

## The Crafts 130

### Chapter 130: The Plot Thickens

"Ramirez, I never thought I'd see you back here."

The old man who sat comfortably on a throne grinned as he stared at the middle-aged man in front of him.

"If I had a choice, I wouldn't be here either." Ramirez responded as he stared at the man.

"Haha. Feisty as ever." The old man laughed.

"So, what brings you to my city?"

Ramirez stared at the old man, not answering right away.

The man's words might have sounded absurd, but he wasn't wrong. Their current location was a city within Alleva, known as High Brunswick. It was one of the more populated cities within Alleva, but at the same time, had a lot of shady ongoingings within it.

Things were so bad, that even the mayor of High Brunswick was said to be in cohorts with some of the top underworld gangs in Alleva, making High Brunswick their base of operations.

The old man before Ramirez wasn't the leader of any underworld gangs as one would expect. On the contrary, he was the mayor.

That's right. While many suspected the mayor to be working together with the cartels and underground syndicates, with some even suspecting that he was a pawn they had installed, the mayor was actually the ring leader of them all.

What pawn? What partnership or cooperation? Rather, the old man controlled them all.

No gang, mafia, syndicate, cartel or any underground organisation could exist within Alleva, and most especially High Brunswick, without his permission. By occupying the seat of mayor, he

could better cover up for his syndicate and those associated with him, while also providing them benefits under the table.

Another boon that came with being the mayor and the simultaneous ringleader was that he had access to every information in the city of High Brunswick. Whether it be information about the new visitors to the city, or even the names of the newborn babies delivered today, he could find out about them all. Information was power, and the old man valued it well, which was why he seated himself as mayor.

"I'm on the run." Ramirez finally answered, knowing that any lie of his would be figured out in a mere couple of hours. It might even be possible that the old man already knew everything.

"Oh? Although the capital is quite strict and secure, it shouldn't be a big deal for you to survive out there. What kind of crime did you commit?" The man narrowed his eyes.

"I'm being framed for having an association with some terrorists that attacked a few weeks ago." Ramirez answered.

During the Bayena Plain incident, Ramirez's gang members had coincidentally attacked Lucas at the same time. When they did so, they confidently hinted to Lucas that there were ways to draw the Red Fangs' eyes away from him. At that point, this statement sounded unimportant to Lucas and for the gang members, they saw him as a dead man and had no issues saying this.

However, not only did Lucas survive and kill them, but he also captured and interrogated one of them before finishing the man off. Later on, he met with some Red Fangs agents who told him about the incident at Bayena, which was why they didn't make it to him in time.

When Lucas mentioned what he heard from the gang members as well as the details of his interrogation—which he also claimed they told him about—to the agents, they easily pieced the two pieces of information together. Doing so, they realised that Ramirez's gang had inside information about the attack in Bayena Plain.

There were two possibilities with the first being a spy in the Red Fangs, but they wiped out that possibility. Not only was it difficult to place a spy in the Red Fangs, but it wasn't something the likes of one such as Ramirez could do. The second and only option was that Ramirez was related to the attackers some way.

With that in mind, a manhunt was launched and they used the opportunity to also clear the underground gangs residing in the West Wing district.

The old man stared at Ramirez, as if trying to decipher whether or not he was lying. He wasn't scared of offending Ramirez as he was a fifth level Apertures Opening stage stellar practitioner just like the latter. However, the old man had more fighting experience as well as a small unit of men under his control.

What's more, being the mayor, he was in charge of every security personnel and this was his home ground.

"So you seek asylum?"

"You could say so." Ramirez replied.

"Alright. Fine by me." The old man nodded his head, granting Ramirez his permission.

This simple act didn't just mean that Ramirez could stay, but that he could also form a gang of his own if he wished.

Ramirez left the place right afterwards. He wasn't exactly close with the old man, and there was no reason to overstay his visit.

"Sir," A figure walked out from the shadow behind the old man.

"Are you sure about letting him stay?"

Very few people would dare question the old man's decision, but the dark figure was one of them. Not only was he a close aide of the old man, but he was also special. Just like Nafir of the Red Fangs who could read minds to some extent, the dark figure had unlocked a hint of his superpower. It was related to shadows and he gained the nickname 'Shadow Dweller' due to it.

He was the old man's number one hitman and most trusted companion.

"Why not?" The old man smiled.

"Something about this is all fishy." Shadow Dweller said.

"Indeed." The old man nodded.

"Then why?" Shadow Dweller was confused.

The old man smiled and stared at the door Ramirez exited through.

"It's because it's fishy that I have to keep him close. Depending on what it is he has, that little fellow could be of value to me. I could either use him for my own gains, or just hand him over to the Red Fangs. The bounty on his head is quite hefty, you know."

Shadow Dweller widened his eyes, but then calmed down.

"Looks like I'm still too far from grasping your methods."

"Don't think too much about it." The old man smiled and shook his head.

"Then should we, should I follow him?" Shadow Dweller suggested.

"No, not yet. He just arrived, so he would still be on guard. Give him some space for a while before you do so." The old man said.

Meanwhile, after leaving the underground cellar through a secret path, Ramirez appeared in what looked like a supermarket. The supermarket looked ordinary, but no one would have expected this to be the base of the kingpin of all illegal activities in Alleva.

Leaving the area, Ramirez returned to his hotel room he had rented earlier on, then shut the door and the windows tight. He even drew the curtains and activated a special device to cancel out any outgoing signals that could be generated from spy cameras and devices.

After waiting for five minutes, Ramirez then pulled out a communicator that looked a lot like a tablet and connected to a hidden network. The connection wasn't jammed by his signal interruption device as Ramirez had ensured it wouldn't be targeted.

Thirty seconds later, a connection was established between Ramirez's device and another one through the network. A face then appeared on the screen; it was the face of a mixed breed creature with four eyes—upper pair brown and lower pair purple in the shape of narrow slits—, maroon skin, and thin vertical ears like an elf.

The mixed breed was surprisingly the terrorist who had attacked the freelancers and Red Fangs' agents at Bayena Plain.

"Arrived yet?" The mixed breed asked.

"Yes." Ramirez coldly answered.