

Menu 61

Chapter 61: New Menu Login

A large number of monster corpses?

Specimens work too?

Is it the “Night Watcher”?

“Corpse carriers”?

Or...

“Doctor”?

Two strange conditions led Sir Beta to unconsciously speculate, and then, this well-informed old baronet suddenly thought of the special consultant recently hired by the police.

Plus Taniel’s presence.

Almost instantly, the old baronet confirmed Jason’s identity.

“A ‘Night Watcher’?”

“Which stubborn, obstinate old fellow’s apprentice might he be?”

“Eilot? Alder? Kolk? Or...”

“Dan?!”

The thought of the ‘Night Watchers’ from his memories made the old baronet’s temples throb with an unavoidable swelling and pain.

It wasn’t because these ‘Night Watchers’ were villains.

On the contrary, each of these ‘Night Watchers’ could be considered principled good people.

But,

those principles.

Ensured they would never be liked by any of the higher-ups.

Inflexible.

Stubborn in their own views.

This was the evaluation of the 'Night Watchers' by all those who were in the know.

Yet,

it was precisely because of this.

They, were trustworthy.

Those in the know among the commons referred to them as heroes lurking in the dark.

And he?

Preferred to call these stubborn folks the knight under the cover of night!

Whew.

Sir Beta took a deep breath, looking at Jason with softened eyes.

“I understand.”

“Go back to your room first.”

“I’ll have Eric bring you the compensation later.”

After saying that, Sir Beta nodded to Jason again and walked towards the underground hall.

Jason watched the old baronet’s receding figure.

The change in the other person’s expression just now hadn’t slipped past the perceptively keen Jason.

“Is it because he guessed my identity, that...”

“He became trusting?”

“Is it because of the Night Watcher?”

Jason thought silently to himself.

He wasn't surprised that his identity was guessed.

It was impossible to hold such a 'mysterious gathering' in Lorde City if one wasn't a powerful, well-informed individual.

And based on such a foundation, discovering Taniel's identity was even simpler.

Taniel's nature ensured that the seemingly decent 'disguise' was pointless.

Using Taniel's identity as a base for conjecture, his own identity was naturally clear at a glance.

However, what concerned Jason more...

was the 'Night Watcher's' advancement.

It seemed that everyone knew, except him, the 'Night Watcher' himself.

“What would the ‘Night Watcher’s’ advancement be?”

Jason, carrying these thoughts and his spoils of war, returned to the room he had used before.

The fire hadn’t completely died out.

He added some charcoal, then poured water back into the iron pot.

Jason quietly waited for the ‘food’ to arrive.

However, while waiting, his gaze was involuntarily drawn to the weapon emitting a ‘fragrance’.

The spoils were divided into two piles.

One was a pile of firearms, swords, etc., without any scent.

The other pile consisted of swords with a food fragrance, a total of two.

One dagger, one longsword.

Clearly, integrating certain characteristics of food into a weapon was also a very challenging task.

Jason couldn't help but pick up the dagger.

This dagger had a sharpness and... coldness that ordinary daggers lacked.

He vividly remembered, when the dagger skimmed his throat, the feeling as if his whole body was about to freeze.

A magic-like weapon!

This was unquestionable.

"Just..."

"I wonder what the taste is like?"

"It should be fine if I just lick it, right?"

Such a thought arose in his mind, and by the time Jason came to his senses, his tongue had already licked the spine of the dagger.

Ice cold.

There's a hint of sweetness.

It seems...

Like an old popsicle.

Unable to resist, Jason sucked hard on it.

Instantly, the sweet, icy taste spread in his mouth, rejuvenating the battle-weary Jason in a flash.

However, the dagger in his hand became as if it had lost its most important support plate, beginning to rust and crumble.

[You have consumed some essence of a Scout (Essence)!]

[Physical strength and energy greatly restored!]

[Hunger +5!]

[Hunger: 8]

...

The text before him gave Jason endless motivation. He picked up the sword, stuck out his tongue, and licked it.

Numb.

Spicy.

And that distinctive fragrance...

Spicy strips!

He couldn't help wanting to take a bite, but fortunately, his last shred of reason told Jason that if he didn't want to become a 'split-mouth man', he definitely shouldn't do so.

But eating spicy strips without chewing, just sucking on them, was truly uncomfortable.

"I need a body as strong as steel!"

"At least..."

"My lips, teeth, tongue, my entire mouth should be harder than steel!"

Such thoughts involuntarily appeared at the bottom of Jason's heart.

[You have consumed some essence of a Weaver (Essence)!]

[Physical strength and energy greatly restored!]

[Hunger +8!]

[Hunger: 16]

...

When the taste disappeared, the sword decayed as well.

The increased hunger relief allowed Jason to finally breathe a sigh of relief.

The recent battle, though short, had him enduring six lethal injuries.

Especially the first few, which were very real.

That feeling was definitely not pleasant.

But, no matter how unpleasant...

It's still better than death, right?

Just being alive was enough for Jason to feel content.

Therefore, the pain was bearable.

Of course, Jason remained vigilant.

Because he could not ensure that those people were all those who coveted the 'Hulk Potion'.

Who could guarantee that one or two guys weren't lurking in the dark?

And it was precisely those kinds of people who would be truly troublesome.

So, more hunger relief was necessary.

The next moment, Jason placed the weapons together with the dagger, then began to inspect those weapons without fragrance seriously.

He hoped to find some hidden 'food' within them.

Unfortunately, there was none.

It was just a batch of weapons of quality that was quite good among ordinary ones.

In fact, they were nowhere near as useful as the wide-bladed short-handed machete in his hand.

Indeed, after the recent battle, the machete had become Jason's weapon of choice for close combat. After carefully wiping it down, Jason hung it on one side of his waist.

Having more weapons on his person made it somewhat inconvenient for him to move.

"I need a weapon harness."

"One that can place the MF92 under both armpits and secure the 'Winchester Brothers' and UZ submachine gun on the back."

"And on both sides of the waist, there should be a place to agilely secure the potion bag and the wide-bladed short-handed machete."

In his mind, Jason sketched out a rough design.

It wasn't complex.

But it would still require a proficient craftsman to tailor it for him.

Immediately, Jason thought of Taniel.

The other party certainly should know some people who could do it.

As Jason was pondering this, an unprecedentedly strong fragrance entered his nose.

Unable to help himself, Jason looked towards the direction of the door.

In his ears, he could already hear the footsteps of the old Sir's servant and the creaking of the overloaded wheels.

Step, step step.

Creak, creak.

The sounds of footsteps and wheels blended and approached together.

But just as these sounds were about to reach the door, they suddenly vanished in an instant.

All that was left was,

Soft sobbing, whimpering.

And that sound,

Was coming from...

Him,

Behind.