

Menu 1611

Chapter 1611: The Demon Hunter's Tradition! (part 2)

In terms of increased attribute values, the third-tier 'Night Watcher' wins completely.

Adding up all attributes, it comes to 2.0 points.

Whereas the third-tier 'Corpse Liberator' of the 'Tomb Guardian' only has 1.6 points.

However, the values are more prominent.

As for specialties?

'Tomb Guardian' leans towards offense.

'Night Watcher' is focused on defense and exploration.

"One leans towards offense, the other is more comprehensive?"

Jason speculated.

Then, he felt the changes in his body after the attribute increase.

After fully adapting in a dozen seconds, Jason continued to choose the fourth-tier profession of the 'Night Watcher'.

[Night Patrolman advanced to Sleepless achieved!]

[All attributes +0.6]

[Acquired unique talents: 1, Insomnia; 2, Persevere; 3, Hunting; 4, Sprint]

[Insomnia: Your sleep will be greatly reduced without negative effects, and when you want to maintain normal sleep, your recovery ability will be significantly enhanced; Effect: Maintain two hours of sleep, Physical Strength, Spirit recovery speed +25%, maintain three hours of sleep, Physical Strength, Spirit recovery speed +50%, maintain four hours of sleep, Physical Strength, Spirit recovery speed +100%, maintain five hours of sleep, Physical Strength, Spirit recovery speed +200%, and body injury recovery speed +10% (When you maintain six hours of sleep or more, Physical Strength, Spirit recovery speed remains unchanged, injury recovery speed gradually increases to +20% +30% +40% +50%, when you sleep for ten hours, you will wake up automatically and be full of energy, Spirit and Perception will have a temporary six-hour +0.5 boost)]

[Persevere: An incredibly resilient character, forging your nerves, ignoring blades, bullets, explosive-level illusions, and when facing war machine, War Machine-level illusions, you will have a premonition and gain a one-time positive level +8 determination effect, facing strong, fierce-level illusions, you will still have a premonition and gain a one-time positive level +4 determination effect, facing severe-level illusions, you maintain the premonition and gain a one-time positive level +2 determination; Not only illusions, when facing freezing, burning, poison, Thunder Strike, and even hunger and other negative effects, you also gain a one-time positive level +2 determination.]

[Hunting: You can choose and mark a target (target includes but is not limited to humans, constructs, monsters, etc.), when you complete the marking, facing the opponent, you will gain any attack level +1, all defense levels +1 effect, meanwhile, within a radius of 100 kilometers, you can vaguely sense the opponent's direction, when the distance is reduced to within 10 kilometers, you can determine the opponent's location.]

[Sprint: Consumes relatively Physical Strength, in a short time, your speed and Agility will be greatly increased, when you activate this state a second time in a very short time, Physical Strength consumption doubles, the third time it doubles again until you exhaust your Physical Strength, begin to consume life until life is also exhausted; Effect: Agility +2.]

...

With the emergence of the fourth-tier 'Sleepless' of the 'Night Watcher', Jason's vision was immediately filled with densely packed text.

Next came the familiar feeling of an increase in all attributes.

This time, Jason completely gave up comparing with the fourth tier 'Corpse Whisperer' of the 'Tomb Guardian'.

Because Jason has already discovered that 'Night Watcher' and 'Tomb Guardian' are entirely different 'career' directions, comparing them is completely unreasonable.

'Tomb Guardian' relies on the dead.

And the 'Night Watcher'?

It is not only entirely focused on oneself.

Moreover, in specific situations, combat power can be multiplied.

Look at the effect of [Hunting]!

Imagine, at dawn, he marks a target, and then gives the opponent a [Dawn Sword].

Any attack level +1!

Thinking about it makes Jason feel exhilarated!

It's a comprehensive improvement for him.

Also, defense level +1!

Relying on the [Dragon. Battle Mark. Puce. Griffin. Shadow Hide Body Forging Technique], his body has already reached defense above the War Machine level, and with defense level +1, it is directly at the 'strong' level.

Plus the extra mastery in [Barehanded Combat] with [Horizontal Training], [Titanium Extreme Body].

The former gives Jason's skin and muscles a bullet-level defense, now with [Hunting], it is explosive-level.

And [Titanium Extreme Body] enters the war machine level on the original basis.

More importantly, these three types of defense can be stacked.

When the enemy breaks through the explosive-level [Horizontal Training], they will encounter the war machine-level defense of the [Titanium Extreme Body], and after breaking the war machine-level [Titanium Extreme Body], they will encounter the 'strong' level enhanced [Dragon. Battle Mark. Pruce. Griffin. Shadow Hide Body Forging Technique].

Only by truly breaking these three defenses will they encounter his body.

Then?

After causing fatal damage, he relies on Talent to resurrect, allowing the opponent to try again.

That scenario should be quite enjoyable.

Coupled with the resistance to negative attributes with [Persevere], Jason suddenly realized his goal of making himself 'hard' was gradually being realized.

Even though it's far from his previous goal set to be blood long, armor thick, with resurrection, and anti-armor, it's a solid step forward.

The sense of gradually achieving this target is really nice.

Jason couldn't help but curl his lips into a smile.

Then, he looked at [Insomnia] and [Sprint]. .

The former is recovery.

The latter is combat.

In fact, overall, [Insomnia], [Sprint], and even [Persevere] are all in service of [Hunting].

Chapter 1612: The Traditions of the Demon Hunter! (part 3)

"[Sleepless]?"

"Feels even more like a Hunter!"

Jason exclaimed.

In his mind, the image of an ordinary 'Sleepless' marking the [Pursuit] target had emerged, activating 'Sprint' to chase the target, using [Persevere] to resist various negative emotions, and then utilizing [No Sleep] for the shortest possible rest.

And finally?

Hanging the prey at the place the opponent was supposed to appear.

Then?

Using [No Sleep] to recover again.

"It's a complete self-contained system."

Jason thought internally, his gaze continued downward——

[Night Watcher Fifth-Tier Profession 'Demon Hunter' Evaluation in Progress...]

[1, Sleepless (Completed)]

[2, Protection Against Evil (Master) (Completed)]

[3, Demon Hunting (Fiend Level): 1/1 (Completed)]

[4, Solve and eliminate 3 'Explosive' level bizarre events: 3/3 (Completed)]

[5, Solve and eliminate 1 'Strong' level bizarre event: 1/1 (Completed)]

[6, Rescue a city targeted by monsters or bizarre or strange entities (at least a hundred thousand living beings level) (Completed)]

[Evaluation, conditions satisfied, potentially complete 'Demon Hunter' advancement.]

