

Menu 731

Chapter 731 Jason the Weakest?_2

"Play by the rules!"

"Since you have already chosen to participate in 'the Game'!"

"Then everything must follow the 'game rules'!"

"If you think about violating 'game rules'?"

The shadow drew out the tone.

Then—

...

Zzzt, zzzt.

The sound of an electric shock appeared on Jason's body.

Even with a physique five times greater than that of an ordinary person, at this moment, Jason also staggered and fell to the ground, convulsing with inertia, feeling as if something extra was in his heart.

It was constantly releasing electricity.

"Look, this is the consequence of violating the 'game rules'."

"One 'Electric Shock Punishment'!"

"It's just low powered."

"As for high powered?"

"Believe me, you wouldn't want to know what that is!"

"Of course, the game is fair. You have endured this 'demonstration shock', so we will compensate you!"

As the words fell, noises again came from the ceiling.

Creak, creak.

It sounded like the grinding of gears and a box slowly descended.

The box was made of wood, with a glass lid.

Inside the box lay Jason's weapon: the Broad Blade Cleaver.

Click!

The lid of the box opened automatically, and the Broad Blade Cleaver was revealed.

Jason held back his eagerness to retrieve his weapon.

"This is your weapon, haven't you forgotten?"

"Rest assured."

"It's a reward, not a trap."

The shadow said mockingly.

And as Jason picked up the Broad Blade Cleaver, the other side unconsciously said, “A dog shocked with electricity always obeys so well—I’m less enthusiastic about this ‘newbie’.”

It seemed like the words were directed at someone nearby.

That was followed by booing.

Naturally, such booing was directed at Jason.

But Jason didn’t care.

He was examining his weapon.

It was intact.

Untampered with.

Jason let out a slight sigh of relief.

If anything had been wrong with the Broad Blade Cleaver, even if he smashed everything in sight, it would not be compensable.

"Alright."

"I am somewhat disappointed in you, contestant Jason."

"I don't really want to interact with you; you don't have the temperament of a 'Brutalizer' at all."

"However, as the 'introducer', I still have to complete my task."

"Do you have any questions?"

The shadow seemed impatient.

Jason still didn't speak, only lifting his hands bound by the chains.

"After the game starts, these things will

Bang!

Roar, roar!

The shadow was still explaining, but before it could finish, a dull thud sounded, followed by roars.

Those sounds were not at all like what a human could make; they sounded more like a monster.

But, upon closer listening, the roars contained somewhat clear words.

"Kill you all!"

"Let me out!"

"Kill you all!"

In the midst of howling, similar phrases were interspersed.

Of course, there were also the sounds of electric shocks.

However, the sound of electric shocks did nothing to hinder the howling.

On the contrary, the more intense the electric shocks, the stronger the howls became.

"Hahaha!"

"Listen!"

"This is what a 'Brutalizer' should sound like."

"Jason, you're still lacking a bit."

The dark figure first let out a grating, unpleasant laugh, and after commenting on Jason, continued with the previous topic.

"Once the game starts, you can break free from your restraints, and the door will open."

"Then, you can go hunt those 'survivors'."

"However, based on your performance just now, I don't have high hopes for you."

As the other person spoke, an image resembling a test tube appeared next to the countdown timer.

At that moment, some liquid appeared within the test tube, materializing from nothing, and started to rise slowly.

The color changed from clear to reddish.

About a quarter of the way up, the liquid in the test tube turned pink, it stopped, and a number appeared next to it: 28.

"What a low score."

"With these points, you're doomed with no choice."

The dark figure mocked.

Choice?

Did the earlier conversation determine whether to help a 'Brutalizer'?

Jason's frown deepened once again.

It wasn't the prospect of helping a 'Brutalizer' that surprised him.

What surprised him was, who exactly was scoring the 'Brutalizer'?

Was it a specific few?

Or perhaps a certain group of people?

Or... everyone?!

As this last speculation dawned on him, Jason squinted his eyes, scrutinizing the 'television' before him closely.

A 10-inch television was plainly visible.

There were no obvious cameras to be seen.

But if his last guess was right, Jason was certain that something like a camera must exist inside the TV.

Out of sight, numerous people were staring at him, making all sorts of comments.

"This 'Brutalizer' seems a bit dumb, might even be a mute."

"Newcomers are always like this."

"Even 'Brutalizers' get nervous."

"Nervous?"

"That's the quickest way to die."

"Right, newcomers need to score at least 10 points to survive, I'm not optimistic about this guy named Jason."

"What do I do? I've already placed a bet on him! It's half my fortune!"

"Best of luck to you upstairs!"

"Half your fortune? Just bet a casual 100, 200 and that's enough."

"Upstairs, you're the rich one, my entire fortune is only 50."

"I bet 100,000 Points the newcomer 'Brutalizer' will fail, can I start popping champagne now?"

"The guy upstairs is truly a big spender!"

"Pop the champagne +1!"

"Against 'Crazy Game!'"

Chapter 732 Jason the Weakest?_3

"Even criminals should have the dignity of free choice!"

"Upstairs SB!"

"Isn't this giving them dignity?"

...

Streams of bullet comments flitted across the screen where Jason was, sparse and scattered.

Then, swiftly, these people closed the current 'room' and chose to watch another 'room'.

...

Compared to the unremarkable Jason.

The 'Brutalizer' in the other rooms was much more captivating.

A towering 'Brutalizer', ugly-faced with muscles all over his body, was relentlessly slamming against the door, completely ignoring the ceaseless electric shocks.

Another 'Brutalizer', sitting in a wheelchair with a sinister smile on his face, was making throat-slitting gestures at the screen.

And most gripping of all was the 'Brutalizer' in the last 'room,' gnawing on a bloodied, flesh-ripped human head. He squatted there, curled up, facing the wall, his long hair splayed out, the sounds of

gnawing and chewing audible. On the rare occasion he turned his head, his blood-smeared face sent the viewers' adrenaline soaring.

