

## Menu 389

### Chapter 389: Surprise

In the night, Edmund's muscle car was slowly driving along the streets of Ang City.

Esther, sitting in the passenger seat, occasionally looked at Jason in the back through the rearview mirror.

Up until now, she didn't understand the meaning behind Jason's recent words.

What did he mean by 'the eyes can be deceived, but the scent doesn't change'?

It couldn't possibly mean literally smelling with the nose, right?

Even a hunting dog wouldn't be able to lock onto a specific scent in a huge city like Ang City!

Moreover, members of the 'Faceless' Legion must have received the strictest training in concealing their scents, so the previous 'Faceless' man couldn't have possibly left behind any scent clues.

In Esther's view, finding more 'Faceless' through that person seemed utterly impossible.

However, when faced with Jason's orders, she showed no opposition whatsoever.

How could she oppose Jason's orders when she wanted to live to be a hundred years old?

Besides, she was somewhat expectant.

She looked forward to Jason actually finding other members of the 'Faceless' Legion.

And then, using this as an opportunity to disrupt the plans of those big shots.

Compared to Esther's numerous thoughts, Edmund, who was driving, was wholly focused.

He wasn't thinking about so much.

He was just pondering whether to expand two 'safe passages' again, as more and more related people appeared, his previous arrangements were not enough.

Victory often seemed within reach, but failure always lurked like a shadow.

Edmund understood this deeply.

So, he had to be prepared to 'retreat.'

If anything went wrong, he would take everyone and run.

It's just that...

"This is so hard!"

Edmund sighed to himself.

Inadvertently, he also glanced at Jason in the back seat.

At this moment, Jason had his left knee propped up on his right, leaning against the seat back, his posture completely relaxed, while in his hands he toyed with a small obsidian dagger.

From observation, Edmund could confirm it was made of obsidian.

It looked very rough, but the edges had been finely polished and didn't have the distinctive scent of time's deposition.

"A replica?"

Edmund speculated.

Then, at that moment, Jason raised his head.

"Turn left,"

Jason said indifferently.

"Yes,"

Edmund immediately nodded.

Jason then lowered his head again, continuing to fiddle with the obsidian dagger in his hand while still smelling the 'scent.'

The 'Faceless' Legion of the Sanctuary naturally concealed their own scents, but the 'food' they carried did not!

This obsidian dagger was a trophy found on the previous 'Faceless' man.

Naturally, anyone who had come into contact with this 'Faceless' man would more or less be tainted with such a scent.

Although it was impossible to track down these people who had been in contact with the 'Faceless' right at the entrance of the gym based on the escaping scent, as long as it was within a rough range, Jason was confident.

And this?

It wasn't difficult.

Think about the 'Faceless' Legion's methods of operation.

Complete disguise, infiltration, assassination.

Similarly, Jason was sure that these 'Faceless' must have been gathering intelligence.

Now who would be the best candidate for intelligence gathering?

People with a certain social status who could be privileged in any situation but would not normally be suspected by the general public!

Teachers, doctors, police, journalists, and so on, all fit this category.

Among them, the identity of a journalist was the most convenient.

They are the only ones who can enter and exit various special situations and meet certain people without any suspicion.

Although they would also be thoroughly screened and the endpoint of an investigation, relying on the 'Faceless' capabilities, dealing with such situations wasn't difficult.

Therefore, the first place Jason chose for his search was the Ang City TV station.

Even though he had been here before during the hunt for the "Twisted Animation Clown", Jason did not exclude it.

On the contrary, he was highly suspicious of this place.

Quite simply, was it really just a coincidence that the "Twisted Animation Clown" was in Ang City TV station?

A coincidence that occurred right after he had just appeared in an alley in Ang City and then directly in the supermarket opposite him?

Without knowledge of the existence of the Sanctuary, Jason might have accepted it as a coincidence.

But once Jason learned of the Sanctuary's existence, all these coincidences seemed like someone's careful planning.

"I hope you're still waiting patiently!"

Jason muttered to himself.

The 'Faceless' Legion that initiated an assassination against him, regardless of the outcome, all other 'Faceless' in Ang City would surely wait silently for news.

If successful, they would go to rendezvous.

If it failed, they would clean up the aftermath.

With this in mind, these 'Faceless' would definitely stay where they felt safest.

And what place could be safer than the environment of an identity that had undergone multiple careful arrangements?

With this thought, Jason took a deep breath.

The fragrance from the obsidian dagger directly entered his nostrils.

The sensation of hunger once again filled Jason's mind.

But he still endured.

