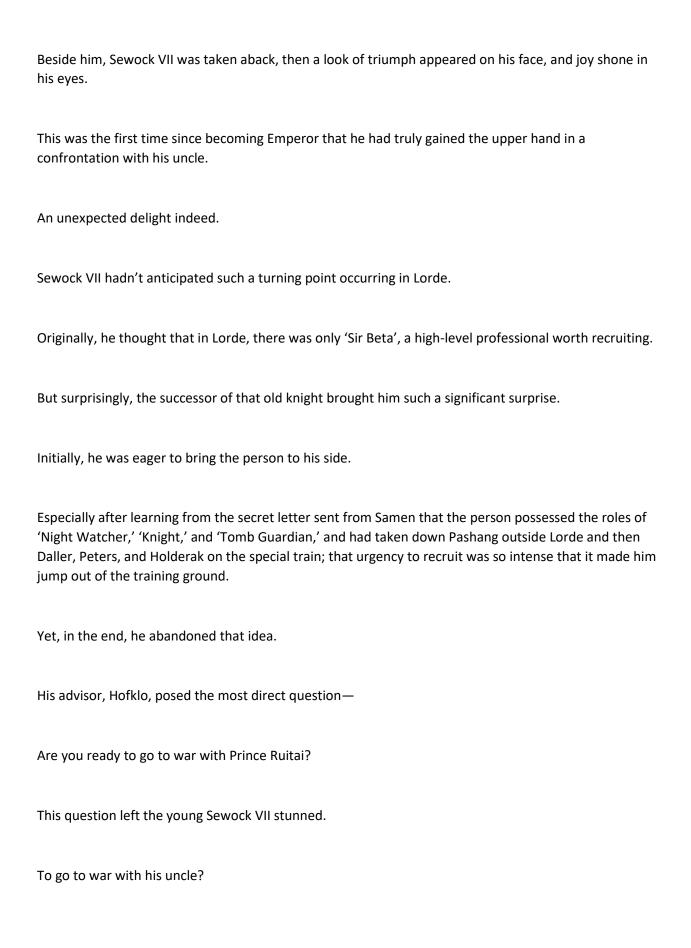
## Menu 1601

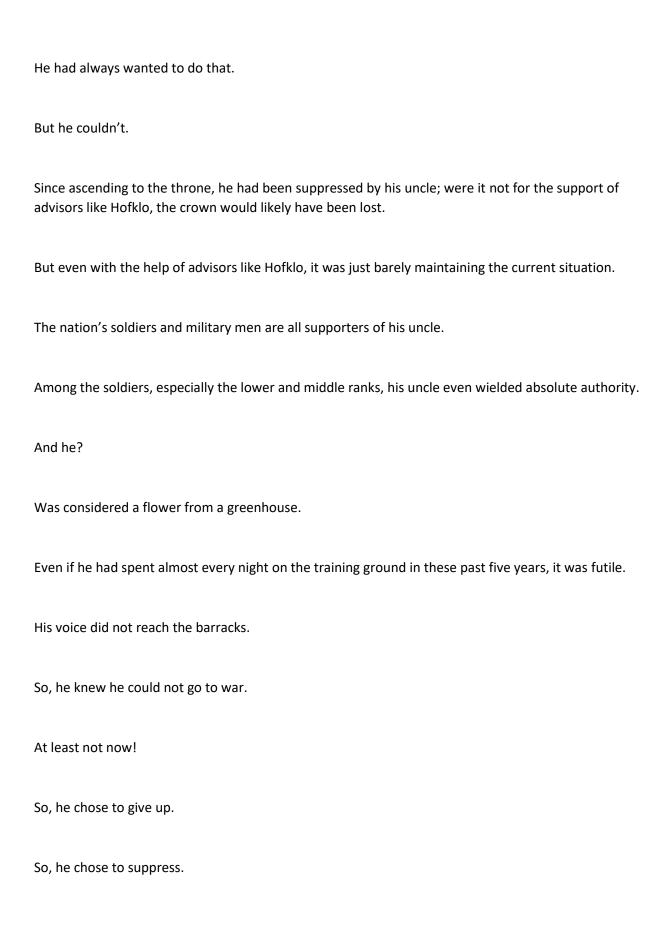


| Prince Ruitai greeted with a smile.  |
|--|
| With that smile, despite being clad in a military uniform and exuding a strong, iron-blooded aura, he appeared a bit more amiable, but the sharpness in his eyes was not diminished in the slightest, instead becoming even more piercing. |
| Like a sword that has been unsheathed.   |
| As if it might pierce through Sewock VII's heart in the next moment.   |
| Pressure!  |
| The same unrelenting pressure!   |
| The young Sewock VII struggled to withstand it.  As the Emperor of Sewock, Sewock VII had already completed the 'Transcendent Baptism' early on, and   |
| even became a 'Professional.'  |
| Moreover, he utilized the secret legacy of the Sewock royal family to adopt a variant of the 'Knight' profession, called the 'Lord.' .   |
| At this moment, he had reached the third level.  |
| However, facing the fifth-level Prince Ruitai was still beyond his capability.   |
| Sweat immediately started to bead on his forehead.   |
| Trickling down his cheeks.   |

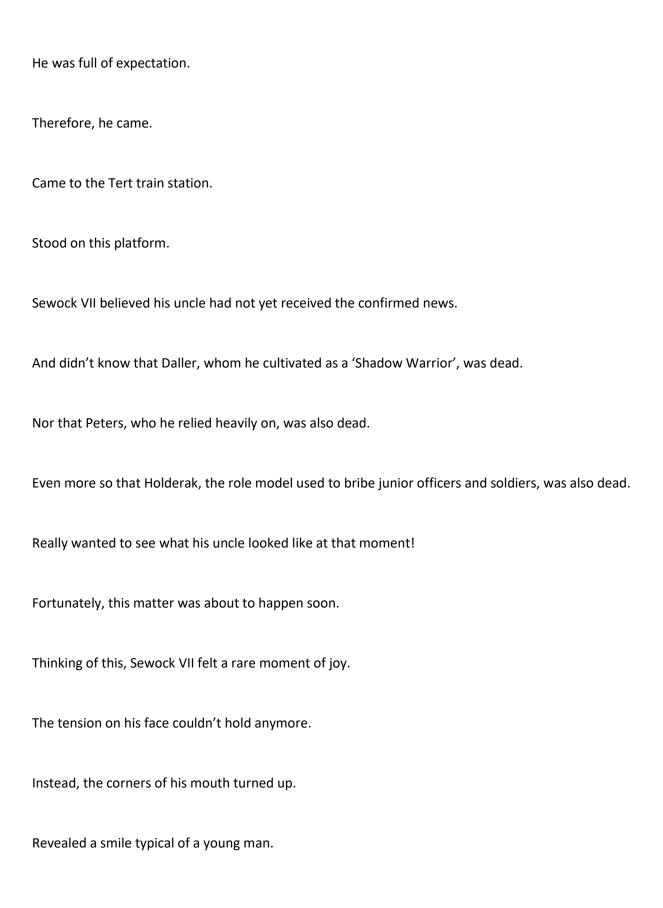
| Prince Ruitai seemed to appreciate the scene before him, incrementally increasing the pressure, while Sewock VII persisted, his sweat accumulating more and more.                                       |
|---|
| Just as Sewock VII's body swayed, about to make a fool of himself, a figure stood in front of him.  |
| This was a well-groomed middle-aged man.  |
| His attire wasn't a ceremonial robe, nor a military uniform, but a long robe.   |
| However, it wasn't a long robe in the traditional sense; it had been modified at the shoulders and waist, looking like a robe, but wouldn't impede walking, and it also had a hood to conceal the face. |
| But at this moment, the hood was down.  |
| The exposed face of the middle-aged man showed anger.   |
| "Your Highness Prince, please moderate your actions."   |
| The middle-aged man reprimanded Prince Ruitai's behavior.   |
| "Oh."   |
| Prince Ruitai elongated his tone, looking at the middle-aged man, and the pressure that had been exerted on Sewock VII was instantly shifted onto the middle-aged man before him.                       |
| No longer was it a gradual increase, but an instant surge.  |
| And,  |
| With no restraint!  |

