

Menu 81

Chapter 81: Advancement Resources

The exhausted old knight collapsed backward, looking up at the sky.

The damage to his abdomen was far worse than it appeared!

That dagger was not only sharp but also, it had... poison!

Gleaming black blood flowed from the wound.

Everyone was stunned.

None of them had expected such a thing to happen.

Especially the 'mercenaries' under the command of the other side, these scarred mercenaries were at a loss.

And the mayor's special adviser, who had carried out the assassination, cracked a smile and let out a laugh.

“Sir Beta.”

“I wish you a ‘pleasant journey’.”

In the sound of light laughter, dark patches of a corpse began to appear on the advisor’s face, and then, his skin started to rot.

Although he was standing there, he looked like a corpse that had been left out for a long time.

But,

real corpses don’t move.

And him?

He not only spoke but also turned his head to look at the people around him.

“You all are going to die!”

“This!”

“Is just the beginning!”

The voice was cold, and combined with his corpse-like state at the moment, it gave the Mystical Side individuals nearby goosebumps, even though they had all encountered the 'Bizarre' before.

Because...

Many of them were well aware of what the scene before them signified.

"A third-tier 'Tomb Guardian'!"

"No!"

"Only a fourth-tier 'Tomb Guardian' could create such a convincing corpse puppet!"

"Otherwise, it wouldn't be possible to disguise it so realistically!"

Soft murmurs reached Jason's ears.

And the gaze of that corpse also turned towards Jason.

“And you!”

“The guy who disrupted our plans!”

“You will suffer...”

Pfft!

The adversary didn’t finish speaking before Jason charged forward, his hand rising and blade falling, severing the head.

Instantly, the already rotting corpse puppet rapidly turned into a pile of bones.

The Mystical Side individuals around him, instead of any joy, retreated continuously.

Some even turned and ran.

Just as if they were avoiding the plague.

The rest?

After hesitating for a while, they also slowly left.

They were grateful for the old knight's life-saving grace.

But to repay him with their lives?

They just couldn't do it.

Moreover...

The old knight was clearly on the brink of death.

Was it worth it to offend a high-ranking 'Tomb Guardian' for someone whose life was already fading?

"You ungrateful bastards..."

"Jerks!"

“Cowards!”

Taniel cursed these people.

Jason remained silent.

In Nightless City, he had seen too many such situations.

So, he knew what he needed to do at this moment.

“Save him!”

Jason said to the indignant Taniel.

“Oh, right.”

Snapping back to reality, Taniel quickly nodded and rushed to the old knight’s side to check the wound.

After a brief examination, Taniel’s brow furrowed deeply.

“The wound isn’t hard to treat.”

“But...”

“The problem is the poison.”

“I have no idea what kind of poison this is!”

Taniel said to his friend.

“Take care of what you can first,”

“We’ll figure out the rest later,”

Jason said decisively.

“Right!”

Taniel nodded vigorously.

Then, he took off the Pharmacist's pouch and placed it beside him.

First, he took out two vials, one white and one cyan. The white potion was sprinkled into the air around them and immediately formed specks of light, enveloping the old knight and Taniel like fireflies.

Disinfection?

Jason guessed.

The 'Pharmacist' could become one of Mystical Side's professional systems precisely because of its unique features.

It's just that Taniel was too incompetent, making people overlook the marvels of this profession.

Well, to a certain extent, whichever profession Taniel joined, that profession would be somewhat ignored.

The absolute shame of a profession, perhaps?

Thinking in his heart, Jason did not continue to watch Taniel's treatment.

He trusted the healing abilities of a 'Pharmacist' far more than his own, even if it was Taniel... probably (perhaps, maybe).

Instead of focusing on the healing,

It's better to think about the present.

The Special Advisor to the mayor's words still echoed in Jason's ears.

Jason didn't pay attention to the curse-like words.

What he cared about was: They!

When the other person crafted their sentences, they used 'they'.

Subconsciously, Jason touched the "Beastmaster's Dagger" and "Gravedigger's Dagger" he was carrying.

Recalling that these two items had nearly identical designs.

Some of Jason's underlying doubts finally unraveled.

"They!"

"It's not one person with two professions!"

"But rather, two people with different professions!"

"And..."

"They belong to the same 'organization'!"

"It's because of this that they were able to lay out such an extensive and meticulous plan!"

Many hands make light work.

It's never an empty phrase.

Facing one person is completely different from facing ten.

This is true for ordinary people.

And even more so for those of the Mystical Side.

Although he didn't have personal experience, Jason could fully imagine the kind of power that would result from the complementarity of different professions, certainly more than the sum of its parts.

And for him, this was definitely not good news.

After all, he had already stood against this 'organization'.

Even more importantly, what was that massive and inexplicable force that had appeared out of nowhere?

Jason never thought of himself as a coward.

Even when he suddenly entered Nightless City, became 'Jason,' and was held at gunpoint by a group of people, he was not afraid; he could still clearly assess the situation and choose the most advantageous side.

However, facing that sudden power from before, he felt apprehensive.

His thoughts froze.

All he wanted was to kneel and beg for mercy.

As if facing the top of the food chain.

Jason believed that if it weren't for gritting his teeth and enduring, and if that power hadn't been fleeting, he would have ended up like Taniel, kneeling on the ground.

"Did that force also belong to that organization?"

Jason wondered.

Thinking of this possibility, Jason's already furrowed brows grew even tighter.

Bondi also had his brows locked tight.

The Sheriff walked over.

“Jason, did you mean His Excellency the mayor?”

The question wasn’t finished, but the meaning couldn’t be clearer.

“I don’t know.”

Jason shook his head.

He was telling the truth.

Because he truly couldn’t be sure whether the mayor had been turned into a puppet corpse, or... was a part of that ‘organization’ all along.

...

Lorde, mayor’s office.

The mayor, carefully reviewing the documents, signed his name on the last one.

Then, he handed it to the waiting secretary.

“Rework the plan for the outer city district according to this proposal by tomorrow morning.”

“I need an outer city district that can accommodate 50,000 people.”

“Moreover, the infrastructure must be complete, transportation must be convenient.”

The mayor instructed.

“Yes, Your Excellency.”

The secretary nodded and immediately turned to leave.

Just before exiting the door, the secretary turned back to look at the mayor, who was writing at his desk again, and reminded him with concern, “Your Excellency, please rest early.”

“I know.”

The mayor replied without lifting his head.

At this, the secretary sighed.

He knew the mayor would work late into the night.

It had been 20 years, and this had always been the case.

Even as his health deteriorated, nothing changed.

“Tomorrow, I will find a high-ranking ‘Pharmacist’ to help Your Excellency improve your health.”

The secretary thought, gently closing the door.

But as soon as the door shut, the mayor stood up.

He walked slowly to the window and looked up at the pitch-black night sky with a smile in his eyes.

The biggest obstacle was removed.

“20 years!”

“I built you for 20 years!”

“Now is my time to reap the benefits!”

“To destroy you!”

“To use your ruins as my ‘foundation for advancement’!”

In the midst of a low laugh,

in the distance,

a burst of firelight emerged.

Boom!

The next moment, the entire city of Lorde trembled several times.

Everyone looked towards the source of the firelight in shock, their hearts filled with trepidation and unease.

Because,

that was,

Lorde Military Camp!