"Is this a new 'Brutalizer' too?"

"Looks like he's much stronger than that Jason before!"

"Upstairs, be more confident, ditch the 'looks like.'

"He was way stronger than that mute right from the start."

"I'm rooting for him!"

"Rooting for him +1"

"Place your bets, place your bets!"

"Scoring is about to start, hurry up and place your bets!"

More bullet comments appeared here, densely packed, almost completely covering this 'Brutalizer.'

On his screen began the same type of scoring that had previously been displayed in Jason's room.

But unlike the slow 'rise' in Jason's case,

The increase speed of this one was many times faster!

10, 20, 30, 40!

The numbers kept changing!

Colorless, pink, orange-red, crimson!

The colors kept deepening!

Very soon, the numbers broke through 40!

The liquid in that test tube turned as red as fresh blood.

But the 'Brutalizer' inside the cell was oblivious, still gnawing on the mangled head.

Apparently, all of this meant nothing to him.

And the countdown on the screen slowly ticked upward.

The countdown, originally identical to Jason's, began to increase as the high scores emerged.

5 minutes.

6 minutes.

7 minutes.

...

By the time Jason's countdown reached zero, the countdowns for the three 'Brutalizers' ranged from four minutes at the least to ten minutes at the most.

Inside Jason's cell.

As the countdown reached zero—

Click!

Click, click!

Not only were all the chains unlocked from Jason's body, but the cell door was also opened directly.

"Unfavored contender Jason, you better start running."

"This is the advice I give to a newcomer like you as the 'Introducer.'

"After all, you're a hot ticket right now!"

"Not only will the 'Survivors' be watching you, but the contenders as 'Brutalizers' will also have their eyes on you

"Because you are the weakest of them all!"

"Hahaha!"

Amidst mocking laughter, Jason stepped out of the cell.

Outside the cell was a corridor with no forks.

To the left at the end of the corridor was a wall, to the right was the exit, and opposite was the back wall.

Behind him were four cells.

Apart from his which was open, the remaining three were firmly shut.

Jason stepped toward the exit.

In less than 20 meters, Jason rapidly reached the door.

It was a gate made of two metal doors.

Jason did not step through the gate but instead raised his hands, placed them on the two doors, and pushed slightly.

Squeak, squeak... Bang!

The doors closed.

Chapter 733 Simple and Easy

The echo of the closing gate still reverberated in the hallway.

The 'spectators' watching were all dumbfounded.

"What does this newcomer want to do?"

"He's not thinking of completing the 'hunt' here, is he?"

"Impossible, unless he's gone mad!"

"Which 'Mad Hunter' here isn't stronger than him?"

...

"Would any normal person become a 'Mad Hunter'?"

"What a crazy guy!"

"Damn, I thought my bet could still be salvaged!"

"Hey, I'm waiting to see him die a miserable death!"

...

Barrages of comments streamed across the screen, denser by far compared to the sporadic ones before.

However, no one had faith in Jason.

Most of the comments were schadenfreude.

A minority were curses.

Because, they'd all placed their bets on Jason.

Scattered among them were some opposing the 'mad game,' but they were quickly drowned out by other comments, vanishing without a trace.

Outside the cell, Jason was unaware of all this.

He stood quietly, his expression completely hidden by the mask, waiting for his first prey.

Soon, a metal gate deep in the corridor opened.

Clang!

With the sound of metal shifting, a large, robust figure burst out, repeatedly slamming against the gate.

The adversary's muscles were developed beyond the imagination of an ordinary person; even when he failed to halt his momentum and hit the opposite wall, he just shook his head and stabilized his body.

On that hideous face, there wasn't a single trace of pain.

Only brutality.

Only madness.

The next moment, the 'Mad Hunter' spotted Jason.

"Kill him, big boy!"

"Tear him apart, big boy!"

"Let him understand the meaning of 'mad hunt'!"

...

On the 'Mad Hunter's' screen, comments flowed like a torrent.

Even on the screen belonging to Jason, similar comments started to increase.

Especially when the 'Mad Hunter' named 'Big Boy' began rushing toward Jason, the spectators frantically tapped at their keyboards, venting the rising adrenaline.

Getting closer!

Even closer!

'Big Boy' had sprinted up to the 'newcomer.'

Their breathing accelerated.

Their cheeks flushed.

They widened their eyes, determined not to miss a single thrilling detail.

And then—

Splat!

Blood spurted out.

A head flew into the air.

"Nicely do

Many who were focused on this scene started to cheer when the blood splattered, but the cheers broke off as soon as they began.

Because, the one who fell wasn't the 'newcomer.'

It wasn't "Big Boy"!

What happened?

Those "audience members" sat there stunned.

But just seconds later, hundreds of people once again started sending barrage after barrage of comments.

"Replay!"

"Quick, replay!"

"Cheating"

...

As similar comments began to appear, the live video started replaying.

Everyone saw clearly in the slowed-down replay what had just happened.

"Big Boy" spread his arms and pounced toward the "newcomer," as in previous matches, and based on previous experience, "Big Boy" would embrace the "newcomer" and then strangle them in his arms or hoist them high above his head and viciously smash them to the ground.

Flesh and bone colliding with the hard concrete floor naturally results in broken bones and tendons, if not death.

And this was what all the "audience members" knew about "Big Boy."

It was what they were expecting.

But such a result did not occur.

The "newcomer" effortlessly dodged "Big Boy's" attack.

Then, with a swing of his blade.

"Big Boy" was muscular, but against the Broad Blade Cleaver's edge, it was still useless.

A flash of the blade, and the huge head rolled to the ground.

All "audience members" watching the replay footage stared blankly at "Big Boy's" disbelieving ugly face.

Similar expressions surfaced on their faces, too.

About three seconds after the barrage on Jason's screen paused, it exploded.

"Awesome!"

"This newcomer is no ordinary guy!"

"Are you kidding me? Calling this guy a 'newcomer'?"