| Roar!   |
|---|
| With a low dragon roar, the middle-aged man standing in front of Sewock VII instantly had a pale complexion; his body swayed a moment before stumbling and falling to the ground. |
| "Advisor Hofklo, it seems your health isn't very good, you must be careful."  |
| Looking at the fallen middle-aged advisor, Prince Ruitai feigned concern.   |
| "You!"  |
| Sewock VII glared angrily at his uncle, but before he could finish speaking, Hofklo grabbed his hand.   |
| The intense grip quickly brought Sewock VII back to his senses.   |
| He halted his words.  |
| His eyes were filled with unwillingness.  |
| With a pale face, Hofklo struggled to get up.   |
| "I've been occupied with matters occurring in Lorde lately, haven't been resting well. Thank you for your concern, Your Highness Prince."   |
| Hofklo replied.   |
| Prince Ruitai's eyebrows furrowed slightly.   |









| Not until his advisor Hofklo lightly cleared his throat did the young Emperor suppress his smile. |
|---|
| Prince Ruitai watched this scene without saying much.   |
| His aura just became increasingly formidable.   |
| So much so that the people around didn't dare to breathe loudly.                                  |
| And the conversation ended right then and there.  |
| No one around was surprised by this.  |
| For five years, every meeting between the two was like this.                                      |
| Just a few words.   |
| Sharp confrontation.  |
| Sewock VII and Prince Ruitai stood side by side on the platform, no more than a step apart.       |
| But this step was like a chasm.   |
| Completely separating the two.  |
| Time passed by second by second.  |
| When the sky was completely dark, in the distance—  |
| Woo!  |

| The whistle sounded.   |
|--|
| Everyone waiting felt invigorated.   |
| The young Sewock VII couldn't wait and took a small step forward.  |
| Finally, upon regaining his senses, he managed to hold back.   |
| Whereas Prince Ruitai remained unmoved.  |
| Closer.  |
| Even closer.   |
| Finally, the 'Royal Train' stopped by the platform.  |
| Click!   |
| The door opened!   |
| Instantly, everyone's eyes were drawn there.   |
| Samen walked down.   |
| The officially appointed head of the Lord 'Mystical Side', looked a bit off, the whole person seemed somewhat dazed. |
| Sewock VII noticed this.   |



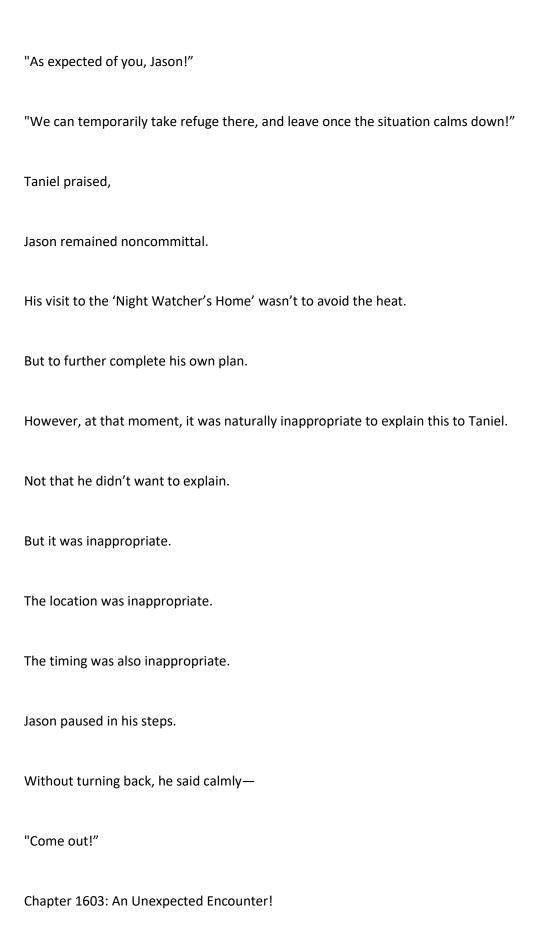


| Prince Ruitai paused, looking at his nephew.   |
|--|
| "Little Walker, it seems you have truly grown up."   |
| Prince Ruitai squinted his eyes slightly.  |
| "Hmm."   |
| "Just like you, Uncle, are growing old."   |
| The young emperor nodded, retorting softly.  |
| The conversation between the two was only heard by them, as those around, including Samen, had already moved far away when Prince Ruitai approached. |
| Prince Ruitai looked at Emperor Sewock VII.  |
| After a good four or five seconds, he continued.   |
| "Not bad."   |
| It didn't sound polite.  |
| Nor did it sound perfunctory.  |
| Rather, it seemed a bit like a compliment.   |
| But Emperor Sewock VII frowned.  |

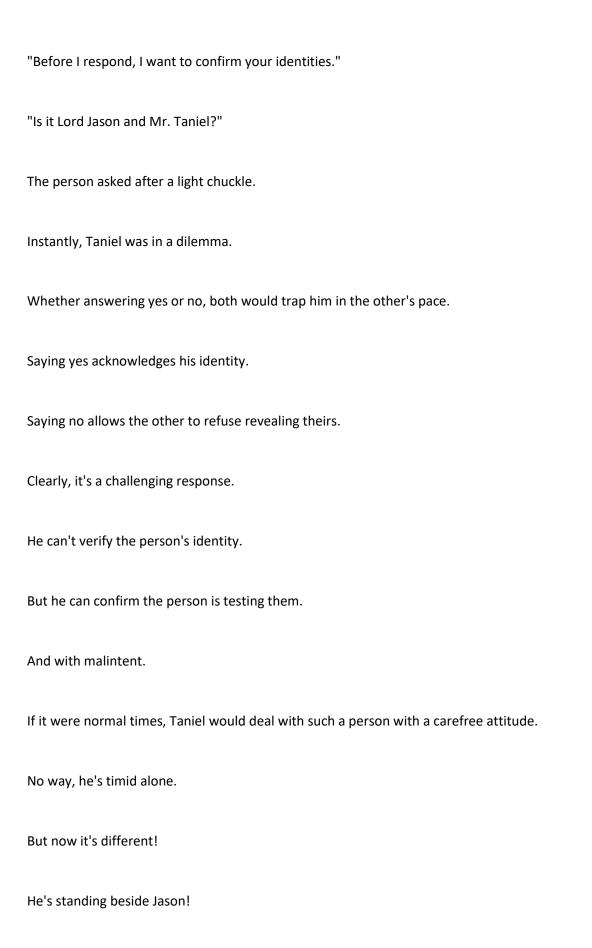
| Anyone might compliment him, but Prince Ruitai never would.  |
|--|
| What does he want to do?   |
| Emperor Sewock VII thought to himself, wanting to say more, but Prince Ruitai turned and left.   |
| Watching the retreating figure of Prince Ruitai and his party, Emperor Sewock VII frowned and instinctively looked at his advisor. Only when Hofklo signaled to leave did the young emperor step away. |
| An anticipated battle did not occur.   |
| It could even be said to have fizzled out anticlimactically.   |
| This left those who had been watching with some disappointment.  |
| Meanwhile, a question arose in the minds of these people and forces.   |
| Where did Jason go?  |
|  |
| "Jason, where are we going?"   |
| Walking through the familiar streets of Tert, disguised with a fake mustache and a wig, Taniel whispered to the similarly disguised Jason beside him.  |
| Compared to his previously towering height, Jason now looked completely average in height.   |
| With the fake mustache and wig disguising him, he appeared completely unremarkable.  |

