

Menu 401

Chapter 401: Actors in Position!

Unchanging for a millennium!

The Night Owl Court!

Kuya searched for this name in her mind, but had absolutely no impression of it.

However, she did not doubt its existence.

The elderly figure before her was clearly extraordinary, with the air of someone who held high status—an air that could not be feigned by just anyone. Likewise, the other party had no reason to deceive her with lies.

Especially when she was nearly in despair and seeking help.

Yes, seeking help!

If initially Kuya had her doubts, now, with the other party's show of desperation, she completely dismissed them.

Although the other party had not yet spoken the latter part of his speech, such frankness would inevitably lead to a request for help.

Of this, Kuya was certain.

As for the Night Owl Court?

Perhaps it was because of her insufficient rank within the organization that she was unaware of it.

That's what Kuya thought, and then she wisely opened her mouth to speak.

"Is there anything I can help you with?"

Kuya asked.

"Help?"

"I hope to rely on the 'Holy Serpent Society' to survive."

"But... your rank isn't sufficient,"

The old man in the deep brown burlap robe said.

As expected!

Kuya thought to herself, just as she had predicted—it was simply a matter of her insufficient rank.

"I can apply to my supervisor!"

Kuya emphasized.

"The supervisor in Ang City?"

"His rank isn't sufficient either."

"You need someone from the decision-making level at your headquarters—at least. I will give you one day, and I only have one day left. Those 'Claws' have temporarily been diverted by my arrangements, but it won't last long."

"Tell your headquarters' decision-makers, if they agree to protect me, I will tell them a secret."

The old man shook his head slightly.

"A secret?"

"Alright, I understand."

Kuya frowned, and finally, she nodded.

She wasn't naive enough to ask what the secret was—if it was worth trading for his life, how could he simply reveal it to her?

However, she firmly believed that the headquarters of the 'Holy Serpent Society' would have some clues,

Or even... everything!

As a Level-C member of the 'Holy Serpent Society,' Kuya had an inexplicable confidence in the organization.

"It's been an honor to meet you."

"Where should I go to find you later?"

Kuya was prepared to leave.

Information flooded her mind, letting her know she had no time to linger here.

"Same place!"

The old man answered,

And then let out a light chuckle.

"Here, I am but a puppet, a substitute."

"The real me has already left."

The laugh carried a trace of smugness and confidence.

Kuya was taken aback, but then quickly caught on.

The most dangerous place is the safest!

The information was deliberately leaked to those people by him!

He did it to lead the 'Night Owl Court' here and use this place as a clue to chase after the decoy he had arranged!

But the real him was right here!

Waiting for her here!

No!

Not just her!

'Sanctuary,' a shelter, was an organization on par with the 'Holy Serpent Society.'

It's just that she was the first to arrive.

One step ahead, leads to another!

This secret is ours, the 'Holy Serpent Society's!

Thinking this, Kuya bowed slightly to the old man and then turned to walk toward the exit of the tavern.

Click, clack!

Behind her, the liquor cabinet moved again, completely concealing the room.

The tavern's door opened and then closed as well.

Whew!

In the room, Jason yanked off the heavy linen cloak, pulling himself out of the hole in the floor, and breathed a sigh of relief.

Disguising as an elderly man was not difficult for Jason.

Especially under the premise of prior arrangements, a floor-length robe could conceal everything.

Including the chair, the hole in the floor, and... his real figure.

The difficult part was "deceiving" Kuya.

Although she had seemed somewhat average before, Jason never underestimated anyone, especially when the person was a woman and a Level-C member of the 'Holy Serpent Society.'

The information obtained from Esther was enough to inform Jason that Kuya's status wasn't due to her looks alone.

Her mind was sharp, her abilities excellent.

Thus, convincing her of something was quite difficult.

Therefore, Jason began his scheme from the moment they first met at the park in the city center.

The sudden mystery, the overwhelming Strength, the curiosity about his unknown identity—these were all elements of Jason's scheme, attracting Kuya to this place step by step.

To this 'Hephaestus' bar.

Only if she discovered it herself would she believe it, deem it real.

The place had once been the private property of a certain gang leader in Ang City.

He refused to become a friend of Aras, so he was taken out by a coalition of Aras's friends.

In the name of 'Hydra'!

The bartender from earlier was a core member of 'Hydra.'

Similarly, part of the scheme.

Of course, these schemes were only icing on the cake—the real core was now.

Jason peered through the hole in the floor, looking down below.

The unkindly gang leader was right below, and by his side was... a bomb.

The flame was splendid.

It drew people's attention.

It also concealed the truth.

Boom!

