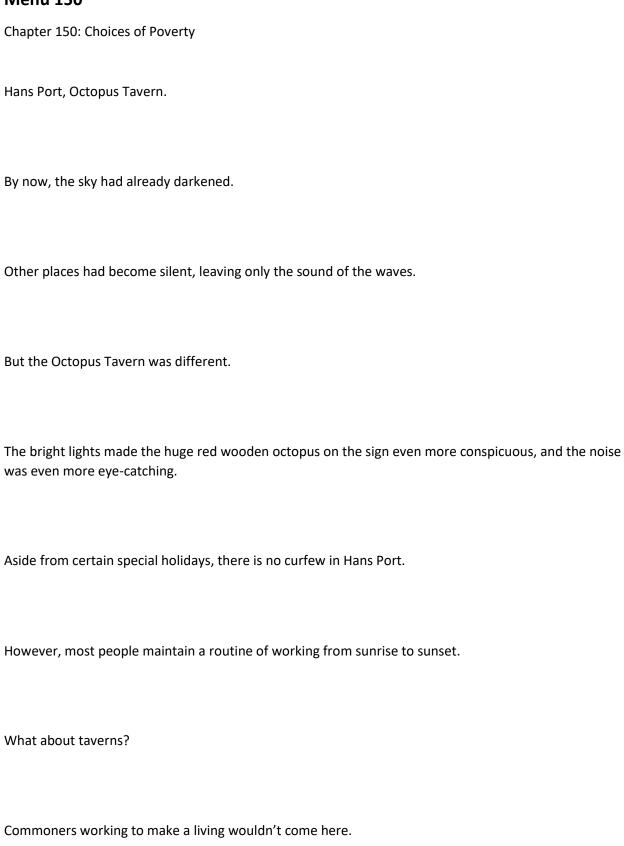
Menu 150



People with a certain amount of family wealth and social status wouldn't come here either; they prefer clubs and the like.
So, this place was filled with a group of people who had some spare cash but no higher status.
Most of them were sailors.
A part of them were mercenaries.
And among them were pirates.
Of course, bounty hunters were not to be forgotten.
So, the tavern was a jumbled mess; it wasn't strange to meet any type of person.
And the people here had grown accustomed to minding their own business, not interfering with others.
Peters blended in among them, very inconspicuous.
Just like his ordinary face that one would forget at a glance.



The "Erosion Society," the "Revival Society," and the "Federation" had all joined in.
What should Jason do?
Thinking of his former employer, Peters's frown deepened.
With Jason's character, he would definitely not leave his cousin behind.
Even if that cousin was one of the destroyers of the sect, Jason, being a "Bear Tower" seed, would do the same.
The situation was already torturous enough.
And fate seemed to be playing a joke on you.
Alas!
After heaving a sigh, Peters picked up another dried small fish and put it in his mouth.

After the saltiness came a slight sweetness from the fish meat.
Delicious.
It made Peters's brows relax slightly.
Then, he thought again about the "Revival Society" and the "Federation."
The words he had heard by accident had completely disappointed the "Cat Hole" swordsman in the Revival Society.
If it had been a matter of reluctantly using gunpowder, the "Cat Hole" swordsman could have understood, facing an enemy, after all.
But now
They had even allied with the "enemy"!
All for profit!