[Conditions met, Yes/No spend 100 points of satiety, 10 points of Excitement of Feast, to complete Night Watcher Fifth-Tier advancement?]

...

The text in front of Jason left him stunned.

When he previously heard Morton mention the 'Night Watcher' Fifth-Tier 'Demon Hunter' promotion, he had speculated.

But it was only speculation.

Until the text appeared before him, he truly confirmed it.

Destroying a city of a hundred thousand beings, Jason couldn't remember.

However,

Rescue!

Jason remembered very clearly.

After all, that snake meat was really delicious.

With the memory of the delicious food, Jason gave a definitive answer.

"Yes!"

[Sleepless advanced to Demon Hunter completed!]

[All Attributes +1.0]

[Gained Unique Specialties: 1, Weapon Mastery; 2, Mystical Coordination; 3, Spiritual Vision; 4, Protection Specialization; 5, Anomaly Attraction]

[Weapon Mastery: You can easily handle various weapons (including but not limited to cold weapons, gunpowder weapons), you won't be troubled by complex usage techniques, nor will you harm yourself. Any weapon can be skillfully used after brief familiarization (at least practice 3 times). Frequently used weapons will be like an extension of your arm to you, and when using commonly used weapons (the weapon has been through at least 20 battles, or more) your weapon power level +1 (will not exceed the weapon's own limit).]

[Mystical Coordination: In dealing with any mystical knowledge, you can learn quicker than others. At the same time, when using 'Extraordinary Power', material consumption is reduced by 20% compared to ordinary people, and physical strength consumption is reduced by 30%.]

[Spiritual Vision: Darkness, fog cannot hinder your sight, even hidden Undead are no exception, and you can see things that others cannot comprehend; while a normal person would go mad, you? You have gradually become accustomed to it.]

[Protection Specialization: Your skill [Protection Against Evil] level +2]

[Anomaly Attraction: When faced with anomalies in the eyes of common people, they will be unconsciously attracted to you, especially for humanoid creatures with special bloodlines, you will be charming and radiant.]

...

[Judged [Protection Against Evil] surpassed the limit to become [Evil-Slaying Slash]!]

[Judging in progress...]

[Judgment passed!]

[Protection Specialization becomes Evil-Slaying Specialization!]

[Evil-Slaying Specialization: Your skill [Evil-Slaying Slash] level +2]

...

Text appeared swiftly.

Jason read line by line through it carefully.

Involuntarily, his gaze stopped at [Anomaly Attraction].

"Is this also considered a specialty?!"

Chapter 1613: Ready to Ignite!

Jason always felt the [Aberration Attraction] appearing before him was a joke.

But this trait appeared so realistically beneath his [character].

Unable to help himself, Jason raised his hand to rub his temples.

Just in that instant, he thought of his 'pet' Dennise, 'sparring partner' Aras, 'pastry chef' Giselle (Evelyn), 'madwoman' Jennifer, 'assistant' Hui Lijing, 'chef' Dou Bao.

Then, the headache began.

A mysterious headache.

Like the kind you get from gaming non-stop for three days and nights.

But as long as he didn't think about it, he was fine.

Not a trace of discomfort.

Very peculiar.

"A premonition?"

"Has the bond between us not been severed by my 'departure'?"

Jason speculated.

Other than that, he couldn't think of anything else.

As for the headache?

It probably meant that meeting again would bring troublesome matters, the kind that gives him an extreme headache.

Otherwise, he wouldn't be reacting this way.

Danger?

He didn't sense any.

Or perhaps...

Was it hidden even deeper?

Jason shook his head vigorously, suppressing this ominous feeling.

He focused his attention on the present.

"Demon Hunter, Tier 5!"

Jason looked at the indication of Tier 5 and took a deep breath.

Getting the 'Night Watcher' job felt like yesterday.

But now, he had advanced to the fifth tier of 'Night Watcher': 'Demon Hunter'!

All attributes +1, nothing increases power more directly than an increase in attributes.

[Weapon Master] could make every 'Demon Hunter' versatile and particularly outstanding.

"To prevent weapon loss?"

Jason instinctively thought, then felt a hint of joy in his heart.

He, Jason, was no longer a swordsmanship loser!

At least!

At least!

At least on the level of a normal person!

And [Mysterious Coordination] continued to deepen the versatility of the 'Demon Hunter' while highlighting his own strengths.

Without a doubt, a 'Demon Hunter' with [Mysterious Coordination] who finds a suitable 'secret technique' could multiply in power—moreover, the presence of [Mysterious Coordination] allowed 'Demon Hunters' to form combination secret techniques, making themselves 'without weaknesses', and elevating overall strength again.

[Foresight] paired with super perception made any aberrant existence have nowhere to hide in front of Jason.

Of course!

Some existences would still bring danger!

When he was about to recall a certain existence (giving candy), Jason forced himself to focus elsewhere.

[Defensive Mastery] turned into [Evil-Slaying Mastery].

Directly increased [Evil-Slaying Slash] level by 2.

Seemingly unremarkable, but relying on the high base attributes of [Evil-Slaying Slash], one of Jason's core skills reached a brand new height once more—

[Evil-Slaying Slash (Proficient): It is an advanced skill of Protection Against Evil, only close to the abyss and warriors with strong will can master it, among 'Night Watchers' only a few can, its power is stronger, no longer just the original special force field, but also possesses sharp cutting like a 'sword', and consumes more physical strength; Effect: 1, can be performed bare-handed, or attached to a weapon, for a slash against negative energy beings (force field above 'ferocious' level, with 'ferocious' level cutting effect), or you can perform a defense (force field above 'ferocious' level, with 'ferocious' level penetration defense); 2, you can release an evil-slaying slash, aiming at creatures or objects within a 60-meter radius centered on you, for remote attacks.]

[Protection Against Evil advanced to Evil-Slaying Slash, Master Transcendent Glyph Replication upgraded to Evil-Slaying Strike. Stored!]

[Evil-Slaying Strike. Stored: Stores four evil-slaying strikes in the body, which can exist for 8 days; within 8 days, the power of the evil-slaying strikes will not gradually weaken, but at the end of the 7th day, the power of the strikes will completely disappear; can replenish the evil-slaying strikes at any time within the 7 days; to release, just silently say 'Yi' in the mind to lock onto your chosen target within a 60-meter radius]

...

