

Menu 741

Chapter 741: Looking Good is Having Youth!

Assistance?

There's also assistance outside the arena?

Jason was taken aback, the scene before him was completely unexpected.

In his mind, inside and outside the arena were two insulators, completely isolated from each other.

Apart from watching the live broadcast, there shouldn't be any other presence.

...

Yet, the scene unfolding before him was telling Jason that he had a lack of understanding of the world he was in.

Quickly adjusting his mindset, Jason immediately calmed down.

At the same time, Jason made a decision.

To provide assistance!

It was because he admired Galen's calm manner of acting that Jason appreciated it, and more importantly, because Jason wanted to use this 'assistance' to gain a more thorough understanding of this 'game' and the world it was set in.

Compared to those reckless probes, the current method of spending 1 point was undoubtedly a good opportunity.

He glanced at the 59 points remaining.

Jason chose 'Yes' on the screen.

He looked at the screen with anticipation, wondering what the 'lighter' would be for the cost of 1 point.

Could it be the name of some kind of firearm?

Or something even more special?

What's more!

The most important point was, how was this 'lighter' supposed to get into Galen's hands?

With various guesses in mind, when Jason saw what happened on the screen clearly, he was once again taken aback.

...

The suffocation caused by lack of oxygen made Galen feel waves of dizziness.

He felt death approaching.

Was he going to die?

Is it all over just like this?

Sorry, Mom.

I've lo...

Huh?!

Just as Galen was about to lose his will to live, he suddenly found that the turf in front of him flipped over, revealing a lighter there.

It was the most common disposable lighter.

Colored overall, but transparent, filled with gas, the kind that makes a 'click' noise and produces a flame when pressed.

Galen, who had worked in a convenience store, was all too familiar with such lighters.

Usually placed at the checkout counter in the convenience store, corresponding to the cigarettes behind the cashier, they were positioned so that people buying cigarettes could easily see them.

A hallucination?

Galen couldn't help thinking, but the instinct to survive still made him reach out his hand.

When his fingers touched the lighter, an uncontrollable look of ecstasy spread across Galen's face.

It's real!

It's not a hallucination!

I can live!

Galen thought to himself, clutching the lighter tightly.

Then...

He aimed the lighter at the thick arm that was wrapped around his neck.

Click!

After a crisp sound, a flame shot out from the lighter.

The attacker's arm hair was singed off right away.

A burnt stench filled the air.

"Ah!"

With a cry of panic, the attacker released Galen in the face of sudden pain.

Huff, huff.

Galen breathed heavily.

Fresh air flooded his lungs.

The discomfort in his body quickly disappeared.

And this scene sent the 'audience' into an uproar.

"What's going on?"

"How could there be a lighter?"

"Cheating!"

"Someone is cheating!"

Many comments appeared, but immediately many more followed.

"Are all the previous ones elementary school kids?"

"Haven't they seen any competition outside of the 'preliminary'?"

"They don't even know about 'tipping'!"

"Yeah, a bunch of people who know nothing are making noise here."

"They are actually not bad, at least to attract them, the organizers of the 'Game' made this year's 'prelims' free, although it's only on a regional level."

"I don't care about elementary school kids, I just want to know how much money the rich guy just spent. The tipping amount for such a 'life-saving item' mustn't be low, right? Did it cost 1000 yuan?"

"You newbies up there, even for 'prelims' such a 'life-saving item' would cost 10000+."

...

Just an ordinary lighter?

Jason watched the scene of Galen breaking free, then became absorbed by the barrage of comments that flowed like a stream.

Looking at these comments, Jason furrowed his brows.

‘Life-saving item’!

‘Tipping’!

He quickly focused on these two terms.

Then, his eyes scanned the comments.

Jason searched for valuable information within these fragmented messages.

Soon enough, complete information emerged in Jason’s mind.

"The ‘Crazy Game’s’ ‘prelims’ are open to everyone for free, while in past years, starting to watch the ‘prelims’ required payment. Similarly, compared to the monotonous ‘prelims’, the rules of the ‘prelims’ became richer, and the ‘audience’ could also join in, changing the scenarios they didn’t want to see with their own ‘money’."

Jason frowned even more deeply.

For the ‘audience’, this was of course a good thing.

They could watch a more exciting ‘match’.

But for the participants, it really was fatal!

Whether ‘Survivor’ or ‘Brutalizer’, it was the same!

Because your meticulous preparation might be reversed by a single 'tipping'.

And such a reversal could very likely cost you your life.

Besides!

There was also the way that the lighter had appeared just now.

"Not only are there 'mechanisms' hidden beneath the walls of my apartment, but even the competition area is similarly concealed?"

Jason murmured in his heart, but then he felt a sense of relief.

Since there could be such arrangements in his apartment, it was only natural that the competition area would have similar setups.

If not, that would be a more alarming issue.

However, this meant he had to be even more careful.

He had too many secrets on him.

Whether it was his origin or his Talent.

Chapter 742: Looking Good is Having Youth! (2)

No matter what, it must not be exposed.

Once exposed...

It would truly be a major crisis.

With that in mind, Jason picked up the nutrition meal that had just been delivered and then, pressed the 'Nutrition Meal (Free)' button on his handheld computer once more.

Ding!

In the sound of the crisp bell, another free meal started to be prepared.

...

And there Jason sat, cross-legged in front of the TV, watching Galen's match while once again opening the 'lifestyle' category button on his handheld computer.

This time he didn't divert his attention to other curiosities.

Instead, he chose the 'books' category.

"F Zone—The Nation Built on Ruins" (5 Points)

"The Original Birth of 'Crazy Game'" (2 Points)

"How to Properly Participate in 'Crazy Games'" (Survivor Edition: 10 Points)

"How to Properly Participate in 'Crazy Games'" (Brutalizer Edition: 20 Points)

...

Unlike his previous choices, there were no price fluctuations; the costs were set in stone.

And the prices?

They were not cheap.

According to Jason's current understanding, each point's purchasing power was quite substantial.

If the chat was to be believed, 1 point could be exchanged for a currency of at least 10,000+.

"The high cost of knowledge?"

Jason appraised inwardly, then exchanged his points for "F Zone—The Nation Built on Ruins" and "The Original Birth of 'Crazy Game'."