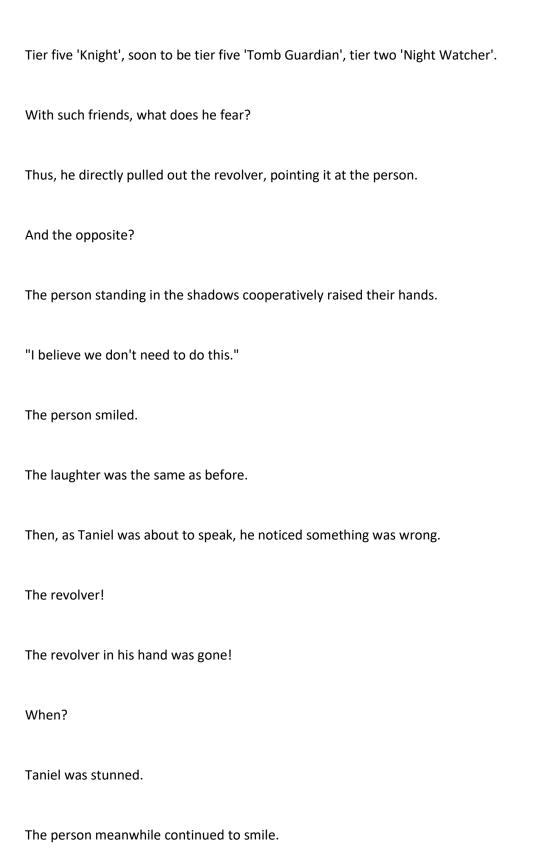
| Master-level [Barehanded Combat] with extra proficiency in [Bone Reduction] easily allowed Jason to achieve this, which amazed Taniel, seeing such a secret technique for the first time. |
|---|
| However, compared to [Bone Reduction], Taniel was more curious about where they were heading now.   |
| Earlier, after a brief rest, Jason had knocked Samen out.   |
| Taniel even fed Samen some potion.  |
| It was a sleep-inducing potion.   |
| Taniel carefully controlled the dosage, hoping Samen would sleep a while longer.  |
| After doing this, they informed the train's staff that they were going to rest, and completely shut the carriage doors.   |
| Then, they exited the train early through the window.   |
| "Night Watcher's Home!"   |
| Jason replied.  |
| "Night Watcher's Home?"   |
| Taniel was stunned, then realized.  |
| In Tert, the 'Night Watcher's Home' is considered the only point of gathering on the surface for the 'Night Watchers' in Sewock.  |

| It is extremely friendly to every 'Night Watcher'.  |
|---|
| It is said that not only is lodging and food free, but it also offers help to every 'Night Watcher'.  |
| Of course, only to the extent they can afford.  |
| If it exceeds a certain limit, extra charges apply  |
| Still, this is more than sufficient.  |
| Jason is a 'Night Watcher'!   |
| He is Jason's friend!   |
| Which makes him half a 'Night Watcher'!  Getting inadvertently caught up in the young emperor and Prince Ruitai's conflict, entering the 'Night |
| Watcher's Home' to avoid the conflict is indeed a perfect choice.   |
| After all, even Prince Ruitai wouldn't recklessly disturb the 'Night Watcher's Home'.   |
| Even if he knew they were inside the 'Night Watcher's Home', the same applies.  |
| Unless he wanted to declare war on all the 'Night Watchers'.  |
| "A good choice!"  |
|   |



| Jason, Taniel has complete trust in him.   |
|--|
| Therefore, upon hearing Jason's indifferent words, almost instinctively, Taniel's hand gripped the revolver hidden beneath his clothes.  |
| At the same time, his gaze shifted behind him.   |
| Not far behind, a figure slowly emerged.   |
| In the night interwoven with shadows, the person in a long robe and hood completely concealed their figure and appearance, making it impossible for Taniel to discern any features, not even their gender. |
| "Good evening, gentlemen."   |
| The person's voice was hoarse, clearly with a deeper attempt to disguise.  |
| Taniel frowned and, noticing Jason had no intention to speak, promptly responded in tacit agreement.   |
| "Who are you?"   |
| Taniel asked in a deep voice.  |
| His hand on the gun's grip began to slowly pull the hammer.  |
| Although someone obscured is not necessarily bad.  |
| Yet necessary vigilance must be maintained.  |
| "Hehe."  |
|  |







| Stronger than in the intel!   |
|---|
| The person thought to themselves.   |
| Facing a strong one, the demeanor naturally changed.  |
| Especially as a chill arrived in the air, even unseen, he could feel 'Undead's peering' should be around him. |
| And not just one!   |
| Very powerful!  |
| Professional!   |
| Controlling 'Professionals' as an Undead!   |
| 'Corpse-speaking Contract' huh?   |
| This means the high-tier Tomb Guardian info is true!  |
| Concluding this, the 'stranger', with raised hands, emerged from the shadows, slowly removing their hood.     |
| A young man with an ordinary face.  |
| Razored short hair, as if shaved close to the scalp.  |

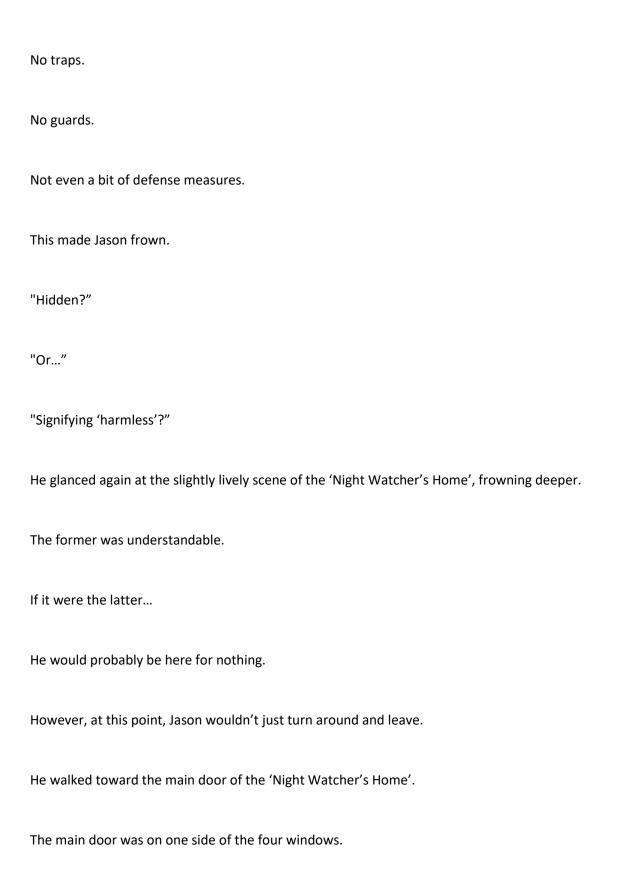
| A nose ring pierced through the center, not to the side, resembling a bull's ring.  |
|---|
| As he walked, he spoke.   |
| "I'm 'Rasol', from that 'Alliance'—if Lord Jason you have indeed inherited Lord Tercon's legacy, you won't be unfamiliar with this 'Alliance'." |
| "That 'Alliance'?!"   |
| Jason's eyes narrowed.  |
| After reading Tercon's notes, Jason paid close attention to that 'Alliance'.  |
| He suspected if they lurk in Tert's shadows.  |
| Spying everything Tert-related, plotting a larger scheme.   |
| Only Jason didn't expect they'd directly seek him out.  |
| "What are you here for?"  |
| Jason inquired directly.  |
| He didn't ask about the 'Alliance's' name or anything like that.  |
| Because the person wouldn't say.  |
| Instead of asking questions they wouldn't answer, it's better to directly ask their purpose.  |

