

## Menu 1641

Chapter 1641: Unexpected! (3)

In Tercon's notes, Jason learned about this.

Bringing it up at this moment naturally exceeded the expected 'scope'.

Inviting a fifth-level 'Professional' to take action doesn't require treasure-level items at all.

Even for dual professions, it is the same.

However, Jason was initially asking for a sky-high price.

Waiting for the other party to meet halfway.

Anyway, no matter what, he wouldn't lose out.

But, to Jason's surprise, Hofklo did not directly refuse.

"Treasure-level secret technique items are too rare, even within the organization, there aren't that many. However, materials are not an issue, but we don't have many 'Night Watcher' or 'Tomb Guardian'

item materials; we have some armor fragments for 'Knights', and quite a few materials for other 'Professionals'."

Hofklo said.

Before coming, the people in the organization had already decided to go all out.

Anyway, it's not his, so why would he feel heartache?

Of course, he still needed to put on the act he should.

According to Jason's initial plan, being able to acquire a treasure-level secret technique item or materials of equivalent value would be enough.

Unexpectedly, the other party agreed so straightforwardly.

What is there to hesitate about then?

The other party handed over the knife.

So naturally, he would make use of it.

"As long as it's mystical materials, that's fine."

"No profession limitations."

Jason said.

He wasn't picky, as long as it was food, that's good.

"Then there's no problem."

"As for the 'Shepherd' ..."

"We are sure he's in Tert, but where exactly?"

"We can't confirm for now."

"However, when it comes to the funeral of Sewock VII, he is bound to appear — there is something there of utmost importance to him."

Hofklo said with great confidence.

"What is it?"

Jason asked.

"The 'Herculean Potion'!"

This advisor to Sewock VII answered and then smiled: "For some reason, the 'Shepherd' is extremely fascinated by the 'Herculean Potion'."

"He has not hesitated to purchase the 'Herculean Potion' at a high price multiple times."

"He even went as far as to plot for it."

"So when a Silver-level, unrefined 'Herculean Potion' emerges, he will definitely appear."

"Oh."

"That's how it is."

Jason nodded.

He did not doubt what this advisor to Sewock VII said.

Previously, when encountering the 'Shepherd', the other party had shown great interest in the 'Herculean Potion'.

Even though he didn't know why, this was indeed good news for him.

Because Jason found a way to turn passive into active.

Rather than waiting for the funeral of Sewock VII

He might as well take the initiative.

Therefore, in the next moment—

"As a prerequisite for our collaboration, add one more condition."

"A Silver-level 'Herculean Potion'!"

Jason added.

He genuinely wanted to take the initiative, not to taste that Silver-level 'Herculean Potion'.

Hofklo was stunned

But then, this advisor to Sewock VII smiled and nodded.

"No problem."

"Your request is very reasonable, I believe the members of the organization will certainly not refuse."

Saying this, this advisor to Sewock VII stood up.

The other party was ready to leave.

Jason did not ask him to stay.

The two did not have such a relationship.

Seeing the other party off.

Only when he vanished from sight did Jason return to the basement.

Step, step.

He walked down the stairs one step at a time.

His hand held the handle of the short-handled Broad Blade Cleaver.

His eyes looked with interest at the unexpected visitor standing in the middle of the basement.

A guest he hadn't expected—

Prince Ruitai.

Chapter 1642: Extra Rations!

The middle-aged man in front of him had a stern face, especially his eyes, unusually sharp, like those of an eagle.

His body appeared ordinary, but simply standing there gave an impression of being as solid as a rock, unmoving like a mountain, filled with strength and solidity, especially when combined with his unique military aura, it gave a sense of reliability.

An ordinary person at first glance would feel that this man could be trusted.

Jason was scrutinizing Prince Ruitai.

Prince Ruitai was also scrutinizing Jason.

The first impression was tall and strong.

That far exceeds the average person's physique, looking like the descendant of a giant from an epic.

The second impression was young. .

Yes, young.

Although his demeanor appeared steady and mature, the youthful look around his eyes was undeniable.

The third impression was powerful.

That originated from the probing through aura.

Without real physical confrontation, just the aura judgment was enough for Prince Ruitai, who had already reached a high level in 'dual professions' and hid numerous trump cards, to understand that the Jason before him was a force not weaker than himself.

About that, Prince Ruitai was utterly surprised.



Then...

There was joy.

Almost without hesitation, the prince changed his original plan.

"I initially intended to kill you, then continue using your identity to stir up the current situation."

"But..."

"Your strength leaves me without complete certainty."

"So, we can cooperate."

Prince Ruitai confessed almost without reservation.

Jason did not doubt such honesty.

Because, just now, he could still sense malice and killing intent.

Now?

It was like summer ice, quickly vanishing.

"Cooperate?"

Jason looked at the other party, waiting for the other's answer.

Any cooperation isn't just empty words.

Any cooperation is an exchange of interests.

Simply put, if Prince Ruitai wants to cooperate, what can he offer, and what does he need to sacrifice?

Only by understanding this can discussions proceed.

Otherwise, it's just a waste of time.

"Hofklo said many things, most of which are true."

"But what he doesn't know is that in my current organization, there are not only visible enemies but also invisible ones—which I cannot confirm."

"Therefore, I need a powerful ally."

Prince Ruitai said.

"Why should I help you?"

Jason asked knowingly.

Or perhaps...

Raise the stakes again.

Since Prince Ruitai had the confidence to say such words, Jason believed the other party must have an irresistible offer.