Unlike the initial simple battle against hunger, Jason now had to not only fight the hunger but also remain calm and rational in his analysis while facing the 'food.'

This was not an easy task.

But Jason knew it was necessary.

Being completely dominated by "hunger" was truly too awful for him.



"Self-discipline shall set me free!"

Jason picked up the Obsidian Dagger, sniffed it in front of his nose, and then put it down again.

However, very soon, he flared his nostrils again.

The perpetually half-closed eyes snapped open.

A trace of surprise flickered in those eyes.

...

Tusoco, one of the managers of Ang City's TV station's interview department.

Compared to the other managers, this one had always been respected.

Not only because of age and ability, but also for his approachability.

Whenever something came up, Tusoco would always be willing to help others and would never decline any outside assignments, even if it was someone else's task. As long as someone asked, Tusoco would agree.

Just like last time, even though it was another manager's assignment, Tusoco agreed to it, conducting outside interviews for two weeks, and had only just returned yesterday.

Then, he spent all night organizing the interview materials.

Sleepiness was inevitable.

After Tusoco couldn't help but yawned, a male subordinate on duty couldn't resist saying, "Manager, you should be tougher, instead of always playing the good guy. Do you know what they say about you behind your back?"

"What do they say about me?"

Tusoco pushed up his glasses, the gray at his temples shifting back slightly from the friction against the glasses' arms; a smile appeared on the elderly man's face, adding a few more wrinkles.

"They say you're too nice!"

"Pretty nice to everyone!"

"Even the worst villains would say you are good—because you'll definitely satisfy all their demands and never resist."

The young male subordinate said so.

Tusoco froze slightly as if unsure how to respond, a sheepish smile spreading across his face.

Then, he got up and walked toward the break room.

Watching Tusoco's retreating back, the male subordinate pursed his lips, and finally, helplessly, collapsed on the desk.

Meanwhile, several on-duty staff members who had been paying attention to this conversation started their discussions.

"Manager Tusoco is not going to listen to your advice."

"He definitely won't have a chance in this department head election."

"We should start currying favor with the other managers. I don't want to be assigned to any outside tasks that won't let me go home for weeks."

"Yeah."

"Actually, having a nice guy like Tusoco as the department head wouldn't be bad—it would be easier to get leave approved."

"Right, if we ask him, he might even give us extra allowances and bonuses."

"It's just a pity that he's destined to be cannon fodder in this election."

Tusoco heard every word of their discussions very clearly.

Even though the door to the break room was closed, for a formal member of the 'Legion of Faceless Men', his perception was beyond comparison with ordinary people.

Hearing these words, the sheepish smile that usually appeared on Tusoco's face now took on a hint of mockery and nine parts ferocity.

"Desolate city, decadent people."

"All that awaits you is the scorching flame!"

"Not even blood can wash away your sins!"

As Tusoco thought to himself, his gaze moved from the small window of the break room to the outside.

The nightscape was silent, but his colleagues were already in motion.

It was about to become lively!

The 'abnormal' who never aged must now be in a state of panic.

Any existence would feel cornered under the persecution of the 'Sanctuary.'

Because they would all end up dead with no resting place.

"For unwittingly disrupting my plan, you deserve to be punished!"

Just thinking about how his carefully set up "Twisted Animator Clown" was so easily destroyed by the 'Masked Man', Tusoco's face contorted involuntarily.

A mere test had wasted three years of his effort.

Unforgivable!

Tusoco clenched his teeth in anger.

He threw his head back and downed the coffee in his hand in one gulp.

He had hoped to use the coffee to quench the rage in his heart.

But it was utterly futile.

And just as he put the coffee down and lowered his head, out of nowhere, a tall figure reflected on the glass of the window before him.

It was a figure a good head taller than himself, wearing an old-fashioned hockey mask, making it impossible to see the face.

That figure now stood behind him, looking down at him.

Hockey mask?

In an instant, a chill ran down Tusoco's spine.

"You..."

Before Tusoco could speak, a broad hand clamped over his mouth, and the Broad Blade Cleaver skimmed his neck.

Splash!

Blood sprayed across the glass opposite.

The majority of the night outside was stained red.

Only in the corner shone a round moon, emanating a pure radiance.

Making the darkness all the more profound.

Making the blood red all the more glaring.

And rendering the tall figure intertwined with the darkness and blood all the more terrifying.

Jason, completely unaware, bent down and pulled out another small Obsidian Dagger from the victim's breast pocket.

Looking at the new Obsidian Dagger in his hand, Jason's hidden face beneath the mask revealed a smile.

Things seemed simpler than he had expected!

And...

Full of surprises!