Although the prices were steep, for Jason, who needed to understand the world of the instance he was in, they were essential.

Of course, Jason also understood another principle.

The 'truthfulness' of the books that appeared here could be imagined.

But the basics should be genuine.

Or rather, it was the 'common knowledge that everyone should know'.

As for more?

That would require further verification and research.

However, for Jason at the current stage, that was enough.

Clack!

The sound of mechanical transference was faint but clear.

Quickly, the floor beside Jason rose up.

After protruding 50 centimeters from the ground, two books were revealed on the layer below.

Then, held up by a dainty mechanical arm, they were handed to Jason.

When Jason took the books, the mechanical arm withdrew, and the floor returned to normal.

Soft covers, no excessive decor, and lacking the familiar ISBNs, they were just two plainly named books, simple yet functional.

"Internal printing?"

With his expectations partially met, the corners of Jason's mouth lifted.

He began to flip through the books.

In fact, for the following period, Jason just sat on the floor flipping through the two books, watching TV, and eating his 'nutrition meal'.

Oddly, at that moment, he thought of Dennise.

When Dennise read, she liked to eat while reading and enjoyed lounging on the couch.

If only there were a couch!

Jason thought this but made no move.

A comfortable environment would only relax his vigilance.

It wasn't about asceticism.

It was just...

He didn't want to die unexpectedly.

Perhaps some would say that relaxing once or twice doesn't matter.

But any 'fall from grace' always begins with one or two moments of 'relaxation.'

People are not as tenacious as they think they are.

They will fall into depravity due to various temptations.

They will also stimulate their vices due to various temptations.

The most obvious and initial one is 'laziness.'

When laziness appears, it truly signals the beginning of a disaster. It not only erodes a person's drive but also causes their will to sink into the mire.

Jason had seen too many examples of 'degeneracy' in the Nightless City.

A 'lone wolf' who had mixed in the outside world becomes 'rich overnight' due to an 'unexpected fortune' and then indulges in pleasures, only to realize too late that their body has grown sluggish and their will feeble.

To say nothing of becoming a 'lone wolf' again.

They couldn't even survive in the 'safe zone.'

Jason didn't want to become such a person.

He wanted to live longer.

And he wanted to live like a human being.

"Remember the pain of this moment."

"It proves you are alive."

"Though the process isn't enjoyable, the result is what you desire."

Jason reaffirmed his belief.

Soon, the only sounds in the room were the TV, the turning of book pages, and the chewing of food.

Initially, Jason paid some attention to the broadcast on the TV.

But soon, he was engrossed in the content of the books.

His hand mechanically grabbed the 'nutrition meal' and brought it to his mouth, his eyes fixed straight on the content of the pages—

The F Zone, once known as 'Rogo Kingdom', was a very wealthy kingdom before The Great Federation was established, depending on port trade and its marine resources, the citizens of the Rogo Kingdom were quite affluent.

The disposable wealth of every individual was envied by other kingdoms.

However, a 'rebellion' changed everything.

King Rogo the Thirteenth was killed by his own uncle in the council hall.

His head was hung outside the palace.

And this 'regicide' hadn't even put on the crown when he was killed by Rogo the Thirteenth's brother.

A hundred-man squad led by this 'king-defender' broke through the army's blockade and implemented a beheading plan.

Everyone thought the 'turmoil' had ended.

But when the 'king-defender' became the 'King', a terrible disaster struck.

Death!

Every person in the kingdom began to die one by one.

Without any warning!

One moment they were talking and laughing, the next they dropped dead.

No matter whether they were men, women, children, or the elderly, it was the same for everyone.

And it didn't matter if you were a commoner or a noble, no one could escape.

The 'new King' ordered an investigation at the first opportunity.

Chapter 743: Looking Good is Having Youth! (3)

But there were no results.

The doctors couldn't find the cause.

The soldiers couldn't uncover the culprit.

All there was, was death.

People died en masse, like wheat before the wind, cut down by a scythe, uniformly collapsing.

'I am not wrong! It's the world that is wrong!'

...

After shouting these words, the 'new king' died silently, just like his subjects.

Countries around the world sealed off all entry and exit points to 'Rogo Kingdom'.

It wasn't until half a year later that they reopened.

By that time, the people of 'Rogo Kingdom' were all dead.

Everyone was dead.

Even livestock, animals, and plants were no exception.

There was no sign of life.

Tall buildings collapsed, the earth cracked.

It was truly an apocalyptic scene.

Jason looked at the illustrations in the book, a thoughtful expression in his eyes.

What happened?

A plague?

Or...

Some kind of ritual?

The likelihood of a plague was small; given the 'Rogo Kingdom's' then world-leading medical standards, if there had been a plague, other countries would not have remained unaffected.

If it were a ritual?

The entire kingdom was sacrificed?

Such a grand scheme, for what?

Jason pondered as he flipped through the latter half of the book.

But after just a few pages, Jason completely lost interest.

The rest were just the author's own speculations and those of various others.

Jason scanned through them, none of them credible.

What does 'mass suicide' mean?

While mass suicide does exist, the entire kingdom, with over a hundred million people, committed suicide?

Was it because that snap was too loud, and the sound travelled here?

What a joke!

"What on earth happened?"

Jason thought, putting down the book "F Zone—The Kingdom Built on Ruins" and picking up "The Origins of 'Mad Game'."

Compared to the heaviness and numerous pages of "F Zone—The Kingdom Built on Ruins," "The Origins of 'Mad Game'" was much slimmer, less than a hundred pages, and mostly consisted of illustrations with a few sentences each, leaving Jason with the feeling of having been duped—back in his hometown, Jason had been deceived more than once by books with attractive covers and tantalizing titles but hollow contents.

He didn't know when it had become possible to publish a book by taking random selfies and pairing them with some excerpted text.

Maybe... the author was good-looking?

Truly, God gives food to the undeserving.

Jason had felt a mix of envy, jealousy, and resentment back then.

However, the author of "The Origins of 'Mad Game'" was definitely not good-looking.

On the contrary, they looked ferocious and terrifying.

And so did the main characters in the book.

Because they were a bunch of thugs, perverts, and killers.

