

Menu 1601

Chapter 1601: The Young Eagle and the Fox

Sewock VII, 19 years old this year.

This is his fifth year as the Emperor of Sewock.

Five years ago, when he became the seventh Emperor of Sewock, he was only 14 years old.

At that time, he was naive and ignorant.

And now?

He still has a face full of youth.

Even wearing a somber and old-fashioned dark suit, he couldn't hide the disadvantage of his age.

Sewock VII was well aware of this.

So, he kept a stern face.

Trying to compensate for this disadvantage with his demeanor.

Especially when seeing his uncle, Sewock VII's expression was completely frozen.

"Good evening, Uncle."

Sewock VII said coldly.

"Good evening, little Sewock."

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.

Beside him, Sewock VII was taken aback, then a look of triumph appeared on his face, and joy shone in his eyes.

This was the first time since becoming Emperor that he had truly gained the upper hand in a confrontation with his uncle.

An unexpected delight indeed.

Sewock VII hadn't anticipated such a turning point occurring in Lorde.

Originally, he thought that in Lorde, there was only 'Sir Beta', a high-level professional worth recruiting.

But surprisingly, the successor of that old knight brought him such a significant surprise.

Initially, he was eager to bring the person to his side.

Especially after learning from the secret letter sent from Samen that the person possessed the roles of 'Night Watcher,' 'Knight,' and 'Tomb Guardian,' and had taken down Pashang outside Lorde and then Daller, Peters, and Holderak on the special train; that urgency to recruit was so intense that it made him jump out of the training ground.

Yet, in the end, he abandoned that idea.

His advisor, Hofklo, posed the most direct question—

Are you ready to go to war with Prince Ruitai?

This question left the young Sewock VII stunned.

To go to war with his uncle?

He had always wanted to do that.

But he couldn't.

Since ascending to the throne, he had been suppressed by his uncle; were it not for the support of advisors like Hofklo, the crown would likely have been lost.

But even with the help of advisors like Hofklo, it was just barely maintaining the current situation.

The nation's soldiers and military men are all supporters of his uncle.

Among the soldiers, especially the lower and middle ranks, his uncle even wielded absolute authority.

And he?

Was considered a flower from a greenhouse.

Even if he had spent almost every night on the training ground in these past five years, it was futile.

His voice did not reach the barracks.

So, he knew he could not go to war.

At least not now!

So, he chose to give up.

So, he chose to suppress.

He gave up on the unexpectedly appearing Jason.

Chapter 1602: Eaglet and Fox (2)

Suppressing the urgency in his heart to recruit.

It's hard to do so.

However, his advisor Hofklo told him this is something an Emperor must experience.

He believed Hofklo.

He must endure.

Yet, although to avoid a war with his uncle, he must endure, on this basis, he could see his uncle's embarrassing moment.

And...

Perhaps that Jason could create a 'miracle'!

'Jason doesn't need to do much!'

'As long as he injures the Prince, it will be enough!'

'Even a slight injury! It could break the Prince's myth as the 'Uninjured War God'!'

'At that time, we can take action!'

That's what Hofklo informed him.

He was full of expectation.

Therefore, he came.

Came to the Tert train station.

Stood on this platform.

Sewock VII believed his uncle had not yet received the confirmed news.

And didn't know that Daller, whom he cultivated as a 'Shadow Warrior', was dead.

Nor that Peters, who he relied heavily on, was also dead.

Even more so that Holderak, the role model used to bribe junior officers and soldiers, was also dead.

Really wanted to see what his uncle looked like at that moment!

Fortunately, this matter was about to happen soon.

Thinking of this, Sewock VII felt a rare moment of joy.

The tension on his face couldn't hold anymore.

Instead, the corners of his mouth turned up.

Revealed a smile typical of a young man.

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.

Yet, he still stepped forward.

"Greetings, Your Majesty."

Samen knelt on one knee.

The young Emperor glanced at the carriages behind him and, seeing no one else alighting, frowned, lowering his voice to ask: "What happened?"

"Lord Jason has disappeared."

"I was knocked out."

"When I woke up, Lord Jason was gone."

Samen answered truthfully.

Sewock VII, who had been anticipating for a long time, took a deep breath.

Although his face showed no expression, disappointment was in his eyes.

However, Sewock VII did not blame Samen.

He raised his hand and patted Samen's shoulder.

"Stand up."

"It's not your fault."

Sewock VII said.

"Your Majesty!"

Samen bowed his head in shame, and at this moment, Prince Ruitai came over.

