

## Menu 392

Chapter 392: The Starting Point of a New Era!

In the moment his mouth was covered, Delinke struggled with all his might, but none of the escape techniques he remembered from memory were of any use.

The strength of that hand was simply too great.

Just pinching the sides of his face, the immense strength caused him to feel a sensation of suffocation amidst the pain.

"A trap!"

Delinke immediately realized it.

Although he didn't know how he had been exposed, in that moment he did not hesitate to activate the secret technique deeply branded into his soul.

A chilling breath began to diffuse.

The Delinke who was no different from an ordinary person transformed into something akin to a 'living corpse.'

He lost his reason.

He wanted to roar in rage.

He wanted to shred the person behind him.

And then...

Crack!

His neck was twisted and broken by Jason.

Delinke, slumped on the ground, was not dead; his limbs were still moving with loathing filling his eyes.

"Yi!"

A "Protection Against Evil" spell was cast on him.

Instantly, Delinke stopped moving, and his true face as a 'Masked Man' was revealed.

Jason frowned slightly.

He had wanted to extract more information from the man.

But the man was more resolute than he had imagined.

"Sanctuary..."

Jason muttered the name of the organization again.

An organization that could survive for over 300 years was far stronger than he had imagined, both the organization itself and its members.

This was also a reminder to Jason of what the Night Owl Court needed to do.

While pondering, Jason bent down and picked up the fifth Obsidian Dagger, placing it in his pocket.

Thump, thump thump.

Esther's knock sounded.

"Lord Jason?"

"Come in,"

Jason responded.

Esther, who entered through the door, signaled Jason and began to inspect the 'Masked Man' in front of her, examining this one more meticulously than the previous four. After all, this one had posed as a C-level staff of the 'shelter.'

Unfortunately, searching the body yielded no results.

"I'll go to his residence."

Esther left this message and hurried away.

Edmund entered, knocking on the door a dozen seconds after Esther had left.

Looking at the body on the ground, Edmund's expression darkened.

"Delinke was a good guy,"

He said.

The meaning behind his words was clear: since a member of the 'Sanctuary's' 'Masked Man' Legion had posed as Delinke, the real Delinke was likely either dead or imprisoned.

Edmund hoped for the former.

Not out of cruelty.

Because death can be a form of release.

If he were imprisoned... considering the actions of 'Sanctuary,' that would truly be a fate worse than death.

After a brief moment of contemplation, Edmund turned to Jason.

"Lord Jason, what should we do next?"

Edmund asked.

Although he had a complete plan in mind, he still deferred to Jason's wishes.

He knew very well that everything was revolving around this man, and without him, all plans were no more than an illusory reflection.

"Stick to the original plan,"

"But let's temporarily 'hide' me,"

"I, already weak, have been attacked again, leading me to believe the 'shelter' is not safe. Coincidentally, my prolonged life has granted me knowledge of some secret matters and organizations."

"And Ang City has just such a one."

Jason said, pointing to the body of the 'Masked Man' on the ground, and spoke indifferently.

"The Night Owl Court emerges opportunistically?"

Edmund mused to himself, and at the same time, he had already concocted a corresponding story in his heart.

Catching a glimpse of Edmund's expression, Jason didn't say anything more.

He trusted that Edmund, as a native, would create a story far more plausible and convincing than anything he could think of.

About half an hour later, Esther returned.

Seeing Esther's expression, Jason knew that Esther hadn't found anything.

In fact, that was the case.

"There was nothing noteworthy in Delinke's residence,"

"The whole house was very clean, so clean it didn't seem like someone lived there."

"I suspect he has another place to stay,"

Esther said.

"I'll have people look into it."

"Now we have more important things to do,"

Edmund said.

Esther nodded solemnly.

Then, Jason saw Edmund and Esther scribbling frantically on the table.

After ten minutes, two reports were handed over to Jason.

First, Edmund's:

The "Faceless" Legion members of the "Sanctuary" impersonated me to assassinate the "Masked Man." The Masked Man sustained fatal injuries, but still managed to kill the "Faceless" member in return, which enraged the Masked Man. He began to search for other "Faceless" members in Ang City, and after taking out three of them, the Masked Man became weak. On my advice, he returned to the secret base in Ang City to rest, but Delinke suddenly attacked while the Masked Man was resting.