The huge roar, accompanied by a blast wave, pushed in all directions, and Kuya, who had walked a distance away, was thrown to the ground unprepared by the impact of the air wave.

Lying on the ground, she turned her head back in shock.

The 'Hephaestus' bar had already flown into the sky.

What remained were only the billowing smoke and the raging flames.

Kuya sprang to her feet and ran towards the 'Hephaestus' bar.

But just like she had seen just now.

There was nothing left here.

Only ruins!

The elder who held secrets was naturally reduced to ashes!

His secrets would remain forever unspoken.

"'Night Owl Court'?"

Kuya murmured softly, horror surfacing in her eyes.

She believed the old man had the confidence to stay here, he must have been fully assured.

But even such an adversary, who had been smiling complacently just a moment ago, was now...

Looking at the ruins before her, Kuya felt a tremor of doubt for the first time.

Even if the old man wasn't dead, could the 'Holy Serpent Society' protect him?

As soon as this thought appeared, Kuya shook her head repeatedly, trying to dismiss it from her mind.

Yet, the more she tried to forget, the clearer the memory became.

Moreover, she remembered that one sword in the central park.

'Claw 13'!

If 13 were a numerical designation and ranked based on strength... wouldn't there be 12 even more formidable individuals ahead of 'Claw 13'?

Even if such strength was limited, they would have to face 13 equally formidable foes like 'Claw 13'.

"No way!"

"I must report back immediately!"

With that thought, Kuya turned to leave.

But at that moment, people attracted by the explosion started to gather ceaselessly.

Kuya didn't avoid the crowd; it would be too conspicuous.

She blended in with them quietly, then, step by step, she drifted away.

"How did the 'Hephaestus' bar explode?"

"Isn't this the territory of 'Flying Jazz'?"

"'Flying Jazz'?"

"Of course, it's 'Flying Jazz's territory, you see, he has flown into the sky, hasn't he?"

Such conversations were unconsciously collected by Kuya as she gradually moved away.

It was the instinct of a C-level member.

'Flying Jazz'?

Was that the old man's nickname?

Kuya wondered.

"Such a powerful figure as 'Flying Jazz' died inexplicably, it's truly a terrifying world," lamented a middle-aged man in the crowd, clearly a gang member.

"'Flying Jazz' is far more formidable than you can imagine, what we've seen is just one percent of his businesses, his real empire has long been spread across every industry in Ang City!" declared a person in a cloak standing beside him.

"You're bluffing!"

The people around immediately objected.

"If 'Flying Jazz' were that powerful, he would have dominated Ang City a long time ago," the first middle-aged man added.

"Who says he hasn't dominated Ang City?" countered the cloaked figure.

"Then how could he die so mysteriously?" the middle-aged man scoffed even more derisively.

"Surely because he provoked an even more powerful entity," the cloaked person stated confidently.

However, no one in the vicinity believed such words.

But Kuya, certainly, was not among these skeptics.

Just as Kuya was about to leave the crowd, she couldn't help but scrutinize the cloaked person, yet his cloak was obviously intended to conceal his identity, making it impossible for Kuya to see his features.

Kuya was desperate to pull back the cloak and see what he exactly looked like.

And clearly, she wasn't the only one with that thought.

A thin, tall man with a sullen face and shoulders hunched walked into the crowd.

He was noticeably lean, but his strength was significant; the people gathered around were unable to stop him from advancing.

The people he pushed aside immediately glared at the tall, thin man, but upon seeing his sullen face, everyone shrank back and dared not speak.

'Vulture'!

That was his nickname, and nobody knew his real name. They only knew that two days ago, he had appeared in this district of Ang City and had taken control of a small organization to do his bidding with his brutal methods.

Although no further outrageous acts followed, the bodies hung up for display had already broadcasted his notoriety far and wide, and people in this area, a mix of civilians and the impoverished, listed him as one not to be trifled with.

'Vulture' continued forward.

As those who had spotted 'Vulture' immediately gave way.

The crowd split into two, opening a straight path, and a hint of a smile appeared on 'Vulture's grim face.

He walked straight up to the man draped in the cloak.

"You seem to know a lot, I certainly want to know," he said to the cloaked man.

"Tell me."

'Vulture' spoke in a condescending tone.

It appeared the cloaked man was a bit timid, taking a step back immediately.

"Quickly!"

"My patience is..."

'Vulture' continued threatening the man before him, his eyes gleaming with cruelty, ready to use his favored methods to get the information he desired.

But at that moment, he suddenly felt a mighty grip snatch his skull.

Then, the last sound he would hear in this life rang in his ears—

Crack!