"Daller, Peters, Holderak."

A man beside him, like a messenger, called out loudly.

But, there was no response.

Prince Ruitai's face darkened.

The Prince clearly guessed what had happened.

"Very well."

"Well done."

Prince Ruitai said.

"Uncle, your guidance has been valuable."

Emperor Sewock VII responded in kind.

It could be considered sarcastic, or a retort.

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'.

He naturally wouldn't be so foolish.

"A good choice!"

"As expected of you, Jason!"

"We can temporarily take refuge there, and leave once the situation calms down!"

Taniel praised,

Jason remained noncommittal.

His visit to the 'Night Watcher's Home' wasn't to avoid the heat.

But to further complete his own plan.

However, at that moment, it was naturally inappropriate to explain this to Taniel.

Not that he didn't want to explain.

But it was inappropriate.

The location was inappropriate.

The timing was also inappropriate.

Jason paused in his steps.

Without turning back, he said calmly—

"Come out!"

Chapter 1603: An Unexpected Encounter!

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."

"Before I respond, I want to confirm your identities."

"Is it Lord Jason and Mr. Taniel?"

The person asked after a light chuckle.

Instantly, Taniel was in a dilemma.

Whether answering yes or no, both would trap him in the other's pace.

Saying yes acknowledges his identity.

Saying no allows the other to refuse revealing theirs.

Clearly, it's a challenging response.

He can't verify the person's identity.

But he can confirm the person is testing them.

And with malintent.

If it were normal times, Taniel would deal with such a person with a carefree attitude.

No way, he's timid alone.

But now it's different!

He's standing beside Jason!

Tier five 'Knight', soon to be tier five 'Tomb Guardian', tier two 'Night Watcher'.

With such friends, what does he fear?

Thus, he directly pulled out the revolver, pointing it at the person.

And the opposite?

The person standing in the shadows cooperatively raised their hands.

"I believe we don't need to do this."

The person smiled.

The laughter was the same as before.

Then, as Taniel was about to speak, he noticed something was wrong.

The revolver!

The revolver in his hand was gone!

When?

Taniel was stunned.

The person meanwhile continued to smile.

Playing with Taniel's revolver in their hand.

"See, I said this wasn't necessary..."

"I believe it is necessary."

The person's words were cut short because the revolver that was just being played with appeared in Jason's hand. Jason, while speaking and returning the revolver to Taniel, resumed looking at the 'stranger' standing in shadows, saying in a serious tone, "I don't like strangers touching my friend's things."

"Of course!"

"Of course!"

"I think so too!"

The 'stranger' replied, their pace losing the previous leisure and speeding up.

Jason's move had startled them.

Fast!

So fast they didn't react!

At such speed, Jason killing him is no harder than crushing an ant.

Just like he can easily crush Taniel.

Now Jason could crush him this way too.

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.

"Lord Tercon came from there."

"Having inherited Lord Tercon's 'legacy', do you wish to return there?"

"Of course, you don't need to answer immediately."

"We won't force you."

"Nor will we threaten you."

"Just when you face an unsolvable trouble in Tert, we can offer help—please keep this, it is your sole way to contact us."

The person said, taking a folded paper cautiously from their pocket.

The whole process, slow and clear.

Clearly worried about Jason misunderstanding.

Once the paper was held, the person didn't toss or throw it but placed it on the ground, then resumed raising their hands, softly retreating into the shadows.

Chapter 1604: A Different Kind of Appearance! (2)

Jason watched the other person. .

It wasn't until the person completely disappeared that he stepped forward to inspect the folded paper.

Nothing tricky.

He picked up the paper and unfolded it.

An address written in [Dufol Language] was on it—

No. 19 Duke Street.

"Is this guy so sure we would go?"

Without any obstruction, Taniel clearly saw the address.

"Yes."

"We must speed up."

"Otherwise..."

"We'll be too late!"

Jason nodded and turned to continue walking toward the 'Night Watcher's Home'.

Although in the notes, Tercon did not describe in detail what this 'Alliance' was like, the mere mention was enough for Jason to understand that this so-called 'Alliance' would not make pointless moves.

In simple terms, since the other party gave him the address.

Then they were sure he would go.

As for how to go?

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'.

No traps.

No guards.

Not even a bit of defense measures.

This made Jason frown.

"Hidden?"

"Or..."

"Signifying 'harmless'?"

He glanced again at the slightly lively scene of the 'Night Watcher's Home', frowning deeper.

The former was understandable.

If it were the latter...