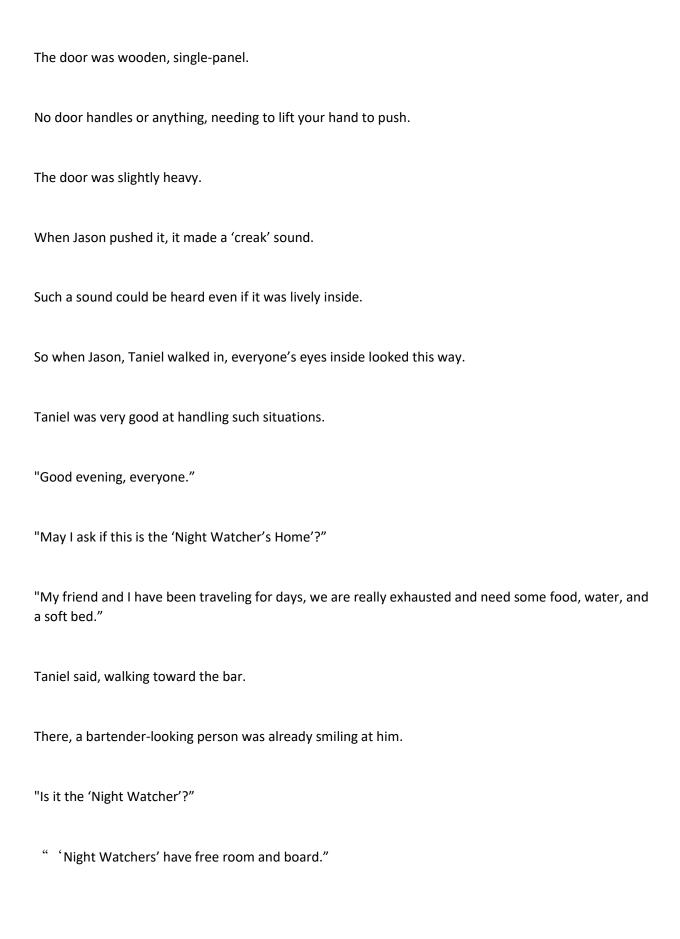




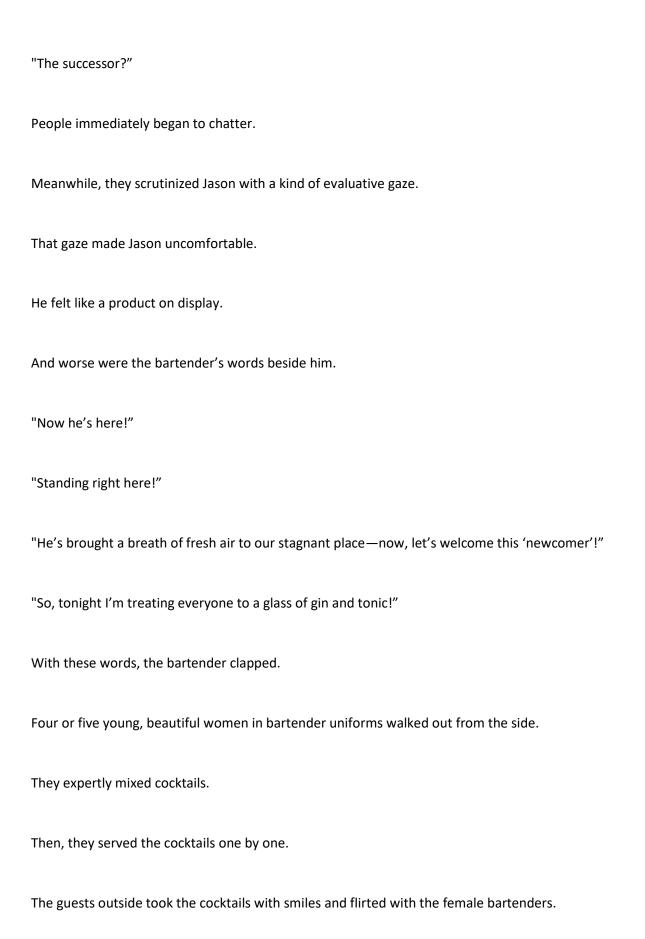
| Jason couldn't know.   |
|--|
| However, that bad premonition made a greater sense of urgency rise in his heart.   |
| He had to quickly get what he wanted from the 'Night Watcher's Home'.  |
| Although Taniel didn't know about the 'Alliance', his friend Jason's change was enough to make this teacher from Deer Academy realize that things seemed to be heading in a bad direction.           |
| He cursed the unfair fate in his heart, then gritted his teeth, followed Jason, and quickened his pace.  |
| According to his plan, after meeting Jason again, even if they didn't appear in a delicious upscale restaurant, they should have gone to a place with sunshine, beaches, and seaside for a vacation. |
| Two people wearing big floral shorts, short sleeves, holding coconuts, and leisurely lying on lounge chairs, chatting.   |
| When tired, take a nap.  |
| When awake, find local delicacies to eat and drink.  |
| After spending a long, leisurely vacation, they would go back to work.   |
| After working for two or three months, they would go on vacation again.  |
| Taniel had thought about this many times.  |
| But in reality?  |
| Unknown dangers appeared again.  |

| Moreover, it seemed to be something that even the now greatly improved Jason still could not handle.  |
|---|
| "What the hell are these guys up to?"   |
| Taniel thought in his heart, his steps nonstop.   |
| Soon, the two bypassed an alley and came to a slightly dilapidated three-story stone and wood building.   |
| The first and second floors were entirely made of stone.  |
| The third floor was an added structure, built with wood.  |
| The first floor had four windows; standing outside and looking through the windows, you could see tables, chairs, stools, and people coming and going, some sitting together drinking and laughing, others silent.                    |
| There was also a bar, glasses, barrels, etc.  |
| From this angle, it looked like a small tavern.   |
| However, there was no sign.   |
| In fact, ordinary people couldn't see these at all.   |
| Because at the alley entrance under the 'Duke Street 33' sign, stood a formation composed of 'Dufol Language', which had no attack or defense effect, only expelled ordinary people who hadn't undergone the 'Mystical Side Baptism'. |
| And this was the only thing in Jason's view that could be called 'alert'.   |





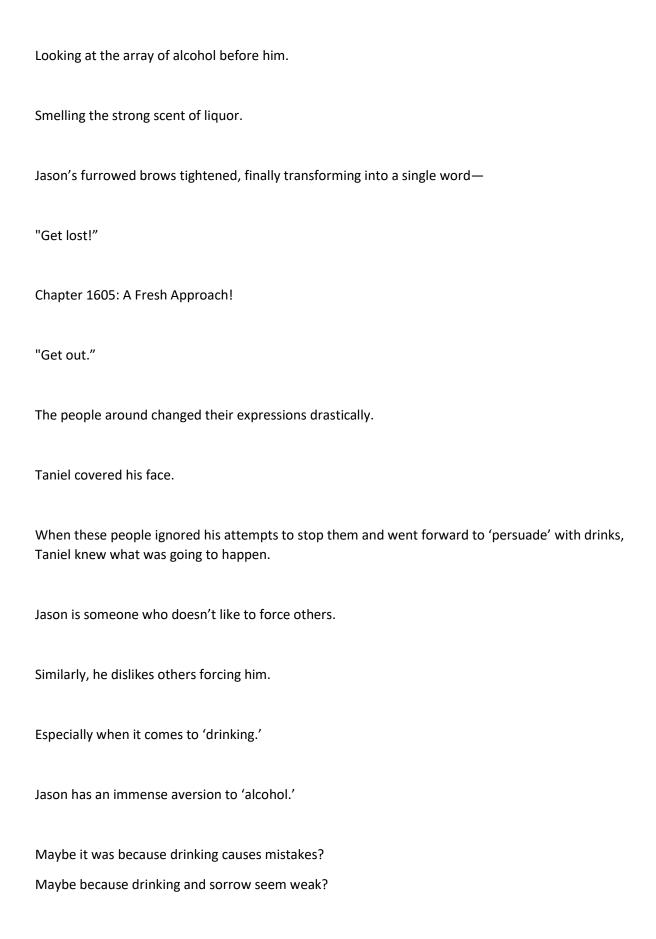
| The other person asked.   |
|---|
| "I'm not, my friend is."  |
| Taniel pointed to Jason beside him.   |
| "Welcome, new friend."  |
| "Could you show your 'Night Watchman Certificate'?"   |
| The other person asked with a smile.  |
| Jason directly pulled out the 'Night Watchman Certificate' and handed it over.  |
| The person was slightly startled when opening the 'Night Watchman Certificate', then picked up a spoor and lightly tapped a glass nearby. |
| Ding!   |
| The crisp sound of the glass drew everyone's gaze back.   |
| After confirming everyone was looking, the person resembling a bartender began to speak—  |
| "Have you ever heard the name Jason?"   |
| "Jason?"  |
| "Jason from Lorde?"   |



