

## **Menu 1651**

### Chapter 1651: A Changed Strategy

Scarlet scales.

A massive body.

Golden vertical pupils.

All of this told everyone in Tert that it was a dragon!

The dragon, Dou'er.

Has returned!

This is Tert, no, it's the entire Eastwalk 'Mystical Side', the most familiar and yet the most unfamiliar 'legendary creature' to all.

Familiar, because Dou'er is Prince Ruitai's steed, well-known to all those on the 'Mystical Side'.

Unfamiliar, because everyone knows Dou'er is Prince Ruitai's steed, but only a few have truly seen Dou'er.

Because, for most of the past decade and more, the dragon Dou'er has been stationed at the Eastwalk border, symbolizing Sewock's ultimate combat power.

Even people like Matthew and Luodeni, who are 'Mystical Side' figures, have only seen it once at the very beginning when Prince Ruitai subdued the dragon Dou'er.

And that was from a very great distance, only enough to see a silhouette.

Far less clear than now!

Watching Dou'er dive overhead, Matthew and Luodeni widened their eyes, the former's cleaver fell to the ground unnoticed, and the latter's eyes, always squinted due to obesity, suddenly opened wide.

As for Taniel?

He was gritting his teeth, struggling to hold on.

Dragon might!

Not directed at anyone, just unconsciously emitted.

But even so, for someone like Taniel, who was at rank one, it was an extremely burdensome pressure.

Taniel was like this.

Not to mention the ordinary people and the general 'Mystical Side' figures.

The former were fainting en masse, collapsing like harvested wheat.

As for the latter?

Most were in a semi-unconscious state, barely holding on through gritted teeth.

A small portion fell into a state of chaos.

In such a state, it was difficult for them to control themselves.

Some unrest therefore broke out.

Sounds of slaughter.

Sounds of explosions.

Pulled Matthew and Luodeni back to their senses.

The two exchanged a glance, almost speaking in unison—

"A show of power!"

Clearly, the incident at the 'Knight' camp last night left Prince Ruitai dissatisfied. .

Thus, the dragon Dou'er had returned.

And did not deliberately restrain its dragon might.

"The 'Knights' at the 'Knight' camp are going to be busy."

Matthew shook his head, said with a trace of mockery.

For this former Great Thief, neither Prince Ruitai nor those stiff knights had any favor.

If the two were to fight?

He'd naturally just watch.

Ideally, it'd be mutually destructive.

That's what he hoped to see.

Although a bit unfair to the latter.

But for him, it was the best outcome.

At least, he'd be at peace for quite some time.

Luodeni, however, had a serious expression.

"What's wrong?"

Taniel noticed the unusual look on this chubby informant's face.

"It's not just a show of power, but... provocation!"

Luodeni glanced at Taniel, then at Matthew whose gaze was cast their way, and spoke in a low voice.

"Provocation?"

Taniel and Matthew didn't grasp it immediately.

"In Tert, there's a 'Knight' camp."

"And also..."

"The 'Night Watcher's Home'!"

Luodeni reminded them.

Taniel and Matthew's faces changed instantly.

One must know, the 'Night Watchers' ideology is to eliminate 'abnormal creatures'.

Including but not limited to 'monsters', 'magical creatures', 'evils', and so forth.

And if seriously considered, the dragon Dou'er could be classified as a 'monster' or 'magical creature'.

If it was before, with Prince Ruitai present, it'd naturally be well water not interfering with river water.

But, this time!

The dragon Dou'er had already caused unrest.

Though the outcome was uncertain, Taniel and Matthew could be sure, there were deaths!

Under such a premise, will the 'Night Watchers' sit idly by?

Certainly not!

With the character of the 'Night Watchers', they would definitely step in!

"It should not be!"

"In six days, it will be Sewock the Seventh's funeral!"

"After the funeral, he will be able to become the new Emperor!"

"At this time, why would Prince Ruitai make enemies? Shouldn't he wait patiently until he becomes Emperor, then address it?"

Even Taniel noticed something was amiss.

Let alone the cunning old fox Matthew.

This former Great Thief once again felt looming troubles, wrapped in danger, rushing towards him.

"Luodeni, Taniel, shall we scoot?"



"To Eastwalk!"

"The sunshine and beaches there are nice."

Matthew suggested.

"Running away is not a solution."

Taniel shook his head.

He wouldn't leave.

If it were just him, he wouldn't care.

If he had to go, he'd go.

But there's still Jason.

His friend Jason is there!

His friend Jason is a 'Night Watcher', and at this time, absolutely wouldn't leave.

Therefore, he cannot go.

Matthew looked at Luodeni.

Luodeni also shook his head.

"Why?"

Matthew looked puzzled.

Taniel not leaving, Matthew understood, after all, with Jason there, but Luodeni not leaving, it puzzled Matthew.

"This matter is not as simple as you think."

"We've long been involved."

"Don't forget how we ended up here and what happened yesterday!"

"At this moment, if we leave, we might become the trigger, then—get blasted into pieces!"

Luodeni spoke softly, a hint of worry on his chubby face.

This chubby informant finished his words and started walking again.

"Where are you going?"

Matthew hurriedly asked.

"To gather information."

Luodeni said, just as he pushed the door, he suddenly thought of something and reminded Matthew.

Chapter 1652: A Changed Strategy

"If possible, you've broken your leg today and can only rest at home."

"Hmm."

Matthew nodded.

As he watched the door open and close, and watched Luodeni's disappearing back, he suddenly cursed.

"Damn it!"

"What am I grateful for?"

"Weren't these troubles brought to me by you?"

Matthew grumbled.

However, the former Great Thief still stood by the door, watching as Luodeni was met by two subordinates at the corner of Zhengli Tree Street, before turning back to the kitchen.

"Need anything else?"

Matthew asked.

"No, this is enough for me."

Taniel said, turning back to the room.

When Matthew came out carrying more scones, the dining room was already empty.

This former Great Thief subconsciously looked towards the direction of the basement.

However, he ultimately didn't call for Jason.

Jason had clearly stated that if he didn't appear voluntarily, not to disturb him.

Matthew remembered this clearly.

Then, the former Great Thief picked up a scone and spread honey and jam on it.

In fact, he preferred cream.

But somehow, good quality cream had all sold out in the market, especially in the few shops where he regularly ordered, sugar, honey, and other seasonings were left in small quantities only because he was an old customer.

As a result, he had to make jam himself for seasoning.

"Did some big shot who likes sweets come to Tert?"

Matthew pondered.

Knowing that the few shops where he ordered were not cheap places.

Ordinary people absolutely could not afford it.

"Could it be related to the current situation?"

Matthew continued to think.

Then, the former Great Thief picked up another scone, spreading honey and jam evenly.

Even if it was related to the current situation, what could he do?

He was just a small Secret Agent who accidentally fell down the stairs and broke his leg due to the sudden appearance of the dragon Dou'er.