He would probably be here for nothing.

However, at this point, Jason wouldn't just turn around and leave.

He walked toward the main door of the 'Night Watcher's Home'.

The main door was on one side of the four windows.

The door was wooden, single-panel.

No door handles or anything, needing to lift your hand to push.

The door was slightly heavy.

When Jason pushed it, it made a 'creak' sound.

Such a sound could be heard even if it was lively inside.

So when Jason, Taniel walked in, everyone's eyes inside looked this way.

Taniel was very good at handling such situations.

"Good evening, everyone."

"May I ask if this is the 'Night Watcher's Home'?"

"My friend and I have been traveling for days, we are really exhausted and need some food, water, and a soft bed."

Taniel said, walking toward the bar.

There, a bartender-looking person was already smiling at him.

"Is it the 'Night Watcher'?"

“ ‘Night Watchers’ have free room and board.”

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 spoon 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 successor?"

People immediately began to chatter.

Meanwhile, they scrutinized Jason with a kind of evaluative gaze.

That gaze made Jason uncomfortable.

He felt like a product on display.

And worse were the bartender's words beside him.

"Now he's here!"

"Standing right here!"

"He's brought a breath of fresh air to our stagnant place—now, let's welcome this 'newcomer'!"

"So, tonight I'm treating everyone to a glass of gin and tonic!"

With these words, the bartender clapped.

Four or five young, beautiful women in bartender uniforms walked out from the side.

They expertly mixed cocktails.

Then, they served the cocktails one by one.

The guests outside took the cocktails with smiles and flirted with the female bartenders.

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!"

After thanking, Taniel picked up the drink and quickly retreated next to Jason.

"Are you sure this is the 'Night Watcher's Home'?"

"Not some strange place?"

"Like a club or something?"

Taniel asked.

Jason furrowed his brows again.

He could be sure that this was the 'Night Watcher's Home'.

It was the name after asking Pashang upon hearing it from Samen.

Pashang, being one of his contracted undead, couldn't lie due to the contract.

Moreover, to gather more information, he asked Daller, Peters, Holderak.

The answers from the other three undead were also this place.

So, the address couldn't be wrong.

But what was happening before his eyes?

Such discordance?

Illusion?

Jason attempted to use [Boat Traversal Technique].

There was no abnormality.

It wasn't an illusion.

It was real.

This reality was even worse than imagined.

Is this what 'Night Watcher's Home' looked like?

Although Jason was mentally prepared when entering, disappointment was inevitable at this moment.

Especially when those 'guests' familiarly approached him.

"Jason, right?"

"Come, have a drink."

"Come, I'll treat you."

Even with Taniel's refusal as a premise, these 'guests' acted as if they didn't hear, speaking incessantly.

Taniel wanted to help out.

But before he could speak, the women surrounded him again and drowned him out.

Looking at the array of alcohol before him.

Smelling the strong scent of liquor.

Jason's furrowed brows tightened, finally transforming into a single word—

"Get lost!"

Chapter 1605: A Fresh Approach!

"Get out."

The people around changed their expressions drastically.

Taniel covered his face.

When these people ignored his attempts to stop them and went forward to 'persuade' with drinks, Taniel knew what was going to happen.

Jason is someone who doesn't like to force others.

Similarly, he dislikes others forcing him.

Especially when it comes to 'drinking.'

Jason has an immense aversion to 'alcohol.'

Maybe it was because drinking causes mistakes?

Maybe because drinking and sorrow seem weak?

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.

Instinctively, Taniel gripped the handle of his gun.

But he didn't draw it.

It was simple, the fight was limited to barehands, at most chairs, tables, and bottles.

With a gun, the nature would be different.

Moreover, he had a gun.

Wouldn't these people at the 'Night Watcher's Home' have any?

At least Taniel saw more than one person with a bulge at their waist.

One gun against a dozen guns, Taniel wasn't crazy and naturally knew what to do.

He ducked his head, shouting—

"Jason, help!"

While shouting, he ducked behind Jason.

And Jason charged straight at the crowd.

No use of a short-handled broad blade cleaver, nor the 'Winchester Type II,' just bare hands.

He didn't even choose the extra proficiency options for [Barehanded Combat].

Relying solely on master-level [Barehanded Combat] was enough.

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.'

No matter how corrupt it had become.

It was still the 'Night Watcher's Home.'

As a 'Night Watcher,' Jason's reason told him not to strike deadly blows.

Yet the disappointment in his heart couldn't be concealed.

Especially when a few heavily made-up women approached, his disappointment reached a peak.