"Definitely an old hand in disguise!"

"Upstairs you're an idiot, can't you check the official data!"

"Won!"

"This win's in the bag! I'm going to make a fortune!"

"Sure enough, bet it all on the newcomer!"

"Think you're going to win? It's too early!"

"Don't forget he's still at the 'Starting Point,' even if he scores 20 points, he has to leave the 'Starting Point' to claim victory."

"Right!"

"The two 'Hunters' behind won't let him go."

"Especially that 'Wheelchair Thinker,' who not only has the strength but also has superior intelligence."

"That guy's ability to strategize is impressive, in the past few 'District Matches,' he has secured the ultimate victory through his successive strategic plays."

...

With a flick of the blade, the bloodstained edge dropped its crimson drops.

Jason didn't even glance at the fallen 'Hunter.'

The guy looked muscular, but not a bit of skill, and on top of that, not too bright either. Although an ordinary person might get scared by that kind of crazed appearance, in Jason's eyes, the guy was just a clumsy, senseless beast.

Dealing with such, really was too easy.

However, Jason didn't take the ease of his first victory to underestimate his upcoming opponents.

Facing any enemy, he had to give it his all!

That's what he learned in Nightless City.

Death is regrettable.

But the most regrettable thing is to die clenching your cards, without having played them.

Chapter 734 Simple and Easy_2

Jason had seen quite a few people like this.

But him?

He definitely didn't want to become such a person.

Not only pitiful but also frustrated.

Of course, what made him more vigilant was the 'worldview' of this 'replica world'.

It seemed...

...

Unusually twisted.

As Jason thought this, he walked down the hallway towards the next cell.

Click!

In the midst of the same metallic sound, the door of that cell opened.

However, unlike the 'big boy's rush previously, the cell door opened, but there was silence inside.

Sitting in his own wheelchair, the 'Wheelchair Thinker' pressed a hidden button on his wheelchair with a cold sneer on his face.

The smell of blood, he smelled it.

What happened, he had guessed it too.

Every year, no!

Before each 'game' started, there would always be people 'waiting for the hare by the tree'.

There were newcomers, as well as veterans.

And those who did it to 'spice up their life.'

But no matter which type, the outcomes were often far from pleasant.

Death was their final choice.

But before that, they would endure unimaginable pain.

After all, some of the people in 'Brutalizer' were just too perverted.

And him?

He was different.

When he sat in this wheelchair, his intelligence was online, he was always calm.

He could completely control the whole scene!

What he wanted wasn't just to win the preliminary round!

The semifinals, the regional finals.

Even the championship!

He wanted to win them all!

And then...

He could gain his freedom!

As for what to do after gaining freedom?

Naturally, he would kill all those who had captured him!

Just like before, electric shocks, execution by fire.

He wanted those people to try it one by one.

The 'Wheelchair Thinker,' contemplating in his heart, didn't slow his actions, quickly pressing several times on the wheelchair, and three metal spheres the size of ping-pong balls rolled out from under the wheelchair.

Next, they extended mechanical limbs and began to crawl out like spiders.

Meanwhile, a translucent screen appeared beside the 'Wheelchair Thinker,' allowing him to see everything outside clearly.

The closed door.

The dim corridor.

The idiot's corpse.

Disgusting.

The 'Wheelchair Thinker' remarked, not in a hurry about not finding any 'newbies.' His three little treasures were not just for scouting.

His finger tapped lightly on the wheelchair a few more times.

The infrared scanners inside the three metal scouts activated.

Still nothing!

This time, the 'Wheelchair Thinker' twisted his body a bit.

Where's the person?

Could he have left?

I didn't hear the sound of the gates opening again, did I?

Or...

The 'Wheelchair Thinker' seemed to think of something.

The 'newbie' was behind him!

Although the thought was incredible, and the 'Wheelchair Thinker' didn't believe that Jason could have bypassed his sight and stood behind him, he couldn't help but look back.

With bated breath.

He turned his head sharply.

Nothing!

The 'Wheelchair Thinker' breathed a sigh of relief.

Scaring himself!

It's just a newbie!

He's not like those 'monsters' in the championship, how could he possibly have such ability?

Thinking this, the 'Wheelchair Thinker' turned his head back.

Suddenly, his breath caught in his throat.

He saw a tall, muscular 'newbie' wearing a mask standing in front of him, and his eyes involuntarily widened.

"Wait, I

Thwack!

A blade swept past.

No different than with the 'big boy.'

The 'Wheelchair Thinker' was dealt with.

Or more precisely, it was even simpler than with the 'big boy.'

At least the 'big boy' required some effort from Jason, whereas the 'Wheelchair Thinker' had the same physical quality as an average person.

As the Broad Blade Cleaver swept across the opponent's neck, it required no effort at all, just going with the flow.

As for the 'wheelchair' relied upon by his opponent?

Jason gave it a glance and walked out.

Unless it was technology spanning eras like that of the 'Sabie Aliens,' to him it was as good as a simple fire poker.

No!

Worse than a fire poker!

At least a fire poker can still be used to light a fire and cook.

But this 'wheelchair' full of mechanisms?

It was just decor.

Jason left the 'Wheelchair Thinker's' cell.

And on the screen that belonged to Jason, a brief silence ensued.

This time, the viewers did not clamor for a replay, nor did they cry cheat again.

They had already sensed something different about this 'newbie.'

"This 'newbie' is too lucky, right?"

"Lucky? Are you blind in the post above?"

"Strength!"

"This newbie is truly strong!"

"I've won! I'm definitely going to win! I can make a down payment on a house!"

"Luck! It's definitely luck!"

"It's the other newbie who is truly strong!"

"He will definitely teach this newbie a lesson!"

"Teach a lesson? You're the one who's going to be taught a lesson!"

"It's you who's going to be taught a lesson!"

...

Arguments erupted.

Unlike the timidity and repressed feelings in real-life, where people dare not confront or mock others for fear of getting punched, on the internet, arguing was far too easy.

