

Great Master 100

Chapter 100 Rat Tail Alley

The low-rise houses are connected into a mass, undistinguishable from front to back, with narrow alleys just wide enough for a single person to pass through, sprawling in every direction. However, each pathway is rife with overflowed sewage and filled with stinking air.

In the shadows, pairs of eyes emit a cold light, searching for prey.

They are hungry, they are fierce, they will not spare any stranger.

This is Rat Street.

In the Dort District, and even in South Los, it is a notoriously infamous place.

Everyone who steps foot here does so with trepidation.

Even the residents of Rat Street feel the same—because you never know if your home will be visited by a fugitive.

In South Los, most fugitives choose Rat Street as their shelter.

Some simply make Rat Street their last stop in life.

As a result, they become increasingly reckless.

However, even the most reckless only keep their brazenness on the surface of Rat Street; beneath it, in a place called Rat Tail Alley, everything becomes orderly.

The "Mouse Council" is the maker of the rules.

They are also the enforcers.

Those who do not follow the rules won't die, but will wish they were dead—there was once a "Headhunter" who, after killing 21 people, took refuge in Rat Street, continuing his usual style, and occupied a civilian's house in Rat Street that very night.

After beheading the original owner of the house, he took the severed heads to Rat Tail Alley.

When he appeared again, it was a week later.

All the skin on his body had been flayed, one eye was gouged out, the eyelid of the other eye was cut off, and his raw, red muscles were filled with countless maggots and needles, especially his arms, which were sliced into thin strips yet still hanging on his body, quivering with each movement.

He no longer had the demeanor of a "Headhunter;" upon seeing the civilians of Rat Street, his first words were "kill me."

The considerate civilian of Rat Street sprinkled some salt on his body.

Others followed suit.

Eventually, the "Headhunter" wailed in agony on Rat Street for three days before he finally died.

Everyone who witnessed this scene understood what rules meant.

Thus, when someone saw Dotas, the "Mouse Council's" Contact Person, briskly approaching, everyone quickly made way.

Dotas, the Contact Person for both the "Mouse Council" and the outside world, dressed in tattered clothes like other Rat Street civilians, was a large and muscular man, his fierce gaze alone was enough to make ordinary people tremble—although the original Dotas gained this job by sprinkling salt on the

"Headhunter," in the subsequent 10 years he had earned the "Mouse Council's" recognition through his actions.

Similarly, Dotas had never disappointed the "Mouse Council."

This time was no exception.

As Dotas entered a house, two gang members waiting there immediately opened a secret passage—these gang members were Dotas's men.

As Dotas's tenure as the Contact Person grew, so did his influence; he was no longer a lone wolf, having gathered a sizeable number of desperate men, making more Rat Street civilians willing to follow him—three years ago, Dotas was already the biggest gang leader on Rat Street.

However, as Dotas entered the clean secret passage that led to Rat Tail Alley, the fierce and ruthless Contact Person conscientiously washed up thoroughly, ensuring there was no unpleasant odor on him before changing into clean clothes and continuing forward—the three lords did not like sloppy, unclean people.

Dotas kept this in mind.

Just as he remembered how he came into his position.

After going through the first secret passage, Dotas entered the second, the third, all the way to the sixth passage when a door appeared there.

Large heavy doors flanked by fire pits that were mixed with oil and wood, in which fierce flames blazed powerfully, dispelling the darkness and chill of the underground.

Thump, thump-thump!

Dotas carefully knocked on the door.

Click!

The small window in the door immediately opened, and a pair of muddy white eyes sized up Dotas, sending a chill down the spine of the Contact Person.

Despite not being the first time, each instance felt as if he was being targeted by a snake.

Your adventure continues at [empire](#)

Squeak!

The door opened.

Dotas immediately bowed respectfully to the gatekeeper.

"Lord Urto!"

After the respectful greeting and seeing that the other party had nodded, Dotas then dared to walk inside.

Unfortunately, the contact person did not meet those three lords—looking down the corridor, at the end was a huge hall, not only broad but also tall, without any decorations, just three pure metal black chairs placed at the center, their pointed backs three meters tall; just looking at them, one could feel their sharpness and oppressiveness.

However, there was no one on the chairs.

Dotas was not surprised by this.

The three lords conducted their business here, but their residences were not here.

But this was of no concern to him; he just needed to speak everything he knew, and everything would be communicated by the gatekeeper.

"Lord, I have heard news that the 'Spirit Medium' and that lady had a falling out. It seems it was because the 'Spirit Medium' was too high-profile!"

The gatekeeper, stooping his body, his cloudy eyes showing no flicker of emotion, slightly nodded his head, after which Dotas, as if granted a big pardon, quickly left.

Once the contact person had left, the gatekeeper then pulled out a crystal the size of a fingertip.

Following a soft utterance of "Glyphic Language," the crystal lit up slightly, and the message was sent.

With this, the gatekeeper had also finished his work.

What next?

It no longer concerned the gatekeeper.

The three members of the Mouse Council appeared in an empty house in the Shire District half an hour later—this place had just been listed for sale yesterday and was not eye-catching.

"I think using 'Messaging Technique' would be a better choice!"

A slightly sharp male voice emanated from a man near the door, his thick cloak altering the sound slightly.

"I think being discovered by 'Forty-Six Towers' or Lord Count would be an even better choice!"

A calm voice came from another man who stood against the wall, also in a thick cloak, right next to the window.

"Or alternatively, you could choose to have a fight here and let everyone know that we at the 'Mouse Council' have internal conflicts?"

The last man stood in the shadows, never showing his face.

"Alright, my mistake. I was just venting, not intentionally—perhaps we should talk about that 'Spirit Medium' and her 'Golden Acorn'?"

The man near the door raised his hands, signaling his mistake.

The one by the window did not pursue further, but showed no interest in the other's words.

"I think we should directly contact Lord Count!

South Los is vast!

It is enough to have two 'Secret Assemblies,' especially both under her control."

The other said.

"Nobles are not to be trusted!"

The member of the 'Mouse Council' near the door scoffed.

"So you want to provoke a 'Spirit Medium' with unknown depths?

Moreover, a 'Spirit Medium' with a family background?

They have hidden for many years, only to be forced into the open because of a young man's pomp—your appearance now could just appease the old 'Spirit Medium'!"

The member by the window shook his head.

Clearly, both sides were unable to persuade each other.

Then, the two tacitly looked towards the one in the shadows.

And he spoke in a hoarse voice, slowly saying—

"We will soon know how to choose!"