And Jason didn't mind knowing this answer in advance.

While trying to raise this offer as much as possible.

"I know where 'Shepherd's' true self is."

"Neither the 'Shepherd' hunted by 'Dan,' nor the 'Shepherd' coveting the 'Herculean Potion' is his true self—he has hidden himself in a place unknown to ordinary people."

Prince Ruitai replied.

"Since it's unknown to ordinary people."

"How do you know?"

Jason retorted.

"Because, that place was originally my... fallback."

Prince Ruitai's words had an imperceptible pause.

Jason keenly noticed.

'I'?

'We'?

'I' refers to Prince Ruitai himself.

'We' refers to whom?

It couldn't be 'Shepherd,' right?

Jason speculated and then asked incognito.

"Then why did it become 'Shepherd's' hiding place?"

"I arranged it."

"I think 'Shepherd' is quite a good bargaining chip, don't know when it might come in handy, so I figured I should keep him within grasp."

"Now?"

"Isn't it being used?"

These words should have carried a hint of jest, but Prince Ruitai stated them earnestly.

It instantly gave Jason a sense that the other party wanted to tell a joke to draw the relationship closer, but failing to tell it, instead made the interaction more awkward.

"And?"

Jason continued to ask.

"And?"

"Dragon Blood 1000ml."

"Equivalent to mystical materials for six treasure-level items."

Prince Ruitai quoted his price.

Apart from Dragon Blood, directly doubling the price Jason and Hofklo previously negotiated.

"Alright."

Facing such a generous Prince Ruitai, Jason nodded and agreed.

Without raising the stakes again.

He cared more about the whereabouts of 'Shepherd's' true self.

"Where is 'Shepherd'?"

"At..."

Jason didn't bargain, nor did Prince Ruitai, facing Jason's inquiry, Prince Ruitai lowered his voice and said.

Jason was stunned, eyes full of surprise.

He didn't expect 'Shepherd' to be there.

"You can verify anytime, I'm not lying."

"But if you want to take action, I suggest you prepare thoroughly."

"Although 'Shepherd's' strength appears ordinary, he always gives me a very bizarre feeling; if you want to make a move, best make it a decisive one."

"Also, the timing cannot be seven days later."

"Sewock VII's funeral is when I face life and death with those guys, I cannot determine who my enemies are yet, so at that time, those unexpectedly acting against me in my organization, I request you block them."

Prince Ruitai reminded, and provided conditions.

"Okay."

Jason nodded.

"I'll have the items delivered shortly."

"And..."

"Hofklo is not trustworthy."

After saying that, Prince Ruitai retreated back in the room.

Chapter 1643: Extra Meal! (2)

The whole person merged into the shadows.

Then, disappeared.

Not the disappearance of breath, nor stealth, concealment, but really the whole person disappeared, vanished from the basement.

"Teleportation? Transmission?"

Jason narrowed his eyes.

Obviously, this should be some kind of secret technique.

Or simply a specialty within the opponent's special profession.

The former stems from the Sewock royal family's ample resources.

The latter?

"Dragon Blood?"

Jason silently recited in his heart.

As for Prince Ruitai's final warning?

Jason didn't take it to heart at all.

Hofklo is not trustworthy, true.

But is Prince Ruitai trustworthy?

If he really trusted the other party, seven days later would likely be his funeral.

Like Hofklo, Prince Ruitai's words are half-truths.

Or even, nine truths and one lie.

It seems that the proportion of truth is heavy, but the lie is the key.

Hiding this key, the true purposes of the two men are concealed.

But, this has nothing to do with Jason.

As long as the news about the “Shepherd” is true, that’s good!

If he can supplement some food with it, even better.

For this, Jason was very confident.

Neither Hofklo nor Prince Ruitai would lie to him about the “Shepherd” issue.

This kind of easily exposed lie is completely unnecessary.

Then, next...

It’s just waiting!

Jason adjusted his emotions.

While continuing to speed up the ‘adaptive transformation’ of ‘True Skill’, he waited.

This wait did not last long.



The treasure-grade secret technique materials equivalent to three pieces promised by Hofklo were delivered here in an hour, together with a note.

The note read—

By nightfall, the potion will be delivered.

Be careful.

After Jason read it, he raised his hand and burned the note.

He was well aware of what this caution meant.

Nothing more than the 'Shepherd'.

"Should all these things be put in the basement?"

Matthew inquired about the items placed in the living room.

Although there were boxes to cover them, as a former "Great Thief", he didn't need to check carefully, just standing aside to glance, even sniffing, he could confirm the value within.

Just like this box that required two adults to lift, his intuition told him that there were priceless treasures inside.

However, these things belonged to Jason.

Matthew, who was well aware of this, naturally knew what to do.

Unless he didn't want to live, he shouldn't have a shred of greed for these things.

Although a fifth-tier “Knight” is terrifying, he could still conceal and escape with various means.

But a fifth-tier “Night Watcher”?

No!

No need for the fifth tier!

The [Hunt] of a fourth-tier “Night Watcher” was enough to make him nowhere to hide.

So, naturally, Matthew knew what he should do.

And Luodeni?

This chubby information broker was frowning in thought.

"What's wrong?"

Matthew asked.

"That person just now... seemed familiar, like a secret agent from the royal family."

Luodeni frowned and said.

"Royal family?"

"How could that be?"

"How could Jason have dealings with the royal family?"

"Why don't you say Jason also has dealings with Prince Ruitai's people?"

