

## Menu 398

### Chapter 398: First Appearance

The sound of his voice faded as Jason hung up the communicator.

At this moment, being "physically weak," he certainly couldn't appear within anyone's sight.

"It's time for 'Night Owl Court' to take the stage,"

Jason thought to himself in silence.

...

Within the hidden stronghold of the 'Holy Serpent Society,' Kuya, dressed in professional attire with black stockings and light makeup, smiled slightly as she watched the communicator go dead and placed it on the table.

Her gaze then turned to the other two C-level members of the 'Holy Serpent Society' in Ang City.

One was an old man with white hair, dressed simply, with reading glasses hanging from his chest.

The other was a middle-aged man, thin and frail, his face unnaturally pale with severe dark circles, appearing as if a gust of wind could knock him over even while seated.

"As we guessed, the 'Masked Man's' immortality really does come with limitations,"  
Kuya said.

"That is not surprising."

"Immortality is enviable, but it also has its drawbacks."

"Or perhaps, some fatal flaws,"

The white-haired old man said lightly, wiping his reading glasses.

"But still, it is enviable."

"Just a little drowsiness can make one immune to fatal injuries... tsk, the 'Sanctuary's' bunch must be getting restless."

The middle-aged man yawned as he spoke.

This made Kuya, a woman, slightly frown.

"Rexus, you really should stay away from that so-called gaming console!"

"Especially staying up all night playing games, it will ruin you!"

Kuya reminded her colleague.

"Staying up all night playing games is the most wonderful thing; the bubbles in the soda, the crunch of the chips... In fact, if I weren't so utterly loyal to the organization, I wouldn't even be here. You cannot imagine how much effort it took me to leave my gaming console, or the resolve I had to maintain."

The man named Rexus emphasized.

His voice gradually rose as if to underscore the effort he put forth.

"Isn't it because the power went out in that district?"

The white-haired old man chuckled.

Rexus was at a loss for words but didn't seem at all embarrassed.

"So... it was the guidance of fate,"

The middle-aged man solemnly declared, attempting to add a sense of the sacred, but his heavy dark circles made him look rather comical.

"A virtual world is empty,"

"You should engage more with reality."

"I know of a new club that's quite good—I just became a member,"

The white-haired old man hinted at Rexus with a knowing smile between men.

"No!"

"A waifu made of paper is better!"

The middle-aged man strongly refused and reiterated his point.

The white-haired Scott was about to try persuading him again, but upon seeing Kuya's angry gaze, he wisely chose to keep silent.

Panting! Panting!

Kuya breathed rapidly.

If it weren't for the many years they had worked together, she would have pulled out a gun and shot both of their dog heads at that moment.

They were just too unreliable.

One was so addicted to video games that sudden death held no fear for him.

The other tirelessly visited every club in Ang City, heedless of kidney failure.

Almost all of the 'Holy Serpent Society's' affairs in Ang City were pressing down on her shoulders, and she was just a girl slightly over sixteen years and a hundred months old!

Why should she, so young, bear so many burdens that she shouldn't have to?

Was it just because of her beauty?

If so... then let her bear a little more.

After all, she was a true beauty.

Pulling out her compact mirror, she took another look at herself.

So beautiful!

After silently praising herself, Kuya once again looked sternly at her two unreliable colleagues.

"The 'Masked Man' must have other hideouts in Ang City."

"But this particular hideout is one he generally hopes not to, or says does not wish to make use of,"

"So much so that he only went there after 'the Shelter' was unexpectedly attacked,"

"It must be a place with people he doesn't want to see, or... where there are concerns to consider,"

Kuya said.

"Have D1314 continue to contact 'Masked Man'."

"Whatever it is, the 'Masked Man,' who is inconvenient to come forward, will likely send a proxy."

"Starting with that proxy, we can find out everything we want to know,"

Scott said with a smile.

"Watch out for those sneaking into Ang City; they will surely keep a close eye on all possible places!"

Rexus warned.

Kuya laughed.

"Them?"

"Haha."

The disdainful laughter reflected Kuya's true thoughts.

Right up until the moment before dawn, Kuya remained dismissive.

She did not believe those small fry could track her movements.

But when she arrived at the central park of Ang City following the information relayed by D1314, Kuya found the entire park saturated with various scents.

Being a C-level member of the 'Holy Serpent Society,' trained with the strictest, most formal discipline, she was certain of this.

"Who leaked the information?"

"D1314?"

Kuya instinctively thought, but immediately shook her head.



Though D1314 was just a disposable D-level member, his loyalty was beyond question.

It was simply impossible for him to have leaked the news of her meeting here with the 'Masked Man's' proxy.

What part of the plan had gone wrong?

As Kuya pondered, she began to adjust her posture.

Her pace remained measured, but her muscles tensed, primed for action.

She gripped the shoulder bag hanging on her shoulder in her hand so she could draw her weapon from it at the first sign of trouble.

As for leaving?