Two viewers who couldn't stand each other started spewing insults in Jason's livestream.

They shed their docility from real life, here they were extraordinary, full of swagger, landing heavy punches, freely hurling abuse at each other.

As if the heavens were incomplete without me, the keyboard warrior, and nights would be dreary in the realm of argumentation; behold my keystrokes!

Like the pinnacle of immortality, proud between heaven and earth, with my keyboard, the heavens stand tall.

Chapter 735 Simple and Easy_3

It's more like the key of the great river descended from the heavens, a key that spans across the sky and pacifies the world.

They shattered the mortal realm, slaughtered the immortals, with a key in hand they chopped through the nine heavens.

If there are no true immortals in the world, they wish to wield the key and become celestial themselves.

The keyboard existed before heaven did, they rant against the sky and slay gods and immortals.

And very soon, they drew more people into their ranks.

At first, some remembered what they were arguing about.

...

But as time passed, no one could remember anymore.

All they remembered was: Spray!

Counter spray!

Using crude language to counter fierce remarks!

With the words of Zaun to resist the declarations of hunting horses!

When it's spectacular, it's summarized in one word—

Fuck!

Concise and profound, yet overwhelmingly powerful.

But Jason couldn't see, he just felt inexplicably some heat rising within him.

He then diverted all his attention to the last "rampant hunter."

Even through the bars, Jason could smell the rich scent of blood.

Similarly, the blood gushing out from the corpses of “big boy” and “wheelchair thinker” was also attracting that disheveled “rampant hunter,” gnawing on a human skull.

Cradling the skull, already gnawed to the white bone, he began to tentatively approach the cell door.

Little by little.

When he finally got close to the door,

Click!

The cell door opened.

The “rampant hunter,” known as the “Head Collector,” immediately retreated cautiously.

Once confirming nothing was amiss, he moved forward again.

This scene caught the attention of the ‘audience’ in front of the screen.

They paused their quarreling.

They started focusing on the scene before them.

They watched as the “Head Collector” walked out of the cell.

They saw the “Head Collector” see Jason.

Then, they saw the “Head Collector” let out a cry of terror and start to back away continuously.

He appeared as though he had encountered something horrific, a deadly presence.

"What happened?"

"The 'Head Collector' couldn't be afraid, right?"

"Be more confident upstairs and drop the question mark."

"But why?"

"Of course, it's because he sensed the presence of a 'stronger one'!"

"The 'rookie' I backed is a real powerhouse!"

...

Another round of barrage comments, but soon, these comments halted.

Because the "Head Collector," who had receded into the cell, appeared again.

He crawled out cautiously, looking at the distant body of "big boy" behind Jason, began to salivate, and then, he let out a low growl towards Jason.

It was a threat.

Just like between wild beasts.

The "Head Collector" saw Jason as a more powerful 'kindred'.

But Jason wasn't a beast.

He was a 'gourmet.'

Although sometimes he had to drink blood against his will, he would still disinfect it.

As for chewing directly?

Even the skull of his own kind?

"No table manners!"

Jason silently judged within his heart.

Therefore, when the "Head Collector" couldn't control his bloodthirsty instinct and charged at Jason, Jason raised his hand and delivered a slash.

Feeling such a slice, the "Head Collector" lunging forward immediately stopped as if inertia had been canceled, just standing still, and then, he quickly backed away.

He wanted to return to the cell again.

In his perception, the 'cell' was his den.

And a den signified safety.

The "Head Collector," despite lacking intelligence, had instincts telling him that he could do this.

Until—

The blade's light followed like a shadow.

The “Head Collector” was fast.

Jason was faster.

As his heartbeat thundered like a war drum, Jason's figure flashed past the “Head Collector.”

He stood behind him.

Wrist turning, he flicked the fresh blood off the blade.

Blood fell to the ground, forming a straight bloodline.

Just like the bloodline on the “Head Collector's” neck.

Smooth, neat.

As perfect as the letter ‘one.’

Then,

Crimson bloomed.

The crowd went wild.

Chapter 736 The Bell in the Kitchen Rings~

The “audience” in front of the screen were all stunned.

What just happened?

A newcomer “one through three”?

Although when Jason took out “Big Boy,” they already knew what Jason intended to do.

But intending to do something, and being able to do it, are completely different concepts.

...

Most of the audience only thought Jason was lucky when “Big Boy” was slaughtered, after all, “Big Boy” was one of the lower-ranked among the “Savage Hunters.”

However, when the “Wheelchair Thinker” was taken out, their thoughts started to shift subtly.

Amongst the various “Savage Hunters,” the “Wheelchair Thinker” had a bit of fame, especially for his calm, strategic approach during several competitions, which had been highly anticipated.

Yet even this highly anticipated “Savage Hunter” was beheaded by Jason with a single slash.

After that!

The truly shocking event happened for the audience.

The “Head Collector” was taken out!

The newcomer Jason had accomplished a feat of “one through three”!

Although the “Head Collector” was a newcomer, he was definitely not of the obscure kind; in his capture, he had killed an entire hunting team, and even devoured their brains, and was eventually caught using some special method.

Even though the live broadcast had obscured that special method from the camera.

But just the loud noises alone were enough to send the viewers’ imaginations wild, involuntarily picturing what kind of scene it would be when the “Head Collector” made his entrance.

Only, the much-anticipated “Head Collector” just died upon making his entrance!

And moreover, after the same newcomer Jason had taken out two other “Savage Hunters”!

It’s not that there were no “one through three” scenarios in the “game.”

But there were very few.

Especially for newcomers, there was no shortage of those who wanted to attempt it.

Those who might be successful?

Basically none!

However, precisely because it was so rare, it all the more drew attention to Jason.

"Such a terrifying newcomer!"

"I would call him the strongest newcomer!"

"I regret it so much! I should have placed bets on this newcomer."

"I regret it too!"