Matthew rolled his eyes, clearly not believing it.

Although Jason was wronged, his relationship with the Sewock royal family hadn't changed, after all, the latter always considered him the culprit of the assassination attempt on Sewock VII.

In such a premise, how could they send things to Jason?

It was obvious that Luodeni also understood these.

Immediately, this chubby man laughed.

Just as he was about to say something—

Knock, knock.

The door was knocked.

A carriage stopped in front of number 112 Zhengli Tree Street.

A man obscuring his face stood outside the door.

"Who are you?"

Matthew asked.

"Delivery."

The man said and waved his hand.

Immediately, two strong young men began moving items into number 112 Zhengli Tree Street.

After placing the three boxes next to the previous boxes, the man with the obscured face handed the briefcase in his hand to Matthew, lowering his voice: "Please hand this to Master Jason personally."

After speaking, the man turned and left.

Matthew remained stunned in place.

Not because of the box in his hand.

But because the person who gave him the box.

From a distance, the other party's disguise was enough to deceive everyone's eyes, but so close, having been a 'Great Thief', Matthew saw through the disguise at once.

Even with a face veil, and a fake mustache, Matthew still recognized him, the attendant of Prince Ruitai.

He had seen him before.

And because of his identity, he remembered firmly.

And with the importance of the delivery by such an identity, it was certainly not personal.

It could only represent...

Prince Ruitai!

Thinking of this, Matthew turned to look at Luodeni, who was equally astonished.

Obviously, this chubby information broker also recognized the person's identity.

And upon recognizing that identity at the same time, Luodeni also confirmed the identity of the previous delivery person.

That person was indeed from the Sewock royal family.

First someone from the Sewock royal family.

Then someone from Prince Ruitai.

Clearly, two opposing parties, why were they both delivering to Jason?

Thinking himself clever, Luodeni found his mind insufficient at this moment.

Matthew quietly asked under his breath.

"We don't need to run away, do we?"

"No need."

Luodeni said confidently.

Although he didn't know what had happened, it seemed the crisis had passed.

Chapter 1644: Extra Meal! (3)

Whew!

Matthew let out a long sigh.

It was a sigh of relief.

But immediately, it was a complex expression.

"What's wrong?"

Watching Matthew's expression, Luodeni couldn't help but ask.

"I think I chose the wrong profession."

"Being a 'Great Thief', when I was young, felt so cool."

"But, it's Lord Jason's 'Night Watcher' that truly commands respect."

Matthew said slowly.

Luodeni laughed.

This plump information broker wagged his finger and said, "There's no such thing as the strongest 'profession', only the strongest person—it's only Lord Jason who is powerful, it has nothing to do with the profession."

"Of course, I have no intention of belittling the 'Night Watcher'."

"To this day, it remains one of the most respectable professions I know."

Seeing Luodeni's subsequent attempt to amend his words, Matthew pouted.

"Your shamelessness suits your profession perfectly."

"I've never seen someone so cautious."

"Being cautious allows one to live longer."

"Alright, time to move things."

Luodeni said.

Saying that, he began moving his plump body.

Matthew followed.

After the two left the basement, Jason immediately opened the portable leather suitcase.

Inside a silver container was 1000ml of Dragon Blood.

Without even examining it closely, just picking it up, Jason could feel the entire silver container was filled with heat, as if it was about to melt.

And when he twisted open the stopper, the heat rushed out even more.

It was like standing in front of a charcoal fire.

Jason took a sniff, there was a spicy smell, but it hadn't been 'tampered with'.

That was enough.

Picking up the silver container, Jason drank it all in one gulp.

Instantly, his mouth was filled with spicy and savory flavors.

A bit like the broth of boiled meat slices.

Also a bit like the broth of boiled fish.

Before Jason could figure out what it tasted like, he finished drinking it.

[Consume Dragon Blood (Premium)]

[Physical Strength, stamina, and injuries excessively restored!]

[Fullness +600]

[Fullness: 30056]

[Excitement of Feast +10]

[Excitement of Feast: 516]

...

Jason smacked his lips, feeling a bit unsatisfied.



The taste of Dragon Blood was undoubtedly good, fullness and excitement of the feast were proof of all this.

However, the rumored effects of Dragon Blood did not appear.

For example: attribute increase.

Or, triggering magical talents, etc.

Obviously, there was only one answer.

That was there wasn't enough Dragon Blood.

However, this was just temporary.

Later on...

Not only Dragon Blood but also dragon meat, Dragon Crystal, and so on.

Rumble!

Thinking of delicious food, Jason's stomach started to rumble with hunger, and his saliva began to secrete. Without hesitation, Jason opened the box containing Mystical Materials, checked to ensure there were no issues, then stuffed it into his mouth.

"This tastes like roasted gluten."

"This is a bit like roasted squid."

"This is a roasted sausage."

"Hmm... an octopus ball maybe?"

"Oh, this surprisingly has the taste of crispy fried meat!"

"This is nice, it's vanilla flavored ice cream!"

"This one's good too, stinky tofu!"

Bits of priceless Mystical Materials entered Jason's stomach one by one.

Fullness and the excitement of feast rapidly increased.

And time passed little by little.

Soon, night fell.

Jason wiped his mouth and stood up, glancing at his current fullness and excitement of feast.

[Fullness: 39211]

[Excitement of Feast: 591]

...

An unexpected 'snack' brought a huge increase in fullness and excitement of feast.

But that wasn't all.

