

## Menu 751

Chapter 751: It's Just the Beginning (3)

Without a doubt, this was a questioning technique.

Jason had seen many people use such techniques before.

In Nightless City.

Within the copy world.

And for his own safety, Jason had long since trained himself to never show an unexpected expression, including his gaze, at any time.

As a result, Bildler was disappointed.

...

He gained nothing.

However, Bildler didn't give up.

"Perhaps Player Jason forgot something."

"I can give you a reminder."

"In Galen, yes, that's the murderer who was publicly announced to have killed Young Master Send 9, before he participated in the 'game' preliminaries, Lord Jason, you helped him."

"Exchanged 1 Point for a lighter."

Billder seemed to be reminding, yet at the same time, as if he were saying I know everything, he explained in detail.

But Jason remained the same.

His face was covered with a hockey mask, his eyes emotionless, devoid of any flicker of feeling.

Billder stared into those eyes.

One second.

Two seconds.

Three seconds.

After a full ten seconds, Bildler took a deep breath.

"You know, hiding things isn't in your best interest."

"Galen is just a scapegoat who was pushed out."

"And you?"

"You wouldn't want to become something similar, would you?"

Bilder put on an appearance as if it were for Jason's own good.

Then, seeing that intimidation was useless on him, he immediately started the seduction.

"The 'Wild Hunter' needs to win the final to gain freedom, but if you are willing to help the Send Family, the Send Family can grant you freedom in advance."

"Maybe you need to change your identity, but what's that compared to freedom, right?"

Saying so, Bilder looked expectantly at Jason.

But once again, the security consultant was disappointed.

Jason remained unchanged.

This time, the security consultant furrowed his brows.

Jason was harder to deal with than he had imagined.

But one thing the security consultant was sure of.

Jason's calm gaze must be hiding something.

Related to Send 9?

Or related to something else?

The security consultant had no idea.

However, he was ready to report back.

Thinking this, the security consultant chose to leave.

After greeting Pers in the corridor, the security consultant returned to the car, picked up the phone inside, and dialed a number.

"Your Excellency, I've confirmed."

"Jason is hiding something."

"But I'm not sure if it's related to Young Master Send 9."

"Check!"

"Whether it's related or not, I want it investigated. Young Master Send 9 is dead; nobody else should think about getting off easy."

A slightly grim voice came through the handset.

Billder's heart tightened.

He very much understood the meaning of these words.

He understood even better what would happen next.

Suddenly, the security consultant for the Send Family began to silently pray for those innocent victims who might appear.

Better to kill a thousand by mistake than let one go free.

That was the Send Family's approach.

And it was the approach of most of the Hundred Major Families.

Fairness, mercy?

None.

The one who believes there is any is the real fool.

With a silent sigh in his heart, the security consultant from the Send Family said resolutely.

"Understood."

Then, the call ended.

After sitting in the car and contemplating for a while, Bildler decided to visit Galen, the 'direct' murderer who should have more clues.

The car started.

As an experienced driver, Bildler drove the car steadily, entering the roadway.

But in the next moment, a heavy truck merging from a side road crashed directly into Bildler's car.

Bang!

Chapter 752: Semi-finals!

Thud, thud-thud.

The knocking interrupted Jason's reading once again.

Jason frowned slightly as he looked toward the 'door'.

"It's me, Pers."

The 'Initiator' spoke politely.

Jason nodded lightly.

...

The color faded from the 'door', revealing the 'Initiator' Pers.

Unlike the few previous encounters, this always calm and gentle 'Initiator' Pers now had a trace of something unusual on his face, a sign he tried to hide but still showed through.



What had happened?

Jason guessed based on the other's expression.

And the next moment, the 'Initiator' cut straight to the chase.

"Billder just had a car accident."

"The person is in a comatose state."

"Hospital tests indicate a high likelihood of vegetative state."

As his words ended, Pers's gaze fell on Jason.

It wasn't a stare, nor was it a peek.

But rather, it was something strange.

Or rather, an indescribable feeling.

This sensation was somewhat uncomfortable for Jason.

He felt that Pers's gaze upon him was as if he was looking at a 'harbinger of disaster'.

Send 9 met him, and then died.

Bilder met him, and then became a vegetable.

But what does that have to do with Jason?

Others were plotting.

He, Jason, was innocent.

"Ahem, ahem, contestant Jason, no offense intended."

The 'Initiator' Pers cleared his throat lightly, starting to regulate his emotions.

The gaze from before, Pers assured himself it wasn't intentional.

It was just too coincidental.

So coincidental that he couldn't help but suspect more.

However, now that he had calmed down, he also believed that these two incidents must have been targeted.

Someone had made a move against the 'Send Family'.

Jason was innocent.

He was involved in it all.

But...

The Send Family definitely wouldn't see it that way.

With that family's approach, he could completely foresee what would come next.

He, most certainly didn't want to be caught in the crossfire.

Thinking this, the 'Initiator' Pers somewhat regretted coming here directly.

He should have waited.

Waited until someone from above came to inquire, then he could have arrived.

Instead of coming over directly out of curiosity.

Damn curiosity!

I had warned myself, to remain uninvolved!

But what's done is done.

He had no room left for regret.

Was it too late for a remedy?

As Pers pondered this, a conflicted look unwittingly appeared on his face.

"Contestant Jason, if you need anything, please press the call button."

"I am available 24 hours."

With these words, Pers turned and left.

As for what more to say to Jason?

The previous words were already the limit for an 'Initiator'; saying more would indeed risk being 'cleared' by the 'Send Family'.

Moreover, even with just this,

The 'Initiator' was already on tenterhooks.

In Pers's mind, some 'risky' plans started to emerge.

Pers turned and left, and the color of the 'door' returned to normal.

Jason watched the 'door'.

A hint of amusement appeared on the face obscured by the mask.

When Send 9 was assassinated, Jason felt an intuition that 'someone was plotting'.

The accidental car accident involving Bildler solidified his intuition by a fraction.

And now?

The arrival of Pers further confirmed his suspicions.

Of course, Pers had no connection to 'The Planner'.

This 'Initiator' was likely just a 'pawn' like Galen.

Simply put, both Pers and Galen were carefully chosen by 'The Planner'.

Galen's kindness, diligence, yet not cowardice was what the other party valued.

What Pers was valued for was the curiosity and impulsiveness that he kept hidden.