During attacks, there's a 'ferocious' level and above evil-slaying force field and 'ferocious' level sharp cutting effect.

During defense, there's a 'ferocious' level and above force field defense and 'ferocious' level penetration defense.

It's practically a combination of offense and defense!

And from basic to entry level, attack range +15 meters, and allows an extra day of storage.

From entry to proficient, attack range +20 meters, and allows the storage of another [Evil-Slaying Slash].

Quantitative change can always lead to qualitative change.

Jason really wanted to see the scene after releasing four [Evil-Slaying Slashes] at once.

Of course, there was also the mastery option!

However, to upgrade [Evil-Slaying Slash] from proficient level to mastery level, he needed 400 points of sustenance and 100 points of Excitement of Feast!

Considering it required 200 points of sustenance and 30 points of Excitement of Feast to upgrade [Evil-Slaying Slash] from basic to entry, this was a normal increase, and Jason currently had sufficient sustenance to enhance the level of [Evil-Slaying Slash].

But with a plan already in place, Jason temporarily suppressed this impulse.

His gaze continued downward.

[Aberration Attraction] once again caught his eye.

Jason directly ignored it.

His gaze continued downward.

[Demon Hunter advanced career determination in progress...]

[Insufficient information, determination failed!]

...

“ ‘Night Watcher’s’ sixth tier, the advanced career of ‘Demon Hunter’ should be ‘Demon Hunter Master’!”

Morton just mentioned this information.

Chapter 1614: Ready to Ignite! (part 2)

However, there was no specific information about the promotion of ‘Demon Hunter Master’.

"Maybe I can ask about it."

Jason thought.

Morton had shown him unexpected kindness.

Perhaps it was because of his mentor ‘Dan’?

Or was it because of the Night Watcher’s tradition?

In any case, he was someone who could be trusted.

But, that would be after the sun came up.

Now?

The downstairs hall was already in chaos.

Jason didn't need to 'see' for himself. With his perception at 22.6, even in the room, he could 'see' Taniel and Sid, Elpa, and other 'apprentices' drinking themselves into a stupor.

Completely drunk beyond repair.

And, amidst vomiting.

The four Ailin sisters were helplessly cleaning up the mess.

Morton, having drunk quite a bit himself, was leaning on a chair, pretending to be asleep.

Until the eldest of the four Ailin sisters gave the old bartender's calf a hard kick, forcing him to stand up and help with the cleanup.

However, after only tidying up for a bit, he covered his mouth and ran outside the Night Watcher's Home.

Then—

Vomit!

A dragon's roar.

The old bartender was far worse off than he appeared.

After vomiting sporadically, the old bartender wiped his mouth, rubbed his nose, and tears.

"Sure enough, I'm getting old."

"This amount of alcohol used to be just mouthwash."

"Now?"

The old bartender chuckled bitterly.

"Morton? Morton?"

"Hurry back and help!"

Then, upon hearing the shout from the eldest of the four Ailin sisters, he immediately responded vaguely.

"Okay, okay."

"Got it!"

This old bartender said while stepping outside the Night Watcher's Home.

After walking a full two blocks, the old bartender stopped.

"Should be convincing enough, right?"

Thinking this, the old bartender instantly straightened his back.

There was no trace of drunkenness on his face.

His eyes also cleared up.

He zigzagged and entered a nearby residence.

Didn't knock.

Just climbed over the wall and went in.

There was no light in the house.

But for Morton, a Night Watcher of the fourth rank, an 'Insomniac', the Night Vision specialty acquired at the third rank was enough for him to see everything in the small hall of the house.

Including the person sitting, with a teacup beside them, still steaming.

"Boss."

Seeing that person, Morton greeted respectfully.

"How's it going?"

The person sitting was in their forties or fifties, with gentle facial features, eyes carrying a hint of a smile, hair slicked back but with rather wide gaps showing clear scalp, an average physique, not fat or thin, sitting in a very casual posture.

Anyone who saw them would think they were a kind and easy-going person.

Like one of those carefree neighborhood uncles.

No one would ever think they were the boss of the Night Watcher's Home.

A fifth-rank 'Demon Hunter' of the Night Watcher: Gren An.

A famous 'Demon Hunter' from thirty years ago.

The one who stopped Tercon, the Corpse Whisperer, from wreaking havoc on Delong Fort and unmasked the 'monster' hiding in the shadows, truly saving the entire Delong Fort.

After successfully being promoted to 'Demon Hunter', he spread his footprint across the East, Sewock, Roland Empire, Felic Archipelago, Emoda Desert, and so on, even reportedly crossing the Storm Sea alone to the fabled West Coast.

Of course, it's just a rumor.

In fact, Gren An privately admitted that when crossing the Storm Sea, his ship capsized.

He had to rely on his extraordinary physical prowess to swim back.

He didn't hide his failure a bit.

Perhaps there are many unreliable places in the rumors.

But one thing is definitely true.

Gren An is a very kind person.

It was for this reason that he took the advice of a 'Demon Hunter Master' and opened a Night Watcher's Home in Tert—a place where outsiders saw Night Watchers as strange, often misunderstood, and sometimes outright hunted down.

So, why can't we provide a reassuring shelter for the Night Watchers on the road?

At least, a hot bath and a soft bed would leave them more energized for the journey.

Gren An was convinced by these words.

Thus, he established the Night Watcher's Home, which was akin to an inn and tavern.

As for that Master?

'I'm not good at management.'

Leaving this as an excuse, he just disappeared.

Until recently, suddenly sending a letter.

Asking him to look after a junior.

Jason.

The student of 'Dan'.

A steadfast, cautious, but weak 'apprentice'—at least a week ago, when talking to 'Dan', that's how Dan described him.

But a week later?

A fifth-rank Knight.

A fourth-rank Tomb Guardian.

Sir Beta, the heir of Tercon.

Gren An held Sir Beta in high regard.

He was a true knight.

As for Tercon?

He knew him well too.

His promotion to 'Demon Hunter' began with thwarting Tercon's advancement to the fifth rank Corpse Desecrator of the Tomb Guardian.

They could be considered old rivals.

His subsequent travels were also in pursuit of Tercon's whereabouts.