As a C-level member of the 'Holy Serpent Society,' she was not about to abandon her mission.

Thud, thud.

High heels clicked on the gravel path as Kuya slowly approached the statue in the designated central park.

As Kuya neared the statue, the gazes hidden nearby gradually converged on her, and by the time she stood before the park's centerpiece, all surrounding eyes were fixed upon her.

Being watched by unseen eyes was definitely not a comfortable experience.

Especially when some of those stares were filled with different, disgusting intents, Kuya wished she could draw her gun and fight right then and there.

But for the sake of the mission, she endured.

Time ticked by, second by second.

The appointed time at dawn was drawing closer.

Kuya's gaze began to drift towards the entrance of the central park.

The gazes of those around her no longer focused solely on Kuya.

They too shifted their attention to the park's entrance.

And then...

Fog rolled in!

A thick fog, so dense one couldn't see their own hand before them, suddenly enveloped the area.

Clang!

Click, click!

Sounds of swords being drawn and bullets being loaded echoed through the mist.

Kuya was no exception; she gripped the pistol in her bag tightly, warily scanning her surroundings.

But nothing happened.

The fog came as suddenly as it left.

Just as Kuya furrowed her brows—

"Kuya?"

A deep voice just so happened to arise beside her.

Kuya started, almost instinctively sidestepping backward, drawing out the pistol from her bag and aiming it in the direction of the voice.

There stood a very tall figure, cloaked in a hooded cape, a play of lamplight and shadows crossing over. The shadow covered the hood, extending and concealing it, only revealing the lower part of the face covered by a white mask.

When did they get so close to me?

How did I not notice at all?

Kuya eyed the towering figure warily, but her gun's muzzle drooped.

She was aware that if the person had made a move just now, she would already be dead.

"You are..."

Kuya spoke uncertainly to the formidable silhouette.

"Talon 13."

Jason gave the code name he had already thought of.

If this is the "Night Owl Court," how could the "Night Owl" not have talons?

Talon 13?

Kuya was stunned again.

She searched her memory and could confirm she had never heard such a code name, regardless of whether it was an organization or an individual.

Made up on the spot?

No, it couldn't be! Despite the face being hidden by shadows and a mask, the person's tone was too natural; it couldn't possibly be made up on the spot. The truth couldn't be determined, but at the very least... there must've been some preparation.

Kuya speculated.

But Jason didn't allow her more time to think.

"The 'Masked Man' sent me."

"What about the 'abnormal item' he wants?"

Jason got straight to the point.

As expected, they had found a 'proxy'!

Without a reply that was beyond expectation, Kuya shook her head in response.

"The two 'abnormal items' are here, but you need to prove that what you say is true..."

Kuya recited the pre-prepared lines.

She of course knew that the person appearing here did not require proof.

And what about those people around her?

Although they knew about this from somewhere, the fact that none of them chose to approach the statue until she was in front of it proved that they either didn't know the exact information and had only a rough idea of the location, or they were acting cautiously and wouldn't rashly make a move.

With these two points, the fact that Jason could appear quietly in front of the statue was proof enough.

However, she needed more information, to confirm more about the 'Masked Man.' After all, he was the only known person who could distinguish the members of the 'Legion of Faceless' anomaly, so the more she knew, the better.

What Kuya hadn't anticipated was that the towering figure before her didn't give her a chance to finish speaking, turning to leave while she still had more to say.

"Wait, wait!"

Kuya called out hastily.

But Jason seemed not to have heard Kuya's voice at all, his steps not pausing, and in fact, he quickened his pace.

Kuya felt panic in her heart, realizing a critical part of her judgment was flawed.

The 'proxy' in front of her and the 'Masked Man' were not in a subordinate relationship, nor was it a partnership of equals; it seemed... that this 'Talon 13' was the true superior.

But it was too late to react now.

All she could do was watch as Jason walked away.

Stop him?

Jason's silent appearance earlier had informed her of the gap in strength between them.

She didn't dare.

However, Kuya's hesitation did not mean others shared it.



The people hidden in the central park began to emerge one after another.

More than a dozen people blocked Jason's path.

They gazed at Jason with ill intent, their malice and greed almost tangible.

The man before them was connected to the 'Masked Man' who could distinguish the 'Legion of Faceless'!

If they could just capture him,

They would surely find the 'Masked Man'!

Once they extracted such secrets through interrogation, whether they sold it to other organizations or dealt directly with the 'Sanctuary,' they stood to make a fortune.

Moreover...

There was also the 'Masked Man's' mask!

According to rumors, it was the mask that granted the 'Masked Man' immortality.

Immortality!

At the thought, those who seemed like hyenas, lured to Ang City, became even less patient.

One of them even shouted directly at Jason—

"Hand over the 'Masked Man,' or we won't be merciful..."

Hum!

Before their threatening words could be completed, a 20-meter-long Light Sword appeared in Jason's hand.

Then...

It swept across.