According to Jason's reasoning, if it weren't for curiosity, Pers simply wouldn't appear at this time and would have chosen a more appropriate moment instead.

For example, accompanied by someone else.

Or simply, it would be when he was given an order.

Showing up alone at this moment would put Pers at an absolute disadvantage.

If he were Pers, what would he do at this time?

He likely would delete the footage of his visit here.

But by doing so, Pers would fall into another trap set by 'The Planner'.

Then, it would be a quagmire from which he couldn't extricate himself.

And all these were expected by 'The Planner'.

"What do you want?"

"The Send Family?"

"Or... something bigger?"

Jason thought to himself, a glint flashing through his eyes.

He hadn't forgotten his own identity: The Hunter.

Known by 'viewers' and most of the time as 'The Hunter', and in official records referred to as 'The Brutalizer'.

Similarly, how could 'The Planner' have possibly overlooked him after scheming so much?



He, too, was a pawn.

Just like Galen, just like Pers.

But slightly different.

His pawn identity was 'random', not fixed.

Initially, he wasn't a 'pawn'; the 'pawn' identity was established as he became a 'victor' in the preliminaries.

This meant that in the previous preliminaries, whoever became the 'victor', would be the victor.

Whether it was the 'Big Boy', the 'Wheelchair Strategist', or the 'Skull Collector', any could have.

But, this type of 'arrangement' had many uncertainties.

For 'The Planner' to quickly arrange for Pers as the 'Initiator' was not easy.

Therefore—

"This Planner, not only holds a significant position in the 'game', but also has everything prepared well in advance, just waiting for me, or another 'Hunter', to appear, then to initiate this plan."

Chapter 753: Semi-finals!\_2

"Now that I think about it, the selection of 'Hunters' in the previous competition was a bit strange."

'Big Boy' was a temperamental Hunter with abnormal intelligence, while 'Skull Collector' was more like a beast, barely communicable."

"And 'The Wheelchair Thinker', smart but lacking in direct strength."

"As for me?"

"The information displayed about me... was also a bit abnormal."

...

"With this as a premise, there was a high likelihood that 'Big Boy', 'Skull Collector', and I would become winners."

"And that's exactly what 'The Planner' wanted."

"The opponent needed a not-too-smart 'chess piece' to set everything in motion."

Jason gradually clarified his thoughts.

Then what?

He continued to flip through the books in his hands.

Jason was well aware that even if he figured all this out, it was useless.

Tell others?

He was a 'Hunter', a felon.

Who would listen to him?

Moreover, the current situation hadn't really 'harmed' him in any substantive way.

On the contrary, Jason felt if things continued to develop, he might even reap some unexpected benefits.

Of course, some necessary 'safety' measures needed to be prepared in advance.

But that was a matter for later.

Now?

Ding!

Jason once again pressed the 'Nutritional Meal (Free)' button.

Reading made him hungry.

Thinking made him want to eat.

Fortunately, the nutritional meals here were free.

After receiving the meal, Jason continued to read while holding his nutritional meal.

Eat, read.

Read, eat.

Time passed in such repeated cycles.

The third night.

‘The Intermediary’ Pers appeared again.

"Jason, the rematch in Area F will start in an hour, please get ready," Pers said.

This ‘Intermediary’ looked visibly worn out.

Clearly, these past few days hadn’t been good for him.

Inner turmoil?

Jason wondered.

As for preparation?

Jason had long known from the live TV broadcast that he would be participating in the rematch today, and had already adjusted everything accordingly; he didn’t really need to make any further preparations.

"If you have no preparations to make, I'll put you to sleep again," Pers inquired.

Jason still silently nodded.

Then the remote control appeared once more in 'The Intermediary' Pers's hands.

Pers pressed the green button.

Sleepiness attacked once again.

Jason lay down with the flow.

Clomp, clomp clomp.

Clack!

A squad of fully armed soldiers appeared in the hallway, just like the first time they transported Jason, this time, they again took Jason to the new 'game arena'.

Jason could feel his hands, feet, and waist being shackled by chains again.

Then, the sleepiness began to fade.

Jason, seizing the moment the drowsiness dissipated, opened his eyes.

Another cell.

There was no significant difference from the cell he had woken up in last time.

The only difference was that the 10-inch screen had already appeared, while the 'Broad Blade Cleaver' was right at his side.

"Jason, it's a pleasure to see you again!"

The silhouette on the screen spoke with the usual synthesized voice.

Then, this 'Announcer' stood up and made a welcoming gesture.

Instantly, the sound effects of 'cheering' and 'applause' from a drama returned.

"It seems everyone is looking forward to our 'Jason'."

"After all, Jason's performance last time was truly surprising."

"One against three!"

"Even in my career as a host, that's rare," said the shadow in awe.

Afterward, the screen began showing highlights from Jason's last match.

Especially during the slayings of 'Big Boy', 'The Wheelchair Thinker', and 'Skull Collector', the moments played over and over.

Clap, clap clap.

The sound of applause appeared once again.

And it was louder than before.

Meanwhile, Jason sat still.

Warming up the crowd?

After watching the 'game' live broadcast for three consecutive days, Jason had gained a deeper understanding of 'The Madness Game'.

The hype in front of him was even more familiar.

He used the thrilling moments of the previous match to attract more people's anticipation.

Even some 'special' post-production was added.

In summary, it was all for attracting traffic.

Jason had little interest in this.

What he was interested in was the 'rematch' before him.

As the 'Presenter' filled the air with stirring words, time flew by quickly. It wasn't until a countdown of 4:59 appeared overhead that the 'Presenter' finally got to the point.

"The rematch is about to start!"

"Let me introduce the rules to everyone!"

"This time, we have chosen the most classic map, 'Crazy Town' are you all a bit disappointed?"

"Don't be disappointed!"

"The map might be old!"

"But the rules are new!"

The 'Presenter' paused deliberately after saying this.

Only after a chorus of expectant 'oh's' did he continue in a pretentious manner.

"In the new rules, the 4 'Brutalizers' remain unchanged, the 100 'Survivors' remain unchanged, and the Points remain unchanged; it's still 20 points for a 'Hunter,' 1 point for each 'Survivor,' and 20 points for victory,"

"But!"

"There are 4 'green doors'!"

"That's right! You heard correctly!"

"There are 3 more doors for the 'Survivors'!"

"And

"In the second phase of the game, there will be unexpected surprises."

