

“Did Watanabe talk to you just now? Humph, his side only knows how to lie to you and make use of you. But we’re not like them...”

At least five or six people seemed to have found out that he had come to HQ and stopped him along the way to ask him to join their team.

Sugita was so annoyed.

He was in charge of the biggest shrine under the Yamaguchi Syndicate, so his position in the syndicate wasn’t very high, but it wasn’t low either. But the significance of position was very different.

Whoever got Sugita’s support meant that they would also get the support of the Tokyo residents.

“Take a side, take a side, pfft! If they push me any further, I won’t take any side and I’ll just form my own team!” cursed Sugita as he scoffed and quickly walked on. He refused to stop regardless of who called after him.

Sugita didn’t intend to go too far into the headquarters. The people there gave him a bigger headache and he never wanted to see them ever again.

He went straight to look for the one in charge of the Black Jail.

The Black Jail was the place where the Yamaguchi Syndicate used to imprison the people they captures. Regardless of their identity or their intention, all of them were thrown into this Black Jail.

But even though the name carried the word 'jail', this place wasn't really like a jail. Different prisoners were treated differently. Someone like Lance's sister was staying in a cell that was furnished more luxuriously than a five star hotel.

"Mr Sugita."

Sugita sat cross legged in the Black Jail's main office with both hands on his knees and looked rather polite.

The middle aged man seated across him smiled. "You're here to ask me about that woman?"

"That's right, Mr Nokaze. I want to know how that woman is right now," said Sugita directly.

When it came to someone who was a professional at interrogation like Nokaze, there was no point in beating round the bush. This man's eyes seemed to be able to read minds, so it was impossible to hide anything from him.

"Why do you want to know?" Nokaze laughed and his narrow eyes looked like they could see

right through Sugita. “Don’t you know that this woman is very important? In fact, you could say that she determines which direction the Yamaguchi Syndicate goes in the future.”

“I wonder which direction Mr Sugita hopes the syndicate will go towards?”

Nokaze was also asking him about which side he was on.

Sugita looked up at Nokaze. “And what about you?”

He didn’t know which side Nokaze was on. Was he on their Chief’s side or on the Prince’s side?

“I’m on whichever side you choose,” replied Nokaze.

Sugita’s pupils narrowed. “I was thinking of going down my own path.”

Nokaze’s eyes immediately turned sinister, as if knives were coming out from them and were about to pierce through Sugita’s heart.

“Hahaha, Mr Sugita, you’re so funny.” Nokaze retracted that sinister gaze. “You’re just as humorous as you used to be.”

“Alright now, I won’t ask this sort of question anymore. I’m sure you have an answer in your heart and you’ll announce it sooner or later,

right?”

Sugita didn't say anything.

Nokaze's gaze was terrifying earlier. He felt like he could feel murder in the air.

And he didn't even try to hide it!

“That woman is inside the Black Jail and she's doing well, so you don't have to worry. She's an important guest, so nobody will hurt her. She's just not allowed to leave at the moment,” said Nokaze calmly. “As for what happens to her in the future, that depends on who calls the shots at the end.”

Different people wanted to lead the syndicate in a different direction, so that woman was useful to them in different ways.

Sometimes, the use of a person, whether dead or alive, was completely different depending on the situation!



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Nokaze didn't state things very clearly, but what he was implying was clear.

Nobody knew what would eventually happen to Lance's sister, and the final decision lay in the hands of the person who eventually took over the syndicate.

Their attitude towards the Salo family was different, and that would decide what each person would do in the end.

Sugita just smiled and it was impossible to tell what he was thinking about.

He looked at Nokaze. "How interesting. A woman turns out to be so important."

He nodded and got up.

"Ok, I got it, I won't disturb you anymore." Sugita got up and left without saying anymore.

Nokaze's gaze started to shift slightly as he watched Sugita walk away.

He knew what sort of person Sugita was. Sugita was afraid of trouble and didn't want to be involved in this power struggle, and that's why he refused to take a side.

But the position he was in was a position that was important to both the Chief and the Prince.

That was the closest the Yamaguchi Syndicate could get to ordinary folk in the country, so neither would give up that position. Sugita didn't want to choose now, but he would have to make a choice eventually.

Sugita left the headquarters and his expression was grim.

The situation was more complicated than he imagined. The Chief and the Prince were fighting for control of the syndicate, and were essentially trying to be in control of the syndicate's future.

But what had that got to do with this woman from the Salo family?

Sugita really didn't get it. Capturing her was as good as offending the Salos. They were a major Third World power!

Regardless of whether the Chief or the Prince got what they wanted at the end of this power struggle, offending the Salos wasn't good news to them.

Sugita really didn't understand what they were thinking about.

He returned to the shrine to see Jiang Ning feeding Lin Yuzhen food. He sat down and couldn't help but clutch his head.

“My friend, can't you control yourself a little bit? You're in a shrine, you know?” Sugita poured himself a glass of water and gulped it down. “Or at least be considerate towards someone without a lover like me?”

Jiang Ning couldn't be bothered with him.

“It's very hard to get this sushi because this fellow has hidden the sushi chef away and you can't get it anywhere else now.”

There was probably nobody else more into food in Tokyo than Sugita.

Sugita didn't care about money, power or even women, and only cared about food. Jiang Ning felt that even the Legend of Shengcheng was nothing in front of Sugita.

He didn't know that once he thought about this, Su Yun sneezed several times in a row all the way in Shengcheng, and started to curse the person who was speaking ill of her.

“I didn't get to see her,” Sugita went back on topic. “She's in the Yamaguchi Syndicate's Black Jail.”

“It's a very high class sort of jail that's nicer than a five star hotel.”

He was afraid that Lin Yuzhen didn't know anything about this jail, so he added an

explanation.

“The Chief and the Prince are both fighting for control over the syndicate and to decide on the syndicate’s future direction. This woman seems to be very important to them.”

He wasn’t too sure either.

He hardly went to the headquarters in the first place, and now that everyone was taking sides, nobody would share information with you if you weren’t on the same side. There was no point in even asking the people around him.

“Is the Prince finally going to take action?”  
Jiang Ning put his cup down. “After waiting for so many years, he finally can’t hold it in anymore.”

Sugita froze and looked up at Jiang Ning. “You know about this?”

“I knew about it eight years ago.”

Sugita was even more shocked. “And why didn’t I know anything?”

Jiang Ning couldn’t be bothered with him.

What would Sugita know? He had been eating and drinking happily all day and practically hibernating within the Yamaguchi Syndicate all these years, so of course he didn’t know



anything.



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