There's another 'snack' on the way.

However, this time, compared to this 'snack', Jason was more looking forward to the person this 'snack' could attract.

Whew!

Jason took a deep breath.

The familiar food scent faintly appeared on the tip of his nose.

It was the scent of 'Herculean Potion.'

Unlike the Healing Potion he had consumed before.

This time, the magic potion was richer.

Like plum sauce and crispy roasted pork with plum sauce.

The latter was undoubtedly more tempting.

In the next moment—

Jason's figure disappeared.

Chapter 1645: Gista!

In the evening, Hofklo held a delicate porcelain teacup, sipping on high-quality black tea. On the coffee table in front of him was a three-tiered cake stand. The top tier had cookies, the middle one had cream puffs and custard tarts, and the bottom tier had strawberry, mango, and blueberry cakes.

An elderly man dressed in luxurious attire, his hair and beard long turned grey, raised his hand to pick up a cookie.

"As I get older, sometimes I truly feel powerless despite having the will."

"The royal physician previously advised me to eat less sugar."

"However... if I can't even eat sweets, what's the point of living long?"

While munching on the dessert, the old man spoke words full of conviction.

"Living at least gives hope."

Hofklo weighed his words carefully.

Though he had made up his mind to flee, he couldn't afford to show any flaw at this moment.

After all, the old man before him, gentle as he seemed, was one of the elders in their organization—moreover, a sixth-tier 'Tomb Guardian'!

'Spectral Manipulator'!

Unlike the fifth-tier 'Bone Desecrator,' the sixth-tier 'Spectral Manipulator' was even more bizarre.

It even possessed the 'cursed power' that other Professionals avoided at all costs.

Hofklo had never seen 'cursed power' in action.

But he had seen people cursed by the 'cursed power.' .

Clearly, a day before, a young man in his twenties, but a day later, became an old man with grey hair who couldn't even stand.

That young man ultimately died of old age.

And the reason?

Naturally, it was because he had offended the sixth-tier 'Tomb Guardian' Gista.

How was he offended?

Hofklo didn't know.

But he didn't want to be the next victim of the 'cursed power.'

So, he was cautious and careful.

"The transaction with Jason went smoothly."

"Just as you predicted, his hatred for the 'Shepherd' was beyond imagination."

Hofklo said.

"The 'Night Watchers' are always the hardest to deal with. A group that seems heartless but is entirely bound by 'family' and 'friendship.' Naturally, when someone tramples on their 'family' and 'friendship,' they retaliate with the most terrifying vengeance."

"Do you know a Demon Hunter Master of the 'Night Watchers' wiped out an entire family in Eastwalk just because someone harmed his apprentice?"

Gista picked up a piece of strawberry cake, took a bite, and without caring about the cream at the corner of his mouth, asked directly.

"I've heard of it."

"Apparently, it was in Eastwalk."

"The guy who crossed the 'Night Watchers' was already colluding with some monsters, doing unspeakable deeds."

Hofklo recalled.

"Yes, unspeakable deeds."

Gista swallowed the remaining strawberry cake in one gulp, then looked at Hofklo.

The gaze of this sixth-tier 'Tomb Guardian' was sharp yet heavy.

This made Hofklo's heart shudder.

He thought his thoughts had been discovered.

But then Gista spoke.

"The 'Tomb Guardian' is the same."

"Whenever people mention the 'Tomb Guardian,' everyone shows a face of hostility."

"Why is that?"

"Is the mistake ours?"

"No."

"It's because this world treats us too harshly."

"Our abilities are too unconventional for them, which is why we face such treatment—I still remember the way the girl I once liked broke up with me decisively after knowing I was a 'Tomb Guardian.'"

"Since then, I made a decision."

"I want to change this world."

"Change people's stereotypical impressions of the 'Tomb Guardian.'"

"And it's too difficult!"

"So difficult that even after I climbed from a first-tier 'Tomb Guardian' to a sixth-tier 'Tomb Guardian,' nothing has changed. At that time, I started to rethink—when even power couldn't change anything, had I chosen the wrong path?"

"Finally, I realized."

"I was too hasty."

"I shouldn't try to change the whole world immediately but rather change a country."

"Start with this country, then change the whole world."

Gista slowly said.

Throughout this, the old man's gaze never left Hofklo.

Once an advisor to Sewock VII, he was trying hard to suppress his anxiety.

Such talk he had heard from this old man more than once.

But he had never known the reason.

Now?

He knew.

Yet an inexplicable sense of danger left him afraid to even breathe deeply.

He didn't know where this sense of danger came from.

Nor did he understand why Gista was telling him all this.

Fortunately, Gista soon withdrew his gaze.

"Thus, I wish no accidents in my plan."

"If there's any accident."

"I will obliterate them."



Gista said and raised his hand.

In the void, ripples appeared.

A semi-transparent figure materialized in front of Hofklo.

Contracted Undead!

As a fourth-tier 'Tomb Guardian,' Hofklo was naturally familiar with it.

But when he saw the face of the Undead clearly, he was shocked.

"It's, it's..."

This former advisor to Sewock VII wanted to speak, but suddenly a force appeared on his neck, a force he couldn't resist, cutting off his words completely.

More importantly, his power.

The power originating from the 'Tomb Guardian' was sealed.

An invisible force suppressed his power.

Then—

Crack!

Hofklo's neck was broken.

Chapter 1646: Gista!

Without the power of a Tier Four 'Tomb Guardian', Hofklo had no resistance whatsoever.