But the secret techniques Tercon mastered were too cunning. Even the Night Watcher's specialty [Pursuit], after four completed pursuits, still allowed Tercon to escape.

Chapter 1615: Ready to Ignite! (part 3)

Unexpectedly, Tercon had been lurking in Lorde for 20 years.

Then, death came.

The care of the Master.

The death of an old rival.

The entrustment of friend 'Dan'.

All these together were enough to make Gren An curious about Jason.

However, he did not go to see Jason.

Not that he didn't want to.

But he couldn't.

The current Tert seemed calm, but in reality, it was fraught with danger.

His disappearance from everyone's view could still bring a touch of safety to the 'Night Watcher's Home'.

If he appeared?

Conspiracy, plotting, and traps would follow.

So, he entrusted Morton.

Just like the Master once entrusted him.

Morton was truly a good Assistant.

As now, without Gren An needing to say much, Morton completely understood what his nominal boss and, in reality, partner both mentor and friend wanted to inquire about.

"Very good."

"Very strong in ability."

"And extremely sensitive in perception."

Morton said, pausing for a moment before further elaborating.

"Prudent in character, and not easily influenced by external factors."

"Also has his own principles."

"Sincere in treating friends."

"A qualified 'Night Watcher'."

At this point, the old bartender smiled.

He was truly very satisfied with Jason.

Gren An followed with a nod and smile.

The boss of the 'Night Watcher's Home' was just worried that Jason would be influenced by the sudden surge in power.

Now it seems there's no need to worry.

“ ‘Dan’ really has taken on a good student.”

Gren An said.

"Yes!"

“ ‘Dan’ is quite fortunate, if Jason continues to grow, he will definitely become a leader of the younger generation—at least Sid and Elpa truly respect him.”

"During that recent melee, though the atmosphere was mostly jovial, Jason’s prowess was fully revealed.”

"Moreover, he showed great restraint.”

The old bartender praised Jason again.

"You highly regard this junior?"

Gren An looked at the old friend with slight surprise.

He knew Morton.

Rarely did he praise anyone so much, even for those he favored like Sid and Elpa, it was mostly ‘encouragement’.

"Yes.”

"Gren, you should really meet this junior.”

"That kind of feeling... how to say it..."

"It's like someone who's 'alive' after experiencing hundreds of deadly battles, kind of like those 'Masters' I've seen before — they've been through life, death, and worldly matters, yet still love life." .

"You haven't seen him eat, truly with delight, making others appetite grow just by watching."

Morton expressed his feelings.

"Is that so?"

Gren An became interested, instinctively wanting to meet Jason.

But in the end, he still shook his head.

"I'll leave Jason to you."

"Try to fulfill any of his requests."

Gren An said.

"Alright."

Morton nodded, then hesitated for a moment and asked, "Is the situation in Tert really this critical?"

Gren An sighed and said—

"On the brink."

The friend's response left Morton worried.

However, upon returning to the 'Night Watcher's Home', he remained vigilant.

Of course, upon seeing Ailin's four sisters, Sid, Elpa, and others, he immediately became jovial.

He just kept the friend's words buried deep in his heart.

Just, what Morton didn't expect was, the crisis erupted faster than imagined.

At dawn—

Boom!

A massive explosion was heard from the direction of the Imperial Palace.

Immediately, shouts arose.

"This is bad!"

"His Majesty has been assassinated!"

Chapter 1616: Already Arranged!

Sewock VII is dead.

Died in a sudden assassination.

And the assassin is...

Jason.

That's right, Jason!

Morton was the first to receive this news through secret channels.

The old bartender frowned.

Imminently explosive!

The first thing the old bartender thought of was the evaluation of Tert that his old friend had just mentioned.

"Faster than expected!"

Morton took a deep breath and sounded the alarm of the 'Night Watcher's Home'.

Clang, clang, clang!

The alarm bell rang three times.

The Ailin sisters, who had just been resting, appeared immediately.

Sid, Elpa, and others came out, struggling with hangovers.

"Morton, what's happening?"

"It's just dawn!"

Sid and Elpa muttered.

Morton looked serious.

The Ailin sisters were the same.

Unlike Sid, Elpa, and other 'apprentices' who worked, as current employees of the 'Night Watcher's Home', the Ailin sisters knew very well what the 'alarm' meant when it rang.

It's a matter of life and death crisis for the 'Night Watcher's Home'.

Seeing the serious Morton and the Ailin sisters, Sid, Elpa, and others quickly became serious from their originally relaxed state.

To wake up faster, some even rushed directly into the washroom to induce vomiting and wash their faces with cold water.

"What's going on, Morton?"

Sid and Elpa asked solemnly, their faces still wet.

"Sewock VII was assassinated."

Morton said.

"And then?"

Sid, Elpa, and other 'apprentices' were unconcerned about Sewock VII. Although they occasionally cooperated with the government, it was just that, cooperation.

Deeper contact?

There wasn't any.

As for the Sewock royal family, the government.

Neither Sewock VII nor Prince Ruitai can be considered a friend to the 'Night Watchers'.

Especially some practices have further failed to gain the 'Night Watchers' approval.

Therefore, the 'Night Watchers' were indifferent to the life and death of Sewock VII.

However, since Morton took it so seriously, there must be more.

"The assassin is Jason!"

The old bartender responded.

"What?!"

Even with mental preparation, Sid, Elpa were taken aback, and the 'apprentices' around them looked at Morton in disbelief.

"Could there be a mistake?"

"Jason has always been at the 'Night Watcher's Home'!"

"Even if it's a frame-up, it should at least be credible, right?"

Sid highlighted.

"Credible?"

"You've seen their shamelessness, yet you're still so naive!"

Elpa sneered. .

Then, this apprentice turned to look at Morton.

"Is the information accurate?"

"Accurate!"

"The information from this secret channel is more reliable and accurate than you think."

The old bartender shook his head.

"That means there's no turning back!"

Elpa tugged at his sleeve, instinctively starting to arrange his sword at his waist, the dagger in his boot, and the crossbow arrow hidden inside his cloak.

The 'Night Watchers' following Elpa almost imitated him.

"A battle is brewing."

Sid ruffled his hair.

"Scared?"

Elpa raised an eyebrow.

"Hah."

Sid chuckled coldly, giving a signal to a few companions behind him, who quickly ran back to their rooms. When they reappeared, each carrying two large boxes.

"Cavalry repeating rifles, capable of firing twelve rounds before needing to reload."