Such matters should be left to the big shots.

Him?

He should just eat and drink quietly.

Hmm, the scone is really delicious.

...

"These meat pies are pretty good!"

With his conspicuous physique altered by [Bone Shrink], and his face hidden by a hood, Jason held the meat pie wrapped in oil paper, stuffing it into his mouth while staring at the dragon flying towards Prince Ruitai's residence.

A large amount of saliva began to secrete uncontrollably.

So as soon as the meat pie entered his mouth, it was completely soaked.

He had drunk Dragon Blood.

That broth, somewhat like boiled sliced meat soup, yet also somewhat like boiled fish soup, was truly delicious.

He couldn't help but want to pair it with some rice.

Numbness as the sword, spiciness as the spear.

They are the best weapons to pierce the taste buds.

Dragon Blood was already this delicious.

What about dragon meat?

Dragon Bone?

And the complete innards?



What would they taste like?

Unconsciously, Jason fell into the temptation of gourmet food.

The fact that he could resist rushing out was already relying on immense willpower.

He tossed the ten meat pies he held into his mouth with a raise of his hand.

Since he couldn't eat a 'Whole Dragon Feast'.

Meat pies were good enough.

Food doesn't distinguish between high and low.

It's all a blessing.

Jason swallowed the meat pies and walked slowly towards the 'Night Watcher's Home'.

After learning more from Hofklo, Jason was already prepared.

This included the appearance of the dragon Dou'er.

Although dragons were surely delicious, this wasn't the result Jason was most pleased to see.

In fact, it was the worst outcome.

Because it indicated that the forces represented by the 'Night Watcher' had already been accounted for.

Or more clearly said...

It was a scheme!

From the moment he began to trade with Prince Ruitai, this scheme had begun.

Easily put, given the 'Night Watcher's' way of doing things, if something suddenly happened to him, the entire 'Night Watcher's Home' would surely move upon hearing the news, and those high-ranking 'Night Watchers' behind him wouldn't just sit back and do nothing.

All the 'Night Watchers' attention would be focused on finding him.

Where would he be at that time?

The true hiding place of the Shepherd's real body.

That's right!

It was part of the bargaining chip with Prince Ruitai.

From then on... no!

From the moment he left Lorde and came to Tert.

This trap was already being laid.

And when he didn't fall into this trap, their plan changed.

It became a provocation.

At least...

That's how it appeared on the surface.

But, there was a key point!

His teacher!

Dan, who hunts the Shepherd!

The Shepherd was already dead and was contracted into the Undead.

Who was Dan hunting?

Or rather, is Dan safe now?

Jason didn't know.

But the situation was surely not optimistic.

As for whether that so-called Gista and Prince Ruitai were cooperating?

It was self-evident.

Both parties were originally part of one organization.

Even if some people had left the organization, their relationship probably hadn't been severed.

In some respects, their intimacy naturally far exceeded that of strangers.

So cooperating on some matters was naturally fitting.

At least...

Taking out the outsiders first!

Then fighting to the death seemed like a good choice!

"How much does the 'Night Watcher's Home' know about this matter?"

"Has the always hidden boss of the 'Night Watcher's Home' discovered any clues?"

Jason pondered deeply as he quickened his pace.

...

Inside the 'Night Watcher's Home', Morton's face was gloomy.

Ailin and her three sisters looked equally grim.

Chapter 1653: A Changed Strategy

Sid and a group of young 'trainees' led by Elpa were gritting their teeth.

"Morton, what are we still waiting for?"

"It's already made a move!"

"Are we just going to stand by and watch?"

The more impulsive Elpa asked directly.

"Wait!"

"We must wait!"

"Until the boss gives us the word, no one is allowed to leave the 'Night Watcher's Home'!"

Morton said each word with a grim face.

Not allowing any arguments!

"But..."

Before Elpa could finish, Sid tugged on his sleeve.

Elpa lowered his head to look at his friend, who was frowning in thought, and unwillingly sat down.

He knew that this event was tinged with the bizarre.

However, he couldn't swallow his anger.

Right now, he wished he could shove his longsword into the mouth of the opponent, demanding to know how they dared!

How they dared to harm innocent people so brazenly and recklessly!

"Now!"

"Everyone, return to your rooms!"

Morton said.

He knew he couldn't let this impulsive group of young people stay together any longer.

If this continued, something would eventually go wrong.

Though he was also angry deep down, he understood the importance of priorities.

Ailin's four sisters obviously understood too.



The four staff members of the 'Night Watcher's Home' began to softly console the young ones.

Despite their reluctance, the young ones stood up and prepared to return to their rooms.

But at that very moment, a cheerful whistling sound echoed—

"Whew! Whew!"

"The night, the night, has come."

"The black lambs are dancing."

"Here he comes, here he comes."

"Quickly go to sleep."

"Quickly go to sleep."

...

“[Protection Against Evil]!”

At the instant this joyful whistle sounded, Morton pointed toward the door of the ‘Night Watcher’s Home.’

An invisible force field instantly enveloped the doorway.

Ailin’s four sisters were also quick, rapidly drawing a circle with handfuls of salt on the ground, encapsulating all the young people within.

The young ones dubbed ‘trainees’ were not slow either, each pulling out their weapons, focusing their gaze on the door.

They widened their eyes, not daring to be careless in the slightest.

Because they were well aware of who they were up against. .

A guy able to elude the pursuit of a fifth-tier ‘Night Watcher.’

Though they didn't know any more details, in the common consciousness of the Mystical Side, only a fifth-tier 'Professional' could handle a fifth-tier opponent!

And what about them?

Even the strongest, Morton, was only a fourth-tier 'Night Watcher.'

While Ailin's four sisters were third-tier 'Night Watchers.'

The rest of the 'trainees,' the most outstanding Sid and Elpa, had just completed the second tier.

The majority were first-tier.

It seemed like a lot of people, but facing a true fifth-tier 'Professional,' they had no absolute confidence.

Especially against the 'Shepherd,' renowned for its bizarreness!

Up to now, no one could confirm the opponent's profession.

'Tomb Guardian'?

They looked like one!

But not entirely!

Because some secret techniques far surpassed the expertise of a 'Tomb Guardian.'

Instead, it seemed a bit like a 'Beast Tamer!'

Yet sometimes, it also resembled an 'assassin.'

Or even...

A 'Wizard!'

In any case, this was a formidable opponent.

Therefore, everyone in the 'Night Watcher's Home' was on high alert.

Creak!

The door opened.

Then, a tall figure strode in, holding a blood-dripping head.

Everyone was stunned.

They looked at the 'Shepherd' with that blood-dripping head, each being remarkably shocked and cried out incredulously.

"Jason?!"

Chapter 1654: Completed Somehow!

'Night Watcher's Home' was filled with hushed gasps.

Everyone's gaze was drawn to the bloodied head.

Morton rushed to Jason's side, examining the head closely.