"What is the second phase of the game?"

"When there are only 2 'Brutalizers' left on the field."



"Or when the total number of 'Survivors' drops to 60, that's when the game enters its second phase."

"As for the surprise?"

"Please wait and see."

With a voice full of dramatic intonation, the shadowy figure finished introducing the rules of the rematch.

Four escape doors?

Through the other party's words, Jason sensed a hint of targeted malice.

Without a doubt, 4 escape doors would make hunting by the 'Brutalizers' more difficult.

The chances of 'Survivors' escaping greatly increased.

Unless the 4 'Brutalizers' worked together.

But was that possible?

At least Jason would not choose such cooperation.

He didn't trust the others.

Naturally, they wouldn't trust him either.

And the second phase?

Unknown.

No information whatsoever.

This piqued Jason's interest even more.

Could it be a more accurate targeting?

With such a premonition, Jason was full of caution.

As for the 'surprise' mentioned by the 'Presenter'?

Jason wasn't about to believe everything he said.

If he really believed him, that would be flirting with death.

"Jason, do you have any questions?"

"Or do you have any declarations to make?"

"As the winner of the last preliminary match, everyone is eager to hear what you have to say."

The 'shadow' on the screen asked.

Jason remained silent.

This silence lasted for about 3 seconds.

The 'audience,' who were watching Jason intently, burst into laughter.

"Hahaha, this is the first time I've seen the 'Presenter' so embarrassed."

"I suspect 'Jason' is mute!"

"I'm going all-in on Jason again!"

"Didn't you win betting on Jason last time and even bought a house?"

"Yeah, I won betting on Jason last time, but the house prices rose so fast, what I thought was a full payment ended up being just the down payment! So this time, I'm going for broke again!"

"The guy above is betting like a gambling addict, no explanation needed."

"+1!"

...

Barrage after barrage of comments flew by.

Jason's score kept climbing steadily.

From the last match, all the 'audience' had an impressive memory of Jason, and this directly affected this match.

In the end, amid a sea of crimson, Jason got a score of 58.

"58 points! That's a high score!"

"It looks like everyone really has high expectations for Jason!"

"So

"Jason, you have a special choice to make."

As the 'Presenter' spoke, the 10-inch screen shifted.

Chapter 754: Intermittent Time

Special Selection!

As the 'Presenter' spoke, a line of bold and enlarged text appeared on the 10-inch screen in front of Jason, and then the text moved up, followed by icons appearing below it.

There were a total of four icons, arranged in a grid pattern.

The first row consisted of: Beast Trap, Reconnaissance Drone.

The second row consisted of: Automatic Grappling Hook Launcher, Reconnaissance Drone Model II.

Beast Trap (1 Point): This is a set of three standard traps that can be placed at will but can also be picked up by others. (Brutalizers can purchase a maximum of three sets in one game.)

...

Reconnaissance Drone (10 Points): This is a drone with a 1-hour flight time that can help you survey areas you wish to scout. (Brutalizers can purchase a maximum of two drones in one game.)

Automatic Grappling Hook Launcher (10 Points): This is an external wrist-mounted device that can target objects within 20 meters for a one-time grappling hook shot, binding the target. (The device comes with 5 grappling hooks, and Brutalizers can purchase a maximum of one in one game.)

Reconnaissance Drone Model II (25 Points): Compared to the basic model, this drone not only has an impressive 3-hour flight capability but also an attack mode, with 10 tranquilizer darts capable of rapidly putting an adult to sleep. (Brutalizers can purchase a maximum of one in one game.)

Jason didn't need any special operation.

The screen automatically began the introduction.

According to the order of appearance, it started to enlarge each image one by one.

So that Jason could clearly see the text on them.

Is this the special option for the 'Brutalizer' who is looked upon favorably?

Jason thought to himself.

He had had such suspicions before.

And it was confirmed while he was reading "How to Properly Participate in 'Crazy Game'" (Brutalizer version).

There were extremely detailed introductions in both books.

However, those were just pictures on paper.

Therefore, it didn't prevent Jason from taking a serious look at this time.

After the text display, there was also a similar demonstration in animated form.

Clearly, the 'Game' planners were not going to play games with text when dealing with 'Brutalizers'.

Is it for the sake of 'fairness'?

Jason's eyes were fixed on these displays.

About two minutes passed as he went through the four special weapons of the warrior.

Once the 'Presenter' confirmed that Jason had seen everything, he spoke again.

"Contestant Jason, have you made your choice?"

"As this is your first time purchasing a special selection with Points, as a 'Presenter', I have a pretty good recommendation: the Reconnaissance Drone."

"As everyone knows, Brutalizers have an absolute advantage over survivors!"

"Whether it's in strength, speed, or other physical abilities, no 'survivor' can match a 'Brutalizer.' The only problem is: as a 'Brutalizer' you need to find them."

"The Reconnaissance Drone is made for this moment!"

The 'Presenter' introduced it with sentiment and passion.

That enthusiastic feeling was as if a salesperson had found a customer.

And even more enthusiastic than the 'Presenter' were the 'audience.'

"Reconnaissance Drone?"

"Hmm, not bad, the Reconnaissance Drone is indeed a good choice, but its endurance is too poor, even with two you can only use them at critical moments."

"That will depend on the experience of the 'Brutalizer.'"

"With enough experience, there won't be any problems."

"Experience?"

"I think luck is more important, whether it's for 'Brutalizers' or 'survivors,' luck is key! Have you guys forgotten the previous game where a 'survivor' used a homemade slingshot to shoot down a reconnaissance drone?"

"How could a situation that's happened only once be taken as the norm!"

"How can you guarantee it won't happen this time?"

"Are you just being argumentative?"

"You're the argumentative one, your whole family is argumentative!"

"Damn!"

...

The barrage of comments in Jason's live streaming room became even livelier following an unintentional spat.

But for Jason, it had no effect.

He couldn't see it.

Or rather, even if he could see it, Jason wouldn't change his own decisions because of others.

Just like now, facing the enthusiastic sales pitch of the 'Presenter,' Jason shook his head to indicate that he did not need it.

The four special options seemed decent, but whether it was the Beast Trap, the Automatic Grappling Hook Launcher, or the Reconnaissance Drone, their usefulness for Jason was limited.

The Beast Trap was cheap and affordable, but its use not only required familiarity with the map but also depended on the appropriate circumstances—driving the prey into a certain range or finding a spot the prey had to pass through.