"Bombs with added shot, effective kill radius of 10 meters. If exploded at the enemy's center, can incapacitate 30 people."

"This is a Blast Tube—I named it. When faced with enemies hiding in fortified defenses, it can turn those defenses and enemies to ash."

Sid opened more than ten boxes, explained to Elpa, and distributed the weapons to his companions.

Including... Elpa!

"The 'Night Watchers' never shy away from battle but must be prepared."

"Swords and crossbows are our survival tools."

"Gunpowder?"

"Also!"

Sid said with a smile, watching Elpa take the repeating rifle.

Elpa touched the weapon, which was clearly not commonly circulated, and without saying much, just gave Sid a thumbs-up.

"Ready?"

Sid, Elpa turned to their companions.

More than twenty 'apprentices' all nodded together, full of enthusiasm, and with high fighting spirit.

The 'Night Watcher' is a very traditional organization.

So traditional, each 'Night Watcher' takes only one student.

A complete lineage.

They have a different understanding of 'family'.

Students, disciples, they're one's sons, daughters, or simply put, successors.

And other 'professionals' of the 'Night Watchers' are... brothers and sisters.

Worthy of being protected with one's life.

It was like that before.

It is like that now.

The future?

It will not change either.

Because, while inheriting their teacher's skills and abilities, they also inherit the ideas and lifestyle.

When someone frames or even takes the lives of their brothers and sisters, they have only one way to resolve it: smash those bastards!

An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth!

'Night Watchers' never betray 'family'.

Willing to fight for 'family'!

Just like the initial vow—

"Stand guard at night, surrounded by darkness, heart full of light!"

Sid, Elpa, and more than twenty 'apprentices' all chanted softly.

Standing there, Morton covered his face.

Chapter 1617: Already Planned! (part 2)

The four sisters, led by Ailin, just rolled their eyes.

However, if you look closely, you'll notice their lips curling upwards slightly.

Watching these 'apprentices' prepare for battle, Morton and the four sisters felt a sense of comfort deep in their hearts.

Perhaps these 'apprentices' are impulsive.

But they're honest and kind.

They inherit their mentor's 'belief'.

They can now truly be called 'Night Watchers'.

That alone is enough.

As for more?

That's naturally left to them, the elders.

When the young eagles cannot truly spread their wings, the wings of us old folks naturally shield these young people from the wind and rain!

So—

Slap, slap!

Morton aimed a smack at the back of Sid and Elpa's heads, each receiving one blow.

The sharp sound startled the battle-prepared 'apprentices'.

Sid and Elpa staggered from the hit, seeing stars, and it took them a second or two to come back to their senses. The two young men turned their heads, looking at Morton with pained expressions.

"What are you looking at?"

"Am I dead?"

"Do you think it's your turn to charge into battle?"

The old bartender scolded loudly and then, pointing at Elpa, said, "Impetuous! You just get hotheaded! When facing such situations, you must remain even calmer than usual! Otherwise, you'll remain an 'apprentice' for another year!"

Hearing the old bartender chastise Elpa, Sid instinctively wanted to laugh.

Seeing a friend in trouble and feeling schadenfreude was something the two of them were all too familiar with.

So familiar, it became instinctual.

At the same time, Sid also drew the attention of the old bartender.

"You think you're outstanding?"

"Hiding so many weapons in the 'Night Watcher's Home', impressive?"

"Wow, even a repeating rifle!"

"Isn't this a secret weapon open only by the Sewock royal family?"

"It seems a few months ago, this batch of weapons mysteriously went missing! My dear Sid, how did you acquire these top-grade weapons?"

"Do you need me to telegraph 'Old Delin' and report your recent behavior?"

Morton's voice got angrier and angrier, and finally, he couldn't help but hit Sid again.

When the Sewock royal family had a batch of advanced weapons stolen, he had laughed it off as a joke.

Little did he know it was the work of his own store's 'apprentices'.

Fortunately, he discovered it now.

Otherwise, it would have caused a major incident.

Just like his friend Elpa, upon hearing his teacher's name, Sid was immediately intimidated.

"What if I said I found these weapons by the roadside, would you believe me?"

Sid asked tentatively.

"Do you think Old Delin will believe that?"

Morton retorted irritably.

Sid immediately forced a laugh.

These weapons were obtained through a carefully planned half-year effort; if it weren't for the sudden turn of events, he wouldn't have used this batch of equipment.

"Alright, we'll deal with your situation later."

"For now, everyone go back to your rooms—I told you this so you can stay alert and understand the importance of 'family'!"

"Despite some flaws, your response... was very good."

Morton's rare compliment made the 'apprentices' smile brightly.

Then, the old bartender began to tidy up his things.

Just like he said.

He wasn't dead yet, no way would he let the young charge into battle!

Jason?

He is young too!

His teacher 'Dan' is a friend of his.

Naturally, Jason is his junior.

He feels he must protect him.

Of course, that's just Morton's own thought.

Not Jason's.

So, just as Morton was about to walk out of the 'Night Watcher's Home' —

"Wait!"

Jason walked down from the stairs.

He smiled as he swept his eyes over the 'apprentices' and the four sisters.

Then, his gaze fell on Morton's face.

"If you go out looking for them, that's exactly what they want."

Jason said.

"That would be better than you walking into a trap yourself!"

Morton knew exactly what Jason intended to do.

Jason smiled again.

Then, he shook his head.

"I'm not exactly stepping into a trap."

"I'm just..."

"Luring the snake out of its hole!"

Jason said.

"You're not qualified yet!"

Morton emphasized, his expression becoming increasingly serious.

This is something where even a slight mistake could be fatal.

He absolutely does not allow his juniors to take risks lightly.

Jason didn't speak immediately; instead, he walked over to those repeating rifles. Clearly, it was his first time using such a weapon, but after a simple operation, Jason became proficient, as if he had practiced for a long time.

Seeing this scene, Morton's pupils contracted.

"This, this..."

Having guessed something, Morton looked at Jason incredulously.

Jason smiled and nodded slightly.

"Fifth-tier 'Demon Hunter' Night Watcher, is it enough?"

"How is this possible?!"

Morton exclaimed.

"There's nothing impossible!"

"The 'Herculean Potion' is even more magical than imagined, and moreover..."

"Who said I've only drunk the 'Herculean Potion' once?"

After thoroughly understanding the situation with the 'Herculean Potion,' Jason had a very reasonable explanation for the situation before him.