Twisting Hofklo's neck at this moment was no harder than twisting a chicken's neck.

Gista shook his hand.

"Indeed, I'm getting old."

"Still need a hand gesture, surprisingly."

"When I was young, just a glance was enough."

As Gista spoke these words, he turned his head to look at the contract undead before him, revealing a smile.

"Don't you think so... 'Shepherd'?"

'Shepherd'!

That's right!

The one appearing here is the 'Shepherd' who was relentlessly hunted by 'Dan' and nearly destroyed Lorde in secret!

At this moment, the 'Shepherd', as an undead, respectfully gazed at Gista.

Upon hearing the question, the 'Shepherd' bowed.

"Sir, your might remains unmatched. Currently, you're just distracted by some trivial matters."

The 'Shepherd' said this.

It should have been a sycophantic tone, but under the 'Shepherd's' earnest words, it seemed exceptionally sincere.

Gista smiled, waved his hand, and picked up a custard tart.

"Alright, alright."

"Go do what you must."

"Although I hate to admit it, the doctor had a point; once I finish these, I'll go for a stroll — aim to take ten thousand steps by bedtime."

As Gista spoke, he shrugged, appearing as if he knew what was good for himself.

Such a Gista looked no different from an elderly man.

If it wasn't for the undead standing in front of him...

And if that corpse wasn't slowly rising...

...

Rumble, rumble!

Hofklo sat in the carriage.

The coachman was one of his attendants, and sitting beside the driver was another attendant, both having undergone 'Mystical Baptism' from the 'Mystical Side', not only physically strong but also highly vigilant.

Yet, no matter how vigilant the two attendants were, they couldn't have imagined that Hofklo sitting in the compartment was already dead.

Not even Hofklo himself could have thought of it.

Just as he never expected that 'Shepherd' was actually Gista's contract undead.

"If 'Shepherd' is Gista's contract undead, then what about everything prior?"

"The setup? The trap?"

"But whom were these aimed at?"

Hofklo pondered, but as a corpse, his thoughts were noticeably sluggish.

Some very obvious answers, even now, remained unclear.

Moreover...

He was decaying.

Hofklo rolled up his sleeve, clearly seeing the corpse spots on his arm.

Judging by his current condition, it's estimated that dawn would mark his true death.

Sure enough, his body was dead.

His soul?

Likely enslaved by Gista.

No!

Gista probably wasn't interested in him.

His only purpose right now was to deliver the 'Herculean Potion' in hand to Jason, and then?

Quietly await death.

Resistance? .

Impossible.

Bound by the same contract, he was completely unable to resist Gista now.

Later?

Also impossible.

The other's strength has surpassed his imagination.

"Tier Six?"

"So strong?"

"But such power... does not resemble the power of a 'Tomb Guardian'."

Hofklo thought involuntarily.

Then, he let out a bitter laugh.

He was already nearing death, why bother thinking these things?

Yet, he had no choice but to think.

Because the feeling of waiting silently for death was unbearably uncomfortable.

That sense of powerlessness, the pervasive despair.

Was suffocating him completely.

Hofklo knew this was Gista's punishment for him.

A punishment for wanting escape.

"Did those people already know of Gista's strength? Hence, they didn't even seem like 'Tomb Guardians'?"

"Or were they merely speculating, unsure?"

"And then..."

"Was I the one who jumped in?"

Hofklo gradually snapped out of the 'Assassination of Sewock the Seventh' incident at this point.

He began noticing some anomalies within the organization post-'assassination'.

Oddities in certain matters.

Odd behaviors from certain individuals.

Perhaps...

There were early indications?

Moreover, they even facilitated it?

Just like that night, he should have been in the study discussing the 'next step strategy for Eastwalk' with Sewock the Seventh, but due to the conflict during the day with Prince Ruitai, he had to temporarily rest.

Thus, that night Sewock the Seventh was alone in the study.

Wait!

Prince Ruitai?

Suddenly, Hofklo remembered something.

Instantly, this advisor to Sewock the Seventh widened his eyes.

Could it be!

Could it be!

A bold guess appeared in his mind, but he was completely unable to articulate it.

The power of the contract restricted him!

Yet, it also made him more certain of his guess!

Hofklo bitterly leaned back in his seat.

"If at this moment I were still alive, I'd definitely be sweating cold."

"And now?"

"I can only sit here, watching the play."

That's right, just watching the play.

Even though, he was among the actors.

Zhengli Tree Street was getting closer.

A shadow gradually took form in the darkness, emerging with a peculiar chant—

"Hush, hush!"



"Night, night, has fallen."

"The black lamb dances."

"He's coming, he's coming."

"Quick, go to sleep."

"Quick, go to sleep."

Within the song, mixed with cheerful whistling, the two attendants at the front of the carriage immediately and vigilantly watched the figure that appeared, one decisively pulling out a revolver.

But it was useless.

Invisible power enveloped them.

The two physically strong attendants then shriveled up rapidly like deflated balloons.

Chapter 1647: Gista! (part 3)

By the time Hofklo stepped down from the carriage, the two had already perished.

To this, Hofklo turned a blind eye.

He paid high wages, naturally accepting the risks.

Both of them understood this: the salary was money for their lives.

No one enjoys life while receiving a high salary?

"What do you want to do?"

Hofklo lowered his voice, questioning the 'Shepherd'.

This was the restraint of the contract.

It directly affected his body.

Therefore, he appeared as usual.

