

Menu 380

Chapter 380: After the Promotion and Pay Raise...Bankrupt

The doors of the martial arts gym were again propped shut with a 500Kg barbell plate behind them.

Jason took off his coat as he walked.

After a quick warm-up, he stood across from Aras and immediately assumed a defensive stance for barehanded combat.

A night of fighting had made him familiar with Aras's way of attacking.

Similarly, Aras had gotten used to Jason's.

Thus, neither of them made a move right away. Instead, they faced each other and carefully shifted their feet, circling around the edge of the entire concrete ring.

They were both looking for each other's weaknesses.

Two auras involuntarily began to emanate.

The aura of Aras was hot and straightforward, like the morning sun.

Jason's, on the other hand, was filled with an unstoppable force, but without any aggression, instead, it was exceedingly calm, like a predator in the darkness.

The two continued to circle.

Their momentum grew.

The morning sun had long since climbed to its zenith, and under the fierce sun, the heat was scorching and blinding.

The predator in the darkness became more concealed, but his fangs were fully bared, fierce and terrifying.

Both of their momenta reached their peaks at this moment.

Driven by their auras, their battle was about to erupt.

And then...

Gurgle, gurgle.

Aras's stomach suddenly made a noise.

Instantly, Aras, who just a moment ago was filled with the aura of the midday fierce sun, slumped down.

"I'm hungry, I'm out of energy,"

Aras said weakly as she lay there.

Although she had eaten a lot the night before, she had been active the whole time and not to mention had fought all night, so the food had already been digested. On top of that, she had just been perfecting her own skills, which made hunger hit her like a tidal wave. She had simply been excited to see Jason and forgot about it.

But hunger might be late, it never misses its appointment.

Similarly, hunger, like yawning, has a terrible contagion.

When someone says, "I really want hotpot," most people nearby will also say, "I do, too."

They might even emphasize further, "Let's have the two-flavored soup base."

Then add, "Get two bottles of Snow Beer."

Jason was no exception.

"I'm a bit hungry too,"

He said, touching his stomach.

Although he had just eaten 'food', he didn't feel satisfied.

He felt like he could have morning tea.

"Let's go get some food..."

Aras got up eagerly, but then, remembering something, she looked at Jason seriously and asked, "Jason, do you have any money left?"

"That bag from yesterday contains all I had,"

Jason answered.

"That was all I had too,"

Aras said, scratching her head.

The two looked at each other and then burst out laughing together.

It was the kind of knowing laughter shared between friends.

There was no embarrassment, nor any awkwardness.

A night of fighting and the sweat they had shared had already established a special understanding between them.

Especially for Aras, she felt an intimacy with Jason, thinking 'He's just like me' at that moment.

"I'll go and complete a bounty hunter's mission right now. Don't worry, I'll pick an easy one, enough for us to have a good meal,"

Aras suggested.

"It doesn't need to be that complicated."

"Do you have a phone here?"

Jason waved his hand dismissively.

If Esther and Edmund had assured him that the 'Sanctuary' would help him with some troubles,

Then asking them to treat him to a meal wouldn't be too much to ask, right?

...

Returning to the 'Sanctuary's secret base in Ang City, Esther wrote his report with fervor.

He did not exaggerate; he just carefully detailed the day's events.

Esther was well aware that with so many witnesses to today's events, he couldn't show bias towards Edmund, even though he very much wanted to tell the 'Sanctuary' higher-ups that Edmund was innocent, and Chuck was the one at fault.

After finishing the report, Esther sent it off immediately.

Then, he sat behind his desk, thinking.

With the report to the 'Sanctuary, he couldn't be biased due to the many onlookers.

But he wasn't just a Class C personnel of the 'Sanctuary'.

He was also an undercover agent for the Holy Serpent Society.

The report to the Holy Serpent Society, he could think it through.

About ten minutes later, Esther began to write.

An incident occurred this morning. The 'Knights' of the 'Sanctuary' stormed into Ang City, attempting to 'purge' the Masked Man but failed. 'Sanctuary' knights died, the undercover Ang City supervisor Chuck was exposed, and the 'Masked Man' once again displayed his formidable unknown strength. He seems to detect some of the malice directed at him (yet to be confirmed). I will continue interacting with him—D-1314.

...

"The stronger the 'Masked Man's' abilities, the greater my value becomes, allowing me to gain more authority."

"The report doesn't directly mention senior Edmund, but the organization will investigate, later considering my observation inadequate. However, under the premise that I already have significant value, I will become more valued and safer."

"After all, the higher-ups of the organization will certainly like a subordinate like me, one who is not so capable but fortunate, someone transparent and easily controlled by them."

Esther checked the note carefully.

After confirming it was correct, he stored it securely on his person.

