

## Menu 109

### Chapter 109: The Pursuer

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From a distance, Buma Town looked quiet and peaceful.

But as one got closer, the quietness became bizarre.

There was not a single sound.

There were no insects chirping, no dogs barking, and the security guard who should have been at the entrance of the town was also absent.

Peters immediately stopped the carriage.

He gripped the hilt with one hand and knocked on the carriage door with the other.

Thud, thud-thud.

At Peters's first knock, Jason had already pushed open the carriage door and stepped down, and even before that, he had been carefully sniffing the air around him.

There was no scent of food.

Looking at the town that was quiet to an extreme, a hint of unease immediately rose from the depths of Jason's heart.

This feeling instinctively reminded him of the first time he stood in front of the "Moon Mask," about to push open the door; without hesitation, Jason asked, "Are there any other options?"

"Yes!"

"About 20 miles away from Buma Town, there's another village."

Peters said with certainty.

"Let's rest in that village."

After Jason spoke, he climbed back into the carriage.

Then Peters turned the carriage around and headed for that village.

But as soon as Jason's carriage had left, the wheel and hoof prints they left on the ground disappeared.

It was as if an invisible person had swept them all away.

...

About two hours later, a squad of twenty people suddenly appeared in the distance of Buma Town. They wore uniform red outfits, with black hats, white leggings, and black boots.

Every warhorse they rode was tall and robust, with slender legs, running with unmatched swiftness.

It took only four or five breaths for them to arrive in Buma Town from a distance.

And when they stopped, each one was in perfect unison.

"Captain, the tracks disappear here."

After one of them crouched down and searched the ground carefully, his gaze instinctively shifted toward the bizarre Buma Town.

“Ha, just some cheap tricks to play god.”

“The Mystical Side has too many such techniques.”

“Not to mention the heir to the ‘Cat Hole.’

“But he’s only good at such petty tricks. When it comes to real combat and secret techniques, we have many more up our sleeve!”

“He?”

“Not worth mentioning!”

The leader let out a cold laugh, and then, with a wave of his hand.

The entire squad charged in.

The confident leader was no exception.

However, as soon as the warhorses charged into Buma Town, the sound of their hooves disappeared.

Even the hoof prints they left outside the town vanished along with them.

Not just nearby, but the hoof prints they left all along their path.

As if, they had never been there at all.

Or rather...

They never existed to begin with.

...

Taor City, ruins.

After a whole day of clearing, the remnants of the Taor 'Dark Guardians' were finally found in the rubble.

There were no intact bodies.

The energy released at the center of the explosion shredded them directly.

In fact, that was the fate of the 'Dark Guardians' – if they had been ordinary people, they probably wouldn't have left even bones behind.

After confirming the identities of all the 'Dark Guardians' using some methods from the Mystical Side, the adjutant walked into the tent with a serious expression.

Inside the tent, Baron Malor, wearing a light-colored knight's attire and boots, was reading several secret letters earnestly.

As the person responsible for the sudden incident in Taor City, Baron Malor was not old, just over thirty, with a mature and handsome face, especially when he was serious, his eyes were even more spirited.

The adjutant didn't speak, waiting quietly instead.

Only after Malor put down all the letters did the adjutant hand him the report.

"Including Kronin, the entire team has been wiped out?!"

Upon reading the report, even as Baron Malor had braced himself for the worst, his brows still furrowed tightly.

Because he understood very well what the loss of an entire team of 'Dark Guardians' meant.

Not to mention that each 'Dark Guardian' was a highly talented individual and a product of countless resources; the forces and organizations represented by these people alone were enough to cause a headache.

The old factions from the bygone era had long since disappeared.

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But new powers and organizations had already been established.

Just like him, a 'new noble.'

They were all profiteers of the last war.

And he was even luckier.

He had inherited his father's 'spoils of war' and thus had become a baron among the new nobility.

Pondering the significance of this mission,

and scheming for the greatest benefit, the baron slowly began to speak.

"1, intensify the search for members of the 'Revival Society.'

"2, verify whether the 'Pied Piper' is real or fake."

"3, blockade all news here, and deal with all those who escape."

A calm voice uttered incredibly cruel commands.

His adjutant showed no surprise whatsoever.

He was well aware of his superior's style of conduct.

"Yes, Commander."



After bowing in affirmation, the adjutant turned and left the tent.

The baron sat back down in his chair and picked up the secret correspondence on the table once more.

These letters came from Jedanlan.

They provided detailed records of Peters's recent years.

Were it not for the conclusive testimonies of dozens of witnesses, the baron would never have believed that the heir to 'Cat Hole' had chosen to become a coachman and thus had his people contact the secret agents in Jedanlan.

And now?

The baron knew his opportunity had come.

Looking at the secret letter detailing the 'Cat Hole' heir's role as a coachman for a 'Griffin Camp' graduate en route to 'Hans' port, the baron couldn't help but smile.

That 'Griffin Camp' graduate was of no consequence whatsoever.

Though it was 'Griffin Camp,' it was just a small place like Jedanlan and not Golsai's 'Griffin Camp.'

He needed the heir to 'Cat Hole.'

That individual coveted by many great figures within the Federation.

He had already dispatched a team of trusted men to capture him.

Just capturing him or bringing back his body would be enough to draw significant attention in the ranks of the new nobility.

Perhaps even his title could be elevated.

Lord Malor, Viscount?

No, Lord Viscount Malor!

What a fine title.

Thinking of his bright future, the baron's upturned lips took on a greater curve.

But the next moment, the smile on the baron's face froze.

His complexion turned deathly pale.

Then...

Splurt!

A mouthful of fresh blood sprayed out.

But Baron Malor could not be bothered to wipe away the blood; he lowered his head to twist the ring on his left index finger.

It was the ring he used to communicate with his trusted men.

He needed to know what had happened, why someone had died.

But just as his finger was about to touch the ring—

Splurt, splurt, splurt!

Nineteen consecutive mouthfuls of blood uncontrollably burst forth.

If the baron's face had been pale before, now it was as ghastly as that of a corpse.

Furthermore, he could no longer sit steadily.

And just like that, with a thump, he fell to the ground.

The guards on duty outside heard the noise and immediately rushed in.

The next moment—

“Someone come quickly, the baron has fainted!”

And then!

“Someone come quickly!”

“The baron seems...”

“Dead!”

Instantly, the camp erupted into chaos.

And at that moment, Jason had just fallen soundly asleep.