

Menu 150

Chapter 150: Choices of Poverty

Hans Port, Octopus Tavern.

By now, the sky had already darkened.

Other places had become silent, leaving only the sound of the waves.

But the Octopus Tavern was different.

The bright lights made the huge red wooden octopus on the sign even more conspicuous, and the noise was even more eye-catching.

Aside from certain special holidays, there is no curfew in Hans Port.

However, most people maintain a routine of working from sunrise to sunset.

What about taverns?

Commoners working to make a living wouldn't come here.

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.

“A beer and a dish of dried small fish,”

Peters took out 6 Tel and placed them on the bar.

After the bartender put the six coins into the cashbox, he began pouring beer and serving the dried small fish.

The beer was from a large barrel, priced at 2 Tel per cup.

The dried small fish were the Octopus Tavern’s homemade specialty and tasted quite good.

From the first day Peters came to the Octopus Tavern, he had taken a liking to this snack.

Sitting at the bar, Peters sipped the watered-down beer, chewing on the dried small fish, frowning slightly.

The crisis in Hans Port was much more severe than he had imagined!

It wasn’t just the old foe, the Abandonment Sect.

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 voice tinged with delight came from the crowd.

Peters could confirm he had never heard this voice before.

But he had a guess about the origin of this voice.

The Merosion Association!

Apart from this organization, Peters couldn't think of any other.

In fact, the next moment, the other party confirmed Peters' guess themselves.

"To think you, a 'Cat Hole' swordsman, dared to spy on two of our superiors."

"I thought you had quite a number of accomplices."

"Turns 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.

He leaped down and charged straight out of the tavern.

But as he burst out, a large net descended silently from above, ensnaring him.

Clang!

The short sword, in the dark of night, released a cold glint.

A hole was cut in the net, and Peters crawled out.

Yet suddenly, a net rose beneath Peters' feet as well.

Taken by surprise, Peters was caught inside.

At the same time, several ropes made from cowhide flew out from the shadows, binding Peters securely.

"Heh, 'Cat Hole'?"

With a scoff that carried a hint of mockery, a figure stepped out.

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!