Then, he confirmed, it was indeed the head of the 'Shepherd'.

"Jason, you?!"

Even though there was already a mental preparation for Jason being a fifth-tier 'Demon Hunter' of the 'Night Watcher', this scene left the old bartender unable to hide his shock.

After all, the hunted was the 'Shepherd'!

The same 'Shepherd' who had escaped numerous hunts by fellow fifth-tier 'Night Watchers'!

"I want to speak with Gren An."

Jason said.

The old bartender frowned, but ultimately nodded.

"Alright!"

When the dragon Dou'er appeared, the old bartender knew that the situation had already spiraled out of his control.

The appearance of the 'Shepherd' made him understand that 'Night Watcher's Home' was far more precarious than it appeared.

At this point, it was undoubtedly more appropriate for Gren An, the owner of 'Night Watcher's Home', to step in.

"Sid, Elpa, have everyone split into four teams, three teams rotate for patrol and duty, the remaining team stays as a reserve force."

"Ailin, you and the others activate all defense secret techniques, and make sure to contact people outside for safety."

The old bartender quickly gave orders.

Then, he waved at Jason and turned to walk towards the small lounge behind the bar.

Jason nodded to the familiar Sid, Elpa, and the Ailin quad-sisters, then followed directly.

"Wait!"

After Jason entered the small lounge and sat down, the old bartender activated a transmission array in front of Jason.

Soon, a middle-aged man in his forties or fifties, with soft facial features, appeared as a phantom in the transmission array.

"Morton, Jason?"

Seeing his assistant Morton and the excessive actions of Dou'er, the dragon, Gren An wasn't surprised. But upon seeing Jason, he seemed to be taken aback.

"Gren, we just suffered an attack!"

Morton's words were rapid yet coherent as he revealed what had just transpired to Gren An.

The owner of 'Night Watcher's Home' slightly narrowed his eyes, the usual smile long gone.

What remained was a chilling glint.

"I understand, Morton."

"For now, hold your ground at 'Night Watcher's Home'."



"Leave the rest to us."

Gren An said.

Jason's heart skipped a beat.

Us?

Apparently, Gren An was not alone.

Had the 'Night Watchers' been prepared all along?!

Jason speculated.

Never underestimate anyone.

Especially those eternally enduring organizations of the 'Mystical Side'.

At times, their power far exceeds imagination.

Because, they always know things you don't.

Unbidden, Jason remembered the words Gerard had casually mentioned to him at Hans Port.

Though it was a different world scenario, the principle was universal.

"Understood."

"I'll go arrange things now!"

Even though everything was already arranged, the old bartender went out again.

The implication was self-evident.

Maintain secrecy as much as possible.

This has nothing to do with loyalty.

No hint of doubt either.

It's just that, in a world with the 'Mystical Side', keeping secrets is exceedingly difficult.

Often, you have divulged secrets without even knowing it.

To minimize the risk of leaks,

Reducing the number of people in the know is the best guarantee.

Click!

As the old bartender closed the door to the small lounge, only Jason and Gren An were left inside.

"Jason, thank you for everything you've done for 'Night Watcher's Home'."

Even though it was through the transmission array, Gren An still stood up and made a slight bow to Jason.

Jason also stood up, stepping aside.

"I am one of the 'Night Watchers' too."

Jason asserted with certainty.

This response was without any pretense.

That was truly how Jason felt.

Sincerity can move anything—except for a woman whose heart has changed.

Gren An was certainly not a woman with a changed heart.

He could sense Jason's genuine intention.

Immediately, the owner of 'Night Watcher's Home' smiled.

A smile in his eyes shimmering with joy.

"If 'Dan' saw you now, he would surely put on airs saying you're not bad, then boast in front of us endlessly."

"Having a disciple like you is truly his fortune!"

Gren An spoke with unabashed envy on his face.

The heritage of the 'Night Watcher' ensures that they favor every apprentice like their own child.

Gren An, being a fifth-tier 'Demon Hunter' of the 'Night Watcher', was no exception.

Unfortunately...

Their branch's heritage had some issues.

So much so, that his disciple hadn't appeared until now.

"Mr. Gren An..."

"Call me Gren, all friends do."

The owner of 'Night Watcher's Home' interrupted Jason. .

"Alright, Gren."

Jason didn't refuse, not minding having another 'Night Watcher' as a friend; adjusting his demeanor, he inadvertently lowered his voice, "Do you know Gista?"

"Gista?!"

"Jason, where did you hear that bastard's name?"

Gren An's expression changed, sitting up straight.

Jason began to recount.

Chapter 1655: Unexplainably Completed! (part 2)

From his visit by Hofklo, to the visit by Prince Ruitai.

And the use of 'Shepherd' as bait, everything was recounted in detail.

Of course, Jason left out the part about the 'Tomb Guardian' abilities.

Though there wouldn't have been any issue if he had mentioned it.

But due to the sensitivity of the 'Tomb Guardian' profession, Jason chose to conceal it.

"That bastard!"

"As expected, this incident has an inevitable connection with that bastard!"

Gren An clearly knew something, but before Jason could inquire further, this 'Night Watcher's Home' manager said directly: "Jason, I'm sorry, there are some things I can't tell you now."

"Because if I say certain things, some bastards would know too."

"Even though we've put layers of protection, some bastards have sharp 'ears'."

This 'Night Watcher's Home' manager explained.

"Mm."

Jason nodded, indicating his understanding.

"Don't worry, leave the rest to us old folks."

"While they're scheming, we're also planning."

"These guys have finally crawled out of their hole this time, we must seize the opportunity!"

Gren An said, taking a deep breath.

Then, this 'Night Watcher's Home' manager looked seriously at Jason.

"Jason, you've done a great service for the 'Night Watcher's Home.'

"Even though you acted because of the 'Night Watcher.'

"But as the manager of the 'Night Watcher's Home,' I still want to express my gratitude — if the person helping today was your teacher 'Dan,' I would have just told him to take a bottle of wine and get lost, but you're different, Jason."

"Don't refuse, I don't want those old folks laughing at me for taking advantage of a young man."

"Especially that bastard 'Dan,' if I don't show any gratitude today, he'd definitely empty my wine collection and mock me for ten years."

The other party explained.

Jason contemplated for a few seconds, then responded —

"I want to know the conditions for a 'Night Watcher' to advance from tier five to tier six."

"Advance?"

Gren An was taken aback.

Clearly, this 'Night Watcher's Home' manager was surprised by Jason's request.

"That's not much of a reward!"

"When you meet your teacher 'Dan,' he will tell you in detail, and will even help you..."



"That's the reward I want!"

Jason interrupted Gren An, emphasizing.

"Are you sure?"

Gren An emphasized.

"I'm sure!"

Jason replied with certainty.

"Tricky guy!"

"Did you and 'Dan' conspire together?"