This was unrealistic and superfluous for Jason.

Just like the Automatic Grappling Hook Launcher.

If the target was already within 20 meters, Jason didn't need to rely on machinery; a direct charge would bring him face to face with his prey.

The basic model of the Reconnaissance Drone, passionately recommended by the 'Presenter,' seemed to be a good choice.

But Jason could guarantee that the device was definitely not as useful as it appeared.

No one knew better than the 'survivors' what a 'Brutalizer' would use.



And in “How to Fight for Participation in ‘Crazy Game’” (Survivor version), many examples were listed to counter the ‘Reconnaissance Drone,’ including but not limited to diversionary tactics.

In summary, it was all about stalling for time.

After all, a reconnaissance drone with only a one-hour flight time would be useless once time was up.

And ‘survivors’ could easily cooperate to achieve this goal.

After all, the ‘Brutalizer’ controlling the drone was alone, just one person.

Chapter 755: Intermittent Time\_2

The surveillance drone saw it, and naturally, the “Brutalizer” saw it too.

But seeing didn’t necessarily mean they could appear on the scene.

The “Brutalizer” was far more powerful than the “Escapee,” but it still took time to reach the discovered area.

In comparison, the Model II surveillance drone was much more robust!

It had a stronger endurance and also had direct “attack capabilities.”

The ongoing “pursuit” process was to Jason’s satisfaction and piqued his interest.

...

However, he didn’t have enough points.

After purchasing the live broadcast television and numerous books, and providing Galen with unexpected assistance, Jason now had only 21 points left, whereas the Model II surveillance drone required 25 points.

Jason's refusal was well-considered,

Yet the "Presenter" was surprised.

"Jason, aren't you going to think it over?"

"Good tools can double your efficiency."

Jason shook his head again.

The "audience" watching Jason's choices also stopped their bickering and started commenting again.

"Don't do this, choose one!"

"Having something is better than nothing!"

"Why do I have a bad premonition?"

"Shut up upstairs, I just went all in!"

"I went all in too, why do I feel uneasy?"

"What should I do? Me too!"

"All you upstairs are gambling dogs, you deserve it! Hahaha!"

...

The bullet screen was full of schadenfreude.

However, the popularity increased once more.

People looking for entertainment would show up at any time.

Especially in a “game” like this.

Some text-based live streams even had titles like Newcomer’ Jason, overconfident after a victory?”, “Arrogance inevitably leads to Waterloo,” and “Victory is no longer suspenseful, certainly not for Jason!”

The “Presenter” saw it.

But he didn’t provide any more hints to Jason.

He was merely a “Presenter.”

He remembered his role well.

"Jason, please make your final preparations, the rematch is about to start," said the “Presenter.”

Jason nodded slightly, closed his eyes, and waited quietly.

...

Hospital, special ward.

A group of doctors were bustling around Bildler.

At the moment, Bildler lay in a coma on the hospital bed, surrounded by various precise instruments monitoring his every condition.

Heart rate, brain waves, and so on.

Doses of potion, fully sealed in transparent boxes, were being pushed toward the security consultant.

The chief physician responsible for the potion's transportation was wearing a mask, and after stopping the cart, the chief physician turned and walked to one side of the ward.

There, a solemn-faced elderly man with cold eyes stood straight.

"Butler Xilin, everything is ready," the chief physician said.

Then, the chief physician's gaze couldn't help but drift towards the well-dressed old butler. Under the mask, his mouth moved several times, and finally, the last bit of conscience made him speak up, "Butler Xilin, should we really do this?"

"These drugs are not mature."

"If, if we forcibly stimulate Mr. Bildler, it may cause unimaginable side effects

The chief physician's voice was slightly stammering.

Partly because of inherent hesitation.

And partly because Butler Xilin had looked over at him.

Facing the cold gaze, the chief physician felt like he was being targeted by a snake, his heart trembled, and he involuntarily stopped talking.

"Bildder is related to the Ninth Young Master of the Send Family,"

"I need to know all possible information,"

"Others?"

"Are not my concern."

The old butler named Xilin spoke slowly.

His voice, his tone, didn't fluctuate in the slightest.

And it was precisely because of this, the chief physician in front of him broke out in more of a cold sweat.

If he felt targeted by a snake before, now the snake was nearing, even opening its jaws.

"Understood!"

"I'm on it!" the chief physician said in succession.

And he immediately turned to signal his assistants.

"Begin the potion injection."

"1 milliliter," the chief physician said as a fine syringe targeted Bildler and was injected.

Bilder lay on the bed, motionless.

No change shown on the machines.

"2 milliliters," the chief physician said again.

But Bilder's condition remained the same.

"3

"The maximum dose," the butler said coldly.

The chief physician was taken aback, then, silently, he proceeded.

He didn't dare defy the old butler.

Because, he was acutely aware what the butler represented.

The Send Family.

One of the Hundred Major Families.

With just a flick of the finger, no, without even moving a finger, just hinting at a slight intention, he would be disposed of, and someone new would replace his position.

And him?

He would most likely be kicked out.

And that would already be merciful of them.

But even the most merciful outcome was unbearable to him.

His family, his parents, his wife, his daughter all depended on his salary for support.

Once he lost this job,

His family would fall apart.

And if they were unkind, took their anger out on him?

He wouldn't be able to bear it at all.

Death would seem like a fortunate escape.

He knew what that would mean.

If it were him, he might be able to endure it, but if his family were also involved...

I'm sorry!

The chief physician apologized to Bildder in his heart.

A 20-milliliter syringe was pointed at Bildder and plunged in directly, the potion began to enter Bildder's body.

Unlike before, this time, Bildler's eyes snapped open, and he sat up straight away.

### Chapter 756: Intermittent Time\_3

His already muscular frame was tightly coiled with muscle at this moment, his veins starting to bulge, especially around his temples, where a whole patch had risen.

At this time, Bildler's eyes took on a bizarre white hue.

It made the bulging veins on his face appear incredibly fierce.

But immediately—

"Ah! Aaah!"

The agonized cries burst forth from Bildler's mouth.

...

He struggled ceaselessly.

But the specially prepared 'restraint straps' had him and the bed that was bolted to the floor tightly bound together.

Bildler's struggle was futile.

The cries of agony continued.

Even more excruciating than before.



