

Menu 66

Chapter 66: Wipe

Jason would never forget how Taniel appeared before him.

Taniel came for the materials from those monsters.

So...

Who informed Taniel about this?

Given his less-than-bright demeanor, it wasn't possible for him to actively gather information.

Someone must have 'accidentally' let Taniel know everything, making him believe he had found out on his own.

To achieve this was not difficult.

Especially when dealing with someone of Taniel's personality.

Of course!

It was also possible that Taniel had been involved all along.

Perhaps everything before had been a pretense.

And this was a significant reason why Jason had entered the tent.

He needed to confirm whether Taniel was truly foolish or just feigning ignorance.

As for the string of words before?

They were merely a prelude to this moment.

“Taniel is not an issue?” Jason looked at the old lord with both eyes, asking word by word.

The old lord appeared quite surprised to hear such a question.

“Didn’t you hand over the spoils to Taniel?” he asked.

“Doesn’t this mean you trust him?” the old lord inquired after hesitating for a moment.

“That only means I trust his ‘trading’ skills, not that I fully trust him as a person.”

“However... my interactions with him have influenced my subjective judgment.”

“Therefore, I need a more objective evaluation.”

Being cautious had always been Jason’s way of survival.

He would not make rash decisions.

Nor would he outright judge a person’s character.

After all, in certain respects, people are the most unpredictable.

“Taniel, well... how should I put it?”

“He is a very ‘simple’ and ‘knows what he’s supposed to do’ kind of young man.”

“He should be someone you can rely on.”

The old lord said this while evaluating Taniel.

Facing what the old lord said, Jason couldn't help but involuntarily translate the true meaning of the old lord's words in his heart:

Simple?

Does it mean his straightforward use of his professional Strength to concoct and sell Potions?

Knows what he's supposed to do?

Does it mean he acts from the heart and never defies?

"Don't worry."

"I will investigate again."

After coughing twice, the old lord gave his assurance.

And that was exactly what Jason wanted!

He needed the kind of detailed investigation that only an 'old hand' like the old lord could conduct.

With his goal achieved, Jason was ready to leave.

After all, there were still some matters he had yet to complete.

But before Jason could speak, the old lord suddenly took on a serious expression.

The old lord said earnestly:

"Changes are happening in Lorde."

"Some are man-made, others coincidental."

"Or perhaps coincidence is also man-made."

"I cannot judge at the moment."

“But... Jason, I think you should not get involved.”

The old lord called out Jason’s name quite directly without any pretense.

A hint of surprise flickered in Jason’s eyes.

Not because the old lord had called him by his name—he had known for quite some time that he couldn’t keep it hidden.

What truly surprised him was the old lord’s attitude.

Friendly!

One could even say it was exceedingly friendly.

There is no hatred without reason, nor is there love without reason.

“Is it because of the good impression I left when we met before?”

“Or is it because of...

“...my old mentor ‘Dan’?”

Without more information, Jason could not make an accurate judgement.

Therefore, Jason would not say anything more because of the other’s friendliness.

Nor would he speak such words as ‘What’s happening to Lorde’, ‘I’m already involved’, or ‘I want to know the truth’.

Because, even now, Jason could not confirm the old lord’s stance.

Based on the old lord’s behavior, he seemed to be an entity with multiple facets, sitting between the official ‘Mystical Side’ and the wild ‘Mystical Side’, but what role he played in the series of events, Jason could not know.

After all...

Friendly can also be a disguise.

So, Jason nodded, turned, and left the tent.

As Jason's figure disappeared behind the curtain, the old lord, biased by his preconceptions, couldn't help but sigh and shake his head.

Just as stubborn as that bastard Dan.

Should it be said that it is a case of like mentor, like protege?

Every time he thought of his old friend, the old lord felt a headache coming on.

He couldn't say his old friend was wrong.

But...

Too direct.

There should always be a gentle approach.

With this thought, the elderly knight turned his head and said to the shadow beside him:

“Tell them.”

“Don’t be too excessive.”

“Even with a contract in place, it doesn’t mean they can do whatever they want!”

In the shadow, there was no response.

Only a breeze passed by....

Outside the tent, the sounds of bidding rose and fell in waves.

“3 Gold Crooks!”

“3 Gold Crooks and 1 Silver Crook!”

“3 Gold Crooks and 2 Silver Crooks!”

Jason's gaze swept over, quickly identifying those who seemed caught up in a competition, while Taniel, standing in front of the tent, was still fanning the flames.

However, Jason keenly noticed.

Apart from those few, the rest had long noticed this and had not spoken up.

Moreover, even those few bidders seemed resentful now.

"Clearly not the smartest bunch."

"Perhaps there's a short-term benefit."

"But in the long run?"

"Almost none."

Shaking his head inwardly, Jason stepped up behind Taniel.

Instantly, the resentment of those who were bidding disappeared.

Regaining their senses from the excitement, it was only then that they remembered who was standing behind Taniel... Jason.

Taniel was not much of an issue, one of the Xin sect.

But Jason...

Was not someone to be messed with.

As Taniel auctioned off some of the loot, the personal markings on these items confirmed the speculations of those present.

Their fear of Jason deepened once again.

Jason noticed this change but did not pay it any heed.

He did not care about a bunch of strangers.

Jason gently patted Taniel's shoulder and said,

“I need some knowledge about the ‘Mystical Side’.”

“I don’t need any secret techniques or rituals, just some basic common sense.”

“Best suited for beginners.”

“Beginners?”

Taniel blinked, then caught on with a knowing look and responded, “Do you want to take Finch as an apprentice? He’s a fine young man!”

“No problem, leave it to me!”

Pleased with Taniel who always came up with answers on his own, Jason felt satisfied and showed no intention of explaining.

“You know where to find me.”

Having said that, Jason walked out.

Jason had no intention of staying any longer.

He still trusted Taniel's abilities.

He believed that the other would do his best.

Just as he believed that those coveting the 'Hulk Potion' would not simply give up so easily.

The 'intimidation' within the hall would only cause some of them to back down.

Many more were probably rubbing their hands in eagerness.

"Lord Jason, please proceed with caution."

Lord Eric, the servant of the elderly knight, stood in front of the iron gate, offering a pointed reminder to Jason.

"Hmm."

Jason nodded slightly and then continued forward.

Squeak—

The door,

opened.

In an instant, malevolent gazes came from afar, focusing on Jason.

Behind the hockey mask, his face smiled.

Jason stepped towards the carriage waiting at the entrance of the street.

The pitch-black night made the kerosene lamp hanging on the side of the carriage shine brightly, with Finch sitting upright there, quietly waiting.

Upon seeing Jason, the young officer immediately jumped down.

“Lord Jason.”

“Finch, go help me get my things from Eric.”

“I’ve left some things in the room.”

Jason patted his empty pouch, indicating.

“Certainly, Lord Jason.”

The young man nodded and headed toward 10 Pea Street.

Jason then boarded the carriage to wait.

The next moment, as the young man ran off into the distance, those lurking outside Pea Street, who dared not enter rashly, quickly surrounded the carriage.

They were wary of each other.

They gradually tightened the circle around the carriage.

Sure enough, the circle soon closed to the point where they could reach out and touch the carriage door.

Undoubtedly, they had reached a limit.

Sitting in the carriage, surrounded by crates of explosives, Jason sadly shook his head.

If only they had gotten a bit closer.

With a twinge of regret in his heart, Jason drew out the matches Bondi had left behind and struck one with a light flick.

Swipe!