"What crap 'Head Collector'! Got me all excited for nothing, and then, this?"

"I won! I really won!"

"Not an installment plan, not a downpayment plan!"

"It's all paid in full! I've paid it all off!"

"Envious of the one above!"

"Envious +1!"

"Next time I'm also betting on this newcomer!"

...

In comparison to the usual audience's wide-ranging discussions.

Some viewers with job roles similar to reporters were already rapidly drafting their articles.

"Unbelievable achievements by a 'newcomer' causing men to be silent and women to wail!"

"Shocking! The silent 'newcomer' completes an unprecedented feat!"

"The birth of the strongest newcomer?"

"The 'one through three' worth paying attention to!"

Similar articles quickly posted to the game's platform attracted everyone's attention, including other areas.

The annual "Mad Game" has, after decades of growth, become a game with nationwide participation.

Despite some saying it's inhumane.

Others calling it a malicious whirlpool.

And still others labeling it a murder show.

But no matter what they say, its popularity is unmatched.

As these article titles appeared, some naturally clicked on them.

Their expressions were initially puzzled or disdainful.

But as they read on, especially when the video appeared, their doubt and disdain were replaced by surprise.

This newcomer... is extraordinary!

Every person who saw the video had this thought.

And with the emergence of this thought, Jason gained even more attention.

With attention comes heat!

Even if it's not much, just a flicker.

It's enough to change quite a lot of things.

"This newcomer isn't bad, track and follow him."

An order was issued within the "game" operations department.

Quickly, it was relayed to the sub-competition area where Jason was.

...

Thud.

As Jason flicked the blood off his Broad Blade Cleaver, the "Head Collector" collapsed to the ground behind him.

To Jason, facing a wild beast in a frenzy and facing one lured by food made no difference.

It was just a matter of a single slash.

To put it simply, the anticipated "Head Collector," like "Big Boy" and "Wheelchair Thinker," meant nothing in Jason's eyes.

Ferocious? Terrifying? Fear-inspiring?

Nonexistent.

The children of Nightless City were more deserving of caution than they were.

"This world before my eyes

"Distorted entertainment, is it?"

Jason, wearing his hockey mask, had a hint of speculation cross his face.

Though the information was scant, it didn't prevent Jason from making assumptions.

After examining the bodies of the "Head Collector," "Big Boy," and "Wheelchair Thinker," checking the cell for anything worth noting, and finding nothing, Jason walked toward the gate, deep in thought.

Squeak.

The gate opened once more.

Light poured in instantly.

Outside was an open space.

Without any cover, nor any walls.

When Jason walked about 30 meters out of the building—

Bang!

Bang, bang!

Glorious fireworks erupted overhead.

"Winner!"

"Welcome our first winner: the 'newcomer' Jason!"

The same synthetic, mechanical voice as before.

But this time, Jason could detect a hint of... enthusiasm?

Clap, clap, clap.

With a round of applause,

The flat concrete surface in front of Jason suddenly flipped, and a screen identical to the one before, supported by iron frames, slowly rose up.

In the screen, the shadow remained.

Chapter 737: The Bell in the Kitchen Rings~_2

"Indeed, a 'newcomer' worthy of admiration."

"Would you share your thoughts on becoming the first victor?"

The shadow asked.

Jason?

There was no response.

He stared at the dark figure as if trying to see through its true identity.

...

This gaze lasted for about 3 seconds before being broken by another utterance from the shadow.

"It seems our 'newcomer' is still maintaining his usual style."

"But that's fine!"

"Everyone has their own unique qualities!"

"Everyone should have such qualities!"

"This is what we are most pleased to see!"

"Our 'newcomer,' Jason, is undoubtedly such a person!"

Unlike the previous sarcasm, this time the shadow skillfully avoided the embarrassing topics and started subtly praising Jason.

This made Jason frown inwardly.

He hadn't forgotten the contemptuous words from the other party at the beginning.

Is it because I displayed 'strength'?

So, there was a change.

After comparing the two, Jason easily came to a conclusion.

Then, regarding his current self, Jason began to form a vague sense of positioning.

Seemingly 'a rare commodity worth hoarding'?

Thinking this, Jason remained calm and collected.

He needed more information.

And that would not be difficult.

Indeed, it was the case.

After a series of praises, the 'introducer' began to say something useful.

"As the first 'victor,' Jason, you now have the right to choose your own room to rest."

"Of course, just an empty room!"

"If you want other things, you'll need to exchange your Points for them."

"Don't worry, you have enough Points."

After the other party finished speaking, a 10-inch screen began displaying three room options.

The first was a cabin with a deer head trophy hanging on the wall.

The second was a stone room with a fireplace.

The third was a modern apartment with one bedroom, one living room, and one bathroom.

The three rooms were different, but they were all empty, without a bed or furniture.

"Choose any room you like."

"Exchange Points after entering the room."

"Food is a free nutritional meal."

The 'introducer' continued.

Food, free, nutritional meal.

Jason quickly caught the key words.

Then, he casually tapped on the third room option.

With a preference for the more familiar living environment, he naturally wouldn't choose a cabin or stone room.

"Jason, please wait a moment,"

After the shadow finished speaking, the entire screen went dark, and along with the iron stand, retracted into the ground, and the concrete floor flipped back to look like a normal floor.

Jason's eyes swept over the area.

Even with his perception seven times that of an average person, he could not discern anything amiss.

If he hadn't confirmed that everything just now was real, he might have thought it was an illusion.

"Special materials?"

"There must also be corresponding technology."

Following that, Jason thought about the odd sensation 'inside his heart'.

That kind of electric shock wouldn't occur randomly.

Is it a technological method?

Or a method from the Mystical Side?

Or a combination of both?

Jason guessed.

However, deep down, Jason was inclined towards the former.

Because if it were the latter two, he would have already smelled 'food.'

And now?

Jason took another breath.

Nothing.

"The technology here has surpassed imagination."