These four young and beautiful ladies spoke as they walked up.

"Sir Jason is really hot-tempered!"

"But, very strong!"

"And, very young!"

"Come, come, don't be angry, we'll apologize on behalf of these rash guys."

With that said, the four ladies bowed respectfully.

Immediately, Jason's vision was filled with whiteness.

Bright white.

Surging endlessly.

"Heh, get lost."

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.

Taniel had already thought it through, the moment they left the 'Night Watcher's Home,' he'd take Jason to a few restaurants Pashang mentioned for a hearty meal.

Chapter 1606: A Fresh Twist! (part 2)

Anyway, they now have plenty of Gold Crooks.

However, just as the two reached the entrance of 'Night Watcher's Home' —

"Wait!"

Several people who had been sitting silently in the corner of 'Night Watcher's Home' suddenly spoke up.

They stood up and walked over to Jason.

"Are you going to stand up for them?"

Jason asked, his eyes sizing up these people.

Compared to those who had just come forward, the people before him seemed more fitting of the 'Night Watcher' image.

Clad in cloaks, wearing leather armor underneath, carrying various weapons, with serious expressions and vigilant eyes.

Each radiated a powerful aura.

And facing Jason's scrutiny, these people expressed goodwill.

"Don't misunderstand, Lord Jason."

"We have nothing to do with those wastrels."

"Their lives are nothing more than idling away."

"As for us?"

"We still have our own mission."

The other party spoke, eyes filled with determination.

Jason nodded slightly.

Without a doubt, this group was much better than the previous bunch.

At least, Jason wouldn't feel disgusted.

"Do you have something to say?"

Jason's tone became much more amiable.

"We want to invite Lord Jason to join us—you've seen it yourself, the 'Night Watcher' has become corrupt, some parasites lurk within, and we need to clear out these parasites!"

"But our strength is too weak."

"Therefore, we need more strong companions to join us."

"Just like you, Lord Jason!"

The other party spoke sincerely.

"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.

Jason certainly knew why.

[Main Task 2: Evade the gaze of an unknown presence!]

...

The gaze of that unknown presence was about to come.

Or rather, it had already come.

Searching for him.

Thus, now he needed to keep a low profile, then, complete Task 1 while gaining more strength—but all of this was predicated on not being 'gazed' upon by the unknown presence.

So, having already made his decision to develop secretly, Jason absolutely couldn't join any 'Night Watcher' 'power struggle'.

And furthermore, Jason decided never to return to 'Night Watcher's Home' again.

It was simply too disappointing.

Jason and Taniel walked side by side.

Soon they reached the entrance, just as Jason raised his hand to open the door—

Ding!

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.

"It's not our doing, it's Morton's idea."

The other party said like this.

Who is Morton?

Without Jason asking, everyone's eyes turned to that bartender.

"Damn Morton, if it weren't for the test, we wouldn't bother acting with you, it's just humiliating."

Among the four young and beautiful ladies, the one who looks like the elder sister said angrily.

"Are you guys okay?"

"But we got hit!"

"It still hurts a lot now!"

"Morton, you must treat us to another round of drinks, otherwise I'll complain to Lord Gren An."

The leader acting as the 'persuader' bared their teeth and shouted.

"Go ahead and complain."

"I'm just following orders."

"You think I wanted to do this?"

"Cough, cough."

The bartender named Morton rolled his eyes at these people playing tricks, but quickly collected himself, and gave Jason an awkward yet courteous smile.

Then, he said solemnly—

"Welcome to the 'Night Watcher's Home'!"

The people around also straightened up seriously and said in unison—

"Welcome to the 'Night Watcher's Home'!"

After speaking, these people even performed the 'Night Watcher' salute seriously.

Jason returned the gesture.

Taniel shook his head and sighed.

"This is the first time I've seen such an unconventional 'welcome ceremony'."

Immediately, Sid and the others pretending to be 'persuaders' felt a bit embarrassed.

"Sorry, Taniel."

"I'll buy you a drink."

"Wanna play cards? I'm good at Gwent!"

These people gathered around, showing their apologies in their own way.

Unlike before.

This time, it was very natural.

It was sincere.

Jason glanced around, confirmed there were no issues, and then returned to the bar counter.

"Lemon honey water."

Morton handed over a drink.

"Thank you."

Jason thanked him, then fell into a bit of silence.

Obviously, Morton wasn't facing this kind of situation for the first time.

After all, as a tester, he had encountered too many 'rookies' like Jason.