The elderly butler emerged from the corner of the infirmary.

He looked at Billeder, whose struggling made the 'restraint straps' creak, and asked with an unchanged expression and tone, "What did you notice at the time of the car accident?"

"Aaah!"

That was Billeder's response, a scream.

The elderly butler frowned.

This was not the response he wanted.

"What did you notice at the time of the car accident?"

The butler stressed again.

But the answer remained unaltered, still a scream.

This made the elderly butler somewhat lose his patience.

"Inject him with a sedative."

The butler ordered.

"This potion and the sedative may increase the sequelae... Understood."

"I'll do it right away," said the attending physician subconsciously, but when the butler's gaze swept over him, the physician immediately shrank down and instructed his assistants to inject the sedatives again.

One by one, the sedatives were administered.

The screaming Bildder quieted down; his pallid eyes returned to normal.

A touch of lucidity appeared in his eyes.

The butler took note of this.

"What did you notice at the time of the car accident?"

The butler asked once more.

"Nothing,"

"I was unconscious," Bildder replied hoarsely.

Then, a pain arose again, causing him to cry out involuntarily.

"Aaah!"

And this time, the pain was much fiercer than before, making Bildder's body contort into a bow shape.

Butler Xilin watched the scene, his brow furrowed.

"Useless."

Having said that, the butler turned and left.

The attending physician watched the butler leave and was about to start treating Bildler.

"Dilute the medicine, quickly!"

"Wait."

The butler, who was about to step out of the room, suddenly stopped, turned his head, and lightly said to the bewildered physician, "There's no need to treat the useless, understand?"

The physician watched the butler, stunned.

After a few seconds, he finally nodded.

"Understood."

Once he heard this, the butler stepped out of the door.

Outside, several bodyguards and assistants from the Send Family approached.

"Those who betrayed young master Send 9 have been found, and we are currently interrogating them."

"The 'game' rematch is facing some resistance, after all, it's against the rules."

The assistant reported softly.

"Rules?"

"Young master Send 9 is dead, which overshadows all rules!"

"I want all those connected to this assassination to die!"

"Galen is no exception."

"Bieder is no exception."

"And Jason, the source of it all, is certainly no exception!"

"Doesn't he like to 'wear three layers'? I'll give him another chance to show himself."

The butler continued sternly without stopping.

"Understood."

The assistant nodded and was about to act immediately but was halted by the butler.

"Wait."

"Take care of that doctor inside as well."

"He's not compliant enough."

After speaking, the butler quickened his pace.

After watching the butler leave, the assistant turned around to look back at the infirmary.

Without any hesitation, the assistant gestured to a nearby bodyguard.

The consequences of not being compliant were clear.

He had no desire for a senseless death.

Better for others to die than himself.

With this thought in mind, the assistant watched as the bodyguard walked into the infirmary, gun drawn and aimed at both Bildler and the doctor.

Then!

The assistant's eyes bulged in shock.

An entirely unexpected scene unfolded before him.

Chapter 757: Is that it?

At the moment the armed bodyguard charged into the ward, Bildler, who lay on the hospital bed, broke free from his restraints.

Bang, bang bang!

The specially made 'restraint straps' snapped one by one.

Bildler rolled out of bed, grabbed the bedhead with his hand, and with a fierce heave—

Crack!

The steel frame bed, which was originally riveted to the floor and fused completely with it, yanked up a large chunk of flooring and tumbled, slamming into the bodyguard.

...

Bang!

A muffled sound filled with the noise of bones breaking and tendons snapping.

The bodyguard, with his chest caved in by the steel frame bed and spitting blood, had a dimming gaze; it was obvious he wouldn't survive.

Billder picked up the gun that had fallen to the floor and charged out.

The stunned assistant hadn't even reacted when the gun was already pointed at his forehead.

"Cool it, Billder,"

"Do you know what you're doing?"

"Put the gun away."

After coming to his senses, the assistant being held at gunpoint scolded Billder as if it was Billder, not he, who was at the barrel's end.

This assistant wore a calm expression with a touch of arrogance.

It wasn't an act.

He had the confidence.

Confidence from the 'Send Family.'

He believed Bildder would make the right choice.

Even though he had just wanted to have someone 'take out' the other man.

Indeed, it was so.

As soon as the assistant finished speaking, he saw hesitation flicker in Bildder's eyes.

The assistant smiled.

"That's how this world works."

"You can only live if you kneel."

"And to live is what matters most."

"Bildder, you should cast aside your naivety and learn to compromise with the world," he said, as he began to reach out to take the gun from Bildder's hand.

But just then—

Bang!

The gun fired.

Flames shot from the barrel.

A bullet hole appeared in the assistant's forehead, and the arrogance on his face began to solidify.

Thud.

The body hit the floor.

Billder, looking at the body, had an indistinct emotion welling up in his eyes.

Regret?

A bit.

This former security consultant regretted his impulsive action.

But for some reason, he now felt a surge of relief and satisfaction.

This was a feeling he hadn't had in a long time.

Usually, he always felt like he couldn't catch his breath.

And now?

He could feel himself breathing freely.

Subconsciously, Billder glanced down at the gun in his hand.

The feel of the gun's handle, solid, cold.

"Freedom?" he murmured to himself, turning his head to look at the doctor who was still in shock, completely unresponsive.



"Don't kill me!"

"I

"Thank you for saving me," Bildder interrupted the doctor's panicked words, speaking very sincerely.

Although he had been unconscious, Bildder was very aware of his surroundings.

It wasn't any awakening of power; rather, someone had injected him with a potion after the car accident.

What potion, Bildder didn't know.

All he remembered was someone appearing before him after he was hit, and then, injecting him with a potion.

The figure was blurry.

He didn't quite remember the person's face.

But, he remembered the voice.

'What heaven has given you, has already been priced.'

The voice was somewhat deep but magnetic.

Bildder was certain, if he heard that voice again, he would recognize it.

As for why he lied when the Butler asked?

Wasn't everything obvious?

Even in his unconscious state, he could still sense everything around him.

The Butler's disregard for him.

The chief physician's fight for his last shred of life.

He was aware of it all.

"Is this what that person wanted?"

Billder couldn't help but think of that blurry figure.

What the person wanted, Billder didn't know, but he knew the person had significant intentions to have acted that way.

Starting with the death of Send Family's ninth son, everything seemed to move in an unknown direction.

