

## Menu 408

Chapter 408: One identity is far from enough!

Jason could clearly feel those covert gazes sweeping over him.

However, he did not completely hide his form, instead adopting a more cautious demeanor as he walked through the alleys of Ang City's streets.

He was waiting.

Waiting for the reaction of the Holy Serpent Society after the recent incident.

Jason was well aware that the Brotherhood, Hydra, Taotie Society, and Night Owl Court, the latter three of which he had formed with Edmund and Aras at Esther's suggestion, appeared mysterious and powerful but were actually fragile, containing certain elements that could not be scrutinized closely. With some effort, one would definitely discover the trickery within them.

Especially for the two major forces of Ang City, "Sanctuary" and "Holy Serpent Society," this was not a difficult task.

As long as the other side found some key points, not to mention the so-called "Night Owl Court," even Esther's identity could be exposed.

And that was something Jason absolutely did not want to see.

Therefore, while Edmund's Sanctuary in Ang City could be considered an ally, Jason always remained exceedingly vigilant towards the Holy Serpent Society.

Another reason for this was the 'Serpent' within the Holy Serpent Society!

Towards the creature 'Serpent', Jason was always instinctively cautious.

Although he had Esther, an outstanding young man, as an internal agent, Jason still would not let his guard down until the matter was settled completely.

After passing through another alley, Jason's nostrils under his mask twitched, and the corner of his mouth curled upward.

Success!

Esther did not disappoint.

Maintaining his pace, Jason pretended to be searching for something. He needed to provide a reasonable explanation for his incomplete disappearance.

This sort of disguise was not difficult for Jason.

In Nightless City, he had already mastered this practice.

And the hidden gazes around him began to rapidly record this fact: 'Claw 13' was searching for something or someone in Ang City.

Many people had already smugly equated the sought-after individual with the 'Masked Man.'

However, this did not include Kuya, who hurried over.

Carrying two metal briefcases, Kuya saw the tall figure she had been longing for, guided by a subordinate D-level personnel through the communicator.

"'Claw 13'!" Kuya shouted, quickening her pace.

After a deliberate hesitation, Jason stopped.

Without speaking, he just turned around and silently watched Kuya running towards him.

And for Kuya, that was enough!

See, I am different!

I called him 'Claw 13,' and he agreed, he stopped, waiting for me.

Kuya told herself this.

"In accordance with the previous cooperation with the 'Masked Man,' these are his deserved share."

"At the same time, I hope you can convey the goodwill of the Holy Serpent Society to him."

"As everyone knows, our Holy Serpent Society has no intention of harming any intelligent 'anomalies.'

"Also, there are instructions for using two 'anomalies' inside the box, which contains no tracking devices."

While speaking, Kuya handed the two metal briefcases to Jason.

Then, she stared at Jason's hand, which was about to reach out.

Would it be fair-skinned? Or rough?

It must be the latter, right?

Hands well-trained, naturally rough and calloused, yet they convey an extraordinary sense of security!

Thinking this, Kuya swallowed hard.

And then...

She saw a pair of black leather gloves.

Kuya was stunned.

Immediately after, a hint of admiration appeared in her eyes.

True to his name, 'Claw 13,' accustomed to nocturnal activities, had made full preparations, leaving no stone unturned. Such a man was truly fascinating.

Kuya thought silently, a strange light shining from her eyes.

Jason could feel this shine.

He thought the woman before him must be ill.

Without delay, Jason turned and began to walk away.

Watching Jason about to leave, Kuya said abruptly, "If you're outside my window at night, you can knock, and I'll invite you in for coffee... milk tea is fine too."

She was obsessed with the belief that the one watching her at night was Jason.

Jason offered no reply.

He only quickened his departure.

This left Kuya somewhat melancholic.

She wanted to follow, but she couldn't do so without any reason.

But at that moment—

Beep, beep-beep!

"Urgent report, the people from the 'Sanctuary' have appeared in Ang City, please alert His Excellency 'Claw 13.'"

Repeat!

The people from the 'Sanctuary' have appeared in Ang City, please alert His Excellency 'Claw 13.'

Well done!

I will remember you, D1345!

I will commend you for this!

Kuya clenched her fist inwardly, then outwardly responded without betraying any emotion:

"Received!"

Then, Kuya ran swiftly toward Jason.

The people from the 'Sanctuary' have arrived!

Only a dozen meters away, such a distance was naturally within Jason's clear hearing range.

Jason's eyes narrowed, a chill flashing in them.

He was well aware of who his real enemies were.

He was clearer still about why this elaborate plan was laid out before him.

"Does 'Claw 13' require assistance?"

"Those guys from the 'Sanctuary' can be tough to deal with."

"We can collaborate—not the Holy Serpent Society, but us."



Kuya caught up with Jason and spoke on her own initiative.

Jason shook his head.

He would not agree to such cooperation, whether with Kuya personally or the Holy Serpent Society. He knew... this was a matter for the Night Owl Court!

The entrance of the Central Park.

The explosion at the 'Hephaestus' bar.

The 'Flying Jazzman's' spiraled ascent.

The assassination of Shaun.