They created the predecessor to 'Mad Game,' known as 'Hunt.'

Essentially, they kidnapped a few ordinary people, threw them into a piece of woodland known as 'the hunting grounds,' and then conducted a three-day hunting expedition.

Why three days, and not longer?

Because they might have jobs, they need to earn money to support their families.

Normally, they are all regular people.

Even as they were sent to the electric chair, there were people who couldn't believe they had killed over a hundred people for 'hunting.'

And the key person who sent them to the 'electric chair' was one of their former targets: a serial killer even more twisted and chilling than they were.

In comparison to their fierce and malevolent appearance,

This one was genteel, with a so-called 'wife', seemingly clueless as he entered their hunting ground.

A competition to see who was more evil began.

The outcome, of course, goes without saying.

The genteel winner triumphed completely.

But such victory didn't prevent the others from also being sent to the electric chair.

In the second year after these people died, a wealthy tycoon learned of these events and began to organize 'hunting' contests in a 'legitimate' manner, and this novel activity attracted quite a few participants.

As more and more people joined,

'Hunting' was officially renamed to 'Mad Game'.

Then, it became popular across the entire Great Federation.

Jason flipped through the illustrations in the book again; many of the images were so gory they would normally need pixelation to be shown, but here they were presented blatantly.

However, to Jason, this was nothing.

After looking through the book again and ensuring there was nothing else, Jason pressed the 'Nutrient Meal (Free)' button again.

Ding!

The pleasant sound echoed once more.

Jason's gaze shifted to the live TV broadcast.

At this time, the winners of the 'Survivors' appeared.

Two people.

One was a young man named 'Ull'.

The other was Galen.

Galen had survived.

After receiving Jason's 'tip', this young man, who had just skirted the edge of death, began to show remarkable combat prowess, caution, and... luck.

After finding a rusty logging ax in a rundown house, the young man commenced his slaughter.

Transforming into a true lumberjack, he began to hack out his path to survival, one axe blow at a time.

And upon claiming victory, Galen first stood there, stupefied, then cast aside his ax and started to sob uncontrollably.

As if...

He had lost the most important thing.

This made the 'audience' watching the live broadcast mock him once again.

After all, 'Ull' was completely calm, earning more admiration.

Especially after seeing a 'crybaby' like Galen.

After giving it a glance, Jason no longer paid attention.

It wasn't just because he saw through that so-called 'Ull's feigned composure, but also because his 'nutrient meal' had arrived.

Of course, what was more important was that, in Jason's perception, someone was approaching his room from outside.

It wasn't the so-called 'Intermediary' Pearson.

The footsteps were slightly heavier.

Thinking of some of the information just seen in the book, the corners of Jason's mouth curled slightly.

So eager?

The next moment, a knock sounded at the door—

Thud, thud-thud

Chapter 744: Favored by Fate

The knocking was neither hurried nor slow.

But without waiting for Jason's response, the wooden color vanished from the door, revealing its original transparency.

A young man stood outside.

Dressed in a suit and shining shoes, with handsome features and clearly layered hair, he was obviously groomed by a professional.

At that moment, he was wiping the hand that had just knocked with a white handkerchief.

And his gaze upon Jason was filled with curiosity.

...

It was the look one gives to appraising goods.

Such a look was enough to provoke irritation.

And the recent action of the "visitor," although the 'door' of the 'apartment' wasn't a real door, gave one an involuntary sense of 'intrusion.'

Even though the visitor had 'knocked.'

But Jason was quite calm.

After all, he had anticipated this.

"Jason?"

The young man said, with a slightly elongated intonation.

Such an intonation, paired with a questioning stance, made him seem even more insincere.

Jason didn't answer, just calmly looked at him.

"Are you actually mute?"

The youth raised an eyebrow, then took out an even more exquisite, compact palm computer and began browsing through it.

"Jason, 17-35 years old, residing by an unknown lake."

"Suspected of leading or participating in more than 33 murder cases."

"Intelligence normal or below average."

"Personality persistent, fierce."

"Presumed to be related to childhood experiences."

As the young man recounted the information he saw, he continued, "It's not written in the data that you are mute, yet you don't answer my questions. Are you insulting me?"

As he spoke, the youth's face darkened.

Then, the young man enunciated slowly—

"Do you know who you are talking to?"

"The Send Family!"

"One of the Hundred Major Families, the Send Family!"

The other party spoke with an indescribable pride in his tone.

And the look he gave Jason was even more disdainful.

"You, an 'unforgivable' villain, a freak, a criminal, should be looking at me appreciatively. If it weren't for me and my family, you would've been sent to the electric chair a long time ago."

As he said this, the young man raised his hand and extended his index finger, pointing at Jason through the glass from afar.

It was a gesture filled with humiliation.

But Jason still ignored it.

Or rather, it was only natural that the visitor would behave this way.

Having read the books "The Kingdom Built on the Ruins, F-zone" and "The Birth of the 'Crazy Game'," Jason had developed a certain understanding of the copy world he was in.

The once "Rogo Kingdom" now the F-zone, had long since become a member of The Great Federation.

And those in charge of The Great Federation were elites hailing from wealthy family dynasties.

It was impossible for a commoner to be among them.

More importantly, the 'Crazy Game' was also under the control of these tycoons.

The original magnate was also a member of the tycoons.

In fact, he was one of the most prominent among them.

Then, the 'partners' he pulled in were of similar ilk.

And as time passed, more people joined, each representing a family dynasty.

A full hundred of them.

'The Hundred Major Families.'

This was how those in the know referred to them.

There was disgust in the name, but also reverence, and a hint... of envy.

However, these matters were temporarily irrelevant to Jason.

After reading those two books and understanding some of the 'games' systems, Jason had a rough understanding of his own situation: an item that seemed quite decent and had room for appreciation—a 'product.'

Faced with such a 'product,' it was only natural for 'The Hundred Major Families' to respond accordingly.

It was to be expected that one of them would come to make a statement.

As for 'respecting the wise and promoting the able'?

Don't joke.

For a 'criminal,' a 'toy' whose life and death were controlled, how could there be talk of 'respecting the wise and promoting the able'?

All that was at play was a proclamation.

Yes, a proclamation.