"According to the process, after you complete the 'Green Grass Trial,' you will take on some 'rookie' tasks in Lorde. Once you complete this phase of tasks, you will come to Tert to accept the 'test' we conduct."

"After passing, you will be arranged for the 'Night Watcher' second-level promotion."

"What if I don't pass?"

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?

Jason speculated.

Afterward, Morton's words confirmed Jason's guess.

"This is a place where 'Gren An', the owner, takes care of acquaintances—his friends are some elderly folks or individuals with quirks, who find it hard to adapt outside, hence a semi-secluded room was established here."

"After all, could you imagine someone muttering about demi-gods, Tesla, seeing electricity."

"Then getting beaten up fiercely by the owner to return to normal."

"In short, eccentrics."

Morton concluded, then took a bottle from the shelf.

It was sparkling water.

With honey and blueberries added.

The taste was quite unique.

Morton then sliced some cheese, took some dried fruits, and placed them on the circular coffee table.

After Jason sat down, the elderly bartender began to speak.

"Have you seen your teacher lately?"

"No."

"While in Lorde, after missing each other, I have been searching for his whereabouts."

"I received information that he had visited the 'Night Watcher's Home'."

Jason shook his head and replied truthfully.

"Yes, he was here not long ago."

"Dan was tracking a bastard who calls himself the 'Shepherd'."

"And then, he left you something."

As he spoke, Morton took out something resembling a notebook.

The Night Watcher's Seal!

Jason recognized it instantly.

Morton did not pretend to be mysterious and pushed it in front of Jason.

Jason reached and picked it up.

Immediately, text appeared before his eyes—

[Collecting information for Night Watcher's advanced profession...]

[Collection complete!]

[Evaluating advancement to 'Night Patrol'...]

[Night Watcher profession (complete)]

[Protection Against Evil (mastery) (complete)]

[Hunt five different monsters (Explosive-level) (complete)]

[6 nighttime battles (complete)]

[Possess a third-tier Night Watcher's Seal (complete)]

[Conditions met, yes/no to spend 15 satiety points, 1 Excitement of Feast point, to complete Night Watcher advancement?]

...

Looking at the text, Jason took a deep breath.

'Night Watcher' was his primary profession.

Also, the one he most wished to advance.

He originally thought he would need to meet his unseen teacher 'Dan'.

But unexpectedly, his teacher 'Dan' had left him an advanced Night Watcher's Seal.

Though Jason hadn't met his teacher yet, without a doubt, this was a good teacher.

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'.

"Unfortunately, all the preparations 'Dan' made were rendered useless by your accomplishments—rest assured, he wasn't frustrated, he was happy for you, though maybe slightly disappointed."

"The courses he prepared to teach you are unnecessary now."

"No one expected you to grow to this level in such a short time."

Morton sighed.

Then, he pulled out another notebook.

Another Night Watcher's Seal!

"This?"

Jason was taken aback.

"As I've mentioned, passing the test naturally comes with deserved rewards—according to reward rules, you could receive a third-tier Night Watcher's Seal, but 'Dan' already prepared that for you, so I can only give you a fourth-tier one now."

"Don't think this is an abnormal reward."

"It is both a reward for passing the recent test and for your deeds in Lorde."

Chapter 1608: On the Verge... Success in One Stroke! (part 2)

Morton sat up straight as he said this.

In a tone that was both serious and admiring, he said,

"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'!

With such admiration, Morton smiled and answered,

"The fifth tier of the 'Night Watcher' is called 'Demon Hunter', and some call it 'Demon Slayer'.

"To advance from the fourth to the fifth tier, aside from needing to have held the fourth-tier 'Sleepless One' profession at least, you also need master-level [Protection Against Evil], then have hunted a 'Fierce' level monster solo, and solved or eliminated 3 'Explosive' level bizarre occurrences and 1 'Strong' level bizarre occurrence, and accomplished a salvation—a salvation of a city targeted by monsters, bizarre, or weird, with the city having a population of at least one hundred thousand."

Jason carefully memorized Morton's account.

After Morton finished speaking, Jason immediately asked,

"What else?"

"What else?"

"Nothing more!"

"It's already difficult enough, not to mention the difficult upgrade of master-level [Protection Against Evil], the difficulty of solo hunting a 'Fierce' level monster, and those bizarre occurrences are not trivial; they are hard to explain with common sense, some can even be termed immortal and indestructible, and many excellent 'Night Watchers' have had accidents at this stage."

"As for saving a city?"