The Masked Man, weakened to the point of Deep Sleep, suffered another fatal blow yet managed to kill Delinke in return. Then, he didn't rest in the base again. Clearly, he didn't think it was safe anymore. He must have a safer place, but this place seemed to give the Masked Man reservations; he hadn't decided to use it before.

The Masked Man is very vigilant, I couldn't send anyone to track him, and for now, we've temporarily lost track of the Masked Man.

...

A nice description, it contains speculation, yet doesn't provide any real answers.

The reader of this report would naturally seek the answer, and moreover, some false information about him would be enough to surprise those big shots at the right moment.

Jason nodded and turned his gaze to Esther's report:

People from the "Sanctuary" attempted to assassinate the "Masked Man" but got killed in retaliation. The angry Masked Man began hunting down Faceless members, but it seems the fatal injury kept him in a weakened state. After taking out three "Faceless," he entered a drowsy state and was attacked by Delinke disguised as a "Faceless."

The Masked Man left the "Sanctuary" secret base and on his departure, he asked me for two "abnormal" items and told me to deliver them to a predetermined address a day later.

(Appendix: A photocopy of a fast-food restaurant receipt.)

...

Esther's report was within Jason's expectations.

Except for that receipt photocopy.

Facing Jason's gaze, Esther smiled shyly.

"Just a legitimate reimbursement."

"I've also applied for reimbursement at the 'Sanctuary,' just waiting for Senior Edmund to sign off."

He said, looking expectantly at Edmund.

Edmund frowned but eventually nodded.

This made Esther's smile even brighter.

"This way, we have the money to rent a house for the Brotherhood!"

"Lord Jason, I suggest that you make more noise during fights in the future—no, no, you've misunderstood me, I don't want you to kill the innocent, but you could wreck buildings, right?"

"The 'Sanctuary' has compensation regulations, and the person who signs off in Ang City is Edmund."

"I can also apply for activity funds from the Holy Serpent Society."

Esther immediately started explaining seriously when Jason looked at him.

"If we keep this up, sooner or later you and I will be under scrutiny."

Edmund chuckled wryly.

The 'Sanctuary' and the Holy Serpent Society aren't fools, once or twice is still okay.

If this happens every time, they'll send someone specifically to investigate.

Esther laughed.

Brighter than before.

He leaned closer to Jason and Edmund, lowered his voice, and said:

"I welcome their arrival."

"Really, we don't need to confront them."

"We just need... to pull them into our camp!"

Hearing this, Edmund covered his face.

When Esther started speaking, he had a guess, but hearing Esther say this still made him somewhat incredulous. Was this the enthusiastic, simple, slightly foolish Esther he knew?

Who had he learned from?

The thoughts in his mind didn't stop Edmund from speaking.

"Not everyone will be pulled into your scheme."

"You have to tailor your approach."

"Some guys are not motivated by money, but they pursue mystery, the unknown. So we could use the names of 'Hydra,' 'Taotie Society,' or even 'Night Owl Court' to make contact. Then, surely, we can make them unwittingly stand on our side."

Edmund added.

Esther immediately looked at Edmund with shining eyes.

He felt like he had learned something new.

The two whispered to each other, like an adult and a young fox conspiring in a meeting.

Jason, however, did not join. He trusted the two of them to do a good enough job.

And him?

He naturally returned to the gym.

He needed to use this time to improve his strength as much as possible.

Even though there were only two or three days or even less, he didn't mind.

Diligent training was fundamental.

But more importantly, he had an exceptional Talent.

Although most of the time, he would rather interact with others as an ordinary person, at critical moments, he wouldn't pretend to be someone he wasn't.

He, Jason, was gifted with an extraordinary Talent.

"We'll see you off."

Edmund said.

Just like the description in the report, at the entrance of the office building, Jason declined the offer to see him off and disappeared alone into the night.

After returning to the "Sanctuary" secret base, Edmund took his time, waited roughly ten minutes, and then sent out the report before leaving the base directly.

He hadn't forgotten about the two kids left at the gym.

Accompanying Edmund was Esther, who, to make their night a bit better, had bought two cups of coffee and some food from a café.

Of course, as Esther walked away carrying the coffee and snacks, the report disappeared with him.

The black muscle car started up again.

At night, the roar of the engine was crystal clear.

It was as if it were saying—

The curtain had been raised.