"Give me the 'Herculean Potion'."

The 'Shepherd', dressed in a large cloak that completely concealed his face, said lightly.

"Do you know what it represents?"

Hofklo threatened the 'Shepherd'.

"Just a lucky 'Night Watcher' lad!"

"Have you 'Tomb Guardians' become so weak that you need the protection of 'Night Watchers'?"

The 'Shepherd' chuckled softly.

"It's not protection, just cooperation!"

Hofklo emphasized.

"Hmm, cooperation... then you can die!"

As soon as the words fell, the 'Shepherd' disappeared.

When he reappeared, he was already behind Hofklo, raising his hand to pierce Hofklo's heart, but it was caught by a powerful hand.

It was Jason.

At some point, Jason appeared there.

He grabbed the 'Shepherd's wrist, staring coldly at the other party.

"Hi, long time no see!"

The 'Shepherd' greeted. .

Jason's response was a punch.

Bang!

Boom!

After a muffled sound, the 'Shepherd's body exploded directly.

Flesh and blood scattered in all directions.

Then, it turned into foul-smelling soil.

Jason frowned, listening intently, when he did not find the 'Shepherd's trace, only then did he look at Hofklo.

"Thank you, Lord Jason."

"The 'Shepherd' was far more cunning and cautious than imagined."

"His secret technique should only be able to obscure the [Pursuit] effect for a while, to avoid being caught by your teacher, he should be hiding again now, but you must be careful, as long as the 'Herculean Potion' is in your hands, he will definitely return."

Hofklo said gratefully, with a tone of reminder.

Jason nodded, accepting the box Hofklo handed over.

"Then, I'll take my leave first."

"If you need anything, please come directly to me."

"Anyone from the royal family can help you find me."

Hofklo said with a bow, then turned to leave.

And Jason?

Moved even faster than Hofklo.

Once he got the 'Herculean Potion', his figure disappeared.

Hofklo wasn't surprised at all.

After all, everything was within Gista's plan.

Including Jason's reaction.

Including his death.

Probably, someone will replace him soon, right?

No, not soon.

It's after dawn.

Hofklo walked on Tert's night streets, lifting a sewer cover under the contract's power and stepping inside.

"Die? Make me like a rat in the sewer?"

Hofklo soon realized this.

He was furious.

But couldn't resist.

He could only curse Gista over and over in his heart.

Then...

He watched himself slowly rot away.

Under the contract's power, the pain was amplified tenfold, causing Hofklo to howl repeatedly.

But it was useless.

In these deep undergrounds, no one could hear his howls.

There was only sewage flowing.

And rats staring with ghastly green eyes.

Gradually, Hofklo's voice grew quieter, and more than half of his body had rotted.

Those rats approached.

"Get away! Get away!"

Hofklo shouted loudly.

He couldn't accept death.

Even more so, he couldn't accept being gnawed on by rats while still alive.

But evidently, these gathered rats weren't afraid of a dying man.

They gathered more and more.

They swarmed.

Hofklo died in a way he never imagined.

The contract's restrictive power disappeared.

But a more violent power brewed within.

Relying on a strong spirit, Hofklo transformed into a ghost, floating in mid-air, feeling the soul about to self-destruct, he knew Gista wouldn't give him the chance.

He was about to truly die.

But before that, he wanted to kill these rats!

Hofklo looked down at the rats still gnawing on his corpse, about to rush forward.

But suddenly his phantom body shivered.

What was this...

Chapter 1648: Let's All Put on a Show!

The cold, damp, and foul-smelling sewer has turned into a realm of ghosts, with Hofklo floating in mid-air, eyes wide open, staring at the scene below.

Even as a ghost, it can be seen that Hofklo is surprised at this moment.

Because, those rats that were supposed to be gnawing at its corpse, some of them have stopped their actions at this moment.

Then, their bodies began to form one word after another on the ground —

Do you want to truly live?

The opportunity comes only once!

After quickly forming, these rats resumed gnawing at its corpse.

Hofklo was stunned.

Who?

Who is it?

Question after question popped into its mind.

Ultimately, Hofklo's expression became solemn.

Just like the other said, the opportunity comes only once.



And now?

It must seize this opportunity.

Thinking of this, Hofklo retreated quickly, distancing itself from here.

As if trying to return to the surface.

However, the explosion came too fast.

So fast, far beyond its imagination.

Boom!

A blast occurred, and Hofklo's ghost shattered directly.

However...

Hofklo did not die.

Or rather, it once again delayed death.

A ghost far weaker than before floated up from the incomplete body.

This is its trump card.

Not the trump card is the trump card.

A secret technique that sacrifices all its strength to turn into an ordinary ghost — it accidentally acquired this, but Hofklo was certain at the time it would never use this secret technique.

Because, losing strength, becoming an ordinary ghost, is worse than death.

An ordinary ghost cannot face the light.

A gust of wind would disperse it.

Even when careful, it would disappear without a trace ten minutes after becoming a ghost.

It's entirely a secret technique for delivering one's last words.

Therefore, Hofklo initially did not consider this.

Because, beside it, there wasn't even a person to deliver last words to, but when the 'rat words' on the ground appeared, everything changed.

Even if what the other said is false, it doesn't matter.

At least someone is here!

Then it can tell the other everything it knows.

Tell the other, this is all Gista's conspiracy.

Hofklo looked around.

Tap, tap tap!

The sound of footsteps echoed.

When it saw Jason walk out, it was first startled, then relieved.