| The words were lewd.  |
|---|
| The expressions were frivolous.   |
| Not at all like 'Night Watchers'.   |
| However, not all, as at least in the corner, a few people remained silent.                      |
| "Corrupted?"  |
| "Fallen?"   |
| "Seeking pleasure?"   |
| Taniel thought while blocking the offered cocktail for Jason.                                   |
| "He doesn't drink."   |
| Taniel said.  |
| The woman holding the drink glanced at Jason regretfully, then cast a seductive look at Taniel. |
| Taniel shivered.  |
| He swore, last time he tried a certain potion, a sow looked at him just like that.              |
| "Thank you!"  |

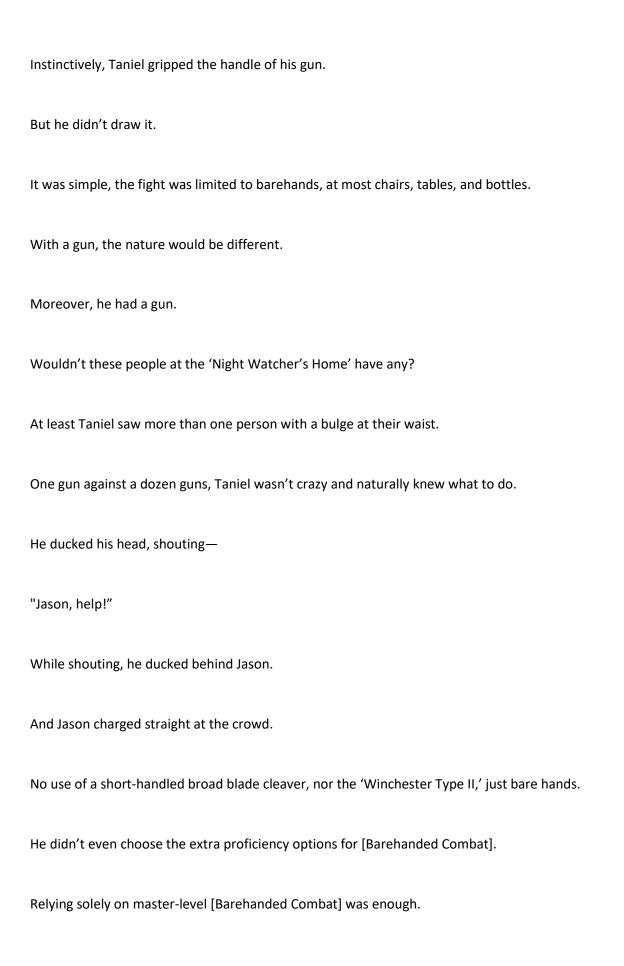






| Taniel didn't know the reason, but he knew they were in trouble now.   |
|--|
| The people around them had angry expressions, with unfriendly looks.   |
| A few short-tempered individuals even rolled up their sleeves directly.  |
| And Jason?   |
| Even more direct.  |
| He grabbed the collar of the nearest person who had rolled up their sleeves and tossed them out.   |
| The first, the second, the third   |
| By the time Taniel returned to Jason's side, a good seven or eight guys had been thrown out, landing with gritted teeth, groaning incessantly. |
| "Gentlemen! Gentlemen!"  |
| "Don't misunderstand!"   |
| "My friend is just"  |
| Taniel loudly explained.   |
| In Tert, they could be said to be 'alone,' with a host of enemies instead.   |
| Prince Ruitai, that was undoubted.   |

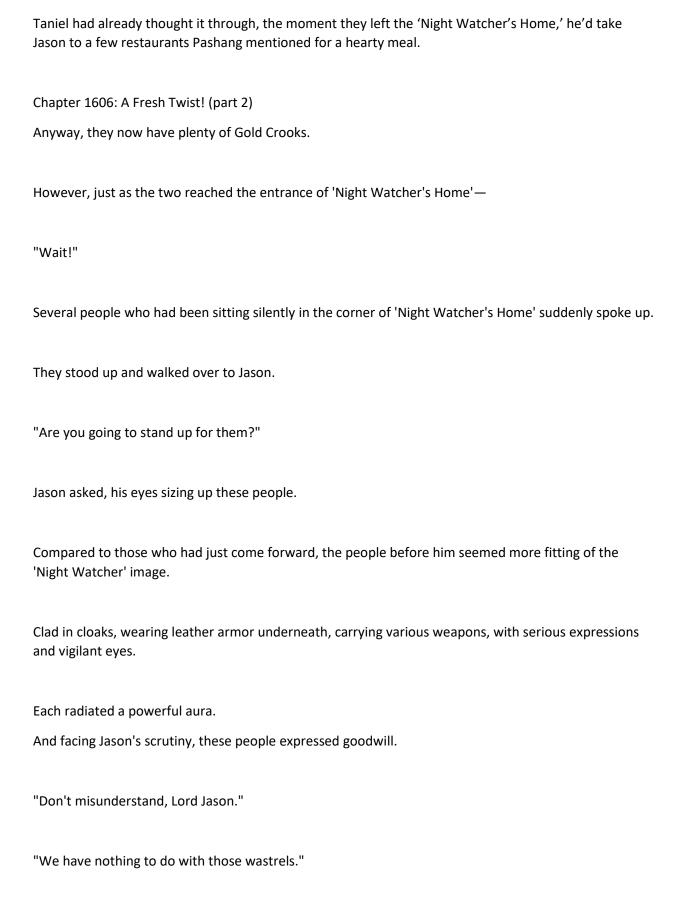
| That Seventh Sewock, you could count him as a half.  |
|--|
| And then there was the so-called 'Alliance,' which stirred an apprehension in his heart.               |
| So, at this moment, Taniel sincerely didn't want Jason to make more enemies.                           |
| Therefore, he explained.   |
| He hoped to handle this matter in a more peaceful way.   |
| At worst, they'd pay compensation and leave.   |
| Taniel thought it out well, but before he could finish speaking, a chair flew over.                    |
| Bang!  |
| Taniel dodged to the side, and the chair scraped by him, heavily smashing into a wall, then shattered. |
| It was extremely powerful!   |
| Clearly, the opponent wasn't kidding.  |
| They were serious!   |
| "Wait!"  |
| Taniel still wanted to explain, but the people around didn't give him a chance and charged at him.     |



| Whoosh!  |
|--|
| He tilted his head, dodging a punch aimed at his face. Before the opponent could withdraw the punch, Jason grabbed their wrist, yanking them forward to use their body as protection against incoming blows. His legs whipped like lashes, repeatedly striking on either side. |
| Smack! Smack! Smack!   |
| A crisp sound followed by a muffled thud every time.   |
| Followed by the sound of a charging guy hitting the ground.  |
| The brawl started suddenly.  |
| And ended even quicker.  |
| The advantage of numbers didn't exist in front of Jason.   |
| In fact, by the time everyone who had rushed him was down, they hadn't touched Jason, not even a bit of his clothes.   |
| Jason glanced at the people on the ground groaning in pain and then retracted his gaze.  |
| He hadn't struck to kill.  |
| Otherwise, these guys would've been dead with one encounter.   |
| This was the 'Night Watcher's Home.'   |



| Jason chuckled lightly, responding with the same answer as before.  |
|---|
| If he hadn't confirmed this was the 'Night Watcher's Home,' he would've thought he'd wandered into some club—a kind of high-charging, membership-entry-only club. |
| "Sir Jason, how can you speak to us like this, we were sincerely"   |
| The lead lady among the four tried to say something more, but Jason no longer paid attention to her.  |
| "Let's go."   |
| Jason called to Taniel, who had somehow gotten under the table.   |
| "Coming."   |
| Taniel immediately crawled out from under the table and followed behind Jason.  |
| This Deer Academy teacher and second advisor of the Lorde police department could see that Jason was in a bad mood.   |
| That kind of expectation followed by disappointment.  |
| No one would feel good.   |
| His good friend was no exception.   |
| In times like these, naturally a big feast was needed.  |
|   |