"After I tell you the 'Night Watcher' tier six advancement details, he'll rush in and steal my wine collection?"

Gren An joked.

The smile at the corner of his mouth was impossible to hide.

He admired young folks like Jason.

Looking at Jason, it was as if he saw themselves in the past.

All the same 'only taking what you deserve,' 'thinking of others.'

This 'Night Watcher's Home' manager clearly misunderstood Jason, thinking Jason adheres to his own principles and wouldn't be greedy.

But in fact?

One of Jason's main purposes for coming to the 'Night Watcher's Home' was to obtain the 'Night Watcher' tier six information.

For Jason now, becoming stronger faster is most urgent.

The impending oppressive feeling was increasingly clear.

Even sitting here, he felt pressure.

Not just the current situation.

And also...

That inexplicable presence!

Jason could feel that the other was getting 'closer.'

"The 'Night Watcher' tier six is called 'Demon Hunter Master!'"

"Apart from the basic requirement of being a 'Demon Hunter,' your [Protection Against Evil] must undergo a 'qualitative transformation,' upgraded to 'Evil-Slaying Slash' — this is particularly important, many like me are stuck at this!"

"Also, one must have hunted 'Mad' level monsters, encountered 'Dragon' level anomalies, and survived!"

"Finally —"

"Acquire admiration from a million beings!"

At this, Gren An paused.

This 'Night Watcher's Home' manager had a bitter smile on his face.

"That's even harder than upgrading [Protection Against Evil] to 'Evil-Slaying Slash!'"

"To gain admiration from a million beings, we can only start from cities we know with a population of a million, but there are only a few such cities. Not to mention these cities themselves are heavily guarded, it's hard to encounter actual existential threats, even if you do, and you save them, it's hard to gain their admiration."

"After all, humans are extremely complex creatures."

"Sometimes, even if you save them, they will hate you."

"Instead, they might be grateful to those who harm them."

Gren An clearly spoke from experience.

This 'Night Watcher's Home' manager obviously thought of something.

Therefore, he didn't notice the strange light flashing in Jason's eyes at all.

[Demon Hunter profession advancement assessment in progress...]

[Information sufficient, assessment successful!]

[Promotion in progress...]

[Possessing the Demon Hunter profession (complete)]

[Protection Against Evil advanced to Evil-Slaying Slash (complete)]

[Have hunted 'Frenzied' level monsters (complete)]

[Encountered 'Dragon' level anomalies and survived (complete)]

[Admiration of a million souls (complete)]

[Assessment successful!]

[Will you consume 200 points of satiety, 10 points of Excitement of Feast to complete the promotion?]

...

The text before him filled Jason's heart with surprise.

Even with Jason's nature, it showed on his face.

The other few items were easy to understand.

The last item: Admiration of a million souls!

When Gren An mentioned this item, Jason had already given up on the idea of advancing to Night Watcher tier six.

Just as the boss of 'Night Watcher's Home' said.

People are too complicated.

So complicated that Jason had no assurance at all in a short time.

This last restriction, except for utilizing ample time, coupled with great perseverance, and considerable arrangements to gradually complete, basically has no other possibility.

And him?

He had less than seven days.

Completely impossible to accomplish.

It's not like writing a book, where you can casually draft something and attract a bunch of handsome and kind-hearted readers.

Thus, Jason cleanly gave up.

Who would have known it was actually completed.

When was it completed?

Why can't I remember?

Even if I did some things in other instances, it couldn't have earned the admiration of a million souls, right?

Wait!

A million souls?

Could it be there are non-human existences?

Jason sat there deep in thought, which caused the boss of 'Night Watcher's Home' to misunderstand.

"Don't be discouraged!"

"Jason, you're still young!"

"And youth brings endless possibilities!"

"Moreover, we will all help you!"

Gren An comforted him.

Help?

Advancing to Night Watcher tier six, if alone, naturally requires a lot of time, but if there is help, it would naturally be much faster; if there are some tier four or five strong individuals helping, it would be even quicker!

Other 'professionals' might find this very difficult.

But the unique way 'Night Watcher' is passed down absolutely makes this achievable.

No wonder 'Night Watcher' is so independent yet remains one of the major forces in the world before him.

Not to mention anything else, just the number of tier six should far exceed other 'professionals'.

Immediately, Jason thought of more things.

"Alright! Alright!"

"In consideration of you being so sad, I'll give you some compensation!"

"You can freely choose a bottle of wine from my wine cellar!"

The boss of 'Night Watcher's Home' was clearly treating Jason as a friend.

"Wine?"

"Can it be exchanged for something else?"

Jason suddenly thought of something.

"Something else?"

"Jason, what do you want?"

Gren An, at this moment, inexplicably felt something bad was going to happen.

Not worried that Jason would demand extravagantly.

But the discomfort before being pranked by a mischief-maker like 'Dan'.

"Food in the kitchen."

Jason said.

"Of course, no problem!"

Gren An immediately breathed a sigh of relief and replied with a smile.

Just a bit of food, not something else.

There's so much food in the kitchen; how much can Jason eat?

It's not possible to eat it all.

...

An hour later, having eaten all the food in 'Night Watcher's Home' kitchen, Jason wiped his mouth silently and returned to the basement at 112 Zhengli Tree Street.

He checked his surroundings, confirmed everything was correct, looked at the text before him, and directly spoke:

"Promote!"

Chapter 1656: The Night Before



As Jason spoke, the words before his eyes swiftly flew out—

[Demon Hunter advances to Demon Hunter Master!]

[All attributes +3.0]

[Special skills acquired: 1. Master Selection; 2. Additional Mastery; 3. Dangerous Intuition; 4. Lightning Reflexes; 5. Mysterious Coordination II; 6. Card Mastery]

[Master Selection: Master, a worthy title indeed. When you become a Demon Hunter Master, it signifies you are one in a million. Your will, your talent, your reputation are all praiseworthy, and your body is thoroughly refined; Effect: Choose between Strength, Agility, Constitution for a permanent increase of 3 points in the attribute!]

[Additional Mastery: Not only are you a master in your profession, but you can also branch out; Effect: Outside of the Demon Hunter profession, any skill level +1 (Note: The highest level cannot exceed Master level but does include Master level)]

[Dangerous Intuition: Encountering thousands of dangers has long granted your perception a special intuition for danger; When danger is about to arise, you will have the most direct perception]

[Lightning Reflexes: Your reflexes are unparalleled, faster than lightning; Effect: Within 12 hours, you can perform an attack or evasive action far exceeding others' imagination, faster than lightning; Whether offensive or evasive, the action must be instantaneous, cannot be charged, delayed, etc.]

[Mysterious Coordination II: As a master, you have gained deeper understanding of 'mystery'; Facing any mysterious knowledge, you can learn faster than others, and when using 'Extraordinary Power', your material consumption will decrease by 50%, and physical strength consumption will decrease by 60%]

[Card Mastery: When you play any type of card game, you are an indisputable master]

...

