

Menu 391

Chapter 391: Add Another Layer of 'Shell' (2)

It must be a pleasure to kill him!

Edmund could be certain that if such a message were to reach the 'Sanctuary' headquarters, the 'Sanctuary' would spare no expense to come to Ang City and kill Jason.

And the time it would take for this news to reach the 'Sanctuary' headquarters would definitely not be long.

At most, it would take 2-3 days, which already included the time it took for the other party to confirm the message.

Once the 'Sanctuary' dispatched a large force, they would very conveniently be put on the defensive.

In order to maintain the initiative, one must send out a message in advance to gather more powerful individuals in Ang City, making the 'Sanctuary' hesitate to make a rash move.

Thus, the problem circled back to the beginning: How to reconcile the contradictions among these organizations and individuals?

Edmund wore a thoughtful expression.

Esther's brows were tightly furrowed.

Jason, however, looked relaxed as he said cheerfully, "Since we have established the 'Brotherhood,' 'Hydra,' and 'Taotie Society,' why not create one more?"

"An ancient and mysterious organization that exists only in Ang City."

"They are secretive, responsible only for protecting Ang City from catastrophic destruction, then letting Ang City develop freely, adhering to the path of balance."

"But once any power that exceeds balance appears, they will emerge and deliver a devastating blow to such destroyers."

Listening to Jason's words, both Edmund and Esther's eyes lit up.

This seemed like a good idea!

But then, Edmund frowned.

"Powerful!"

"Such an organization must show extreme strength!"

"Otherwise..."

Whoosh!

Edmund wanted to say something more, but a flash of flame in Jason's hand caused Edmund to close his mouth.

Powerful?

Is a 'Masked Man' who never ages or dies not strong enough?

If that's not enough, then one must feel the scorching burn of 'Hellfire.'

"We now have power."

"Everything is ready."

"So what shall it be called?"

Esther asked.

"Night Owl Court."

Jason stated indifferently.

Night Owl Court?

Upon hearing this, Edmund and Esther were briefly stunned, then both revealed a smile.

Not a bad name.

Mysterious and a bit terrifying, it had a dignified feel.

Especially Esther, who was leaning in the passenger seat, singing in recitative.

"At night, in the darkness, not just the Guardian walks!"

"But also them—"

"Beware the Night Owl Court, constantly watching over your travels. Lurking in the dark to gaze upon Ang City, hidden between low walls and attics. Present in your home, they also exist. Never speak their name, lest their talons come seeking your head."

Talons?

Using claws to eat late-night snacks?

Jason was momentarily taken aback, then quickly realized they were talking about owls.

He didn't emphasize any further.

Because he thought Night Owl Court wasn't bad either.

The nocturnal hunter: the owl.

He didn't dislike it.

Just like he was hunting at this moment.

"Stop the car up front," Jason said indifferently.

The car came to a steady stop following Jason's words, but as they looked at the office building in front of them, both Edmund and Esther displayed a look of astonishment.

"What's wrong?"

Jason noticed their peculiar reaction.

"This is where the 'shelter' is located."

"Right in the basement of this building."

Edmund answered.

Then, a hint of a bitter smile appeared on his face.

Upon hearing the answer, Jason's face also held a trace of surprise.

'Sanctuary' had actually completed infiltrating the Ang City 'shelter'?

The 'scent' he smelled was indeed coming from underground!

However, a smile soon appeared on Jason's face.

A 'Sanctuary' member capable of infiltrating the 'shelter,' even if among the 'Faceless,' must be elite, and such a person would surely know some secrets that ordinary people did not.

Jason realized this, and so did Edmund and Esther.

The three exchanged glances, and certain ideas naturally formed.

...

Esther, his face bruised and swollen, walked in front of the group.

Edmund, pale, supported a hooded Jason, and even the tall Edmund staggered a bit under Jason's weight as they walked towards the first basement level.

The elderly guard was still sitting there.