Jason thought, and glanced again at the spot where the screen had emerged.

Then, he unconsciously thought about how to break free from this 'control'!

The simplest, most direct way was to 'die once'!

With his current satiety level of 225 points, this was not a difficult task.

He had enough capital to display his Talent.

However, Jason didn't take any action.

Now was not the time!

He was just a "newcomer"!

The harmless kind of that.

The distinctive sound of helicopter blades began to emerge from a distance, echoing in the sky.

Under Jason's gaze, a heavy transport helicopter approached from afar.

As soon as it landed, ten fully armed soldiers jumped out, their guns aimed directly at Jason.

"Are the guns still powder-based?"

"Did they veer off the tech tree?"

"Or are they deliberately concealing something?"

Looking at the automatic weapons in the soldiers' hands, Jason couldn't help but think.

Then, a man who was clearly the leader jumped down.

The man was slender with high cheekbones; his eyes and hair were both grey. He wore a suit but sported sneakers, and he held a metallic case in his hand.

"Hello, Jason. I'm your 'contact,' Pers."

"I'll 'assist' you with your rest."

As he spoke, he opened the metallic case.

Inside, there was something resembling a remote control.

"I'm going to put you to sleep for a bit."

"Don't worry; it won't harm you in any way."

"When you wake up, you'll find yourself in the room you selected."

The self-proclaimed 'contact,' Pearson, finished speaking and gestured with the remote control toward Jason.

The remote control was black, similar to a TV remote controller, but it had fewer buttons, only four, each in a different color.

Red, blue, yellow, green.

At that moment, Pearson pressed the green button.

Throughout the process, including when Pearson gestured to Jason with the remote, Jason remained quiet.

This time was no exception.

As Pearson's finger touched the green button, Jason felt a wave of drowsiness wash over him.

About one second later, that drowsiness peaked.

Jason felt lightheaded and heavy-limbed, as if he'd stayed up for several consecutive nights, with his body about to be drained.

Yet, his consciousness remained clear.

However, Jason let his body fall over accordingly.

His eyelids closed tight.

He could distinctly sense Pers directing the soldiers to carry him onto that heavy transport helicopter.

The entire transportation lasted about 20 minutes.

When the helicopter landed, he was again carried onto a vehicle.

The sound of treads informed him it was likely an armored car.

After switching transport vehicles, another half hour went by.

The movements of transportation stoppped.

Jason sensed that he was being carried into a room.

More importantly, the drowsiness began to fade.

Seizing the moment, Jason opened his eyes.

He found himself in the room he had selected earlier, while Pers stood at the doorway, blocked by a pane of glass—the room's lighting shone upon the glass, emitting an unusual fiery hue.

Clearly, it was specially made glass.

"Jason, you will need to spend the next three days here."

"Do you see the handheld computer beside you?"

"You can choose the services you want from it."

"As long as you have enough points, anything is available."

"Also, there's a call button. I'm on standby 24 hours. As soon as you press it, I will appear."

After speaking, Pers bowed slightly to Jason and then turned to leave.

As the other party turned away, the glass changed from transparent to the color of wood, as if it was an actual wooden door.

Outside the living room window, sunlight shone brightly, the sun rays filtering through the glass and illuminating the floor with a warm and comfortable glow.

Listening closely, there was even the faint sound of traffic and people.

It was as if he was really in a high-rise apartment on the edge of a bustling city.

However, everything was fake.

This was not because Jason's superhuman perception had discerned it, but because it was clearly marked on the handheld computer beside him: Sunlight Outdoor Mode.

When Jason switched to Beach Outdoor Mode, the sounds of traffic immediately turned into the sound of waves.

There was even a faint smell of the sea in the air.

Jason walked over to the window, and he could even see the beach and the ocean.

It looked very real, but after a brief discernment, his superhuman perception enabled him to spot a flaw.

Very subtle, full of imperfections in Jason's eyes.

But what does it matter?

He didn't care about those details.

What truly caught his attention was the 'Nutrition Meal' virtual button on the handheld computer.

Without hesitation, Jason reached out and pressed it.

Ding!

Chapter 738: Being an 'Audience Member

It was like the chime that signaled the serving of a meal in a sit-down restaurant.

Crisp and pleasing to the ear.

Then, a slot about 40 centimeters in length but no taller than 5 centimeters appeared on one side of the apartment wall, and a plate was pushed out, which then gently fell to the ground, supported by a connecting shaft.

Jason glanced at the slot on the wall.

Clearly, it had been designed to prevent people living here from escaping.

Judging by the support bearing, the walls of the apartment were probably filled with extremely precise machinery.

...

The purpose of which was, of course, not merely to prevent the residents from escaping.

There must be others!

For instance—

To kill the people living in it!

"Double insurance, huh?"

Jason thought to himself, his gaze returning to the plate before him.

Neatly arranged on it were blocks of black, rectangular food.

At first glance, it looked a bit like chocolate.

But there was no scent of chocolate.

After taking a sniff, Jason picked up one and put it in his mouth, chewing briefly before his brow furrowed completely.

No taste!

Neither sweet nor salty.

And lacking any other flavors.

The texture was more like chewing on a piece of soap.

After just one bite, Jason had trouble swallowing it.

But it was nutritious!

Similarly, after a single bite, Jason could discern its nutritional content.

The piece he held in his hand was enough for an adult man's daily needs.

And there were 10 such pieces on the plate before him.

A powerful body required more nutrition.

Without doubt, the 'game' organizers knew this well.

Therefore, they had arranged it this way.

But the 'game' organizers were not kind-hearted; Jason casually opened the 'paid menu' on his handheld computer, and immediately, over two hundred dishes from today's menu appeared on the screen.

Each dish was accompanied by an image and description.

They detailed the cooking process, the origin of the ingredients, and even included chef's comments.

Instantly, Jason's saliva began to flow.

Especially when he saw the prices of each dish, the flow became even more vigorous.

A roast whole cow, such a hefty dish, required 1 Point.