A warmth exceeding any previous time rose from the stomach.

Jason's body attributes increased visibly.

This is a growth in power.

And the most direct kind.

Jason squinted his eyes, feeling it.

Only after a full dozen seconds did this feeling gradually fade.

Jason squinted his eyes, clenched his fist, adapting to his current strength.

After several deep breaths, he opened his eyes.

"Is this the sixth level?"

"The gains are greater than expected!"

Jason thought.

An attribute increase of +3 was beyond his imagination.

He thought it would be 2-2.5.

Not to mention, there is [Master Selection]!

"I choose Constitution!"

Jason made his choice decisively.

Perhaps choosing Strength or Agility attributes would be more straightforward, but Jason needs Constitution more now. Not just for the greater physical strength and more vigorous vitality provided by Constitution, but because Constitution allows him to better adapt to True Skill—he must complete his adaptation to True Skill in the shortest time possible, so Constitution becomes the natural choice.

As for [Additional Mastery]?

If it were a normal Demon Hunter, they would definitely choose [Evil-Slaying Slash] at this time.

But Jason is different.

He has a better choice.

[Barehanded Combat] with more options for additional mastery!

Perhaps the satiety needed to enhance the current [Barehanded Combat], Excitement of Feast is slightly less than [Evil-Slaying Slash], but what about when it merges with more True Skill?

[Barehanded Combat] would definitely be a more suitable choice! .

Of course, if [Additional Mastery] were not limited to Master level, he would certainly enhance [Flash Technique].

And [Dangerous Intuition] and [Lightning Reflexes] complement each other.

When [Dangerous Intuition] manifests perception of danger, rely on [Lightning Reflexes] to complete an impossible dodge.

Without the defense of a [Knight], but with an unimaginable dodge compared to a [Knight].

Obviously, this is the feature of the 'Demon Hunter Master.'

However, Jason is more inclined to make an attack!

After all, for an attack to be effective, it must hit the target.

As for dodging?

His talent compensates for that point well!

So, [Lightning Reflexes] for Jason is truly a part that can form a killer move.

Even, its importance exceeds [Master Selection]!

As for [Mysterious Coordination II]?

Better adaptation, less need, less physical strength consumption, obviously further improving 'Demon Hunter Master' endurance capability, without the worry of collapsing after one [Evil-Slaying Slash].

Of course, the biggest surprise for Jason is [Card Mastery]!

Looking at the description of this specialization—

Jason: emmmm

"What the hell?"

"How come since the start of 'Demon Hunter', every time I level up, weird specializations like this appear?"

"Is it meant to give 'Demon Hunter' a richer life during leisure time?"

Jason looked at the specialization [Attraction of the Other] he acquired before and now at [Card Mastery], his entire expression turned strange.

With a kind of inexplicable yearning, but unable to cross his own boundary, he was conflicted.

Then, little by little, it turned odd.

Not a pervert.

Just odd.

After all, living a life playing cards after retirement seems quite nice.

Occasionally, surrounded by anomalies...

Thinking about it, Jason suddenly shivered.

The newly acquired [Dangerous Intuition] issued a warning.

"What's going on?"

Jason stood up straight, quickly checking the surroundings.

However, found nothing.

"Is it an anomaly?"

Jason furrowed his brows, thought carefully, and shook his head.

He hasn't provoked any anomalies.

It must be overthinking.

Surely, since Tert is full of lurking dangers recently, too many people want him dead!

That's why [Dangerous Intuition] was triggered!

Chapter 1657: The Night Before! (2)

"Strength!"

"We need to speed up!"

Jason reminisced about the events of the past two days. He knew very well that Sewock VII's funeral was when everything would be unveiled.

At that time, whether it was Prince Ruitai or Gista, they would show their fangs.

As for the 'Shepherd'?

Jason looked at Main Quest 1.

[Revenge, take down the 'Shepherd' (Incomplete)]

...

"Incomplete?"

Jason thought silently, his eyes narrowing involuntarily.

A cold glint flashed in his eyes.

There must be some trickery involved.

However, there's no rush.

He was very patient.

He would wait for the answers to be revealed.

The days passed one by one.

After the initial chaos in Tert, it gradually began to calm down.

Of course, that was for ordinary people.

The 'Mystical Side' individuals were being crushed breathless.

They always felt a storm was about to come.

However, whether ordinary people or 'Mystical Side' individuals, as time passed, their attention was drawn to the 'Sewock VII' funeral.

The night before Sewock VII's funeral.

Sigh.

Gazing at the three pills in front of him, Taniel let out a long breath.

"Finally made them!"

"Almost thought I wouldn't make it in time!"

Taniel carefully sealed the three pills with wax and placed them in the special storage places on his body, clothing, and shoes, then stood up and began tidying up the messy room. RANo2ĖŠ

Or accurately, 'cleaning it up.'

"If the teacher knew I secretly brewed the 'Potion of Taboo'... he'd probably send me straight to the gallows, wouldn't he?"

Taniel smiled wryly.

The Potion of Taboo was a recipe he discovered between the covers of a book in the library of Deer Academy.

He immediately handed it to his teacher.

Because the potion was simply too exaggerated.

One could even say, it was a potion that should not exist in this world.

A potion that would turn a person into a beast.



Afterward, his teacher burned the recipe.

However...

What his teacher didn't know was that he had completely documented it the moment he got the recipe.

Even though the recipe was extremely complex, Taniel still recorded it.

A kind of record that, once seen, could never be forgotten.

Still, Taniel buried it deep in his heart.

Because Taniel didn't want such a potion to appear in the world either.

However, the death of the old duke had a massive impact on Taniel.

That feeling of powerlessness, Taniel didn't want to experience it again.

And with the increasing danger after coming to Tert with his friends, Taniel could not afford to care about it anymore.

Experiencing powerlessness once was enough.

There could never be a second time.

Especially when it involved his friend Jason!

He absolutely wouldn't allow it!

"I hope we don't have to use such potions!"

Taniel thought in his heart, then drew the curtains and opened the window.

The cool night breeze blew on his face, exceptionally pleasant.

Soft voices were clear and distinct.

It was Luodeni and Matthew.

Evidently, with 'Sewock VII's' funeral occurring tomorrow, neither of them could sleep.

Upon hearing the sound of Taniel opening the window, the two sitting in the courtyard directly extended an invitation to Taniel—

"Care to join for a drink?"

"Matthew made fried fish, wings, and chips."

Luodeni raised his glass to Taniel, while Matthew, being more straightforward, took out a clean plate and began serving food to Taniel.

"Sure!"

Taniel did not refuse.

The nerves that had been tightly wound eased after finishing the Potion of Taboo.

He felt his temples throbbing.

His body felt weak in waves.

At this time, sleeping seemed a good choice.

However, Taniel, with experience, knew lying in bed at that time wasn't a good idea.