An invisible net seemed to ensnare him.

The Planner, hidden in the shadows, was manipulating this net and the people upon it.

Including him, Send 9, the Butler, this doctor by his side, and... Jason.

Thinking of Jason, Billder's expression slightly changed.

He knew well what the Butler would do, but he couldn't change it.

Now, he...

"Roslor?"

Billder, after seeing the name on the doctor's badge, immediately continued, "You must inform your family right now, get out of zone F as fast as possible, go to zone D or E, just don't stay in zone F. Remember to take a private car with enough food and water, and leave via rural roads."

"Oh, oh, I'll call right away," said the chief physician, finally snapping out of it and taking out his phone.

Watching Roslor make his call, Billder turned his gaze toward the corridor outside.

He could hear footsteps.

The well-trained kind.

Clearly, the Butler had sensed something was wrong.

"I can't change the fate of many, but I must save Roslor who's right before my eyes!"

That conviction arose in Billder's heart.

He took a deep breath, feeling the strength inside his body he had never felt before, reveling in its power, and charged straight towards the corridor's far end and the exit.

...

"What?"

"The bodyguard in charge of cleaning up was killed by Bilder?"

"All of them?"

"The rest were taken down too?"

The Butler sat in the car while another assistant picked up the phone, cries of shock continuously erupting.

Chapter 758: Is that it?\_2

The old Butler's cold face showed a touch of surprise.

Then came anger!

A kind of anger from losing control.

A kind of anger from being offended.

Both combined, the old Butler directly said.

"Have the Family Guard clean him up."

...

The old Butler said coldly.

"Yes."

The assistant immediately dialed another number.

Listening to the communication between the assistant and the Family Guard, the old Butler adjusted his sitting posture, not leaning into the soft sofa but sitting upright.

Some habits were already branded deep in the soul of the old Butler.

They wouldn't change because of the environment's change.

Including daily habits, as well as...

Habits in handling affairs.

"Someone else wants to reach out to the 'Send Family,' huh?"

"Is it the 'DeLong Family' or the 'Xise' family?"

"Or perhaps those rats from the gutters?"

"Nevertheless, no matter who!"

"The hand you extend will be chopped off, and then you will pay the price!"

"A heavy price!"

The old Butler's face showed a cold smirk after he went through the enemies and potential enemies of the family in Sector F.

He was mocking these people for their hubris.

The 'Send Family's' strength in Sector F was not as simple as it seemed on the surface.

Even in the 'game,' they held absolute control.

"Let's start this time with Jason's death."

The old Butler said softly.

...

Click.

The chains and the door of the cage opened almost simultaneously.

Jason rubbed his wrists and stood up with the Broad Blade Cleaver in hand.

He was the last one to 'leave.'

The 'survivors' had left 3 hours ago.

And the last of the 'Brutalizers' left 5 minutes ago, the first more than 20 minutes ago.

Clearly, he made too strong an impression on the 'game organizers' during the preliminary round.

They did not want to see another 'one shoots three' situation.

Of course, the effort of the 'audience' is also a factor.

But compared to the former, Jason was more inclined to believe that the latter was more of 'participation for its own sake.'

Insider dealings?

Unspoken rules?

Unfairness?

Focusing on these could only make survival even more difficult.

When powerless to resist, one needed to lie low.

When capable of resistance, one could become a 'chess player.'

If they don't give you a chance to become a 'chess player'?

Then topple their chessboard and smash their dog heads!

This was one of the life rules Jason learned in Nightless City.

Right after the rule 'by any means necessary to survive.'

Both combined, the sense of satisfaction made Jason hate Nightless City even more.

And made him feel like everywhere else could be paradise.

Where people are kind, food is delicious, beds are comfortable, and there are warm baths.

The copy world in front of him?

Was no exception.

Even better, in fact,

Because food was free!

The three days of free nutritional meals might not taste like much, but they made the ever-eating Jason quite content, especially after adding 3 points of satiety.

3 points of satiety, for Jason now, wasn't much.

But if you really thought about it, that was a life.

The most important point: free!

Nothing made Jason happier than free food.

If there was, it would definitely be the satiety the food provided.

Therefore, at this time, Jason was in a rather good mood.

Even if hunting 'Brutalizers' would take a bit of time.

That's right!

Hunting 'Brutalizers'!



Effeminate 'Brutalizers' would go hunting 'survivors.'

The real 'Brutalizers' hunt 'Brutalizers'!

So, from beginning to end, Jason never focused on those 'survivors.'

No matter why those 'survivors' joined this 'game,' in some sense, they were weaklings, and Jason had no habit of swinging his knife at the weak.

Of course, the premise is, don't provoke him.

Provoke him?

God, I'll show you.

Step, step-step.

Jason took steps forward.

The design of this cell was not much different from that of the preliminary round; one side was the cells, and the other was sturdy walls, with the exit at the end.

At this moment, the two metal doors at the end had already been opened.

Unlike during the daytime of the preliminaries, it was night now.

Looking through the door, one could clearly see the night sky, stars, and the moon.

And as he approached the door, the beautiful night sky became clearer and clearer.

Jason continued to stride forward while looking at the starry sky.

In Jason's live-streaming 'audience,' the 'viewers' were anxiously typing bullet comments.

"Watch your feet! Watch your feet!"

"Jason! Look at your feet!"

"Trap! Trap!"

...

Streams of bullet comments fluttered across the screen, but Jason couldn't see them; he kept walking forward.

Click!

Suddenly, it seemed like Jason stepped on something.

A metallic clang sounded.

Two curved steel rings with serrated edges shot towards Jason's right leg directly.

Bang!

As if he didn't have time to dodge, Jason's right leg was locked in the 'beast trap.'

And that was not the end of it.

Whoosh!

A rustling sound cut through the air as a lasso flew out of the darkness. The two-meter-long lasso automatically looped back upon touching Jason, wrapping him up tightly.

"Gah gah gah, the 'well-regarded' Jason?"

"Just this?"

A mocking voice came out as a slightly thin man with a glaring cock's comb haircut appeared.

Tactical boots, camouflage pants, and a vest, with tactical gloves on both hands, while the right hand held a 'crossbow,' and two quivers of crossbow arrows hung at one side of his tactical belt.

The man was dressed like a soldier.

But he completely lacked the unique temperament of a military man.

All that was there was a slick and vicious aura, especially the way he walked, swaying and swaggering, and even chewing gum in his mouth.