However, such a reasonable explanation left everyone present in a daze.

They stared blankly, even though they were well aware.

They all knew what the 'Herculean Potion' was about.

Not to mention the original 'Herculean Potion,' even a refined version taken twice or thrice is extremely rare in this era.

And the original version?

It's almost impossible to exist.

Even in Sewock's royal Secret Vault, it doesn't exist!

This has been confirmed.

Yet Jason could continuously drink the 'Herculean Potion'...

"Jason, are you the favored child of fate?"

Sid couldn't help but ask.

Jason shrugged with a smile.

For those who clearly express goodwill towards him, Jason doesn't mind reciprocating with kindness.

"When I need help, I will inform everyone."

"And now?"

"Please let me handle it myself."

With that, Jason started to walk out.

However, after just one step, Jason paused.

"Right!"

"I have some assets that need Morton, your help to manage."

Saying this, ignoring Taniel's face twitching with pain, he handed two checks of 1000 Gold Crooks each to Morton.

Morton accepted the two checks in a daze.

Then, he stared dumbfounded at the departing Jason and Taniel.

Although he is a fourth-tier 'Sleepless,' having experienced enough things, at this moment, Morton still feels his brain is a bit overwhelmed.

Fifth-tier!

Reached in just one night?!

No!

Elevated three tiers overnight!

From a second-tier 'Night Watcher' to a fifth-tier 'Demon Hunter'!

This...

Truly unprecedented!

Morton marveled, while Sid and Elpa once again exclaimed.

“2000 Gold Crooks?!”

Evidently, the amounts on the two checks gave a greater shock to the two 'apprentices' who relied on odd jobs for a living and had to perform well just to have a drink.

The surrounding 'apprentices,' were the same, constantly exclaiming.

The four sisters of Ailin also felt dizzy.

However, the four of them still managed to suppress their shock and walked to Morton's side.

"What do we do next?"

The four asked.

"Maintain the status quo."

Saying this, Morton returned to his room.

He was preparing to contact Gren An.

Using unconventional methods.

This is something that should only be used in extremely urgent situations.

And now?

In a certain sense, it was indeed an extremely urgent situation.

Jason and Taniel walked shoulder to shoulder out of the alley from the Night Watcher's Home.

Just moments ago, Taniel had an expression of heartache, but now it was mixed with concern.

A friend reaching the fifth-tier Night Watcher is something to be happy about, but a fifth-tier Night Watcher still can't stand against a nation. Even if this fifth-tier is a 'Knight' and a fourth-tier 'Tomb Guardian' too, it's the same.

Unless...

All three reach sixth-tier!

But?

How could that be!

Even if his friend Jason is extraordinarily talented, it still couldn't be done.

"Where are we going?"

Taniel asked softly.

Jason continued walking and answered—

“19 Duke Street.”

Chapter 1618: First to the Prize!

19 Duke Street?

Taniel was stunned for a moment, then he thought of the ordinary-looking young man who mysteriously called himself 'Rasol' when they arrived at the 'Night Watcher's Home'.

"Did they do it?"

The coincidence of his appearance, and his assured demeanor afterward, gave Taniel reason to suspect him.

This Deer Academy teacher, the second consultant of the Lorde Police Department, furrowed his brow.

"If they planned everything from the start, then we should avoid going to 19 Duke Street now."

"Because..."

"That Rasol might be seeking scapegoats for the 'Alliance'!"

Taniel said seriously.

"Hmm."

Jason did not oppose Taniel's words.

On the contrary, Jason also thought Taniel made sense.

Could there really be goodwill from an unfamiliar messenger, from an organization they've never dealt with?

Perhaps.

Or perhaps not.

The latter is more likely.

From the appearance of the young man claiming to be 'Rasol', it was clear that he was baiting.

Whether he went to 19 Duke Street out of desperation or sought revenge in anger.

There, the opponent must have made appropriate preparations.

As for staying at the 'Night Watcher's Home'?

It was something the opponent was happy to see.

He, a murderer who assassinated Sewock VII, staying at the 'Night Watcher's Home', would only bring disaster upon it.

The 'Night Watcher's Home' certainly isn't weak.

Including those 'interns', there are nearly 30 'Professionals'.

In any place, that would be a strength to behold.

But in Sewock.

In the capital, Terter, it's not enough to be reassured.

The Sewock royals, that Prince Ruitai, facing such matters, would inevitably unite like never before—even if superficially—and their combined Strength is not something the 'Night Watcher's Home' can resist. §

So, he must leave the 'Night Watcher's Home'.

He must go to 19 Duke Street.

That place is the key to breaking the situation.

Besides...

He has no interest in taking the blame for others.

Taniel looked at his friend's expression, knowing his friend's mind was set.

This Deer Academy teacher, the second consultant of the Lorde Police Department, couldn't help but sigh.

"Alright, what should we do now?"

Jason kept walking, speaking as he did so.

"The so-called moth is a creature yearning for light. But the closer it gets to light, the deeper the darkness appears, and it too will be burned by the candle flame—in that instant, the light shines brighter!"

"Jason, what are you planning to do?"

"You wouldn't be thinking of going to your death, right?"

"We have other options!"

"Charging alone may sound romantic, but living is everything."

Jason's words startled Taniel.

This Deer Academy teacher, the second consultant of the Lorde Police Department, immediately tried to dissuade him.

Jason smiled.

"I am the most afraid to die."

"How could I be seeking death?"

Jason rolled his eyes, then lowered his voice: "Moths to a flame, it's eternal, but—who is the moth? Who is the Flame? Are you sure?"

Taniel was taken aback.

"You want to be the Hunter?"

Taniel asked directly.

"Everyone wants to be the Hunter."

"But..."

"Everyone is prey."

Jason said, pulling out a pre-prepared note and handing it to Taniel.

"Follow the instructions on it, and we might be able to turn the tables—the result could be up to you."

Jason instructed.

"Hmm."

Taniel glanced at the information on the note and nodded solemnly.

Then he turned and walked away.

But after just one step, he turned back and said.

"If you dare deceive me, I will never forgive you!"

"Even if you're dead, I'll come to dig up your grave!"

Taniel said seriously.

"Rest assured."

"You'll never get the chance!"

Jason said.

Taniel looked at his friend again, took a deep breath, didn't speak further, but nodded, then turned and walked away.