This former adviser to Sewock VII sighed and asked.

"Am I truly the only fool in this?"

Jason thought for a moment and answered.

"No."

"You just weren't cautious enough."

With that, Jason raised his hand.

[Corpse-speaking Contract]!

Faced with such a contract, Hofklo didn't hesitate at all and chose to sign directly.

If things were normal, it would never sign, but now?

Does it have another choice?

"Master, when did you notice something wrong?"

After signing the contract, Hofklo changed its tone directly.

It believed it performed quite well.

'Shepherd' wasn't a problem either.

Under such circumstances, how did Jason notice?

"From the very beginning."

Jason casually replied.

Of course, he wouldn't say he smelled cookies, puffs, egg tarts, and strawberry, mango, blueberry cakes on both Hofklo and 'Shepherd', hence becoming suspicious.

If anyone is stained with any kind of sweet treat, there's no issue.

People, eating a few bites of sweets, is there a problem?

No problem!

How does one live without sweets!

However, with so many kinds of sweets on both people, that's strange.

Is it possible for two people's tastes to be exactly the same?

Fine!

Even if it's the same.

Why was there none of the mentioned sweets in 'Shepherd's stomach?

Hofklo's stomach also lacked them?

Exactly, Jason blasted 'Shepherd', used Peter's strength to control rats to gnaw at Hofklo's corpse, all to confirm this point.

Jason isn't some kind of lunatic.

How could he be so bloody?

Even if he was, he would definitely have a purpose.

The same taste without consuming the same food.

The two must have met in one place.

That place contained the mentioned food.

But, it couldn't possibly be a bakery!

Because no bakery could make cookies, puffs, egg tarts, and strawberry, mango, blueberry cakes to such a far beyond normal level. .

If such a store existed, it would be renowned.

When Pashang previously mentioned famous restaurants in Tert, he would definitely include it.

He would definitely know about it.

So, it can only be that two people met in a private place.

An excellent chef resides in that place.

Moreover, a third person present loves sweet treats.

It was the other eating.

That's why Hofklo, 'Shepherd' got stained with those scents.

Jason naturally wouldn't disclose these to Hofklo.



Even with the [Corpse-speaking Contract], it's the same.

However, Hofklo doesn't know these.

Hearing Jason say it was from the beginning, this former adviser to Sewock VII immediately chuckled wryly.

"Indeed, I'm the only fool."

This former adviser attributed everything to his own foolishness.

Jason didn't say much about it.

Since the other is convinced, let him be.

Don't correct.

Even more don't explain.

Just like seeing a wild dog eating feces, don't stop it.

Because the wild dog will think you want to steal its feces to eat.

Chapter 1649: Let's All Put on a Show!

"So..."

"You should have guessed the current situation, right?"

Hofklo asked cautiously.

It wasn't a probe.

When Jason appeared before him, Hofklo had already considered Jason to be as cunning as Gista.

Faced with such a person, with his life and death in the other's hands, how could Hofklo dare to test him?

He asked only to flatter.

Thus, without waiting for Jason to speak, Hofklo continued to talk.

"With your intelligence, you must have realized this is Gista's scheme."

"He used 'Shepherd' as bait to arrange everything of 'Lorde,' stirring up all of Tert."

"Even..."

"His Majesty's death was also deliberately orchestrated by him."

Hofklo spoke of Sewock VII with honorifics.

Not out of any true respect; to Hofklo, Sewock VII was like a big child yet to mature, though obedient and always deeply trusting his teachings.

So he got used to calling him His Majesty.

Mm, it had no emotional connection.

Just habit.

Hofklo emphasized this in his heart.

Then he continued.

"Gista wants chaos in Sewock, so he can rise amidst the turmoil."

"To establish a new order."

"An order belonging to the 'Tomb Guardian.'"

Hofklo held nothing back, revealing all his guesses to Jason.

Jason listened as he continued forward.

Gista?

Who is that?

Jason was puzzled inside, but his exterior showed nothing.

Seeing Jason's calm demeanor, as if everything was as expected, Hofklo promptly continued talking.

"Gista is one of the veterans of our new organization."

"He mentioned to me before..."

"Our organization has several other veterans..."

Hofklo began to inform Jason about everything he knew with unceasing verbosity.

Jason quietly took note.

Compared to the initial meeting's words.

This time, bound by the covenant, was undoubtedly more genuine.

Especially some hidden information, which was exactly what he needed.

Walking towards Zhengli Tree Street No. 112, Jason pondered another question.

What role does Prince Ruitai play in this incident?

After all, he provided information about the 'Shepherd's' true body's location.

Now, this information seemed evidently false.

It was a trap.

Just...

What did the other party intend to do?

...

"Your plan has failed."

Prince Ruitai frowned.

In the flickering brilliance, within the colossal silhouette, the dragon Dou'er revealed its form.

"It appears that this 'Night Watcher's' hatred for the 'Shepherd' isn't as intense as it seems — but it doesn't matter, he's not crucial to our plan and won't impact it."

"We just wanted him to divert the attention of the remaining 'Night Watchers' in Tert."

"Since we've failed here, we'll activate the backup plan."

The voice of the Red Giant Dragon Dou'er thundered through Prince Ruitai's study, yet the attendants outside seemed utterly oblivious.

The silent barrier had long enveloped this place.

"Isn't it too risky?"

Prince Ruitai asked.

"Risky?"

"No plan is a hundred percent!"

"They all require risking!"

"We were like that before!"

