

Menu 51

Chapter 51: Herke

Despite feeling very impatient, Daniel did not dare to push open the door of room 305 at will.

There was no doubt that the last meeting with Jason was still fresh in the memory of this young teacher of Deer College.

Even in his sleep last night, that large-caliber shotgun kept appearing endlessly... like a venomous snake that was constantly looking at him.

Therefore, at this time, following the knock on the door, he reported his own identity without prompting required.

“It’s me, Daniel.”

Then Daniel stood quietly in front of the door and waited.

And yet inwardly, his mind was spinning ceaselessly. The news that he just obtained—

Grave keeper, Santel, was dead!

The ambush on night watchman, Jason, was not successful. Santel was killed, instead!

When he first got hold of this piece of news, Daniel was in total disbelief.

Because the grave keeper, Santel, was not a nobody.

Santel was on the contrary, quite reputable in Rhode.

And that reputation of his was accumulated from the many battles that he had fought thus far.

As for Jason?

He was just a young man, new in town. Even if he was a night watchman, it still gave Daniel a sense of unreality.

But then, something of extreme importance struck Daniel's mind.

Potion!

Formula!

Rumor had it that the legacy of a magic potion expert had gone into Santel's possession. And it was precisely because of this encounter that the other party had managed to gain that extraordinary capability.

Even though it was only rumored as such, Daniel still had to exercise caution and treat the matter with due vigilance.

After all, the possibility that the legacy of a magic potion expert existed was simply much too important to him as a pharmacist (herbalist apprentice).

And that was why he had hurried over.

Phew, phew-phew.

Daniel adjusted his breathing pattern.

He was thinking about how he should discuss matters with Jason.

What was already known from the previous meeting was, other than that memorable, large-caliber shotgun that would leave a deep, lasting impression on anyone, the indifference and reticence of the other party.

Daniel was well aware that talking business with someone like that would be futile unless he quoted a price that truly satisfied the other party.

And recently, his financial situation was really not looking too good.

“We must speed up the decocting process of those potions!”

“It’s best if we can launch a few kinds of high-efficiency potions at tonight’s assembly!”

“But...”

“Jason and I can be considered friends, so it should make it a little easier to talk to him?”

Traces of hope for luck were emerging in Daniel’s heart.

And at this time.

The door opened.

It was not fully opened—just half-opened. And the bigger part of Jason’s body still remained hidden behind the door as his pair of eyes looked the visitor up and down.

When Daniel’s eyes met with the other pair of eyes that looked so cold, all hope for a stroke of luck in Daniel’s heart instantly disappeared without a trace.

This young teacher from Deer College immediately flashed an awkward but polite smile.

“Good afternoon, Jason.”

“Can we go in and talk?”

Daniel asked.

“Yes.”

Jason nodded and then opened the door completely.

Daniel stepped forward and went in. Subconsciously, he turned back to take one glance at Jason and, thereafter, felt the corners of his mouth twitch.

Once again, he looked at the large-caliber shotgun that Jason was holding on to. In addition, there was the weird posture that Jason was standing in earlier on. Daniel could easily associate the look on Jason's face as he imagined the latter aiming the gun at him through the door.

And now?

There was no need to do it with the door between them.

The muzzle was aimed directly at him, point-blank.

Daniel habitually raised both hands high.

"I'm here because of the grave keeper called Santel."

"Rumor has it that Santel has acquired the legacy of a magic potion expert, and has gained a great deal of benefits."

"I'm a pharmacist. So, if that legacy still exists, that is very important to me."

"I came here when I received news about it."

“And I was able to receive the news quickly because Deer College and the officials of Rhode shared a good cooperative relationship.”

There was no trace of concealment.

At gunpoint, Daniel, who was always honest beyond words, gave the full story without missing out on any detail.

“Legacy?”

Jason asked.

“That’s right. Legacy!”

“It might be a book on a magic potion. It could also be a recipe or two.”

“It could even be... a completed potion.”

Daniel said with a nod.

“Santel?”

Jason went on questioning.

“He used to be a watchman for the cemeterial grounds of Rhode Cemetery. And, he was also working part-time in some shady professions.”

“Then, during a certain excavation, he found the opportunity to become a grave keeper.”

“And to why he first came into the people’s view was because he killed a few other grave keepers like Gardi and Caesar, who wanted to contend for the cemetery.”

Daniel said everything that he knew.

Then, he saw the muzzle of Jason’s gun lower by the slightest degree.

This made Daniel heave a sigh of relief.

He knew he was safe.

At least for the time being.

At Jason's signal, Daniel obediently sat on a chair and waited for Jason's further questioning.

As for taking the initiative to speak?

Daniel had expressed that he was really not very good at taking the initiative to speak when there was a gun pointing straight at him.

Jason was pleased with Daniel's willingness to cooperate.

He felt that he had found the most practical way to converse with this pharmacist, who was right in front of him.

So...

The next moment, the muzzle of his shotgun was raised again.

Suddenly, Daniel went pale in the face. So many thoughts raced through his head.

“Did I say something wrong?”

“I was not lying, was I?”

“Why was he pointing the gun at me again?”

“Could it be that my sitting posture was wrong?”

Unconsciously, Daniel started to reflect on life.

“Do you know Herke’s remedy?”

Jason suddenly opened his mouth to ask.

“Herke’s remedy is a kind of healing potion. It was the brainchild of Herke, the legendary Master of magic potion, when he was young. And it was not only able to effectively heal the wounds of its users but could also, in a certain sense, dispel diseases. Rumor has it that Master Herke had specially developed this potion after he had personally witnessed an epidemic happening in the west of Teslin. It was also the very first potion that this master had created in his life. Though it could not be compared on the same scale as the four great potions, namely Herke’s Black Iron Potion, Herke’s Bronze Potion, Herke’s Silver Potion, and Herke’s Gold Potion, it was still considered to be the beginning and foundation of Master Herke by certain mysterious scholars.”

As though he was reciting something from memory, Daniel straightened his back to sit upright. Then, in unambiguous language and clear articulation, he spoke.

“Herke’s Black Iron Potion, Herke’s Bronze Potion, Herke’s Silver Potion, and Herke’s Gold Potion?”

Jason was clearly interested in the four potions that were known as “great potions”.

“Herke’s Black Iron Potion can make a certain capability of its user stronger.”

“Herke’s Bronze Potion can allow its user to directly get hired into a profession that’s compatible with his nature.”

“Herke’s Silver Potion can give its user a talent that’s similar to magic.”

“And rumor has it that Herke’s Gold Potion can give people a life of longevity, similar to a life of immortality.”

When Daniel was describing the four kinds of potions, even with a muzzle right in his face, he still carried a kind of longing.

That was a kind of longing for the efficacy of the four potions.

Furthermore, there was also a kind of yearning that he had in his capacity as a pharmacist to be able to refine and produce such potions.

But Jason, on the other hand, frowned.

He felt that he seemed to have found something crucial.

But he was not too certain.

So he asked immediately.

“What is the level of a magic potion expert?”