

Jared's and Flaxseed's jaws dropped when they stepped into the wooden shack and saw how shabby the house was. The room lacked decent furniture but was cluttered with empty alcohol bottles.

"Fandor, is this where you live? It's almost like you're living in a run-down doghouse. What kind of work have you been doing in Jetroina? It seems you can't even make a decent living out of it!"

Flaxseed could not help but sigh.

Jared, too, was taken aback by what he saw. He thought Fandor would be living a better life than this, given the latter's capabilities. Fandor sighed and said, "It's not easy running a business these days. It's beyond my control..."

"What kind of business?" Flaxseed asked. Then came Fandor's response, uttered in a tone that was as calm as the sea. "I'm in the assassination business..."

"Assassination business?" Flaxseed did not understand for a moment. On the other hand, Jared immediately comprehended what Fandor was saying. He asked, "You're an assassin?"

Fandor bobbed his head in response, making it clear that he had no desire to hide the truth from them. "How did you end up living like this despite your strength? I'm sure people would be willing to hire someone as capable as you." Observing Fandor's current situation, Flaxseed figured he was not in high demand. Fandor shook his head. "It's not that no one wants to hire me. They just can't afford me..."

Once again, his words rendered Flaxseed and Jared speechless as they struggled to comprehend their meaning. "They can't afford you? How much do you charge? To the point that they don't have the money to pay you?" Flaxseed asked out of curiosity.

"Ten billion..." Fandor answered nonchalantly. Jared and Flaxseed were taken aback by his reply. Ten billion just to kill one person? No wonder he's out of everyone's price range.

"You've reached this point, and you're still insisting on ten billion for compensation? No one would be foolish enough to pay that astronomical amount for your services. Wouldn't it make more sense to lower your price and improve your living conditions?" Flaxseed could not understand why Fandor would continue to demand such an exorbitant amount for an assassination project when the latter was clearly struggling to make ends meet.

"I may be able to survive without food or drink, but the price cannot change. Otherwise, I would be lowering the value of my skills," said the old man with great pride.

Flaxseed did not know how to react to his remark. Jared, on the other hand, was curious to find out more. "Why were the samurai from the Watanabe family afraid of you? Is it because of the ten billion you demanded?"

"Of course not. It's because I wiped out all the other assassins in Xendale to attract more business. That's why they're afraid of me. But now, no one wants to hire me, even though I'd gotten rid of all the assassins in the city..." Fandor explained with a tone of helplessness.

Flaxseed and Jared could not believe their ears. When they heard Fandor had wiped out all the assassins in Xendale just to get more business. Getting rid of all his competitors-only Fandor could come up with such an unusual business strategy!

While Jared was impressed with Fandor, Flaxseed looked at the latter with a bewildered expression. "Fandor, can you tell me more about the Watanabe family? I came here because of them," Jared asked while looking at Fandor.

"You came here for the Watanabes?" Fandor was taken aback for a moment. Flaxseed promptly intervened and elucidated the animosity between Jared and the Watanabe family.

Upon hearing that, Fandor finally got a clearer picture of their relationship. He gradually spoke up. "I'll tell you some secrets since you bought me drinks."

As Fandor disclosed the secrets, Jared and Flaxseed became increasingly alarmed. The Watanabe family's rise to power and influence in Jetroina, especially in Xendale, was attributed to the support they received from a particular shrine!

The people in Jetroina had great faith in the power of shrines, to the extent that some were willing to make sacrifices in order to please their imaginary divine beings.

The president of Thousand Crane Shrine, who supported the Watanabe family, was rumored to be an ancient divine being who had survived the test of time after undergoing a divine transformation. It was as if he had been reincarnated into this world again!