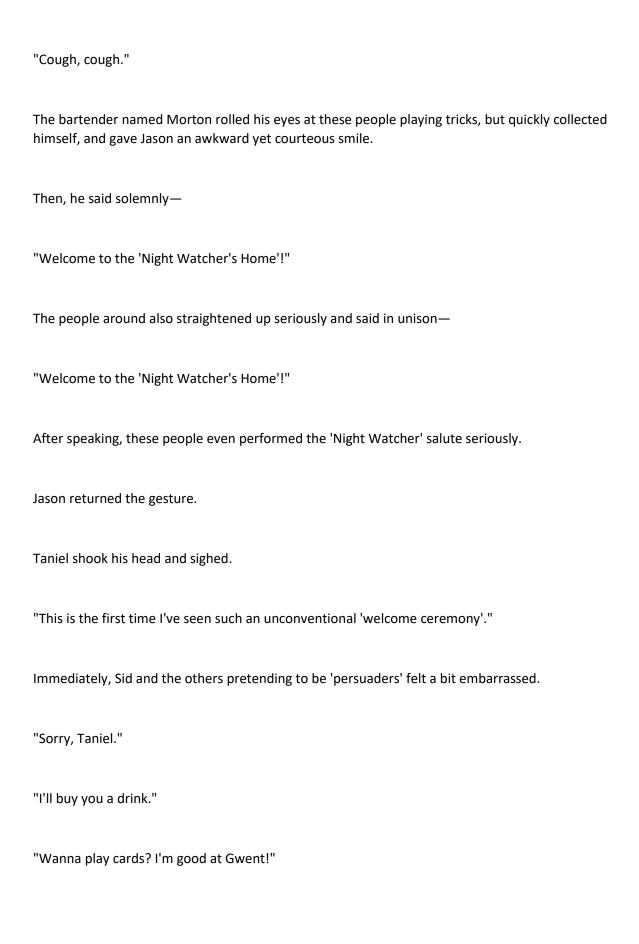


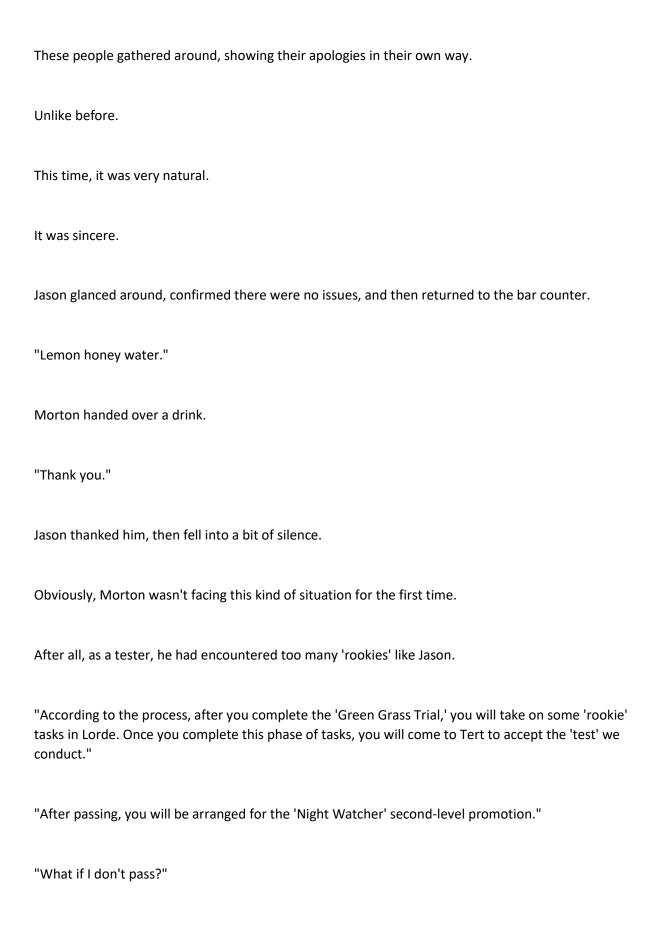
| "Unlike these idlers waiting for death, we've been quietly developing."  |
|--|
| "Now we have a considerable foundation, so, as long as Lord Jason agrees, you can receive a substantial amount of Gold Crooks, along with the corresponding secret technique." |
| "Even if you wish to complete the 'Night Watcher' advancement, we can assist you."   |
| The other party said, extending a hand to shake with Jason.  |
| Jason glanced down, his brows slightly furrowed.   |
| "Not interested."  |
| Jason said, nodding to Taniel, and turned to leave.  |
| He genuinely had no interest now in getting involved in any 'power struggle' drama.  |
| Even if it would bring significant rewards.  |
| Because he had no time!  |
| A sense of crisis had quietly emerged in his intuition the moment he stepped into Tert.  |
| Like oppressive dark clouds.   |
| A sensation of impending storm.  |
| Makes Jason unable to breathe.   |



| With a crisp sound, the spoon tapped against the glass, producing a clear ring.   |
|---|
| The bartender, who had played the invisible man from the start, appeared again.   |
| He smiled, clapped softly.  |
| "Congratulations on passing."   |
| With these words, those who were still lying on the ground, wincing in pain just a moment ago, sprang to their feet with hearty smiles, applauding Jason. |
| "Congratulations on passing!"   |
| Jason's hand froze on the door.   |
| He frowned and turned around.   |
| Those individuals who seemed like 'Night Watchers' shrugged helplessly one after another.   |
| "Don't look at us."   |
| "We're just following orders."  |
| "Everyone who comes to 'Night Watcher's Home' undergoes a similar test."  |
| "But for someone like Jason, having everyone act together is a first."  |
| Among the group that appeared quite like 'Night Watchers', the leader stepped forward with a bitter smile.  |