The man swaggered over to the bound Jason.

The right leg caught in the 'beast trap,' even if it wasn't broken, would lose its mobility, not to mention the 'auto-lasso' brought by the 'lasso' binding.

Once trapped, not even those who proclaimed themselves to be strongmen could break free.

Therefore, the 'Brutalizer' was quite assured.

"Your head, I'll take that."

The 'Brutalizer' stood in front of Jason, raising the crossbow in his hands.

The tip of the crossbow arrow gleamed coldly, and the moonlight of the night shone upon it, adding to its coldness.

The excitement on the face of the gum-chewing 'Brutalizer' reached its peak.

In the midst of his excitement, his saliva began to flow uncontrollably, and chewing gum didn't stop the saliva from running down from the corner of his mouth, dripping down his chin to the ground.

He was completely unaware, "heh heh" laughing to himself.

Fingers were ready to press the trigger.

"It's over! It's over!"

"Jason is doomed!"

"His leg is caught in the 'beast trap,' his body is bound by the 'lasso,' he's definitely done for."

"I've always had high hopes for Jason, how could this happen?"

"That's the charm of the 'game'!"

"One moment the 'Brutalizer' seems powerful, but he might just be taken out by a little accident, wasn't Jason the same during the preliminaries? The current semi-finals are just a reversal of that situation."

"The user above makes sense, but I'm all in! What should I do?"

"I'm all in too, same question, what should I do?"

"You two above, let's go to the rooftop together!"

"At least, it won't be lonely!"

"You above are cruel, at a time like this, shouldn't we pray for a miracle?"

"Just pray!"

"A miracle will definitely happen!"

"Miracle?"

"Whoever believes that is a fool!"

...

At this time, the bullet comments in Jason's live-streaming room reached a peak.

The dense bullet comments nearly blocked out Jason in the video.

And the opinions were varied.

There were objective analyses.

Some showed disbelief.

Some were there to cause trouble.

And naturally, there were prayers.

It's just that the prayers themselves didn't believe a miracle would happen.

Their mindset was something like, "Let's try, what if it worked?"

And then—

A 'miracle' really happened.

Chapter 759: Jason Joins the Low-Level Game with Forced Merriment

Whoosh!

The trigger was pulled, and as the firing sound rang out, the crossbow arrow shot straight out.

All the barrage stopped, and the 'audience' widened their eyes, staring at the screen.

Then, their already wide eyes widened even further.

What did they see?

The blood-soaked scene they'd imagined didn't happen.

...

The crossbow arrow had shot out, that was true.

But it didn't hit its mark.

The sharp crossbow arrow was lodged next to Jason's ear.

He dodged, he dodged it?!

After a pause, the barrage on the screen went wild.

"666!"

"God-tier dodge!"

"Show off!"

"Such a show-off!"

...

The 'audience', seeking tension and excitement, seemed like they hit their G-spot, starting to frenziedly call out.

But the 'Brutalizer' who shot the crossbow arrow was stunned.

A second ago, his face twisted with madness, now he was agape in astonishment.

He missed?

The 'Brutalizer' thought this and subconsciously tried to load another arrow.

Although the bow and arrow have an advantage in a silent fight, their true power is far less than firearms, and more importantly, they're not as quick to reload.

Of course, they also share similarities.

For example: being dodged!

To dodge a bullet, you need to focus not on the muzzle, but on the fingers pulling the trigger.

Jason learned this in the 'Nightless City'.

Although back then he was far from reaching this level, he remembered the words.

And as his strength grew day by day, he was able to dodge at this level.

If bullets can be dodged.

Then arrows certainly can too.

Even bound as he was, the twist of the neck was enough.

And if the neck can twist for dodging, naturally, it can also attack.

Headbutt!

Bang!

The 'Brutalizer' loading the crossbow arrow was hit hard in the bridge of the nose by Jason's headbutt.



Crack!

Amidst the crisp sound of breaking bone, not only the 'Brutalizer's' nose was broken, but his face caved in too.

Instantly, fresh blood stained Jason's hockey mask.

Those cold eyes stared at the 'Brutalizer' covering his face and screaming, as the large, muscular body fell straight down like a pillar of a house, crashing onto the 'Brutalizer's' lower abdomen.

Splat!

The 'Brutalizer', covering his face, spat out a mouthful of fresh blood.

Hot blood mixed with fragments of organs.

After a few convulsions, the other party stopped breathing.

"Killed in retaliation?"

"He did retaliate!"

"Worthy of being 'the strongest newcomer'!"

"Jason! Jason!"

"Jason! Jason!"

...

The 'audience' watching this scene boiled with excitement. Why else would they be willing to watch the 'game' live, if not for the thrilling reversals they sought after aside from the tension and excitement?

Just like a previous 'audience' member said, any seemingly strong 'Brutalizer' could be taken down by a minor accident—and that 'minor accident' was exactly what most 'audience' members looked forward to.

Jason, who had caused two 'minor accidents' in a row, instantly attracted a large group of 'audience' members.

Now, they were cheering for 'Jason'.

Consciously, they had aligned themselves with 'Jason's' camp.

As a result, some matters became of particular focus!

"Jason, be careful!"

"Another 'Brutalizer' is coming!"

"Not one!"

"There are two!"

"A double ambush?"

"Pah!"

"Have you no shame!"

...

The 'audience' members, who had been cheering a moment ago, switched the broadcast channel and saw the perspectives of two other 'Brutalizers' in the rematch. Immediately, those who had entered 'Jason's' camp began cursing vociferously.

At this moment, their subjective consciousness influenced them.

They looked forward to 'minor accidents.'

But they did not wish these 'minor accidents' to happen to 'Jason.'

They wanted 'Jason' to be the one causing accidents for others.

Perhaps...

That's what fans are like.

Affection makes everything irrational.

Before, people were like this.

Now, people are still like this.

The only difference is, they have chosen 'Jason.'

And Jason?

He never disappoints.

Jason, who had fallen onto the body of the first 'Brutalizer,' struggled to his feet. He began to stand, readying his Broad Blade Cleaver in hand, prepared to cut through the 'Beast Trap.'

The Beast Trap was woven from a mix of cow tendon and fishing line, impossible to break free from for an ordinary person.

But for Jason, it was a piece of cake.

However, he did not struggle with brute force.

Because in his perception, two 'preys' were getting closer.

