

Menu 400

Chapter 400: "Stage Play"!

"I need to finish my own record that has been going on for 3062 consecutive nights,"

Rexus had vanished in a flash after leaving such words.

And the swaying Scott likewise disappeared without a trace.

Looking at the empty stronghold, Kuya couldn't help but gnash her teeth, the angry voice almost squeezed out from between them—

"Bastard!"

"Both bastards!"

Scott, who had already left the secret base, stood outside the door smiling and looking at each other with Rexus.

"Ah, dodged it once again."

"Kuya is probably cursing us as bastards again,"

Rexus sighed.

"Yeah, it's not easy."

"I actually had high hopes for D1314, that with his promotion I could relax a bit, but he just directly became an 'anomaly' liaison, sigh."

Scott also sighed.

And a similar sign of exasperation drew the two closer to each other.

"Go for a drink?"

"I know a bar that's open 24 hours."

Scott suggested.

"No, I'm going to finish my 3062 days of overnight records,"

Rexus declined.

"You're not making excuses?"

The white-haired Scott was quite surprised.

"No."

"It's half true, half false."

"Who knows whether it's true or false?"

Rexus said with a smile.

"Yeah."

"Who knows whether it's true or false."

"We are just trying to get by, living comfortably for one more day is still a day."

Scott nodded in agreement.

Then, after gazing at each other for a moment, they bid each other take care.

"Hope to see you next time."

"You too, be careful."

"Yeah, take care."

The two parted ways at the door.

Rexus went home to grind games.

Scott headed to the club to feel some warmth.

They chose the way most suitable for themselves to relax for one last time.

For they both had already sensed the pressure of a looming great war.

Kuya also had a similar feeling, but it was far less clear than that of Rexus and Scott because most of her attention was absorbed by the so-called 'Claw 13'.

Regarding 'Claw 13', Kuya had no clues at all.

Therefore, she had no choice but to start from 'Hephaestus Bar'.

She had confirmed that the people appearing in the Central Park were gathering information from there.

Similarly, she could also be sure that D1314 had not leaked any information; none of her connections in this area had any issues.

That only left one possibility—

There was some issue with 'Claw 13'.

Or there was some issue with the 'Masked Man'.

But no matter which it was, either would be her opportunity to find 'Claw 13'.

Thinking she could see that profound, towering figure again, Kuya couldn't help but quicken her pace.

There was no other meaning.

She was just curious.

Curious where 'Claw 13' came from.

Curious about the relationship between 'Claw 13' and the 'Masked Man'.

Also curious... about what that dazzling sword was all about.

Was it thanks to 'anomalous items'?

Or was it an anomaly itself?

With these questions, Kuya appeared in front of 'Hephaestus Bar'.

The bar was located indoors near the drainage area, unlike the tidy city center; this place was desolate, run-down, and the buildings were also very old. To put it simply, this was a poverty-stricken area.

And 'Hephaestus Bar' was situated at the intersection of the civilian and poverty areas, an independent structure that seemed aged from the outside, but still relatively clean inside.

"Sorry, we're closed for business,"

"If you want to drink something, please come back in the evening,"

Said the expressionless bartender, facing Kuya as she entered.

Kuya paid no heed to this; she strode boldly up to the bar.

"Central Park."

"Masked Man."

"Claw 13."

Kuya named these terms.

The bartender's face remained impassive.

"Madam, I don't know what you're talking about..."

"Then why don't you let the gentleman hiding behind the liquor shelf have a talk with me?"

Kuya interrupted the bartender's words.

Her gaze fixed on the cabinet full of various types of liquor.

Although the cabinet was airtight, she could clearly hear the breathing sounds coming from behind it.

Somewhat labored breathing sounds!

"Miss, I don't know what you are talking about, please leave!"

The bartender's face darkened, his tone turning unpleasant.

Moreover, his palm had already reached toward the side of the bar.

There lay a shotgun.

"Alright, Taor."

"Let the lady in.

And, you can get off work now."

A hoarse voice emerged from behind the liquor cabinet.

"Yes, sir."

The bartender respectfully bowed, his etiquette strange, but stranger still was the slight movement of his lips.

Not very adept at lip-reading, Kuya could only roughly make out something like 'long live' from his words.

Clack!

The sound of gears turning came from beneath the floor.

A room appeared behind the liquor cabinet.

A figure draped in a brown burlap cloth sat there, surrounded by empty wine bottles, and even for a bar, the whole room was filled with an unpleasant smell of alcohol that Kuya could feel hitting her in the face.

This immediately dissuaded her from wanting to approach, so she simply walked around the bar and stood in front of the cabinet, looking at the other party.

The thick brown burlap cloth obscured the person's face, but judging from the posture and size, they were not tall, probably had a hunched body, and coupled with the previous hoarse voice, it was clearly an old man.

Yet, such an old man gave Kuya a sense of oppression.

Just sitting there motionless, Kuya felt as if she was beholding a towering mountain.

The other party must hold a position of great authority!

Having had similar experiences, Kuya was very certain of this.

"Hello," Kuya maintained her politeness.

"Hello, Miss Kuya," the other party replied.

That took Kuya by surprise.

Although her identity was no longer a secret after she took charge of the subsequent 'contact' operation, the speed at which this old man in front of her had accessed her information proved that he wielded a power in Ang City not inferior to that of 'the asylum,' the 'Holy Serpent Society,' but then Kuya regained her composure, laughing lightly, "Indeed, worthy of the one who found the 'Masked Man's' trail, nothing gets past you."

It was obviously a compliment; who doesn't like flattery?

Especially when wanting to obtain more information, flattery is the most useful tool.

Unfortunately, the old man opposite seemed completely immune to such tactics.

Just staring at Kuya.

The shadow beneath the hat brim obscured the entire face, including the eyes.

But Kuya could feel the gaze from within the shadow looking at her.

She felt a chill, and just as she was about to say something to alleviate the pressure, the old man on the other side let out a hoarse chuckle.

"I have not found him."

"He found us," the old man said.

Us?

Kuya swiftly caught the keyword.

Then, before she could speak, the old man continued on his own, "We have long admired the 'Masked Man,' just as we do the legends themselves.

"We have never been able to confirm their existence.

"But the appearance of the 'Masked Man' has confirmed it for us.

"They really do exist!

"We want to touch the legend because we don't want to live in their shadow—Ang City should only have one voice, and yet..."

While speaking, the old man laughed again.

In his hoarse laughter, there were undertones of exhaustion.

"We miscalculated their Strength and their methods of operation," the exhausted voice now took on a note of sobbing.

Indeed, sobbing!

Kuya had never imagined that the clearly high-ranking old man in front of her would start to cry before a stranger like her.

And the sobs were filled with... fear!

Yes, fear!

Just listen to that trembling cry!

If it weren't for fear, why else would such a voice emerge?

Involuntarily affected, Kuya swallowed.

"Who are they?" Kuya asked.

As soon as she spoke, she was startled.

Because, at this moment, her voice was no longer pleasant to hear, but had turned hoarse from tension.

"Legend has it that there are walkers in the darkness of the night in Ang City, who control the city; any who defy their will are eradicated by their claws, even those who seem to rule the city.

"Because there is only one true ruler of this city!

"They ensure the operation of Ang City, they maintain the balance of Ang City!

"It was so a thousand years ago.

"It will be so a thousand years from now.

"Unchanging over the millennia!

"They are..."

"The Night Owl Court!"