Just showing up here, saying through the door that he belonged to the 'Send Family' was enough.

And then?

Naturally, all the profits from his 'live broadcast' would go to the 'Send Family.'

As for him, the main character?

Being alive was the greatest blessing for him, what more could he want?

Ever heard of blessings?

And indeed, things turned out just as Jason had expected.

"Now you are a private possession of the 'Send Family.'

"Everything about you belongs to the 'Send Family.'

"Including your life.

After making his declaration, the young man turned and walked away, but after only two steps, he suddenly stopped.

It was as if something had occurred to him, and he turned around and came back.

"What do you look like under that mask?

"Utterly hideous?

"Or...

"An unexpected surprise?"

As he spoke, the young man licked his lips with his tongue, a flicker of indescribable excitement appeared in his eyes, and he started manipulating the computer in his hand.

Jason's heart tensed.

A sensation of being bound by electric currents emerged.

At the same time, two holes appeared in the ceiling of the 'apartment,' and two robotic arms extended down, moving towards Jason's face.

Their goal, of course, was to remove Jason's mask.

Jason's brow furrowed slightly.

His hand involuntarily grasped the hilt of the Broad Blade Cleaver.

He was well aware of the consequences of such an action.

If the difficulty of winning the final championship was one at the start, hacking this fool to pieces would raise that difficulty to three or four, or perhaps even higher.

Chapter 745: Favored by Fate (2)

Under the premise that he could “easily” complete the main mission, Jason didn’t mind playing dumb.

But this didn’t mean Jason had no bottom line.

At this moment, the other party’s behavior had touched Jason’s bottom line.

So, Jason prepared to retaliate.

The mechanical claws were getting closer.

Just as the two mechanical claws were about to touch Jason’s hockey mask, and Jason was about to swing his knife, a voice appeared—

...

"Wait!"

In the slightly familiar voice, the “contact person” Pers appeared.

As Pers showed up, the mechanical claws not only stopped but also retracted.

"Pers, are you stopping me?"

The young man stared at the appearing "contact person," his voice becoming chilly.

"Your Excellency, I have no intention of stopping you."

"It's just

"It's against the rules."

Pers bowed in greeting before continuing.

"Rules?"

"Do you know what I represent?"

The young man sneered repeatedly.

"Of course, I do."

"The 'Send Family,' one of the Hundred Major Families, ranked 39th."

"And you are the ninth in line to inherit the Send Family."

Pers answered.

"Knowing this, you still dare to stop me?"

The young man questioned.

"Because, these are the rules."

"Any member who joins the 'game' must not suffer any 'harm' outside the venue—these are the rules set by him."

Pers didn't emphasize his tone, nor did he offer any hints, but this calm response made a flicker of fear appear in the eyes of the arrogant young man before him.

"You'd better stick to your rules!"

"Otherwise

The young man didn't finish speaking, but with a threatening sneer, he just left.

This time, he didn't turn back but simply disappeared at the end of the corridor.

Pers turned to look at Jason only after the other's figure had completely vanished.

"Player Jason, outside of the game, you are absolutely safe."

"This will never change at any time."

"So please, keep calm."

"If you encounter any unsolvable issue, please wait for a while. I will appear by your side as soon as possible to help you solve the problems you can't."

The "contact person" Pers said so.

There was an implication in his words.

His glance also caught sight of the knife handle Jason had yet to release.

Jason made no response.

Wait for a while?

Maybe under normal circumstances, he could wait.

But sometimes, waiting only made things worse.

However, Jason didn't say much.

Of course, he also didn't release the knife handle.

Seeing this, Pers's grey eyes flickered, but he ultimately sighed helplessly in his heart.

The heirs of those major families were always causing him unnecessary trouble.

Even a usually serene "Mad Hunter" had become irritable because of them.

What a nuisance!

Muttering to himself internally, Pers showed no outward sign.

"Player Jason, you can tell me anything you need."

Pers said this and turned to leave.

But just as he turned, Pers suddenly thought of something.

"Player Jason, although the nutrition meals are supplied for free, eating too many is bad for the stomach, of course, we also discourage wasting food. If there is too much waste, we will charge a fee."

Remembering the message from logistics, Pers felt he had to remind Jason.

Then, Pers turned and left.

Although he was just Jason's "contact person," his job was not just that.

He didn't have much time to stay in one place.

Jason sat and watched Pers walk away, his mind still on the ninth in line to inherit the Send Family. Strangely enough, he had a strong desire to finish the man off with a single stroke.

But his sense of reason told him that keeping things as they were was best at that moment.

An emotional clash with reason.

For Jason, this wasn't a too difficult choice to make.

Shift focus, that will do!

And what could be more fitting than food?

Jason reached out and pressed the "Nutrition Meal (Free)" button.

Ding~

...

"Hmph!"

"A mere 'contact person' dares to stop me!"

"I'll make sure you pay for this!"

The ninth in line of the Send Family sat in his car, cursing non-stop.

It was several minutes before the cursing stopped.

Then, the young man picked up the phone beside him.

"Losa, my dear friend, I heard your hard-won 'Head Collector' got killed?"

"Don't be angry, I mean no harm."

"It's just a toy, after all."

"What do you think of 'Jason'?"

"Giving him to you?"

"Of course not, he is one of our important assets, but even the best goods can get damaged—I didn't say cooperate, I was planning to give you some hints during the F zone rematch, like the latest three-day videos about Jason, along with some information not released to the public."

"Of course, you need to give something in exchange."

"Good, I'll be waiting for your good news."

After finishing, the young man hung up the phone.

"Pers, you 'contact person,' when you lose Jason, the calm 'Mad Hunter,' I'll be sure to arrange a new 'Mad Hunter' for you."

"His temper will not be as good."

"Naturally, accidents will happen frequently."

"Rules?"

"Talking to me about rules?"

"Then I'll play by the rules to death!"

The young man sneered twice and involuntarily looked out the car window.

Chapter 746: Favored by Fate (3)

Then, he saw a familiar figure.

Galen!

The lumberjack.

The other party didn't recognize him, yet he was very familiar with the other party.

After all, this lowly lumberjack was an individual the family strategists had been "watching:" a reserve 'escapee' selected from billions of people in Zone F.

...