He wouldn't drop it on purpose; it had to happen naturally.

While aware of the danger, Esther also understood the benefits of his actions.

"I might be awarded and be able to request something reasonable without overstepping."

"Asking for an 'anomaly' in the name of contact with the 'Masked Man' becomes natural."

"If the 'Sanctuary' releases senior Edmund, I'll present the 'anomaly' as a gift to the 'Masked Man,' altering my position in his eyes."

"If the 'Sanctuary' decides to execute senior Edmund... I'll use the 'anomaly' as a bargaining chip, asking the 'Masked Man' to help me stage a jailbreak!"

"Then, I'll flee with senior Edmund!"

Esther planned clearly in his head.

He tried to anticipate what might happen and how to respond.

As for relying on "justice"?

That was something granted by others, and without certainty, Esther preferred to take the initiative.

But soon, Esther furrowed his brow.

He found there were too many uncertainties.

Moreover, he didn't have any power he could directly command, which was loyal to him alone.

"Only able to engage in interest exchanges, yet lacking my own strength... This is the biggest obstacle to my desire to live to a hundred!"

"Must I establish my own organization?"

Esther pondered.

Ding-a-ling!

The telephone on the office desk rang. Esther, his train of thought interrupted, wasn't annoyed at all.

Because he knew very well, a call that could reach this phone was naturally of utmost importance, and without hesitation, he picked it up.

"Is this Lord Jason?"

After hearing the voice coming through the handset, already very polite, Esther immediately became even more respectful.

At the same time, his heart involuntarily clenched.

He wouldn't forget the promise he made to Jason.

But now, with Senior Edmund in trouble, he was worried how he would manage on his own.

However, as soon as he heard Jason's request clearly, Esther breathed a sigh of relief.

"You need a meal?"

"No problem, it's my treat."

"It's just a meal."

Having said that, Esther hung up the phone and walked out.

Having a legitimate reason to contact the Masked Man, his departure became justified.

"I hope the response from 'Sanctuary' will be slow, giving me more time to prepare."

As he left, Esther thought this to himself.

But what Esther didn't know was that, ten minutes after his report was sent out, it appeared in the office within the headquarters of 'Sanctuary'.

"Sanctuary"?

"Masked Man"?

"These mad dogs are really persistent."

He said in a low voice.

Then, his gaze settled on the name 'Chuck'.

"Chuck, Chuck."

"You're really a disappointment."

"Not only in terms of your abilities, but also your actions... how foolish."

With these words, he picked up the telephone in the room and dialed a number. Once connected, he said coldly, "Erase 'Chuck' from the C+ personnel list."

After speaking, he himself hung up the phone.

He lowered his head again to look at the report in his hands.

This report wasn't the first to arrive, but it was the most objective.

Much more so than the previous ones.

"Esther?"

"A fine young fellow."

"Can be listed as a key observation subject."

"As for Edmund?"

He pondered for a few seconds, then a playful smile appeared on his face.

Then, he began to write.

...

In Ang City, a secret stronghold of the Holy Serpent Society.

The manager of the Holy Serpent Society in Ang City was looking over the report Esther sent in the morning.

He then handed it to the three C-class personnel beside him.

"Average ability, but good luck."

"That's exactly what we need."

"I hope he brings us some surprises."

The three C-class personnel discussed among themselves, each chiming in.

Just at that moment, a D+ personnel member came in with another report in hand.

After placing the report on the table, the D+ personnel member immediately bowed and left.

The manager lowered his head to check the report.

A moment later, a smile appeared on his face.

"This young fellow's luck is even better than we imagined."

He said, and once again passed the report to the three C-class personnel.

"The Sanctuary's Ang City manager is actually colluding with the Knight of the Sanctuary?"

"Does he have dog shit for brains?"

"Maybe he's thinking of double-crossing?"

"Can you guarantee that the Knight came to Ang City with the intention of seeing Chuck burnt at the stake instead?"

The three members of the Holy Serpent Society discussed scornfully.

They looked down on the weakness of 'Sanctuary'.

Just as they were hostile towards 'Sanctuary'.

Only the 'Serpent' is correct.

"Alright, gentlemen."

Your journey continues with empire

"We don't need to discuss our competitors and enemies right now; what we need to discuss is whether to grant this lucky young man a higher level of clearance."

"He has already made contact with the Masked Man."

"Moreover, the Masked Man is powerful and possesses wisdom, and is someone we can communicate with."

"I propose we grant him higher clearance."

"I second that!"

"I second that!"

"I second that!"

The consent of the three C-class personnel had decided that Esther would soon be granted greater authority.

Everything went as Esther foresaw.

But... there are some things Esther could never imagine.

Or rather, had overlooked.

Like Jason's appetite.