Sleeping right after being overworked would result in insomnia.

But having a drink and relaxing a bit would result in a much better sleep.

Good sleep leads to good energy.

After all, tomorrow was a big day.

With that thought, Taniel walked downstairs with a light step.

The back door on the first floor wasn't closed, allowing direct access to the courtyard.

Taniel brought out a round stool with a backrest.

"What flavor do you want?"

"Tomato? Black pepper?"

"Or, my specially made... durian cream sauce?"

Matthew said, drawing out his voice, and presented a yellowish blob like showing off a treasure.

Luodeni, who was prepared, quickly leaned back to keep his nose away from the blob.

Taniel?

He just sat down calmly, even picked up a fried wing, dipped a little, and put it in his mouth.

"Hmm, not bad."

"Though, a bit too much cream."

"Still okay."

"For fries, you should pair it with some honey mustard sauce."

"And if there were onion rings, that'd be even better."

Taniel suggested very seriously.

"Honey mustard sauce?"

"Onion rings?"

"Hang on, coming right up!"

For the first time, Matthew's durian cream sauce was praised. He was full of energy, turned around, grabbed an apron, and rushed into the kitchen.

Meanwhile, Taniel picked up a piece of fried fish and started dipping it in the durian cream sauce.

"Can it really be okay?"

"It smells like crap, though!"

"And it looks like it too!"

Luodeni frowned while looking at the blob of durian cream sauce.

"Have you tasted it?"

Taniel asked back.

"No, the smell already puts me off."

Luodeni said.

"Then you really should try it — the taste is still okay."

Taniel said seriously.

Luodeni looked at Taniel, then at the blob, and finally, under the encouraging gaze of Taniel, picked up a piece of fried fish, dipped a little durian cream sauce, and put it in his mouth.

The next moment, Luodeni's facial features twisted together.

The intel dealer felt an unusual taste rush straight to his head, making his entire face go numb.

And at this moment, Taniel's lips twitched upwards and couldn't hold back anymore.

"Hahaha!"

Amidst laughter, Taniel grabbed a nearby beer and gulped it down.

He almost couldn't hold it in just now.

But luckily, it was all worth it.

"You're such a scary person!"

"To drag me into this, you actually ate crap twice!"

Luodeni was also gulping down beer.

"Because it was unavoidable!"

"So, between me being unlucky alone or both of us being unlucky together — I chose the latter, at least..."

"It makes me feel a little better!"

Taniel said righteously.

"You self-destructive jerk!"

"No way!"

"I have to brush my teeth!"

"Otherwise, tomorrow I'll think I'm sleeping in a toilet!"

Luodeni said and stood up.

"No!"

"How could you possibly sleep in a toilet?"

"Because, at that time, you ARE the toilet!"

Taniel corrected.

"Disgusting guy!"

Luodeni gave him the finger and ran straight to the toilet.

Taniel smiled as he watched the plump figure, then his gaze shifted to the nearby basement.

Jason!

Since he saw Jason once six days ago, he hadn't seen his friend for almost a week.

He only occasionally heard the sound of waves, smelled the scent of blood, and some strange cries, sounding like eagle screeches, yet also like the sounds of large fish!

Sometimes, there would even be dazzling lights!

Even with the processed door of Matthew's secret room, it couldn't block those lights.

Thankfully, there was an extra layer of reinforcement outside Matthew's underground secret room, otherwise, those lights would surely attract a crowd.

"I wonder how Jason is?"

Taniel thought, head down.

Even though he believed in his friend.

Concern still existed.

Especially since tomorrow they would face an unprecedentedly powerful enemy...

Hmm?

As Taniel was thinking, he suddenly noticed the food in front of him was gone.

Taniel was stunned.

Then he looked up to see Jason sitting where Luodeni had been, putting the last piece of fried wing into his mouth.

"Jason?!"

Taniel exclaimed joyfully.

At this moment, seeing Jason, Taniel knew clearly that his friend was ready.



Jason put up an index finger to his lips.

Then he turned around and looked towards the shadow outside the courtyard —

"Come out!"

Chapter 1658: The Night Before, Part 2

With a low shout from Jason, a man emerged from the shadows formed by the courtyard's outer walls, trees, and moonlight, hands raised high.

The person was deliberately disguised, his clothes and shoes were ordinary, and his face was also adorned. Not just a fake mustache, he also wore a wig that covered most of his face.

However, even with these disguises, Jason recognized him at a glance.

Samen!

The official who took over from Duke and assumed charge of Lorde's 'Mystical Side'.

He traveled with us by train to Terter.

He could be considered a staunch supporter of 'Sewock the Seventh.'

Of course!

To them, he could not be considered a friend.

"Samen?!"

"You dare show up here?!"

Taniel also recognized Samen, and his face immediately showed anger.

This teacher from Deer Academy, the second advisor of the Lorde police department, in his more than twenty years of life, could not accept three things.

Firstly, the death of the old sir.

Secondly, the ever-unwanted memory of 'looking up at the starry sky.'

The third was Samen's dismissive 'betrayal.'

Without hesitation, Taniel took out the revolver he carried with him.

Faced with the gun muzzle, the disguised Samen appeared calm.

In fact, when he decided to come here, he had already disregarded life and death.

"Sorry, Taniel."

"I can't say words of forgiveness."

"I don't have the nerve for that."

"But there is one thing I must tell Mr. Jason."

After speaking, Samen looked at Jason.

There was both pleading and expectation in his gaze.

"I promise, you won't regret hearing this."

Samen emphasized.

"Won't regret it?"

"Maybe it's you who won't regret it?"

"Your appearance here, isn't it because you had no other way? So you came to try your luck?"

Taniel sneered, exposing the trick in the other's words.

Taniel might not have been exceedingly smart, but he wasn't stupid either.

He had a basic understanding of the environment he was in and recent events.

Samen was a staunch royalist.

That was beyond doubt.

So, with the death of 'Sewock the Seventh,' Samen naturally became a stray dog.

In the capital, Terter, there was no longer a place for him.

He might even have been hunted.

As someone who was once part of the 'Mystical Side' official personnel, Taniel was well aware of the habits of these so-called 'Mystical Side' officials—they were definitely not friendly.

Offending some people was almost certain.

In ordinary times, there was no need to be afraid.

But at this time?

Ha.

Seeing Samen's embarrassed appearance, even after his disguise, Taniel sneered.

Just as he had said earlier.

The other was here to try his luck.

Like a drowning person clutching at a straw.

Regardless of the outcome, he had to grab it!

Taniel was very certain.

Which made him even more disdainful.

Samen stayed silent.

It seemed Taniel had it right.

About two seconds later, the former official head of Lorde's 'Mystical Side' said to Jason, "I want to talk to you alone."

In response to such words, Taniel laughed.

And Jason?

He stood up and walked towards the kitchen.

Did he still need to choose under the current situation?

One was a comrade through thick and thin.