All these were to confirm the existence of the Night Owl Court, mysterious and powerful.

How could a mighty mysterious organization seek help just when it revealed itself?

They were expected to solve everything with crushing force!

"The Night Owls bring justice, the time of judgment!"

After uttering the fabricated words of Esther, Jason leaped up and swiftly vanished from Kuya's view.

Kuya instinctively raised her hand, attempting to grasp the hem of Jason's clothes, but caught nothing but air.

A moment passed before Kuya finally lowered her hand.

She murmured softly—

"So cool."

Then, she turned and left.

Yet, she couldn't help but hum to herself.

"Walker in the darkness, Guardian of the city, Unchanging for a thousand years, Night Owl, Night Owl..."

As Kuya walked further away, her voice became faint and indistinct.

The 'Holy Serpent Society' Grade D member 1345, who had been closely observing the area, hesitated for a moment before reporting everything he saw accurately.

Inside the office, Haro, Scott, and Rexus received this report immediately.

"Pfft!"

"Hahaha!"

Scott and Rexus could not contain themselves and burst into laughter right away.

"Kuya actually likes that style?"

"I thought she'd prefer someone more handsome and dashing," said Rexus, still laughing as he spoke.

"Maybe 'Claw 13' is really handsome beneath the mask?" Scott joined in, still laughing.

Haro did not join Scott and Rexus in mocking Kuya.

His gaze was somewhat elusive.

He seemed to see Kuya's mother once again.

The woman who was drawn to his mysteriousness, his strength, like a moth to a flame.

"Kuya... just like you!" Haro thought to himself; then his gaze towards Scott and Rexus turned slightly cold.

He always felt that such mockery from his subordinates was mocking Kuya's mother, and by extension, scoffing at him as well.

Was he so bad?

He was quite handsome when he was young, okay?

And he's still handsome now.

What right do these two emotionally barren guys have to laugh at him?

With these thoughts, Haro spoke up directly.

"A gamer shut-in, have you ever had a girlfriend?"

"An old man who spends money in clubs, do you know what true love is?"

Suddenly, the laughter stopped dead.

Rexus's face still wore a smile, but in the next instant, it turned to a mournful expression; he really hadn't ever had a girlfriend.

But immediately after, Rexus regained his spirit, staring at Haro as he retorted.

"Real-life girlfriends are lame, 2D waifus are number one!" Rexus declared emphatically.

Meanwhile, Scott coughed a few times.

"Cough cough, is love bought with money not true love?"

"You don't know how happy they are when they take my money!" Scott stressed.

Haro looked indifferently at his two subordinates, pondering for a full dozen seconds, until both men started to feel uneasy, before he spoke again, slowly uttering one word.

"Losers!"

Thud!

Having said that, without giving them a chance to retort, Haro tapped the ground lightly with his cane. Amid the dull sound, Haro spoke earnestly.

"I will assign the next task."

...

On a rooftop somewhere in Ang City, Jason confirmed that he had shaken off all pursuers and immediately opened two metal suitcases.

Inside the two metal suitcases were: a tomato and a piece of cheese, with a pure gold, gemstone-studded plate underneath the cheese.

Yes, a tomato and cheese.

No different from the tomatoes and cheese Jason knew of.

Only they had a quite 'food-like' aroma.

"Ordinary food mutating... no, 'evolving' into true 'food'?" Jason thought as he picked up the note beside the 'food'.

The handwriting on it was elegant, likely penned by a woman.

That Kuya?

Jason, thinking of that possibly deranged woman, immediately shook his head and began to read:

Joke Tomato: Never tell a joke in its presence, or you'll be hit with a 180 km/h impact.

Luxury Cheese: It must be used in a plate worth more than 20,000, or you'll suffer various irreversible consequences. (I've already chosen the plate for you, '')

...

Ignoring the odd symbols at the end, Jason did not hesitate to pop the tomato into his mouth.

He wanted to slice it, add some sugar, mix it, but there was no time for that now.

[Swallowed the Joke Tomato!]

[Moderate recovery of Physical Strength and Spirit!]

[Satiation +12]

[Satiation: 69]

...



Having swallowed four imitation Obsidian Daggers earlier, his satiation level had recovered from 13 to 57 points. Now, after eating a Joke Tomato, it surged to 69 points, drawing ever closer to Jason's safe range.

The taste of the cheese was more delicious than any cheese Jason had ever had.

And importantly, its satiation value was quite substantial.

[Swallowed the Luxury Cheese!]

[Moderate recovery of Physical Strength and Spirit!]

[Satiation +18]

[Satiation: 87]

...

Suddenly, the satiation level was nearly at Jason's safe range: 30 lives.

However, looking at the satiation numbers, Jason could not help but shift his attention to the skill column.

How could the 'Night Owl Court's 'Claw' possibly have only one 'Claw 13'?

The more 'Claws' there are, the more tangible the Night Owl Court becomes, the safer they are.

And each 'Claw' must have its own distinctive combat style to be memorable.

So, even with thoughts of saving up, at this moment, he had no choice but to consider upgrading.

As for which skill to upgrade?

As Jason's scanning gaze paused, it settled.