"This time is naturally no exception!"

The dragon Dou'er spoke and spewed flames discontentedly.

The massive embers once leaving the dragon's nostrils turned into overwhelming flames, illuminating the dragon's grand form, especially the golden vertical pupils, revealing cunning, ruthlessness, and wickedness.

Its voice continued.

"Ruitai, you are far too cautious."

"It's a good thing and a bad thing."

"The good is, it'll make you succeed in some minor things repeatedly."



"The bad is, it'll make you lose some truly significant opportunities."

"Like... this time!"

Prince Ruitai's frowned brows did not relax, but his body sat upright.

"I won't give up this opportunity!"

Prince Ruitai declared resolutely.

"Of course!"

"Of course, indeed!"

"Leave everything to me!"

"I will make those bothersome 'Night Watchers' disappear temporarily."

"You will become Sewock's Emperor!"

"And me?"

"All of Sewock's Gold will be mine!"

The voice of the Red Dragon vanished alongside a high-pitched roar.

Prince Ruitai still frowned.

He sat behind the desk.

For more than ten seconds, even after that feeling of being watched vanished, Prince Ruitai maintained this posture.

Cautious?

How could he not be cautious?

If he showed any flaw.

He would be back to square one.

After a full five minutes, Prince Ruitai finally stood up.

He didn't go to the secret room.

Though he was eager to see Sewock VII, he knew now wasn't the time.

He had to endure.

Had to endure.

"Soon! Soon!"

"It will all be over!"

Prince Ruitai thought silently in his heart, then quickened his pace and pushed the door open.

"Your Highness?"

The attendants looked at the walking Prince Ruitai and saluted one after another.

"Prepare the carriage, I'm going to the 'Knight's Camp'!"

Prince Ruitai said.

"Yes, Your Highness!"

The attendants immediately complied.

About two minutes later, a private carriage bearing the royal insignia but with personal emblems at the front headed towards Tert's 'Knight's Camp.'

Not in the honorary sense of knights.

It was where the real 'Knights' gathered.

...

In the morning, Taniel, who had not slept all night, groggily walked out of the room and down the stairs.

Chapter 1650: Everyone, Act Together! (part 3)

"Do you have coffee?"

"Give me a cup of coffee!"

"Add more sugar."

Looking at Matthew who was making breakfast, he directly groaned.

"You didn't sleep all night?"

Matthew asked as he handed over the coffee.

"Yeah, some things need to be prepared."

Taniel nodded.

"Actually, things aren't as bad as we initially thought."

Matthew said, and then recounted the events of yesterday, where the Sewock royalty and Prince Ruitai sent gifts to Jason.

Taniel blinked, but didn't have the surprise Matthew expected.

"You're not surprised?"

Matthew asked.

"What's there to be surprised about? Anything happening to Jason is normal—after you've experienced him crossing five tiers of professions in a week, you'll understand what's a calm heart."

Taniel said, picking up a muffin from the plate.

One half spread with jam, the other half with honey.

"Want some bacon?"

Matthew asked.

"Thank you."

Taniel thanked immediately, then turned to look around, not finding the stout figure.

"Where's Luodeni?"

"Gone to gather information."

"He thinks there's something fishy."

"Couldn't he just stay put?"

Matthew sighed.

"Who doesn't want to stay put, but what about the results?"

"Things always turn out unsatisfactory."

"So, we need to prepare more!"

With the sound of the door opening and closing, Luodeni's stout voice immediately echoed.

This stout informant pulled out a chair and sat down at the dining table, speaking mysteriously to Taniel and Matthew: "Guess what news I found out?"

This feigned mysteriousness made Matthew roll his eyes.

Taniel, on the other hand, picked up another muffin.

Seeing the reactions of the two, Luodeni didn't feel awkward, lightly coughed, and then continued on his own.

"Prince Ruitai went to the 'Knight' camp."

"'Knight' camp?"

"The one I know?"

Taniel and Matthew immediately sat up straight.



"The one you know, and then, guess what happened?"

Luodeni continued to tease their curiosity.

"Spit it out!"

"Or no breakfast for you!"

Matthew urged impatiently.

"Got 'beaten' out!"

"I don't know the specifics."

"The spies only heard a dull sound, then saw Prince Ruitai leaving the 'Knight' camp with a bad look on his face. Rumor has it, he was missing a sleeve on his shirt." .

"Because it was too far away, it's not confirmed."

"But this time Prince Ruitai probably met someone tough."

Luodeni said cheerfully.

Clearly, he was happy to see Prince Ruitai fail.

Matthew felt the same.

The former 'Great Thief's mouth couldn't help but curl upward.

And Taniel?

He stood up, ready to return to his room.

What happened to Prince Ruitai had nothing to do with him.

He only wanted to get the potion-making done as soon as possible.

As for the other things?

He'd think about them later.

"Not going to eat a little more?"

"I made some stew!"

Matthew pointed towards the kitchen.

"I..."

Just as Taniel turned around to speak, he suddenly felt an unusual sound from above, like the howling of a fierce wind.

Luodeni and Matthew heard it too.

The three of them instinctively looked out the window, only to see—

A shadow suddenly appeared in the sky.

Blocking out the sunlight.

Revealing a crimson hue.

Golden vertical pupils that made one's heart feel cold.

The wings spread a hundred meters, creating the sound of a howling wind as they flapped.

And in this howling sound, there was a stuttering voice of astonishment.

"Dra-dragon!"

"Dou-Dou'er!"