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Chapter 108: Really?

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After laughing, Roland left the city to find Hawk.

Hawk had become a strong monster with a massive figure like a large gorilla. He sat down on the stone steps and stared, engrossed, at his bulging muscles, looking rather pleased.

Originally, Hawk specifically created his character's face with sideburns to appear more imposing, and the current changes were just in line with his intentions.

Link didn't change too much. Although his figure was slightly more muscular, it didn't influence how he appeared to others.

The beggars were surprised, but not afraid, at the changes in Hawk.

The stronger their 'masters' were, the more sheltered and safe they were. They had had enough of the life of being displaced, bullied, and never having a full belly. As long as their leaders could protect them, they wouldn't have any problems with them even if they turned into giant dragons.

When Roland saw Hawk brimming with joy, he couldn't help but shake his head. 'Your aesthetic view is so unique.'

'What do you know? This is what a man should look like.' Hawk struck a professional bodybuilder's pose, his muscles dancing like mice scuttling under his skin. It was extremely disgusting to watch.

Roland gave a look of disgust and said, 'Get rid of all your beggars. Let the missing girls' case go for a while.'

Hawk was startled for a moment. 'You're just going to give up?'

Roland shook his head, 'How could I. I'm just trying to use the culprit's scheme, rolling out the fishing line to catch a big fish.'

Hawk smiled. 'I understand.'

Returning to the city, Roland came to Gray Sand.

This place was still extremely raucous, but as Roland entered, the noise became less and less, and finally, it stopped almost completely.

A master of magic had honored them with his presence, and they didn't dare to make much noise impudently. Besides, Roland's reputation in Delpon wasn't low, especially after the three of them had yesterday 'surrounded and killed' the eldest of the Edward family"almost all the leading figures of this city recognized him.

For someone who even dared to kill nobles, killing a few commoners was just entertainment!

Roland was not used to the heavy smell of alcohol mixed with sour body odor, but he had to put up with it.

He found a table and sat down. The bartender came over in a humble manner and asked cautiously, 'Mr. Mage, what would you like to drink?'

'A glass of the best fruit wine.' Roland smiled gently. 'By the way, I'd like to meet Gru.'

'Understood.' The bartender backed away, wiping the sweat from his forehead with his sleeve as he turned around.

Soon a glass of fruit wine was served by the barmaid.

It was the best wine they had at Gray Sand, and they didn't usually sell it, at least not to ordinary people.

After about ten minutes of waiting, Gru who was sweating profusely hurried in from outside the tavern.

He stood in front of Roland and said rather sheepishly, 'Sorry, I was out on business. I came as soon as I was notified.'

“It’s okay. Rather, it is my fault for disturbing you on your formal business.” Roland nodded in apology.

Gru was relieved to see that Roland was as easy to speak to as before. He sat down before Roland, wiped the sweat from his forehead with his handkerchief, and asked, “Is there anything I can do for Sir this time around?”

The tavern was very quiet. Although they didn’t speak very loudly and no one was looking at them, Roland knew that the drinkers around him were straining their ears to hear what they were talking about.

Although people were generally afraid of power, they also liked to sabotage power. Eavesdropping a little was not a big deal.

Looking left and right, Roland asked, “Do you have a more discreet place to talk?”

“Yes, yes!” Gru stood up at once. “Sorry, I’ve been negligent.”

He immediately stood up and showed Roland the way.

Soon after, they entered a small room.

Thick wooden doors and solid walls—this certainly could guarantee sound insulation.

They sat down again around a table. Roland placed on the table the small plate he had brought from Edward’s house. He asked, “Do you recognize this coat of arms?”

Gru took the coat of arms, looked at both sides, and said apologetically, “Sorry, I’ve never seen it before. None of the nobles in Delpon uses a coat of arms with this design.”

It wasn’t someone from Delpon!

However, this didn’t come as a surprise. The other side wouldn’t give the game away so easily. This might be the other side’s method of deliberately misleading him.

“It’s okay that you don’t know.” Roland continued, “I’ve asked about the history of the Gray Sand Gang, and you guys are relatively rule-abiding!”

Upon hearing this, Gru broke out in a cold sweat.

It was clear to everyone in Delpon that these Golden Sons were all neutral-good men. Whenever they saw a crime being committed, they would step up and stop it, and ensure justice with physical means.

Not to mention the major event two months ago—in the last two months alone, a Golden Son named Betta had broken the hands of many thieves and kicked down many tyrannical scoundrels.

There were also two Golden Sons outside the city finding a way for beggars to survive. A few small gangs that relied on “sucking” the flesh and blood of the beggars were cut off from their source of revenue, so they went to reason with them and hadn’t intended on getting violent. But in the end, they were still beaten to the point of being unable to distinguish between north, south, east, and west.

This Roland before his eyes was the most low-key and the most mysterious.

An orthodox spellcaster, and currently the deputy chairman of the Magic Tower.

He was investigating the missing girls’ case.

The nobles appeared unimpressed by Roland’s actions, and regarded them as futile, or assumed that he was just pretentious.

However, Gru knew very well that the nobles were all afraid that Roland would find out something and place the blame on them.

The intense disdain on the surface couldn’t cover up the fear in their hearts.

This was why the first half of Roland’s words already terrified Gru immensely.

“There is something wrong with your methods, but to be honest, you guys are more disciplined.” Roland smiled at Gru, who appeared deathly pale, and said, “So I have something I need you guys to help with.”

“Please go ahead.” Gru breathed a long sigh of relief.

“I need you to find out for me the names and ages of all the girls who have disappeared in the last few years near that grove. It’ll be even better if you found out the approximate time they were murdered.”

Gru nodded heavily. “I’ll make it happen.”

It was a difficult matter, but Gru didn’t dare reject him. He feared that if he refused, the Gray Sand Gang would become evil in Roland’s eyes.

Roland also sighed inwardly in relief. It was the first time he had ever pretended to threaten someone. Success was great, however. Then, he thought for a moment and said, “I have neither money nor any properties!”

“There’s no need. It’s Gray Sand Gang’s pleasure to serve you, Sir.”

“Hear me out.” Roland continued, “We Golden Sons are particular about an equivalent exchange. You and your boss can choose some of the more intelligent-looking children among you and send them to the Magic Tower. I will choose one or two talented ones to keep so that they can become magic apprentices!”

Gru put his hands down heavily on the table, jumped up abruptly, and looked at Roland in disbelief. “Really?”

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