Most 'escapees' signed up on their own.

But that didn't rule out 'arrangements'!

You see, in order to boost ratings and traffic, his family invested a huge amount of manpower and material resources every year, but what if there were no 'explosive points'?

Naturally, they would create explosive points!

And what could be more topical than an industrious, hardworking, studious 'escapee' who wanted to save his mother injured in a car accident?

Naturally, dreams needed to be added!

So, representing the family and in charge of this season's 'game' in Zone F, he gave the other party that opportunity: 'community recommendation'!

For him, the ninth in line to inherit the Send Family, getting a 'community recommendation' was as easy as arranging an accident for an old lady.

"In the preliminaries, he seemed to be in the same match as Jason, right?"

"Then, in the next round, the rematch, he should be with Jason as well,"

"Since that's the case

"Stop the car."

The young man, having thought of something, ordered the driver.

Subsequently, the young man got out of the car and walked towards Galen.

...

Galen sat on the hospital steps, his face a picture of bewilderment.

He had won.

He had gotten the prize money.

But...

His mother had died.

Taken too long, even now that he had brought the money, he couldn't save his own mother.

Is this my punishment?

After using the prize money to pay off his debts, Galen became utterly bewildered.

He believed this was the retribution for the blood he had shed.

In a daze, someone suddenly bumped into him.

"Sorry, sorry!"

The person apologized repeatedly while wearing a hat and a mask.

Then, a folded kraft paper bag was stuffed into Galen's chest.

Galen was startled.

But he didn't make a scene.

Having struggled to survive from a young age, he knew how to handle the situation in front of him.

A hint of a smile appeared in the other person's eyes.

"Sorry, sorry."

After another round of apologies, the person moved away.

Galen then chose a secluded spot to open the kraft paper bag.

Afterward, the diligent, studious young man's eyes nearly popped out.

'Escapee selection plan target: Galen'

'Potential: A+'

'Dream: To attend college'

'Important person: Mother'

'Suggestion: Grant the dream, destroy the important person (please use discretion)'

...

Looking at the plan in his hands, Galen began to tremble.

It was planned?

Everything from getting the 'community recommendation' to his mother's car accident was planned?

Initially, he thought he had obtained the 'community recommendation' because his diligence brought him good fortune.

But now, it was all planned?

His mother's death was also part of their plan!

Clench, clench!

Galen gritted his teeth in anger.

His eyes fiercely fixed on the last signature in the planning document: Send 9.

With knowledge gained from his daily studies, he clearly understood what this signified: the ninth in line to inherit the Send Family.

Suddenly, Galen felt an overwhelming sense of helplessness.

Revenge seemed hopeless!

The Send Family!

To him, it was truly an insurmountable giant!

And the ninth in line to the Send Family... he probably wouldn't get close before being turned into a sieve by the family's bodyguards.

Galen wanted revenge.

A blood feud, intolerable under the same sky.

Yet, he was powerless to take revenge.

Galen was lost.

He sat there.

Completely oblivious to the passage of time.

Step, step, step.

The sound of footsteps approached, drawing Galen's attention.

Galen raised his head.

He saw a well-dressed young man, who looked at him with a smile that seemed insincere.

"Are you Galen?"

"There's something I need you to do."

"It will be greatly beneficial to you."

"Oh, right."

"Let me introduce myself

"I am the ninth in line to inherit the Send Family, Send 9."

Chapter 747: Making the Most of Everything

Send 9?!

When Galen heard this name, his body trembled and the light in his eyes shone as if it were tangible.

The person standing 5 meters away from him was the murderer of his mother!

The bastard who manipulated his life!

Kill him!

Kill him!

...

Kill him!

This thought erupted uncontrollably.

Galen clenched his fists, ready to make his move.

But just at that moment, a man in a cheap suit, as if he were a worker on his way home, suddenly stopped in his tracks, an old man leisurely strolling with his hands behind his back also halted, a young mother pushing a stroller came to a standstill, and a few workers fixing a nearby drain stopped as well. All of their gazes were fixed on Galen.

Their eyes were wary, ice-cold.

Like predators eying their prey, they were ready to tear Galen to shreds at any moment.

And he?

Completely powerless to resist!

Even though he had just won the 'game,' none of those 'survivors' he had faced could give him the sense of danger he was feeling now.

Any one of these people staring at him could kill him with ease!

This, this is Send 9's bodyguard?!

As if a bucket of cold water had been poured over him, Galen stood dumbfounded, his eyes locked on his surroundings.

He had been sitting here for quite a long time now.

He could be certain that the leisurely old man, the young mother with the stroller, and the workers fixing the drain were all there before he sat down.

Advance preparation!

Constant protection!

Is this the strength of the Hundred Major Families?

Although he had mentally prepared himself before, it was not until this moment that Galen realized the reality was much more cruel than he had imagined.

In front of such a colossal family power, he truly felt like an ant.

Challenge a giant?

Overestimating one's own abilities!

Voices seemed to echo in his ears, and Galen clenched his teeth tightly.

Unwilling!

He was not willing!

Revenge was so close within reach, yet he could not attain it!

5 meters!

Galen estimated this distance, his mind racing with numerous methods.

But not a single one would succeed.

Any method he knew of would be interrupted by the 'invisible' bodyguards surrounding him.

What to do?

Galen asked himself,

Then he fell into despair.

Because the strolling old man, the bodyguard who made him feel the greatest danger, had silently positioned himself between him and Send 9.

Completely cutting off any approach he might have taken toward Send 9.

"Galen?"

"Lucky fellow."

Protected by his bodyguards, Send 9 spoke.

As the ninth in line to the Send Family, the arrogant Send 9 was not a fool.

At least, when it came to his own safety, Send 9 was very careful.

At all times, a squad of family guards would follow him, whether he was eating, sleeping, or as now, appearing on the street.

Even, to some extent, this squad carefully assembled by him at a high price was the source of Send 9's haughty confidence.

Just like at this moment.

Send 9 could see the malevolence in Galen's eyes.

But what of it?

Even with such resentment, wasn't he still behaving submissively?

As for the reason for the resentment?

Send 9 didn't give it much thought.

Because such looks were all too familiar to him, too numerous.

Every day, he was subjected to such looks countless times.

