

Menu 89

Chapter 89: Warning Letter

A map?!

The moment Jason saw the map at his feet, his pupils shrank.

He was pondering over how to look for a map when someone brought one right to him?

This was no longer a mere coincidence!

Instead, his every move was under someone else's 'surveillance'!

Thinking of this, Jason subconsciously wanted to speed up packing and leave Number 19 Ter Street.

But, he resisted the urge.

It was obvious that he was being 'monitored'.

Not from the room he had checked numerous times but from outside Number 19 Ter Street!

If that grand figure had installed an entire set of surveillance systems in this place, would they also install a few more, to serve themselves?

The answer was definite.

The other party would surely do so.

And it was precisely because of this that they could accurately grasp the arrival of that fake 'postman' and, very aptly, deliver the map.

Thus, if he were to 'escape'...

He would definitely be exposed!

"I can't leave for now."

"Can only continue?"

Jason bent down and picked up the map.

The map depicted places he didn't recognize at all.

It had labels, but they were in 'secret code'.

"Don't let any information leak to the 'pawns'."

"Just let a 'pawn' do what a 'pawn' should do?"

Jason was quite familiar with these tactics.

Because the old man did the same.

You don't need to know what you are doing; just knowing that I told you to do it is enough.

Want to know more?

The more you know, the faster you die.

It's always like this in Nightless City.

Picking up the map, Jason drew back the heavy drapes and returned to the room filled with monitoring screens. Then, instinctively scanning the room, the corner of his eye naturally swept over the 'package' on the wooden crate.

The 'package' that held a black notebook which he had delivered.

Suddenly, Jason froze in place.

An overlooked question surged up in his mind at this moment—

Would a grand figure send a 'package' to one of their 'pawns'?

Or, to put it more precisely, would there be valuable items in the mailed 'package'?

Definitely not!

Not to mention something filled with oddities like the black notebook.

Even without discovering its secret, its inability to be opened was intriguing enough for the grand figure.

Given the grand figure's nature, they would naturally try to find out how to open it.

Then, inevitably, someone would be devoured by the 'monster' originally in the black notebook!

The grand figure must be aware of this point, yet they still mailed the black notebook here!

So, this place couldn't be just a pawn of the grand figure!

It must be...

A collaborator!

Disregarding this collaborator's active request for the black notebook, the grand figure probably harbored ill intentions.

The collaborator clearly understood this.

Therefore, they 'put forward' a 'pawn'!

It was the guy he had killed earlier!

Thinking about the other's behavior with a mask, wasn't it to conceal their identity?

"A collaborator recognized by the grand figure?"

"How could he have been easily taken down by me?"

"How could someone who could be taken down by a single MF92 possibly become a collaborator with a grand figure who commands hundreds of gunmen?"

Jason murmured to himself, as the answer in his mind became increasingly clear.

Similarly, Jason could also be certain of something.

The map was not provided by the grand figure!

When dealing with a collaborator of equal status, the grand figure would not interfere casually.

The grand figure needed the collaborator to lure out certain individuals, while the collaborator wanted something from the grand figure as a reward.

Therefore, this cooperation came about.

As for how to do it, both parties will cooperate with reservations, absolutely refusing to reveal all their cards. Therefore, this map, the bigshots may know about it, but it is absolutely not possible for them to “send” it here again.

The only person who could have sent it here is...

The collaborator!

The bigshot’s collaborator!

Whew!

Thinking of this, Jason couldn’t help but take a deep breath.

The situation is now very clear.

There are two possibilities—

First, the collaborator doesn't know he has taken out that "chess piece" and simply followed the normal plan, delivering the map to him.

Second, the collaborator knows he has killed their "chess piece," but for the sake of the plan proceeding as usual, has given the map to him.

Jason tends to believe the former.

But,

he has also encountered the Mystical Side here!

Who can guarantee that the collaborator hasn't done something to his "chess piece"?

And that "chess piece" has already shown capabilities far beyond that of an ordinary person.

That means, there's a great possibility the other party already knows about the death of the "chess piece."

However, they don't mind switching to another "chess piece."

He, is the most suitable candidate.

And what's more, the other party is not worried about him knowing.

In fact, they are quite happy for him to know.

Because...

This is a warning!

Jason picked up the map again. In his eyes, it was no longer just a map, but a warning letter, clearly telling him: Be a good new chess piece, or the other side wouldn't mind switching to another.

Staring at the map in his hands.

After a good three or four seconds, Jason smirked.

His teeth looked somewhat ghastly in the light.

It was obviously a smile, but it gave off a fierce and terrifying feeling.

Then, everything went back to normal.

Jason placed the map on the wooden crate and began to neatly arrange his equipment.

A machete with a wide blade and short handle.

The Winchester Brothers.

The MF92 pistol.

The UZ submachine gun.

The Mark M1 submachine gun.

The K2 grenade.

Jason packed each item, including the magazines, on his person.

A bit awkward, but it made him feel secure.

It's a pity that Taniel's weapon belt was not ready, or else he wouldn't need to feel this awkward.

Next came the books and the "Gravedigger's Dagger" and "Beastmaster's Dagger" from the old nobleman.

The former he initially planned to read carefully here.

But the environment akin to 'surveillance' was hardly conducive to Jason's reading concentration.

Especially after that 'warning letter' appeared, Jason felt like he was sitting on pins and needles.

He abandoned the original plan of entering the black notebook's world after finishing reading.

Instead, he decided to go now.

And the latter?

Two excellent 'chef knives,' greatly aiding him in dealing with food.

Lastly, Jason put on the hockey mask.

The comfort behind the mask helped Jason to become even more composed.

He took out the black notebook, his gaze shifting back and forth between "Crab Meat Salad" and "Fried Meat Crispy Rolls."

Which one should he choose?

In the end, Jason's eyes settled on "Crab Meat Salad."

Not only because he presently had 7 points of fullness and choosing "Crab Meat Salad" would leave 1 point leftover to handle any unexpected crises, but also because—

Fall had arrived.

He,

wanted to eat crabs.