"Those kinds of monsters, bizarre, and weird are already beyond what one or several 'Night Watchers' can handle."

"A team of 'Night Watchers' is needed to accomplish it."

"At least one 'Master' leading the team to possibly complete it."

Chapter 1609: On the Verge... Success in One Stroke! (part 3)

Morton reminded Jason.

He didn't want anything to happen to the young man due to a moment of carelessness.

If something truly went wrong, never mind the young man's teacher and the three Masters who favored him; he himself wouldn't be able to forgive himself.

Therefore, Morton didn't notice the strange look that flashed across Jason's eyes.

By the time Morton looked at Jason again, Jason had returned to normal.

"Master?"

Jason was very interested in this title.

"That is a term of respect for the 'Night Watcher' at the sixth rank."

"Most of them have already retired, leading a life free from worldly concerns or indulging in their interests."

"Aside from occasionally checking in on their apprentices, they only appear before people when a real disaster strikes."

"Many even believe they are dead."

Morton said as he stood up.

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'." $\tilde{R}a\tilde{N}\tilde{\theta}\beta Es$

"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.

"Go for it!"

"We believe in you!"

"Yeah, if you don't make it, the 'apprentices' time will be extended, and we'll come back to see you!"

Lively.

Even noisy.

Yet, Jason oddly didn't find this environment annoying at all; he sat beside Taniel, smiling as he watched it all.

The old bartender, however, mysteriously tapped his glass again. .

Ding!

"The welcoming ceremony isn't over yet, the most exciting part is just beginning. Next, we will..."

With a crisp sound, as the old bartender drew out his words, everyone except Jason and Taniel shouted in unison—

"Party!"

Chapter 1610: The Traditions of Demon Hunters

The banquet was still going on.

However, the banquet that belonged to Jason was over.

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?"

"Jason was already quite restrained."

"On usual days, these things would only take an hour."

Taniel understood Jason well.

He said with a smile.

These words made Sid, Elpa and the others suck in a cold breath.

They had seen people who could eat.

But never had they seen someone who could eat this much.

Morton was in deep thought.

"What's up, Morton?"

"Are you feeling guilty because as the regular manager of the 'Night Watcher's Home', you didn't host the newcomer Jason properly?"

"No need for that!"

"We just need to make up for it with another meal tomorrow~!"

"Double the wine!"

"As for food, three... no, five times more!"

"Jason will definitely be satisfied."

Elpa looked mischievously at the old barkeep.

"It's you who would be satisfied, isn't it, you rascal?"

"Didn't you say you were quitting drinking?"

"How many times have you broken your vow this month?"

"I think I should write to 'Old Kola' about your situation. I'm sure he'd rush over with a cane to see you."

Morton's words immediately made Elpa shrink back.

Old Kola was his teacher.

If he knew that Elpa was still drinking after becoming an 'apprentice', he might break his leg.

After all, he became an 'apprentice' because of 'drunken mistakes'.

"Morton, I was wrong, please forgive me."

Elpa said repeatedly.

Sid, standing beside him, also changed the subject.

"Morton, what were you just thinking about?"

Sid, looking like a drunk, was curious.

"I was wondering why Jason can eat so much... could it be because his power is increasing too quickly, and his body feels empty, needing more energy?"

"Or is it..."

"The side effects of the 'Herculean Potion'?"

Saying this, the old barkeep fell into deep thought again.

"Is there really still 'Herculean Potion'?"

"Wasn't it gone long ago?"

Sid and Elpa exchanged curious glances.

"Why couldn't it be the refined 'Herculean Potion'?"

Taniel asked in puzzlement.

This Deer Academy teacher and second consultant of Lorde's police department was sure that Sid and Elpa were not talking about the refined 'Herculean Potion'.

Because he believed given Sid and Elpa's background, they must know that the so-called refined 'Herculean Potion' wouldn't lead them to say such a thing as 'Herculean Potion' being gone long ago.

Since they've said it's long gone,

It must just be 'Herculean Potion'.

"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'.

Killing people can make one terrifying.

Eaters of people?

They become something less than human.

Jason had long understood this logic.

So, he always adhered to his own boundaries.

As long as it's food, he'd eat anything.

But,

People are definitely not food.

The banquet downstairs, without food, was still continuing, while Jason pulled back his attention and no longer listened.

He had more important things to do.

Looking at the choices in front of him regarding 'Night Watcher' third and fourth stages of the profession.

Jason chose without hesitation, yes.

[Night Watcher's progression to Night Guard complete!]

[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'.