

Menu 402

Chapter 402: Ang City 'Drama Troupe'

'Vulture' died.

His head twisted 180 degrees to face his own back, 'Vulture' collapsed to the ground on his knees, upper body falling forward, never making a sound again.

As 'Vulture' fell, a similarly cloaked but taller figure became visible to everyone present, no longer obscured.

The moment they saw the tall figure, the people surrounding him gasped.

The ferocity of 'Vulture' had already terrified them.

How fearsome must the person be who twisted 'Vulture's' neck?

Without any hesitation, they unconsciously stepped back.

Immediately, a large open space appeared.

Only two people remained in the clearing.

The one who spoke earlier, cloaked.

And the tall figure who appeared later, also cloaked.

Seeing that both individuals wore similar attire, especially the same style of cloaks, some of the more astute onlookers quickly became thoughtful.

Did they come from the same organization?

These people speculated.

And soon, this speculation was confirmed!

"You wish to reveal the secrets of the organization?"

The tall figure asked coldly.

"We don't want to live in their shadow!"

"We just want to survive."

The first man's voice was bitter, with a hint of begging.

"Survive?"

"Everyone wants to survive!"

"But those who err must be punished."

The tall figure declared coldly.

Even bystanders could hear the murderous intent in his voice, and naturally, the first man was no less aware. He immediately shouted:

"We are..."

Crack!

Seemingly foreseeing his fate, the man spoke recklessly, desperate to say something, but the tall figure was too quick. As the man spoke, his neck was snapped.

The crisp sound was no different from when 'Vulture's' neck had been broken.

Then, the tall figure picked up the man's body, leaped onto a nearby rooftop, and vanished after a few bounds.

Everything happened in the blink of an eye.

By the time the onlookers came to their senses, all that remained on the ground was 'Vulture's' corpse.

They looked at one another and eventually dispersed.

However, as they left, all had expressions of shock and amazement.

An unknown organization!

And an existence even more fearsome than this unknown entity!

We!

They!

Such phrases were enough to leave them with speculations.

And with those speculations, some of them quickened their pace unconsciously.

Kuya was among them.

'Night Owl Court'!

And an organization challenging the 'Night Owl Court'?

But it was clear that the organization was divided into two factions, one submissive to the organization, and one seeking to rebel, but the rebellion had failed!

It was obvious that 'Sir Fei' belonged to this organization!

Kuya, walking and sorting through her thoughts, hastened her pace.

She didn't notice that in the shadows, a watchful gaze subtly followed her.

It wasn't until Kuya returned to the 'Holy Serpent Society's' secret base that the watchful gaze finally disappeared, retreating back to an independent apartment less than 500 meters in a direct line from the 'Holy Serpent Society'.

In the room, Aras was cheerfully showing Esther how to make a sound similar to bone breaking without actually harming anyone.

"The trick is in the air and the joints of the fingers!"

"As long as you're fast enough, the sound is indistinguishable from that of breaking bones!"

Aras said, demonstrating again for Esther.

With a quick raise of his hand, Aras swiftly twisted it through the air, as if he were twisting a head.

Crack!

The crisp sound occurred on cue.

Even though he had experienced it once before, watching it again, Esther couldn't help but admire.

"Sir Aras, you truly are talented."

"Not only are you a ventriloquist, but you also possess such special skills."

Facing the praise, Aras scratched his head shyly.

"I didn't invent this technique; it's something my dad often did. When my mom's fist was just raised, he could make his whole body sound like 'bones breaking,' fall to the ground instantaneously, and then when mom retracted her fist, he would get up unscathed and fetch her water to wash her feet."

"That 'fake beheading' maneuver was also taught to me by my dad. He was always worried I wouldn't survive and thought I needed to learn survival skills that could come in handy during confrontations."

"However, mom was really angry at dad for doing this and gave him a good beating."

"But after resting for a day, dad still secretly taught me these techniques."

The simple-minded Aras revealed this without any concealment.

"Your father is truly a mountain of fatherly love!"

Aras struggled to describe his feelings but ended up uttering a phrase that was slightly off the mark.

He had wanted to say life with your father must not be easy.

But looking at the tall, strong Aras, he wisely chose these words.

At least... this way, he wouldn't be the one getting punched.

"A mountain of fatherly love?"

"My dad?"

"He's very light, not like a mountain. I could lift him when I was five."

Aras shook his head.

Immediately, Esther felt even sorrier for the old man.

What had he encountered that led him to choose your mother and bring Aras into the world?

Was it love?

Or duty?

But...

How did that duty come about?

It must have been your last resort, right?

You, truly a hero!