At first, he would personally investigate and clarify the reasons for such incidents.

But now?

His secretary would handle these matters.

Once he became the head of Family affairs in Zone F, a highly capable secretary was assigned by the family.

Not only capable but also extremely good-looking.

A pity that she couldn't provide him with more 'services.'

But in matters like security checks, he was at ease.

The secret technique would thoroughly investigate and then hand over to him any reports of danger.

Afterward?

She would take care of everything.

Naturally, there would be some 'misunderstandings.'

But he didn't think there was anything wrong with that.

His life was above all else.

Take out that Galen!

The look in his eyes just now was too annoying.

Send 9 thought this but didn't act immediately.

Trash can be recycled.

And so could a useless person.

"I've taken an interest in you, I allow you to serve me."

"This is your honor."

"If you do well, I will reward you."

For example: a swift death.

Send 9 thought maliciously to himself, his face's fake smile beaming even brighter, and he almost looked forward to seeing Galen's expression when he received the 'reward.'

Surely some cuteness!

A perverted hobby?

No!

Send 9 did not consider himself a pervert.

From birth, he stood at a point most people could never reach in their lifetime.

Aside from the occasional intellectual battle with his brothers and sisters, he had these little pastimes.

How could such a small hobby be called perverted?

At least, it was much more noble than those vulgar Straw Coat Dances or Living Human Teas.

He was, after all, a well-mannered person.

Praising himself in his mind, Send 9 spoke up on his own.

"Jason, you know, right?"

"I want you to take him out in the next game as much as possible."

"Just make it impressive."

"Don't say it can't be done, I know about your relationship with him—when you were about to be taken out, it was Jason who gave you the 'reward,' allowing you to survive."

"With such a connection, your attack will naturally be 'extraordinarily effective' for Jason."

Chapter 748: Making the Most of Everything (2)

Reward?

Galen's eyes flashed with confusion.

Although Galen, born to a poor family, was smart and collected quite a lot of 'game' information, he was completely unaware of some details that required money and secrecy.

And since he had become one of the 'winners' of the preliminaries, he had rushed to the hospital anxiously and hadn't taken the time to understand more.

So, he was unclear about more of the 'game rules'.

But this appearance of Galen all the more enthralled Send 9.

...

He smiled and lowered his head, looking at Galen, who was sitting there, and started speaking in a playful tone.

"Don't know about rewards?"

Spectators' will help some 'survivors' they feel good about."

"Otherwise, where did your lighter come from earlier?"

The words of Send 9 made Galen instinctively reach into his pocket.

That's where he kept the lighter he had obtained before.

The lighter that had turned around his 'life and death' situation.

It wasn't an accident?

It was a reward!

Yes, how could that kind of accident happen?

What am I still being naive about?

But, is Jason my lifesaver?

The 'Frenzied Hunter'?

The unexpected message threw Galen into a momentary daze.

After a short while, the young lumberjack took a deep breath.

He looked up again, fixing his gaze on Send 9.

"Do you want me to attack my lifesaver?"

"Impossible!"

"I will definitely not do such a thing."

Galen's categorical refusal resounded, completely rejecting Send 9's suggestion.

Perhaps he couldn't have his revenge.

But he certainly wouldn't submit.

Nor would he repay kindness with ingratitude.

He, Galen, had his own bottom line in life.

"Heh heh."

"I like simple people like you."

"Don't reject so quickly."

"There's always a time for change."

"And

"The night is still long."

Send 9 smiled and gave a slight wave of his hand, and two bodyguards stepped out from the surrounding group, heading towards Galen.

Galen, who was sitting on the step, suddenly stood up and charged towards Send 9.

Send 9's smile remained unchanged.

He simply watched as Galen rushed towards him.

They were 5 meters apart.

But those 5 meters might as well have been the distance between heaven and earth.

He was confident Galen couldn't reach him.

Just as he was sure that Galen would eventually submit.

The bodyguard, disguised as an old man and standing before Send 9, took action, stepping forward swiftly to appear before Galen, his hand shaping into a palm strike aiming directly at Galen's abdomen.

The bodyguard had controlled his strength to ensure Galen wouldn't die.

He had heard his master's 'interest'.

Thus, he would only temporarily deprive Galen of his ability to act.

As the bodyguard appeared abruptly before him, Galen threw a punch, hoping to block the bodyguard's attack.

Unfortunately, not only did the punch fail to stop the bodyguard, but in the face of the bodyguard's sudden acceleration, it also made him completely lose all his strength to resist.

Bang!

The bodyguard's palm struck Galen's abdomen.

The solid abdominal muscles were useless against such a blow.

Gulp!

Galen instinctively clutched his stomach, kneeling and retching loudly.

Stars swirled before his eyes.

A buzzing filled his ears.

With his head butting the ground, Galen propped himself up to avoid collapsing completely.

He wanted to stand, but just maintaining this position took all his strength.

Send 9, watching the scene, had his smile growing even more radiant.

He glanced at the bodyguard who had struck, and after receiving a nod confirming that Galen had no more will to resist, he finally stepped towards Galen.

He stopped by Galen's side, lifting his foot and placing it on Galen's head.

"I told you, the night has only just begun."

"In a while, you will surely change your mind."

"Don't worry, I will be magnanimous enough to forgive you this time."

"But!"

"Only this time!"

Send 9 laughed lightly again.

The laughter was full of pretense, and as Send 9 stepped on him, Galen strained his neck, trying to overturn the other.

But the pain spreading from his abdomen made it impossible for him to do so.

He could only be stepped on.

Powerless to resist.

Panting, panting.

Galen breathed heavily.

The torment of the body.

The agony of the soul.

Made Galen feel excruciating pain.

Galen would never give up.

"I said I wouldn't repay kindness with enmity,"

Galen's voice came through clenched teeth, as veins began to bulge at the temples on either side of his head beneath that shoe. His hands, which had been clutching his abdomen, suddenly rose to grasp the ankle of Send 9.

Can I move?!

Even Galen was startled when he seized Send 9's ankle.

How could he move?

Just a moment ago, he was in too much pain to budge.

And now?

The pain was still there, but it wasn't as intense. It didn't affect his movement at all!

Suddenly, Galen made his move.