Jason watched as Taniel disappeared into the alley, then continued forward.

While walking, he stretched his body.

Then, he pulled out an ice hockey mask.

Slowly put it on.

With the mask obstructing his face, a slightly muffled voice slowly emerged—

"Hunting time."

...

Duke Street, as the name suggests, once housed a duke.

When the Walker Empire was not yet divided into East and West Walker, 'Grand Duke Keston' owned this place.

This grand duke was extremely kind and possessed wealth that was renowned.

Each time disaster struck, he would open his stores to distribute food.

But, that particular natural disaster was too massive.

Three consecutive years of drought followed by a year of flooding.

Even the rich as a nation Grand Duke Keston had no surplus food left.

However,

The refugees didn't believe it.

They blocked the entrance to Grand Duke Keston's estate, demanding that he provide aid as usual, even though the duke explained several times, it was to no avail.

Moreover, each explanation made the refugees feel deceived, humiliated.

Once, twice.

Three times, four times.

On the fifth occasion, the refugees turned into rioters.

Grand Duke Keston was assassinated by an unknown rioter.

Then, a bloody day began.

Excited by blood, the rioters stormed the estate.

They plundered everything in sight.

They killed everything in sight.

When the whole estate was stained red with blood, they opened the warehouse.

There was no food.

Although the kitchen stored some bread, there was not a speck of food in the warehouse.

Chapter 1619: First to the Prize! (part 2)

Grand Duke Keston's words were true.

The mob was stunned, terrified.

And then?

Most people deluded themselves.

Unwilling, they continued searching.

Then?

Unable to find what they sought, they turned their eyes to other nobles.

This time, they reaped a considerable reward.

However, chaos began to erupt in Walker's capital.

Uncontainable.

Unstoppable.

Tens of thousands of people rioted under the instigation of interested parties, rapidly snowballing into an uprising sweeping the entire Walker Empire.

Millions participated in it.

By the time the riot subsided, six months had passed.

The entire Walker Empire was divided into West Walker and East Walker.

West Walker claimed to be orthodox.

East Walker was regarded as the regime of mobsters.

As for the Grand Duke Keston of the past?

No remains were found.

The initial mob hanged the Grand Duke at the gate, then dismembered and burned him.

This included the Grand Duke's children.

Left behind was a street, Duke Street—the first emperors of West Walker and East Walker rarely reached an agreement, maintaining it as a memorial for the Grand Duke after renovations.

Even if someone declared they had seen the two Emperors before the Grand Duke's manor at the start of the riot, no facts changed.

The Emperor remained the Emperor.

The declarant was now dead.

And the so-called truth?

No one knew.

Nor needed to know.

One only needed to know that Duke Street has become one of the affluent districts of the capital Terter of West Walker.

Today, successful merchants, mid-level officers, and some important people's secretaries reside here.

Although it cannot compare to those top-level affluent districts, it is enough to induce envy.

However, Rasol was indifferent to this.

If not for the 'Alliance' task, he wouldn't even be here. .

Compared to this 'civilian life.'

He preferred the transcendent life of 'Mystical Side people.'

To Rasol, civilians who cannot possess 'extraordinary power' are no different from cattle and sheep beside him; merely 'food' providers.

Even those with 'extraordinary power' are just inferior people.

Suitable attendants, servants for his status.

Only by becoming a 'Professional'!

That is to be truly human.

And such people are undoubtedly few.

After all, there are only seventy-seven professionals in each vocation.

Some vocations, with time's passage, have disappeared in the river of time.

For example: Diviner.

The highest achievable level for the 'Stargazing Diviner' is only the third tier, which is simply no match compared to other vocations with 'six tiers.'

Nevertheless, Diviners continued to be welcomed by all 'professionals.'

Because they are so convenient.

Rasol was now sitting in front of a third-tier 'Stargazing Diviner.'

"How is it? Will it succeed?"

Rasol asked.

"Yes, according to the stars' paths, we will achieve great success."

The Diviner answered.

The Diviner, clad in a heavy robe and with face covered by a veil, spoke with an elder's voice, yet his only visible eyes were bright and sharp.

Already at the fourth-tier 'assassin,' Rasol, the 'Wanderer,' did not want to meet his gaze.

He always felt he would be seen through.

Even though both were in the same 'Alliance,' each had their own secrets.

No one wished to appear bare before the other.

Not merely awkward.

But also...

Deadly.

"Very well."

After Rasol spoke, he got up and left the room.

Since the plan was successful.

All he had to do was await the harvest.

‘Herculean Potion’ ... he was determined to get it!

Even if refined, it was the same.

Otherwise, with his talent, a fourth-tier ‘assassin’ was his limit.

He would never reach the fifth tier!

And without reaching the fifth tier, he could never genuinely enter the ‘Alliance.’

For this, he had to resort to some petty tricks.

Thankfully, he wasn’t the only one like this.

The Diviner before him was too.

So were other ‘professionals’ within No.19 Duke Street.

Of course, the assassination of West Walker VII was not spearheaded by these few individuals, but a decision made by the ‘Alliance.’

Them?

They’re just going along with the tide on this foundation.

As for the end?

Naturally, someone will take the fall.

"Did you really think you'd have it all?"

Thinking of that pawn chosen by the 'Alliance,' who has been basking in glory for years, Rasol was filled with deep jealousy from within.

However, what followed was ridicule and mockery.

"Did you really think you were heaven's favorite?"

"You have no idea that 'every gift life offers already carries a hidden price' —the more you gain, the more you'll pay after tonight!"

Thinking about what made him happy, Rasol laughed out loud.

A complete schadenfreude.

But the laughter came to an abrupt halt the next moment.

Because he saw Jason.

Jason, cloaked, holding a double-edged longsword, wearing scale armor underneath.

At this moment, the sword's edge was stained with blood, slowly dripping.

"Your Excellency Jason, you..."

Rasol began stepping back as he spoke.

He intended to draw Jason here.

However, the scene before him was not what he desired.

His 'allies,' no need to ask, were all dead.

He didn't know how Jason managed to silently kill three fourth-level 'Professionals' in such a short time, and break through the layers of traps they had set—he had triggered these traps as soon as he confirmed Sewock VII's death.

That was one of the main reasons he dared to join forces with three fourth-level 'Professionals' to kill a dual-profession 'fifth-level.'

The doubt in his heart made Rasol extremely uneasy.

He knew very well he must act immediately.