One was an ally who had betrayed him.

Just because the other adopted a mysterious pose, he would choose the latter?

Only a fool would make that choice.

"Taniel, do you want something?"

Jason asked as he walked.

"Anything will do."

"Fries, chicken wings, onion rings are all fine."

Taniel replied.

The two's casual conversation made Samen a little at a loss—he had speculated about what kind of reception he might encounter, and this was definitely not the worst situation.

The worst would have been if Jason attacked him at first sight.

But now, he would rather face the worst scenario.

Because what lay before him was the most difficult situation.

Mistrust!

"I really have extremely important news to tell Mr. Jason."

"This time, I am not lying."

Samen emphasized.

But Jason and Taniel remained unmoved.

This made the former official personnel of Lorde's 'Mystical Side' anxious.

He stood outside the courtyard, at a loss.

After more than ten seconds, Samen took out a pen and paper and began to write.

"This is what I wanted to tell you."

"I have written it down."

"Whether you want to read it or not is your freedom."

"And..."

Samen clearly wanted to say something more, but in the end, he shook his head, placed the note at the courtyard gate, and said, "Goodbye."

With that, the former official personnel turned and left.

His steps were hesitant.

Several times he wanted to look back.

But he couldn't.

Jason and Taniel just watched him leave apathetically.

After Samen disappeared, Jason and Taniel exchanged a glance before Jason disappeared.

The note at the courtyard gate disappeared along with him.

Only Taniel was left sitting there, yelling toward the kitchen.

"Matthew, do you want more food?"

"I'm a bit hungry."

...

Samen walked quickly toward the outside of Zhengli Tree Street, his head down and hat covering part of his face.

He did what he could.

What next?

He could only resign himself to fate.

Death?

He was prepared for it.

Just...

He hoped it wouldn't be too painful.

Samen's special talent as a 'Diviner' all made him feel that his death was imminent.

Chapter 1659: The Night Before, Part 2

Moreover, perhaps because his time was drawing near, his inspiration suddenly multiplied several times over.

He 'saw' things that he could never 'see' on ordinary days.

Some good.

Some bad.



Some that he hoped for.

And some that he couldn't accept.

The majority were bad.

What was unacceptable was even worse than he imagined.

In contrast, the difficulties Jason and Taniel faced seemed insignificant, like a feather, floating lightly.

In short, it would be a result that was hard for him to accept.

Of course, this result could be changed.

As long as someone could break the stalemate!

It could definitely change the result.

Him?

No, he couldn't.

Although he 'saw' it, he didn't have the ability to change anything.

On the contrary, if he got involved, it would only make things worse.

Because...

His strength was really too weak.

But Jason was different.

Jason's strength was strong enough.

However, that wasn't the key point!

The key point was that, even with his greatly enhanced inspiration, he still couldn't see Jason's 'fate trajectory'!

Everything about Jason was hidden!

It was as if an invisible force was protecting Jason!

Samen didn't know what it was, but he knew that such a Jason was enough to be the key to breaking the stalemate.

That was enough.

"Hope..."

"It will get better."

Samen said this, his eyes already on the two people standing at the intersection of Zhengli Tree Street.

The two were wearing cloaks, concealing their appearances and figures.

Samen looked back again.

At some point, two similarly dressed people appeared behind him.

Sigh.

With a slight sigh, Samen didn't flee, nor did he shout.

Because he knew running was useless.

He couldn't run at all.

As for shouting?

It was a complete waste of effort.

He straightened his clothes, corrected the hat that hid his face, and walked towards the two cloaked individuals in front.

Earlier, it was to increase the faint hope of escape.

Now?

That was unnecessary.

Rather than dying a humiliating death in the gutter, it's better to face death calmly.

The fear of death at this moment was no less for Samen, but when facing inevitable death, at least he chose to die with dignity.

"Let's go."

Standing in front of the two, the two behind him also followed, and Samen calmly said to the two in front.

The two didn't waste any words and stepped aside to make way.

As Samen stepped forward, the two flanked him left and right.

The two behind closely followed.

Samen was almost escorted out of Zhengli Tree Street.

Once they turned the street corner, a sack was placed over his head, and he was pushed onto a carriage.

Rumble rumble!

The wheels rolled over the gravel path.

With a little bumpiness, Samen could clearly sense that he was moving away from Tert—the feeling of death getting closer, his inspiration rising again almost vertically.

Taking me away from Tert to execute me?

Seems a bit excessive, doesn't it?

No, it's not right!

No, it's not right!

I am...

Bait!

Samen almost immediately reacted.

Then, the dramatically increasing inspiration, aided by the 'Diviner's' special talent, let him glimpse an elder seated in front of a small tea table, greedily enjoying sweets.

And the elder, who should have been completely absorbed by the sweets, at this moment, raised his head as if sensing something.

Then the elder smiled.

Smiled towards Samen.

Immediately, a chill shot straight to his head.

Samen shivered with a cold tremor.

The image in his mind shattered instantly.

He didn't know who the elder was, but he confirmed that the other party was the Planner of this event.

Immediately, Samen began to struggle.

But the next moment, he stopped.

One of the four people guarding Samen lifted a foot and kicked him hard; in the moment Samen was gasping in pain, a hand chop hit the back of Samen's neck.

Samen fainted instantly.

“ ‘Diviners’ are indeed the most troublesome group of people.”

"Especially those with Talent."

Gista's voice suddenly echoed in the carriage.

Among the four escorts, the obvious leader nodded in agreement.

"Yes."

"That's why we planned for years to cut off their 'path'."

The voice was sinister and cold.

The words spoken made one's hair stand on end.

"You're the ones who made the specific arrangements."

"You're the ones who took action."

"Me?"

"I tried to dissuade you guys."

Gista said while eating.

In his room, the two pastry chefs he had hired at a high salary were bringing in two plates of freshly baked cakes. Gista did not avoid them.

Of course, the two pastry chefs who moved stiffly, with vacant expressions, and seemed dead wouldn't say much either.

They...

No!

Are, they are.

They no longer had the ability to think as they should.

All they had were Gista's orders.

Apart from that, they were basically left with the instincts of the undead.

"This cherry scone is truly delicious."

Gista praised.

As he spoke, he smacked his lips.

In the void in front of him, the voice of the leader inside the carriage could be heard.

"With what you said just now..."

"Those 'Diviners' you trapped would die with unfinished business."

The words were full of mockery.

"I tried to persuade them."

"To make them work for me."

"In the end, they were too proud, so just let them all die."

Gista said nonchalantly.

"Oh, and what about Jason now?"

"Did you try to recruit him too?"

The leader in the carriage chuckled softly and asked.

"Him?"

"He's different!"

“ ‘Diviners’ and ‘Night Watchers’ are not the same.”

"The former is powerless trickery; even if it's real, we can alter it."

"The latter?"

"Very dangerous."