It even came with a free side dish and roasted bread.

Whereas something like a beef, tuna, and at least five eggs mixed 3kg vegetable salad typically cost around 0.01 Points and had a note that said you could take five portions.

"The lowest amount of Points is 0.01."

"Points are more valuable than I imagined."

Jason thought as he swallowed the free meal in his hand.

It was difficult to eat, but that didn't mean he couldn't eat it.

One piece was enough for an adult's daily nutritional needs.

That was a considerable attraction for Jason.

Regular food usually only served to increase satiation because it lacked enough nutrition.

Previously, when training with Aras in Ang City, the abundance of protein energy bars had given him a full feeling.

And now?

It was a similar situation.

If he ate enough of these nutritious meals, he could achieve satiation.

Perhaps it was minimal.

Perhaps it was tasteless.

But it was free!

For Jason, that was enough.

"Taste is primary, and enduring now is just for a better experience later on," Jason silently hyped himself up.

Then, grabbing the nutritional meals, he tossed them into his mouth one by one, before placing another order.

Ding!

At the sound of the bell, as Jason waited for his order, he opened up the virtual 'lifestyle' button on his handheld computer besides 'food.'

100-inch Live Network Television: 1 Point (it's already connected to several free channels and will remain available until damaged)

A lady (carbon-based lifeform): 1-30 Points (an ordinary woman filtered according to your choice, only for overnight, not for month-long stays, and violence is not tolerated)

A lady (semi-mechanical lifeform): 1-30 Points (she will offer you more choices, only for overnight, not for month-long stays, with a surcharge for violent treatment)

A pet dog: 1-3 Points (price varies with the breed, comes with a year's supply of dog food)

A pet cat: 1-3 Points (price varies with the breed, cat food to be chosen separately, extra charges apply)

A pet bird: 1-3 Points (price varies with the breed, feed included)

A special pet: 10-100 Points (based on your requirements, this can include but is not limited to crocodiles, giraffes, elephants, or humans, etc.)

A set of fitness equipment: 1-10 Points (customized to your specifications)

A set of special fitness equipment: 10-100 Points (options available include gravity room, cryo recovery, Swift healing, and more)

...

Jason's eyes swept down the list from top to bottom.

"Semi-mechanical lifeform?"

"What does that look like?"

Curious, Jason clicked on it.

Unfortunately, what appeared was only a payment button, with no detailed explanation or image-laden descriptions like those for the food.

Thumbs down!

At least the food seemed more genuine.

As for pets?

Jason silently passed over those.

Even though he had no clue why the cat's food had to be specially chosen and came with extra charges,

He knew he wasn't suited for keeping pets.

Neither ordinary nor special ones were appropriate.

He did have some interest in fitness equipment.

However, before committing to a real purchase, Jason tapped the payment option for the television.

He needed to understand the information about this world.

Network-connected television was just the right fit.

Points: 60-1.

Points: 59.

After this prompt appeared on the computer screen, one side of the wall flipped around, revealing a 100-inch television.

The remote was on the stand.

Jason picked up the remote and turned on the TV.

Chapter 739: Being an 'Audience' _2

Suddenly, familiar information modules began to appear—

"A superstar rookie has emerged in Zone F-1!"

"The rise and fall of the 'superstar rookie', Jason!"

"Could this be the rise of another 'Brutalizer'?"

"After an unexpected triple kill, where should the survivors go next?"

...

...

The modules varied in size and included both titles and images.

Jason skimmed over many titles and images, finally his gaze settled on the module titled 'Where should the survivors go next'.

He clicked to select it directly.

...

Galen, a lumberjack, was not wealthy. His daily, diligent work only earned him and his mother just enough to fill their stomachs. During the logging off-season, he even had to take odd jobs as a mover or work night shifts at the supermarket to get by.

Fortunately, there was still hope in life.

He had received a 'community recommendation'.

He could attend an adult university.

Although it wasn't like a real university, as long as he completed two years, he would be able to get a better job with more salary to provide a better life for himself and his mother.

Or more accurately, he hoped to provide a better life for his mother.

Like many other children, he had never known who his father was; his mother was his only support.

And also his biggest supporter.

Whatever choice he made, his mother would always support him.

In his childhood, they scrimped and saved so he could get the most basic education.

To learn how to read and do arithmetic.

When he became a lumberjack, his mother also took odd jobs.

When he worked at the supermarket, his mother washed dishes in the back kitchen of a restaurant.

When he went to study, his mother would knit sweaters.

There was no excessive scolding, just teaching by word and example.

Galen always thought his mother was the best mother in the world.

Though he didn't live a wealthy life.

His mother had given him the best she could.

So what reason did he have not to work hard?

He worked hard.

He was ambitious.

When he received the 'community recommendation', he rushed home frantically, wanting to share the good news with his mother.

But...

A car accident!

An unexpected car accident left his mother seriously injured and hospitalized.

The exorbitant cost of treatment was something he could not afford no matter what.

But just give up?

To just watch his mother die?

Galen couldn't accept it either.

So, he knelt down and begged the doctor for a few days' grace.

Then, he signed up.

He signed up for 'the Game'!

The preliminaries!

Just by winning the preliminary round, he could get 100w!

100w could cure his mother.

After leaving the base with other 'survivors' who had various reasons for participating but the same goal, Galen did not start running blindly like the rest.

Doing so would only waste physical strength and be utterly pointless.

He observed the 'survivor' base behind him, then looked ahead.

Although he couldn't see clearly, the 'Brutalizer' base should be there.

And the 'escape gate' would likely be located between the two bases or along the edges.

This was the conclusion he reached after watching hundreds of 'Game' recordings.

Even though the map kept changing, the core of the 'Game' didn't change.

'The Game' was not hide-and-seek.

It was about confrontation!

It was a battle of wits and courage!

It was a fight to the death between the 'Brutalizer' and the 'survivors'!

This was the core of 'the Game'.