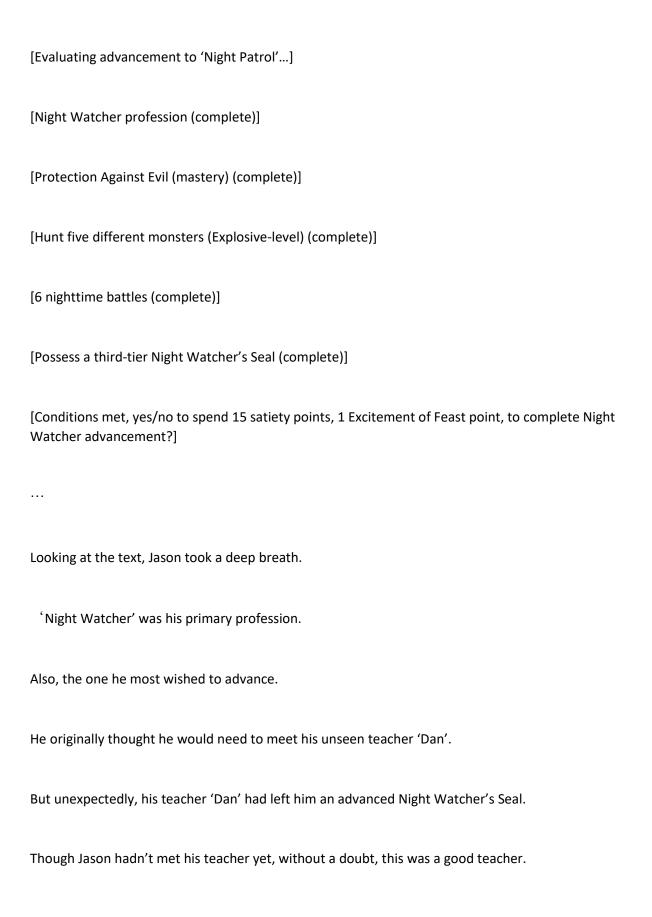
| Jason asked.   |
|--|
| "Then you have to complete the 'Green Grass Trial' again, and there's a high probability you'll get beaten up by 'Dan' — then you'll become one of Sid or Elpa, complete the three-year test task, and only then can you be promoted to 'Night Watcher' second level." |
| "What's that expression?"  |
| "Don't overthink it, every 'Professional' is invaluable, and 'Night Watchers' are no exception."   |
| "Besides, we're not as cruel as you think."  |
| "Judging someone by one exam, their whole life?"   |
| "Don't be ridiculous!"   |
| "Who doesn't make mistakes?"   |
| The gray-haired bartender Morton smiled and pointed to Sid and Elpa, who had made mistakes.  |
| They were the leaders of the 'persuaders' and 'pretend Night Watchers' groups, respectively.   |
| Seeing Morton's gesture, they immediately waved to Jason.  |
| Jason nodded in response.  |
| It felt quite human.   |
|  |

| Jason remained silent, listening as Morton continued to speak.  |
|---|
| "But you're different, Jason."  |
| "Your experience in Lorde makes you, at your age, far surpass your peers."  |
| "Even we old guys are no match for you."  |
| "Therefore, Lord Gren An arranged such a test."   |
| Morton explained.   |
| "As for such a test?"   |
| "It's to test your will, to see if you'll change because of external factors, right?"   |
| "After all, a 'Night Watcher' who is persuaded, tempted by beauty, and seduced by power and profit can't be called a true 'Night Watcher', just an apprentice." |
| As soon as Morton finished speaking, Sid and Elpa responded from afar.  |
| "Apprentices greet you."  |
| After speaking, they even bowed formally, causing everyone around to burst into laughter.   |
| Morton also laughed along with them.  |
| Jason thought for a moment, nodding as if acknowledging Morton's explanation, definitely not because of Morton's following words—                               |

"Once the test is passed, a well-deserved reward awaits you." Chapter 1607: On the Verge... Success in One Stroke! Morton, the elderly bartender at the 'Night Watcher's Home', waved at Jason, signaling for him to follow. Jason gave Taniel a glance, and after the latter nodded slightly, he walked around the bar and entered this was a room located behind the bar's liquor cabinet, accessible through a small door on the side of the cabinet. The small door was less than one and a half meters tall, requiring one to stoop to enter, and taking a step forward revealed a downward staircase, easily missed if not warned. There were five steps, and once descended, one could straighten upright. A room of about 30 square meters with a fireplace. It wasn't electrified; instead, it used candles. Morton placed the candlestick on the table; apart from this table, the room had four small sofas, a circular coffee table, and not far away was a shelf stocked with alcohol, beverages, and food. The alcohol was ordinary. The food was dried provisions. Jason glanced down at the knife and cutting board on the table with the candlestick. Could this be a small gathering place?







| From the initial cautious guidance, to having prepared everything now in advance, all indicated this.   |
|---|
| Sitting across, Morton clearly guessed Jason's thoughts.  |
| The old bartender laughed.  |
| "We 'Night Watchers' differ from other professions, we don't have the 'Pharmacist's' multiple pupils, nor the strict adherence of the 'Knight', nor the mutual killing among 'Tomb Guardians'." |
| "Every 'Night Watcher' is a unique lineage; hence every 'Night Watcher' treats their apprentice with great care."   |
| "'Dan' was no exception."   |
| "Maybe you didn't know."  |
| "Before accepting you as his apprentice, 'Dan' sought psychological counseling from 'Gren An' the owner—he feared he couldn't be a good teacher."   |
| "At the time, he was so anxious that he wrote an entire notebook's worth of 'teaching apprentice' tips and even had 'Gren An' supplement them—three times over."                                |
| The old bartender shared some secrets and amusing stories.  |
| Jason listened quietly.   |
| He didn't mind learning more about 'Dan'.   |
| This would aid him in understanding 'Dan'.  |



| "Well done, young man."  |
|--|
| Having said that, he handed over the fourth-tier 'Night Watcher's Token' to Jason.   |
| Jason received it with both hands.   |
| The words immediately gushed like a spring—  |
| [Collecting advanced profession information for the Night Watcher]   |
| [Collection complete!]   |
| [Determining advanced profession 'Sleepless One' for the Night Watcher]  |
| [Night Watcher profession (incomplete)]  |
| [Protection Against Evil (Expert) (complete)]  |
| [Hunting three different monsters (Strong level) (complete)]   |
| [9 night battles (complete)]   |
| [Possess fourth-tier 'Night Watcher's Token' (complete)]   |
| [Conditions met, spend 20 points of satiety and 2 points of Excitement of Feast to complete the Night Watcher's advancement? Yes/No] |
| •••  |

| Sleepless One?   |
|--|
| The fourth-tier profession of the 'Night Watcher' is 'Sleepless One'.  |
| According to the experience of the 'Tomb Guardian', each profession experiences what is almost a cross-stage enhancement at the 'fourth tier'. |
| Just like the [Corpse-speaking Contract] and [Resurrection Skeleton] of the 'Corpse-speaker' at the fourth tier.                               |
| So what would the 'Sleepless One' be?  |
| Jason speculated.  |
| Across from him, Morton's heart began to panic slightly.   |
| Wouldn't it be found out?  |
| Damn it!   |
| I knew I couldn't do it!   |
| Anyone would get suspicious if benefits are forced upon them like this!  |
| Even if it's for the other person's good, it might backfire!   |
| How should I remedy this?  |
| How should I remedy this?  |

| As Morton thought, he cleared his throat softly.  |
|---|
| "These are all what you've earned."   |
| Morton emphasized, then paused for about one or two seconds before continuing, "As for the fifth tier of the 'Night Watcher', I don't have a fifth-tier Night Watcher's Token — in fact, it's not just me, as far as I know, there isn't a fifth-tier Night Watcher's Token right now." |
| "After all, there's the limitation of 'profession' numbers."  |
| "You know about this, right?"   |
| Morton was worried Jason didn't know, so he asked directly.   |
| Jason nodded.   |
| "Good that you know."   |
| "There's another point where the 'Night Watcher' differs from other professions, which is concerning the making of the 'Night Watcher's Token'—unlike other professions, aside from accidental death, our 'Night Watcher's Token' is inheritance."                                      |
| "Inheritance?"  |
| Jason looked up curiously.  |
| "Yes, inheritance."   |
| "Do you know why each generation of 'Night Watcher' only consists of master and apprentice?"  |

| Morton asked.  |
|--|
| When Jason shook his head, the old bartender immediately said,   |
| "Because each apprentice of a generation inherits their master's 'Night Watcher's Token'!"   |
| "Using the secret technique of the 'Night Watcher', it keeps the level of the 'Night Watcher's Token' as high as possible, making it easier for the inheritor to reach a high-tier 'profession'.   |
| "Of course, one's own 'Night Watcher's Token' will reappear somewhere else, in a beginner form, and at this time, the 'Night Watcher' needs to find their own 'successor'—each 'Night Watcher's Token' has its own mark, and though it's difficult to search, it's not impossible. |
| "And 'Dan' inherited his teacher's token."   |
| "In the future, you will need to inherit 'Dan', or"  |
| "Advance to the fifth tier yourself."  |
| Morton shared the secrets of the 'Night Watcher'.  |
| "What does the fifth tier require?"  |
| Jason asked directly.  |
| Hearing such a question, Morton smiled.  |
| As if to say, of course.   |