He held on to Send 9's ankle and lifted his head with force.

The sole of the shoe moved away from the top of his head.

Send 9 was flipped onto the ground.

The previously smug Send 9, who had maintained a false smile, now had a face filled with panic and had turned pale.

"Stop him!"

"Stop him!"

The 9th in line to the Send Family succession was shouting.

Gone was his previous commanding presence.

Gone was the feeling that he had everything under control.

Just like ordinary people encountering danger, he was tense and afraid.

Bodyguards rushed in from all around.

They, too, were unable to remain calm.

Because, if anything unexpected happened to Send 9, they would be in deep trouble.

Especially the bodyguard who had attacked Galen.

It was after he had confirmed that Galen was powerless to resist that Send 9 approached him.

Now that such an incident had occurred, he couldn't escape blame.

But why could Galen move?

Under his palm strike, anyone should have lost the ability to move.

This bodyguard was filled with incomprehension.

However, his response was the fastest.

He stepped over Galen and raised his hand to strike him.

At this moment, he could no longer afford to hold back.

He put all his strength into it, aiming directly at Galen's vital points.

But just then—

Bang!

A somewhat muffled sound came from afar.

This bodyguard heard the sound.

Gunshot!

Not good!

His extreme professionalism allowed the bodyguard to quickly identify the noise, and just as quickly, he realized what such a sound signified.

A trap!

A trap for Send 9!

Galen was just bait!

Thinking this, the bodyguard abruptly halted his attack on Galen, intending to turn and tackle Send 9 to the ground.

But his previous blow had been with full force; now his effort to stop, though checked by years of training, caused his body to uncontrollably stall for a moment.

One second?

Or even less?

And that decided everything.

Snap!

Send 9's head burst like a watermelon crushed by a truck.

In that instant, it shattered.

Blood spurted from the open wound.

The headless body swayed for a moment before falling directly to the ground.

Send 9's blood splashed all over those nearby.

The closest bodyguard was covered in blood.

He was shaking.

Send 9 was dead!

It was over!

He was doomed!

Fear and rage surged in the heart of the bodyguard. With a turn, he was about to kill Galen to vent his anger.

But after lifting his hand, he stopped.

Then...

The bodyguard rushed past Galen and into the hospital behind him.

A few quick moves and he disappeared from sight.

Like dominoes beginning to fall.

After this bodyguard vanished, the remaining bodyguards charged into the crowd.

Each one of them was pale as death.

Each one was filled with the fear of dying.

To stay would mean certain death now that Send 9 was dead.

Run?

He might be hunted by the Send family, but there was still a chance to survive.

Facing such a choice, it was clear what they would do without asking.

In almost an instant, the entire street was empty, except for Galen.

Send 9's headless body lay before Galen.

The young man, who came from a logging background, looked at Send 9's body with a hint of hesitation in his eyes.

He seemed to have been used?

Chapter 749: It's Just the Beginning

Send No.9 is dead?

Galen is the murderer?

Jason, who was browsing through the newly exchanged books "How to Properly Participate in 'Crazy Game'" (Survivor and Brutalizer versions, one each), lifted his head in shock upon hearing the news from the TV and turned to look at the suddenly broadcast news segment.

A family rivalry?

Or a struggle between heirs?

Or...

...

Some hostile force?

Almost instantly, Jason subconsciously thought of these scenarios.

Any family, although powerful, inevitably becomes a tangled web over time.

Struggles are, of course, unavoidable.

After all, even the largest families have limited resources.

To acquire resources, one must strive to be on top.

Perhaps a family would seem harmonious on the surface.

Behind the scenes?

It's a fight to the death.

And it's the same with enemies.

In order to gain more benefits and resources, enemies will never disappear, they will only continue to emerge endlessly. Either you consume your enemies to use as nourishment for your own growth, or you are destroyed by them and become fertile soil for their backyard.

However, no matter which it is, Jason absolutely didn't believe that it was Galen who had taken action.

It wasn't that Jason had absolute confidence in Galen.

But rather, he felt that Galen's strength wasn't enough!

"Was he being used?"

Jason murmured to himself.

He had met Send No.9 before.

Right in this very apartment, not long ago.

At that time, Send No.9 was arrogant and contemptuous.

But he had the confidence to be so.

Jason, with his exceptional perception, could clearly sense that even in this 'well-defended' apartment, there were always two gazes firmly locked on him.

It hadn't been there before, only appearing when Send No.9 arrived and leaving when Send No.9 did.

Clearly, Send No.9 had made proper arrangements.

He was accompanied by bodyguards, who were quite capable.

Especially since the other party was so cautious even when they met him, a 'person in a cage', would Send No.9 have no arrangements when meeting Galen?

That would be impossible.

Even if it was a spur-of-the-moment decision, he would still have had solid measures in place.

So, someone must have set this up.

Using Galen as 'bait' to lure Send No.9.

Or perhaps this 'setup' could be traced back even further.

For example, was the visit to him a harbinger of this 'setup'?

Thinking of this, Jason still didn't know the course of the entire event, but there was one thing he could be sure of.

The person who planned this setup knew Send No.9 very well, understanding not only his habits and way of doing things, but also his character flaws.

Otherwise, it wouldn't have been so simple to assassinate Send No.9 and so conveniently put forward a 'scapegoat'.

"Professional!"

Jason appraised.

After scanning the news for a few more moments and finding nothing, he quickly redirected his attention.

Since it was the work of a professional, there naturally wouldn't be many more clues left behind.

Expecting to find clues through such news is nothing but a pipe dream.

And to dig deeper?

He wasn't 'Detective Jason' at the moment but a 'Brutalizer'.

What's more, with the power of the Send Family, they didn't need him to dig deeper; there would be those who were eager to take the front seat.

Under heavy reward, there must be brave men.

As long as the reward is plentiful, there are many more professionals than him willing to investigate everything.

In fact, that was indeed the case.

Moreover, it happened quicker than Jason had anticipated—

Whoosh, whoosh.

As pages turned, Jason's attention was once again captured by the book in his hands.

"Are there really so many maps?"

"Indeed, to become a game that's all the rage in the world, apart from some fortuitous factors, every essential element is indispensable," Jason couldn't help but admire as he browsed "How to Properly Participate in 'Crazy Game'".