And it was what 'the audience' loved to see.

"The 'Introducer' said this is a new map, out of the 6 times a 'new map' appeared, the 'escape door' was in the middle 4 times and at the edges twice!"

"The 'audience' online has been saying that the central appearance is too frequent, so according to the 'game planners' and their desire for 'dramatic effect', this time the 'escape gate' will most likely still be in the middle!"

Thinking this way, Galen walked confidently toward the middle of the area.

He couldn't afford to feel powerless due to memorizing dozens of maps that he hadn't used.

Right now, all he thought about was finding the 'escape gate' quickly.

As for confronting the 'Brutalizer'?

Though strong, he didn't think he could take on those non-human beings.

The introduction to the 'Brutalizer' that had been broadcasted left him well aware that he was no match for them.

Therefore, he declined invitations from several groups of 'survivors'.

He wouldn't prevent those 'survivors' with different ideas.

But he certainly wouldn't join them.

Though just one 'survivor' finding the 'escape door' and successfully entering it meant victory for all 'survivors', at this moment, Galen trusted himself more.

Time ticked away, second by second.

The strong body he had developed from long-term logging was now feeling tired.

Panting, panting.

After more than two hours of moving forward, Galen had to stop to rest.

He swallowed mouthfuls of water to moisten his dry throat.

Then, he began to survey the grassland before him.

He hoped to find something like a cellar.

Because that represented 'the hope of escape'.

Why did 'the Game planners' design the 'escape gate' to look like a cellar?

Galen did not know.

Perhaps there was some significance?

Maybe it was just pure mischief?

He didn't know at all.

He only knew!

A cellar was right in front of him!

Seeing the cellar door concealed within the dense weeds, Galen's face showed a joy he could no longer contain.

Victory!

100w!

To treat his mother!

Thoughts like these refueled his body with energy.

He ran straight towards the cellar door.

Three steps!

Two steps!

One step!

Just as Galen's fingers were about to touch the cellar door—

"The 'Brutalizer' victory has emerged!"

"The 'Brutalizer' victory has emerged!"

Chapter 740: Being an 'Audience (3)

"Let's cheer for 'Jason,' who has hunted down three 'Maddeners'!"

"He must be the most eye-catching 'Maddener' in this competition!"

...

The loud voice echoed in the sky, freezing the ecstatic expression on Galen's face.

'Maddeners' hunting 'Maddeners'?

...

Such things were not unheard of, but the odds were extremely low.

Not to mention accomplishing a 'Penetration Three,' winning outright.

In the data he had collected, such occurrences were almost negligible, especially when it involved 'newbie Maddeners.'

Of course, the most crucial point was that as soon as a 'Maddener' accomplished a 'Penetration Three' and won in this unorthodox manner, the 'game' rules would change.

'Escapees' were no longer 'Escapees'!

Instead...

Survivors!

Kill the people around you, the 'Survivors' who gain enough points!

That was what his research had indicated.

And then, the voice that followed from the sky confirmed this.

"Game rules change!"

"Game rules change!"

"Game rules change!"

"Attention all 'Escapees,' in 30 seconds, you will become 'Survivors,' you will be able to attack each other, you can obtain points by killing one another, 10 points will represent your victory!"

"Attention all 'Escapees

After the announcement was made three times in succession.

All the 'Escapees,' who had been eagerly waiting or hiding in anxious fear, were stunned.

Then, they looked at each other.

Just a moment ago, their expressions were those of friendly cooperation.

This moment, their eyes filled with ferocity and malice as they looked at each other.

The change came so suddenly!

Caught off guard?

To some extent.

But, to a greater extent, it was about striking first!

"Ah!"

A scream.

The captain who had just invited Galen to team up smashed a pebble into the back of a teammate's head.

Bang!

Blood splattered all over his face.

Under the crimson, ferocity was full of terror.

But then came shock.

Spurt!

A hayfork pierced through his throat.

The hayfork was held in the hands of another teammate.

And this teammate was then tackled to the ground by yet another teammate.

One killed one.

One was killed by one.

Link after link.

The previously quiet wilderness became an instant hell.

The bloody scene thrilled the 'audience.'

"Go for it! Hit him!"

"Bite him! Bite him!"

"Fight back! Fight back!"

...

All the 'audience' were as if they were in the arena, each one shouting loudly, excited by the sight of blood.

The onlookers were exceptionally excited.

The participants gradually lost their rationality.

But Galen was the exception.

As soon as the voice echoed in the sky, he had climbed down and hid.

He knew this was the most chaotic time.

Once discovered, it would be a fight to the death.

He needed to get through this period.

Then, then...

Sorry, Mom.

Your son is about to commit a sin.

Please forgive me.

Galen was very clear about what he had to do next.

Almost subconsciously, he was praying to his mother.

At that moment, he didn't see a figure approaching him closer and closer.

Until his neck was choked.

Galen was crawling on the ground; as soon as his neck was choked, he tried to turn and struggle, but the attacker's knees were pressing down hard on his waist, rendering him powerless.

Clearly, the attacker had some combat skills.

Gradually, Galen's consciousness began to blur.

"This 'Escapee' is also a vase."

"Yeah, I was initially looking forward to it."

"He was performing quite well before, who knew his close combat skills were so poor."

"It's not just poor, it's utterly defenseless."

"Right! All those muscles must have come from protein powder!"

"If it were me, I could do the same."

"+1!"

"+2!"

"+3!"

...

When Galen was close to finding the 'Escape Door,' his livestream gathered a considerable number of people.

Previously, as Galen was about to touch the 'Escape Door', the 'audience' was full of praise.

Now, they were full of disdain and even malice.

This made Jason, who was also watching, frown.

But there was nothing he could do.

He didn't have the ability to punch someone through the internet.

The disgust in his heart made Jason prepare to switch channels.

But just at that moment, an option suddenly appeared at the bottom of his screen.

Yes/No to assist the 'Escapee

Lighter: 1 point.