"Each one is dangerous, especially when one is harmed and the rest find out, their level of danger multiplies—so I won't recruit him."

"I won't even appear before him."

Gista explained convincingly.

"That's why I'm here!"

"But, why today?"

"Tomorrow is the foolish Emperor's funeral; wouldn't it be better to appear then and make things more chaotic?"

The leader in the carriage asked seemingly puzzled.

"Czar, you want to know more about the plans for tomorrow?"

"If so, just tell me directly."

"With the relationship between us, there's no need to beat around the bush."

Gista said, licking his finger smeared with cream.

Hearing this clear licking sound, Czar in the carriage shook his head decisively.

"I don't want to know!"

"I'm just a fringe member in the organization!"

"I don't want to get involved in your fights!"

"And I don't want to peer deeper!"

"I'm only here for my share of the reward!"

Czar emphasized.

"All the better."

"Leave Jason to you."

"The rest?"

"Leave it to us."

With that, Gista ended the communication.

Then, this elderly man who craved sweets grinned grimly.

"Stick to your role?"

"Czar, you're overacting."

"But, even if you're a piece of trash, there's a use for you, especially when you're a sixth-level Professional?"

"Just get rid of Jason!"

"Once he's gone..."

"The last little bit of unexpected trouble will be eliminated!"

Gista said, raising a hand to once again instruct his chefs.

"Make me more strawberry scones."

The two undead chefs bowed and then turned to leave.

The carriage that had driven out of Tert took a turn and headed toward Tert's former station.

Wrapped in a black robe, Czar kept his face hidden with a hood, but even so, his three subordinates could sense their Leader's displeasure.

The three held their breath, not daring to make a sound.

Several minutes later, when the carriage entered the abandoned station and stopped, Czar finally returned to normal.

"Gista, just you wait!"

"Do you really think you can control everything?!"

"There's a big surprise waiting for you tomorrow morning!"

Saying these words, this elder in the organization pushed open the carriage door, ready to step down.

But in the next moment, he was stunned.

Because, standing before him was someone he could never have expected—

Prince Ruitai!

Prince Ruitai in regular attire, barehanded!

Chapter 1660: Experiment!

Looking at the 'Prince Ruitai' in front of him, Czar slightly frowned. There was no need to check; with a slight perception, he could confirm that all his subordinates inside the flying station were dead.

Instantly, anger and murderous intent surged in Czar's eyes.

These subordinates, though peripheral members of the organization, had sworn allegiance to him.

They could be said to be entirely his own people.

They were his hard-earned assets over the past twenty years.

Whether for future plans or layouts, they relied on these people.

Now, they were completely wiped out, and Czar wished he could kill the 'Prince Ruitai' in front of him immediately.

However, Czar did not act immediately.

Moreover, he hid his anger and killing intent well.

Because, even now, he couldn't confirm whether the scene before him was a trap.

A trap that superficially used Samen as bait to draw out Jason but was actually meant to eliminate him.

After Gista gradually took control of the organization, such 'traps' became frequent.

Once Gista completely controlled the organization, such 'traps' were executed over a dozen times.

The final outcome was that the organization's elders either stepped down, relinquished power, or disappeared.

Yes, disappeared.

There was also a suicide.

The kind that was 'suicided.'

Everyone in the organization knew something was wrong.

But facing the all-powerful Gista, no one dared to say anything or resist.

Those who dared to speak or resist were killed at the start.

Calming his mind, Czar sensed his surroundings while speaking.

"Your Highness, are we enemies?"

"I am just a 'mercenary.'

Czar said this.

"A mercenary?"

‘Prince Ruitai’ retorted.

At the same time, he threw a punch.

Though still ten meters apart, with this punch, ‘Prince Ruitai’ had already appeared in front of Czar.

BAM!

The punch landed on Czar’s face.

With a muffled sound, Czar’s whole body turned into a cloud of mist.

"Kill!"

The three cloaked subordinates behind Czar tugged off their cloaks, shouting in unison, and launched their attack.

The three cloaks spun like curtains, enveloping ‘Prince Ruitai’ like a shroud.

Two long swords stabbed into this shroud from left and right.

With a flick of the wrist, the swords gleamed brightly.

Rip, rip.

The shroud was torn apart.

However, the two swordsmen looked solemn.

Because their blades encountered no solid resistance.

No sensation of cutting through flesh and blood.

Retreat!

The two swordsmen retreated immediately, while the one who remained pointed two guns at the scattered pieces of fabric.

Upon spotting a blurred silhouette, he pulled the trigger directly.

BANG BANG BANG!

The revolvers fired rapidly.

Flashes erupted from the muzzles.

Clearly just two revolvers, yet under rapid fire, they formed a barrage of bullets.

Instantly, the fabric shreds were made even smaller.

Yet, the blurry silhouette stood firm.

Hit!

The marksman was certain, but the next moment, his expression changed drastically.

He looked down at the hand piercing through his chest.

This hand was slender, powerful, and had large knuckles.

But most importantly, there was not a speck of blood on it!

Even though it pierced through his chest, it had not a drop of blood on it.

The marksman was deeply puzzled.

But he had no time to look for answers.

A huge suction came from the hand, and the marksman felt his life force rapidly draining. He wanted to struggle, but it was futile. In the blink of an eye, this at least fourth-tier 'Professional' marksman was reduced to a mere skin.

Not just his blood, but muscles, bones, internal organs—all vanished.

Even that last layer of skin was dissolved.

Transformed into arrows of fresh blood, shooting straight toward the two swordsmen.

WHOOSH WHOOSH WHOOSH!

Six arrows of fresh blood flew fast as lightning.

The two swordsmen dodged hastily.



But immediately, their faces changed once more.

For the arrows they dodged curiously bent back.

Moreover, as they dodged again, they clearly sensed their speed dropping.

"It's poisoned!"

The two shouted in low voices.

But it was too late.

The six bloody arrows came back and exploded less than a meter from them.

Split into hundreds and thousands of tiny arrows.

If it were before, the two swordsmen still had a chance to dodge, but now?

Completely impossible.

In the blink of an eye, the two swordsmen were blasted into sieves.

Moreover, every tiny bloody arrow took a piece of flesh from the swordsmen to strengthen itself, and once all the arrows passed, the two swordsmen were long gone.

All that was left were eighteen bloody arrows gathered around 'Prince Ruitai,' their tips aimed at Czar, who transformed back into human form after rolling a few times.

At this moment, Czar's expression was grim.

He glanced at the remains of his three subordinates then at 'Prince Ruitai' and those eighteen bloody arrows.

"Is this your hidden trump card?"

"Relying on such techniques to secure victory..."

"That's impossible!"

Czar spoke each word deliberately.

With each sentence, a cloud of shadow mist churned beside Czar.

By the time he finished speaking, there were three clouds of shadow mist beside him.

And in the next moment—

Three 'Czars' stepped out from the three clouds of shadow mist.

Each identical to Czar.