He was comparing the 'Survivor' version with the 'Brutalizer' version.

This wasn't his habit but a suggestion given by the author of "How to Properly Participate in 'Crazy Game'".

Although he didn't rule out the possibility that the author wanted buyers to spend more Points, Jason still thought it was worth it.

At least, those more than 30 'game maps' had already proved to be a great asset to him, not to mention the tactics of wit and cunning between 'Survivors' and 'Brutalizers' on these maps.

Survivors use anything they can, whether setting traps, creating diversions, or simply relying on strength in numbers to turn the tables and kill the 'Brutalizer'.

What Jason found most impressive was just that.

In an initial round of the 'game', a 'Survivor' gathered the strength of 30 people, set a trap using himself as bait, and lured the pursuing 'Brutalizer' into it, then relied on numerical superiority to overwhelm the 'Brutalizer'.

Of course, many 'Survivors' were injured or killed in the process, including the one who orchestrated the trap.

But the death of the 'Brutalizer' made that match's viewership skyrocket to an extreme.

It was because of that match that more advantageous conditions for 'Survivors' appeared.

For example: Tips!

For example: Treasure chests!

The former was just as Jason had known before.

And the treasure chests?

They were hidden throughout the map.

They could contain weapons, medications, food, or other various items.

This was another reason why Jason deemed the book in his hand valuable—because it contained detailed markings of the positions where these treasure chests had appeared before.

Even though it wasn't one hundred percent accurate, it was enough for Jason to make certain deductions.

Chapter 750: It's Just the Beginning (2)

And with the introduction of "rewards" and "treasure chests," the once guaranteed victory of the "Brutalizer" was broken.

The playing field between "escapers" and "Brutalizers" had become a back-and-forth battle.

Even at one point, "escapers" became the side with the majority of victories.

Until the "game" rules changed again.

"Brutalizers" could now bring their own favored weapons into play.

Afterward, the battle between the two sides became tit for tat once again.

...

"Balanced?"

Jason looked into the essence of the "game" rules.

Of course, he was well aware that such "balance" wasn't for the sake of "fairness," it was merely to make the "game" more appealing.

A one-sided victory is exhilarating.

But it doesn't last.

It's like cheating in a game.

The game ends with a cheat.

Only a confrontation where the opponents are evenly matched is the most captivating.

The best scenario is when one side is at a slight disadvantage but clenches their teeth and pulls off a turnaround at the last moment.

That's what the "audience" wants to see.

So, the "game" is designed to do just that.

And it's for this reason Jason could guess that his next "match" would not be so straightforward.

After all, he had “crushed” his opponents in the last match.

This match?

The “game” planners would make some adjustments to keep the match appealing.

So, Jason was even more focused as he went through the maps.

Though there was a high chance they would not be needed.

But the “escapers” setting traps at key locations and “Brutalizers” pursuing at inconspicuous spots were experiences he could learn from.

As Jason came across an example of an “escaper” flipping a wooden crate and using a plank to hit the “Brutalizer,” footsteps echoed once again in the corridor.

There were two people.

One was the “intermediary” Pers.

The other set of footsteps was unfamiliar.

Thud, thud-thud.

"May we come in?"

After a knock, Pers asked.

Not until Jason nodded did the wooden colors recede from the glass door.

Although such actions seemed superfluous, Pers went through with it anyway.

As a competent “intermediary,” he followed everything laid down in the “intermediary” handbook.

Including, while being cautious of the “Brutalizer,” one must also “respect” them.

The quotation marks were marked in the handbook.

As for how to interpret that?

That was up to the individual.

Pers chose to give the utmost “respect” within reason.

Just like he had just done.

How others acted, he didn’t know.

At least, Jason did not dislike such behavior, and his gaze towards Pers was somewhat softer.

However, his look towards the person next to Pers was not so courteous.

Indifferent.

That was the only meaning conveyed by Jason’s gaze.

Not only because it was Jason’s first time meeting the man, but also because the other man’s gaze and expression were laced with probing and veiled malice from the very beginning.

Perhaps he believed himself well-concealed, but under Jason's perception, he was completely exposed.

"Hello, Player Jason," said the stranger, seemingly polite, even bowing slightly.

A black suit, a white shirt, and a pair of cheap leather shoes made him resemble a door-to-door salesman.

But a salesman could hardly match the sharp gaze of the stranger.

As he greeted Jason, the strange visitor's eyes were fixed firmly on him.

Not missing a single movement of Jason's.

Despite the hockey mask, the eyes that were visible were enough for scrutiny.

Unfortunately for the visitor, Jason remained utterly indifferent throughout.

There wasn't the slightest flicker in his gaze.

This left the stranger somewhat disappointed, yet he didn't lose heart, stood straighter, and turned to Pers.

"Mr. Pers, I would like to speak with Player Jason alone."

He said so.

"You may."

"But please abide by the rules."

Pers did not hinder him, simply reminded him of the rules and, after signaling to Jason, turned and walked to the end of the corridor.

The automatic door opened and closed.

Pers' figure disappeared behind the door.

The stranger then turned back to Jason.

"Player Jason, I am Billeder, the security advisor of the Send Family," he introduced himself.

To this, Jason was not surprised.

After the death of Send 9, it was inevitable that the Send Family would first send one of their own.

It was a necessity for a prominent family.

If something happened and they immediately hired outside personnel, it would suggest that the family was all show and no substance.

"Player Jason, you must have some idea why I'm here," the security advisor gestured towards the TV still playing.

At that moment, the TV was broadcasting the assassination event of Send 9.

Even the "game's" live and replayed broadcasting was pushed aside for now.

The heat of the moment is always the subject of pursuit.

"Send 9 was a fine young man. Although he had some troubles typical of someone his age, most of the time, he did well, at least everything a young person could accomplish."

"That's why great hopes were placed on him."

"And thus, his accidental death will lead to very unpleasant things."

"Including Player Jason, you're within the scope of this impact."

"So, is there anything you would like to tell me?"

After a spiel that to Jason seemed entirely unnecessary, even something that could be called rubbish, Bildler suddenly asked a question out of the blue, his gaze fixed on Jason's eyes once more.