But upon seeing the trio, he immediately stood up, a shotgun in his hand appearing swiftly, much faster than the average young person's reaction.

"What's wrong?"

The old guard asked.

"The 'Faceless'!"

"That bastard, impersonating Supervisor Edmund, got close to Sir Jason."

"After inflicting a fatal injury on Sir Jason, he was killed in self-defense by Sir Jason."

Esther said with an urgent and hateful tone.

"Fatal injury?"

The old doorman looked at Jason, who was breathing weakly and appeared somewhat feeble, but only showed weakness, with a look of confusion.

"Sir Jason is the 'Masked Man'; he is immortal."

"But he can still become weak when he sustains a fatal injury."

"We need to take Sir Jason back to the base for recovery now."

Esther remained composed as she disseminated one false message after another.

"Okay."

This time the old doorman did not stop them.

Behind them, the shelving started silently, splitting in two to reveal an 'elevator'.

After the three entered the elevator, they pressed the only floor button: V007.

The elevator descended directly.

Throughout the entire process, there was no exchange among them, neither words nor eye contact.

Upon entering the 'Sanctuary', Edmund had warned that the doorman and the elevator might be the 'eyes' of some higher-up, as the opponent always liked to do such things.

Therefore, Esther maintained that sense of urgency.

Until the elevator doors opened, Esther couldn't wait to start shouting.

"Someone come!"

"Quick, someone come!"

Amidst such cries, the standby response team immediately appeared.

Clark, wearing sunglasses, emerged from a corridor nearby.

"What's the matter?"

Clark asked.

"Masked Man'!"

"Emergency alert."

After saying this, Edmund supported Jason and headed to his own office.

Not the Supervisor's office, but an office in the C-level staff area on the side.

He seemed accustomed to this office.

He placed Jason in a chair.

"Sir Jason, do you need anything?"

Edmund asked.

"Rest."

"I need to rest."

After saying this, Jason closed his eyes. His breathing was even as if he had truly fallen asleep.

Edmund tiptoed out the door.

"Esther, you stay here."

"I need to immediately make a report to headquarters."

Edmund instinctively turned to go back to his own office, but as he was about to push the door, he seemed to remember his promotion, smacked his forehead, and headed toward the Supervisor's office.

Meanwhile, Esther faced Edmund's office, leaning against the wall and grinning as he rolled up his sleeves.

Suddenly, large bruises appeared on his arms.

These were not a disguise, but real injuries.

Left from the fight with the 'Masked Man'.

"I hate this kind of direct combat."

Esther muttered under his breath.

This wasn't a lie. As a clerical elite, although he had undergone considerable combat training and had good marksmanship, his innate physical condition always limited him.

Esther had complained about this more than once.

Especially after getting injured, it was all the more true.

This time was no exception.

At least, that's how it seemed to Delinke.

He could confirm that the injuries on Esther's arms were caused by kicks, and his colleague, who was assigned to assassinate the 'Masked Man', specialized in such kicking techniques.

"Was it half a success?"

"'Masked Man' is indeed indestructible, but when he suffers a fatal injury, he enters a weakened state... If there are successive fatal injuries, he could probably die as well."

Delinke was very sure of this thought.

Because he firmly believed that, apart from his 'master', there couldn't be anyone truly immortal.

He also believed in the strength of his colleagues.

After all, he was one of them.

With this in mind, Delinke wasn't in a hurry.

After secretly 'passing' the message, he then opened the door to his office, his face showing genuine concern.

"Esther, what happened?"

He asked.

Esther looked blankly at Delinke.

He never expected it would be Delinke.

"It's nothing, Delinke, I'm fine, better than ever,"

Esther replied with a shake of his head.

He watched as the door across from him silently opened.

He watched as the tall figure moved as fast as lightning to cover Delinke's mouth and dragged him into the office.

He watched as the door slowly closed.

Unlike its silent opening, this time the door made a faint noise—

Click!

It sounded eerily like bones being twisted and broken.