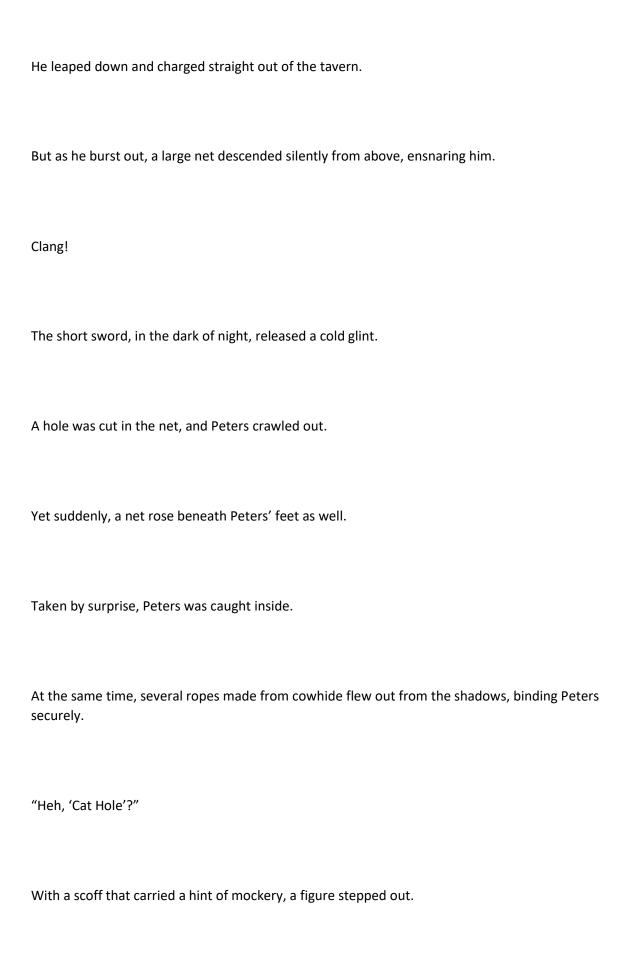
Compared to the desperate Jason, this was the lowest of acts.
"Hume, facing such a 'Revival Society,' your heart must also be full of disappointment, right?"
"I just hope you don't act rashly."
"Handle these matters calmly."
"I hope we can meet again."
Praying silently in his heart for his younger fellow disciple, the "Cat Hole" swordsman faced another dilemma: the warehouse he had been 'borrowing' had become an outpost for the "Erosion Society."
Although it was highly possible that it would be abandoned later, it was no longer suitable for him to 'live' in.
Could he ask Jason to provide shelter for one night?
No room needed.

The living room carpet, a sofa, or even just a windbreak tree trunk would be fine.
He also had to inform Jason of this news.
It was truly killing two birds with one stone.
Those guys had arrived at Hans Port and were looking for me, which was a bit of trouble.
I needed to find a job as quickly as possible.
Peters, deep in thought, was ready to leave.
As for staying at an inn?
I'm sorry.
He was broke.
The last of his money had just gone on dried fish.

After draining his mug of ale and putting the last dried fish from the plate into his mouth, Peters stood up.
It was an entirely ordinary motion.
But as Peters stood,
The tavern, noisy just a moment ago, fell silent as a grave, so quiet you could hear a pin drop.
Even if Peters were a fool, he would have realized something was off by now.
Without drawing attention, he grasped his short sword and subtly scanned his surroundings.
Everyone had stopped what they were doing, their mouths shut, their gazes slightly vacant as they stared ahead, then, like marionettes, they shakily rose to their feet and encircled Peters.
"'Cat Hole' heir, Peters."
"Never thought we'd catch such a big fish."

A voi	ce tinged with delight came from the crowd.
Peter	rs could confirm he had never heard this voice before.
But h	ne had a guess about the origin of this voice.
The N	Merosion Association!
Apar	t from this organization, Peters couldn't think of any other.
In fac	ct, the next moment, the other party confirmed Peters' guess themselves.
"To t	hink you, a 'Cat Hole' swordsman, dared to spy on two of our superiors."
"I tho	ought you had quite a number of accomplices."
"Turr	ns out it's just one person"

"Catch him," ordered the voice. Following the command, the whole tavern surged towards Peters like a wave of madness.
With a single leap, Peters jumped onto the overhead beams.
His gaze swept over the chaotic crowd, seeking to identify the person controlling it all.
But there were too many people.
And the scene was too tumultuous.
He simply couldn't find his target.
So
The only option was to retreat.
With that thought, Peters began to run along the ceiling beams, his movements light and agile, and in a single breath, he neared the tavern's door.



The figure mockingly observed Peters, who stared back in astonishment.
The Hunter from the Merosion Association relished this hunt.
The sight of the prey's astonishment and disbelief brought the Hunter from the Merosion Association a pleasure akin to a 'Baptism'.
However, moments later, the Merosion Association Hunter realized something was amiss.
Peters seemed to be looking behind him?
What could be behind him?
Instinctively, the Merosion Association Hunter turned his head.
A mask that looked down like a hockey face mask and a broad-bladed short axe held high came into the Hunter's view.
"Wait"

The figure exclaimed in shock, opening his mouth to shout, but before the words could fully escape, the axe had already swung down.
Thump!