Otherwise...

It's death.

So, Rasol spoke while pulling a thin string hidden in his sleeve with his pinky finger.

This was a hidden mechanism on his body,

Capable of shooting a concealed poisoned needle from the collar button.

Of course, against a dual-profession 'fifth-level,' it was far from enough.

But to stall for a moment, that was possible.

Just give him a second, and he'd be confident to escape.

As a fourth-level 'Wanderer' 'assassin,' he had such confidence.

But before his pinky could touch the string, Jason struck with his sword.

A sweeping arc.

Tremendous force.

Completely like the swordplay of 'Knights.'

Yet,

Very fast!

Almost unimaginably fast, Rasol, the fourth-level 'Wanderer' 'assassin,' couldn't react at all and fell into a pool of blood just like that.

Creak.

Rasol fell.

The door behind him opened.

The Diviner stepped out.

Glancing at Rasol's corpse, he sighed softly.

"Ignorance is not scary."

"Nor is greed scary."

"Because that's how people are."

"It's just..."

"Flies that gorge on honey are bound to drown in syrup."

The Diviner finished speaking and looked at Jason ahead.

The words seemed to have a hidden meaning.

But the Jason before him was indifferent and turned to walk away.

"Still so cold."

"Don't you plan to smile?"

"After all, victory is within reach!"

The Diviner chuckled softly, speaking in a relaxed tone.

"Within reach isn't true victory."

"Wait for the real victory then..."

"We'll talk."

Jason finished and quickened his pace.

"Always so calm, it'll make life boring!"

The Diviner sighed seemingly helplessly.

"Life?"

"Is inherently hell."

Jason said, raising a hand.

Whoosh!

A fireball flew into the room behind.

Flames rose.

In an instant, the morning mist yet to disperse was evaporated by the firelight.

Like a torch in the night.

Like a lighthouse in the deep night.

Illuminating Jason, who had just arrived nearby, his face masked with a hint of astonishment and surprise.

Chapter 1620: The Curtain Rises!

Tert had never experienced such clamor.

From the assassination of Sewock VII, to the murders and arsons on Duke Street, then Flower Avenue, followed by Honey Lane, and finally Mint Street leveled by an explosion.

All ordinary people became anxious and restless.

All the Mystical Side individuals were profoundly shocked.

Because these Mystical Side individuals were well aware of what had transpired.

‘Night Watcher’ Jason assassinated Sewock VII for his ‘betrayal’.

Then, he began retaliating against Prince Ruitai for his repeated targeting.

Duke Street, Flower Avenue, Honey Lane, and Mint Street were places where important subordinates of that prince lived and gathered.

Since receiving the news, the enraged prince had smashed several tables to pieces.

This was not speculation.

But something Mystical Side individuals glimpsed through ‘Extraordinary Power’.

In Tert, whether Sewock VII or that Prince Ruitai, they were always the focus of the crowd, naturally under constant scrutiny—which usually yielded no results.

But today?

The harvest was abundant!

Peering into others not only brings an alternative satisfaction.

It can also bring...

Wealth!

Luodeni always believed this.

So, he founded the 'Grey Knight', which gained some fame among Tert's Mystical Side individuals.

Despite bearing the name 'Knight', he engaged in collecting and selling information.

On ordinary days, Luodeni was looked down upon by many.

Especially those Mystical Side individuals, who always regarded Luodeni as a disgrace.

Some even mocked Luodeni as a freak at mystical gatherings more than once.

However, whenever something significant occurred, Luodeni's secret abode would be besieged by people.

People are always so contradictory, aren't they?

Luodeni, who had long understood this, felt no ridicule.

After all, these people were his meal ticket.

What's there to ridicule about a meal ticket?

They need to be well treated.

You have to make them feel at home.

That's why there were more people who disliked Luodeni, but also more who came to visit him.

Just like today.

Countless Mystical Side individuals, disguising their appearances, cautiously arrived at Luodeni's residence of three days—moving every two or three weeks was already Luodeni's habit.

Since founding the 'Grey Knight', Luodeni knew to gain longevity, he had to do this.

Those who obtained information from him were ecstatic.

And those who 'provided' him information?

They wished they could kill him.

Grind him into dust.

So, Luodeni was even more cautious than the visitors.

Not only masking his appearance, but also never appearing in the 'address' he disclosed.

Thus, faced with Taniel's arrival, Luodeni was quite surprised.

Luodeni was surprised.

Taniel was even more surprised.

Because, the fat man before him seemed not the person he was looking for.

‘I need a more detailed understanding of Tert.’

‘Including but not limited to the “Mystical Side”.’

‘And...’

‘If possible, find a temporary place to stay, and then help me find a century-old burial soil.’

Jason’s instructions, Taniel remembered well.

So, he promptly took action.

Taniel couldn’t claim familiarity with Tert.

But it was definitely not unfamiliar.

At least, he knew some gathering places of the Mystical Side individuals.

‘Mule and Donkey Inn’.

This is an inn in the outer district of Tert.

It caters specifically to small merchants, traveling merchants coming to Tert for purchases.

Of course, that's on the surface.

Behind the scenes, it's a place providing 'services' to Mystical Side individuals—of course, not free, you need to pay a certain amount of Gold Crooks to access the corresponding services.

Including but not limited to ordinary commissions, hunting commissions, etc.

This place was naturally not found by Taniel himself.

But was learned from Sid, Elpa last night.

There were far more such bases like this one he learned about.

'Trustworthy and reliable.'

But Elpa's evaluation made Taniel choose here.

Just like described by Elpa, inside 'Mule and Donkey Inn', after spending a certain amount, Taniel obtained the address before him.

Deceived?

Taniel instinctively thought.

But then shook his head, Sid and Elpa wouldn't deceive him.

People from 'Mule and Donkey Inn' didn't need to deceive him either.

The person before him should be able to help him fulfill Jason's instructions.

Just...

Simply overly dirty.

Taniel looked at the fat man in pajamas, with an oily chest, and concern flashed in his eyes,

"Come inside."

"If you don't want more people to know you came looking for me."

Luodeni guessed something.

He knew his own appearance.

However, it didn't matter to him.

That was how it was normally.

And how it was now.

Yet, this corpulent, balding, donut-holding 'information broker' felt helpless inwardly.

Because he knew trouble was coming.

This place was not a 'disclosed address'.

But a real 'residence'.

Only one person knew this real address.