| The 'Night Watcher' follows tradition yet is not bound by tradition.   |
|--|
| The most straightforward example is that each 'Night Watcher' retains the inheritance at the last moment of life, but no 'Night Watcher' rests on their laurels.                 |
| They choose to strive by themselves, then leave everything to their apprentices.   |
| And the apprentices?   |
| They also strive by themselves, working hard to improve themselves.  |
| Trying their best to reach or even surpass the level of their masters.   |
| Then, they wish their master a long life.  |
| And themselves?  |
| Find an 'accidentally' lost 'Night Watcher' to take as an apprentice, while carefully instructing them, once again advancing themselves, leaving everything to their apprentice. |
| It's not just one or two 'Night Watchers' who do this.   |
| All 'Night Watchers' do this.  |
| Morton is no exception.  |
| So, Morton 'clearly understands' what Jason is thinking right now.   |
| No wonder he's one of us 'Night Watchers'!   |





| He pointed outside.  |
|--|
| "I still have to greet those guys."  |
| "Jason, is there anything else you need to know?"  |
| Morton asked.  |
| To divert Jason's attention and to cover up, he had already said enough.   |
| If he said more, he might truly be giving something away.  |
| "Nothing else."  |
| "Thank you."   |
| Jason shook his head, picked up all the snacks on the table, stuffed them into his pocket, downed his drink in one go, then stood up and walked outside with Morton. |
| "The 'Night Watcher's Home' can be your refuge."   |
| "We will provide you with free food and lodging here."   |
| "Of course, protection as well."   |
| Morton said while walking.   |
| "There are no obligations, and certainly no mandatory requirements."   |

| "The 'Night Watcher' has a complete economic system. Most of those retired old folks will entrust their wealth to the 'Night Watcher's Home', and the extra wealth generated, apart from pensions, is enough to run the entire 'Night Watcher's Home'." $\grave{RaNe}\beta Es$ |
|--|
| "Of course, we must thank those who failed the tests."   |
| "Not only do they have to work for free, but their teachers also have to donate a large sum to the 'Night Watcher's Home' for their apprentices."  |
| "So, when those teachers use a cane on their apprentices, they do it with extra force."  |
| The bartender raised his voice when he said this.  |
| By this time, Jason and the old bartender had already walked out of the small gathering room.  |
| So, Sid, Elpa, and the others heard it all clearly.  |
| These people inexplicably felt pain all over.  |
| When their teachers caned them, they really didn't hold back.  |
| They were not only harsh but also heavy-handed.  |
| None of the people present could get out of bed after being caned.   |
| The ones who needed to rest for a day were few.  |
| Those who needed a week were many.   |
| Sid and Elpa were the latter.  |

| So at this time, hearing the bartender's words, they immediately gave the bartender the middle finger. |
|--|
| "Jason, don't look at this old guy acting all smug now, he was an 'apprentice' back in the day."       |
| "Yeah!"  |
| "And a three-time 'apprentice' at that."   |
| Sid, Elpa began to reveal Morton's old history.  |
| The old bartender just smiled quietly without getting angry.   |
| He just said flatly.   |
| "Next month, Sid, Elpa, double tasks."   |
| As the words fell.   |
| Sid, Elpa wailed.  |
| "No, please!"  |
| "It'll be the death of us!"  |
| "We beg you, spare us!"  |
| The surrounding 'apprentices' all started to boo.  |



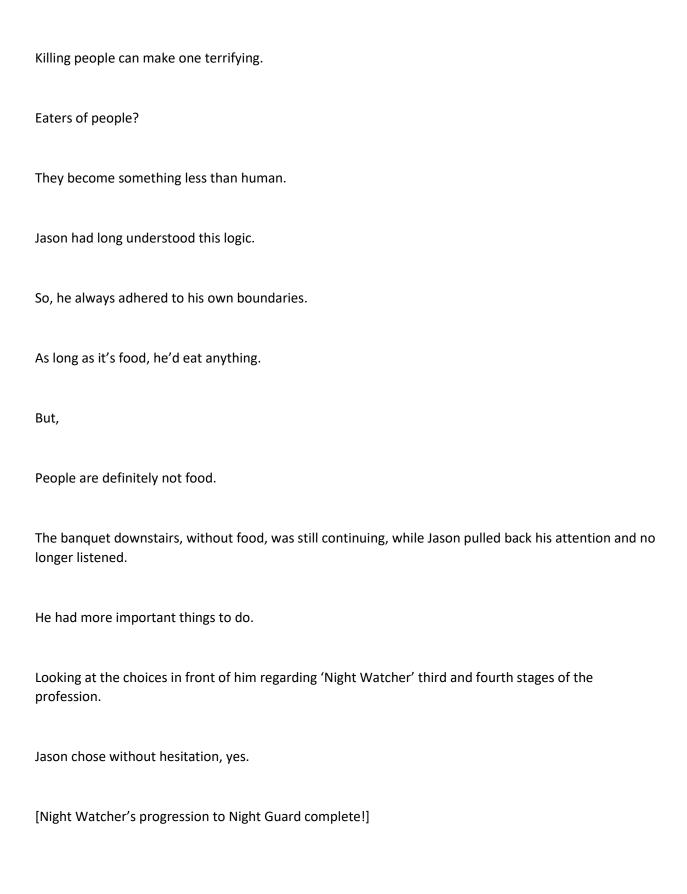
| Because there was no more food.  |
|--|
| Stored at the 'Night Watcher's Home', enough food for 20 people for three months was devoured by Jason in less than two hours—even though Jason had tried to restrain himself. |
| But still, the food was too little.  |
| At least, that's how it was for Jason.   |
| After eating the last piece of ham, Jason made an excuse that he needed rest and temporarily left the first-floor hall.  |
| Morton arranged for him to stay in a guest room on the second floor.   |
| The guest room was equipped with only basic amenities: a bed, a desk, a chair, and corresponding bedding.  |
| The individual washroom was commendable.   |
| And as Morton left, Jason was the only one left in the room, and the conversations downstairs couldn't escape Jason's perception—  |
| "Does Jason usually eat this much?"  |
| Sid asked Taniel.  |
| Although not long acquainted, Taniel had already become quite friendly with Sid and Elpa, the two 'apprentice' leaders.  |
| "Eat a lot?"   |







| "Refined 'Herculean Potion'?"  |
|--|
| "Anybody who has consumed that stuff can't possibly enter the 'Night Watcher's Home'!"                               |
| "Moreover, a 'Night Watcher' who has taken refined potions doesn't deserve to be called a 'Night Watcher'!"          |
| "Those who disregard boundaries for power"   |
| "Aren't even human."   |
| Morton explained Taniel's doubts.  |
| Jason, who had been listening all along, realized something.   |
| When he pushed open the door to the 'Night Watcher's Home', he felt it was much heavier than it seemed.              |
| "There should be an array layer inside the door."  |
| "If you touch the prohibition within, you would be denied entry here."   |
| "Or even directly attacked."   |
| Jason wasn't dissatisfied with this.   |
| The 'Night Watcher's Home' is the territory of the 'Night Watchers'; how they choose to manage it is their business. |
| Moreover, Jason also had no goodwill towards those who 'eat people'.   |



| [All attributes +0.4]  |
|--|
| [Unique skills acquired: 1, Night Vision; 2, Night's Shelter]  |
| [Night Vision: Darkness cannot obstruct your sight. In the dark, you can see everything as if it were daytime. Even in mist, your vision will be corrected so as not to be like a headless fly.] |
| [Night's Shelter: Night provides you with an invisible blessing. When walking in the night, your stealth and hiding levels get a +1 adjustment, and your perception also gets a +0.5 adjustment] |
|  |

Looking at the 'Night Guard' of the third stage of 'Night Watcher', Jason reflexively compared it to the third stage 'Corpse Dissolver' of 'Tomb Guardian'.