He did not wish to scare away these two 'preys.'

Just like the earlier one.

The moment he stepped out of the 'cage', Jason had already spotted these three 'preys.'

The reason why he entered the 'trap' without noticing, was merely to lure these three 'preys' into his own 'trap.'

Hunter and prey?

These are not fixed roles.

Every moment, they might switch.

As for the 'Beast Trap'?

Ordinary people might have their bones crushed by it.

But for Jason, it wouldn't even tear his skin.

He relies on one of his core abilities [Battle Tattoo: Prus. Griffin. Shadow Concealment Body Forging Technique], which gives his entire body the defense of a military vehicle.

Let alone a common person's Beast Trap.

He would even dare to face a rocket head-on!

He dodged the incoming Crossbow Arrows, for the same reason he didn't break free from the 'Beast Trap' directly—he did not wish to scare away the two 'preys.'

The blade of the Broad Blade Cleaver easily sliced through the cords of the 'Beast Trap.'

Whoosh!

With Jason's shaking, the cords began to fall away.

Chapter 760: Jason Suppresses his Joy to Join the Lower-Level Games\_2

Just as the rope hit the ground, a figure burst out from the shadows behind Jason.

The attacker was clad in all black, smeared with mud and leaves, and had been standing so still in the shadows that he blended completely into the bushes, making him nearly indistinguishable.

But now, with a single movement, he struck like a bolt of lightning.

The dagger in his hand, gleaming with a cold light, aimed straight for Jason's back like a shooting star.

Before the dagger could reach him, a foul scent hit Jason's face.

Among the cold gleam, there was a tinge of ghastly green.

...

Obviously, the dagger was poisoned.

However, that wasn't what made the 'audience' in Jason's live stream tense.

What truly made them 'anxious' was that with the appearance of this 'Brutalizer,' the last 'Brutalizer' had also shown up.

Thump, thump thump.

Following a slightly heavy set of footsteps, a 'flesh mountain,' reaching an imposing two meters yet excessively corpulent beyond human limits, positioned himself 20 meters in front of Jason.

The man's face was covered in bizarre tattoos, nearly enveloping his entire visage.

Only his eyes, nose, and mouth were left exposed.

A face full of flabby flesh, adorned with odd tattoos, twisted into a fearsome aspect.

"Ha."

The last 'Brutalizer' let out a series of chuckles, not moving to attack immediately but instead staring intently at Jason and the other 'Brutalizer' with his beady green eyes deeply set in his pudgy cheeks.

"A fisherman benefits?," one watcher typed.

"So sneaky!," another commented.

"Face like a pig, but rotten to the core!," yet another wrote.

"Are you kidding? Isn't this a smart move?," someone argued.

"New here, don't understand," admitted a newcomer.

"Don't understand +1," agreed another.

"Just watch silently!," advised a different viewer.

...

The 'audience' watched the screen with bated breath, and as soon as the last 'Brutalizer' made his move, complaints started pouring in.

Any dissent was quickly drowned out.

Of course, there were 'audience' members who felt dissatisfied and instinctively wanted to lash out.

However, before they could voice their concerns, they were captivated by what 'Jason' was doing on-screen.

The poisoned dagger thrust towards his back.

Jason did not turn around; in fact, he didn't even retract the broad blade cleaver he had used to cut the rope and was still holding behind his back, rather he just tilted the blade sideways.

Clang!

The incoming dagger collided with the short-handled broad blade cleaver.

In the crisp clash of metal, the dagger was sent flying high, and the 'Brutalizer,' who had put all his might into what he thought was a sure-kill stab, was left with a face of shock.

This 'Brutalizer' couldn't fathom in any way how his determined strike had been so easily countered.

What was more unexpected for him was that as he prepared to adjust his posture for another attack, his shoulder was grabbed by Jason as he spun around.

Instinctively, the 'Brutalizer' tried to twist and shrug, hoping to shake off Jason's grip, but even as he exerted his core in the effort, Jason's grip didn't budge an inch.

Far from throwing off Jason's grip, the opposite happened—

Crack!

A crisp snap, and the 'Brutalizer's' shoulder was 'dislocated' by Jason.

Jason's hand then smoothly traveled down the attacker's arm.

Crack! Crack!

The elbow and wrist joints were also 'dislocated' by Jason.



For Jason, who possessed a master-level option in 'Barehanded Combat,' 'Apprehension Master,' all of this was too easy.

As easy as eating and drinking.

But for the 'Brutalizer,' it was a disaster.

With three joints dislocated, the pain spread uncontrollably like a tidal wave of agony, completely overwhelming the 'Brutalizer.' His hand clutching the dagger trembled, and the attack he had been gathering vanished without trace.

"Ah!"

At the same time, a cry of agony escaped from the 'Brutalizer.'

But immediately, the cry was cut short.

Because the man was spun around by Jason, who had grabbed his arm.

Bang, bang bang!

Once, twice, thrice.

He was slammed into the ground back and forth.

'Grappling Mastery' in 'Barehanded Combat'!

Under 'Grappling Mastery,' Jason required only slight adjustments in his core, arms, and back muscles to make the technique more effortless and leverage-friendly.

It also made the slams more rapid.

Initially, the 'Brutalizer' still made sounds, but after a couple of slams, he was barely breathing.

A flesh and blood body crashing into the hard ground wasn't something ordinary people could endure, even if he was a carefully selected 'Brutalizer' by the 'game.'

Because this was no mere fall, it was a 'smash' with Jason's strength poured into the ground.

By the time Jason released him, the 'Brutalizer' had already turned into a puddle of mud, flesh indistinct and spread out on the ground, lifeless.

"Thrilling!"

"Amazing takedown!"

"Jason is not only good with weapons but is also skilled in hand-to-hand combat?"

"Of course, look at Jason's build, doesn't he look like a wrestler?"

"My bad earlier! Suddenly I'm a bit interested in this 'Brutalizer' now!"

"Just keep watching Jason, you'll grow to like him!"

...

When Jason "freestyle grappled" that "Brutalizer," the comments once again surged crazy.

The "audience" was conquered by the grappling skills Jason displayed.

But soon, a reminder appeared in the comments.

"Watch that 'Meat Mountain'!"

"He wants to profit from the fishermen!"

"Jason, be careful!"

...

Jason didn't need the reminder from the comments; his gaze had already landed on the last "Brutalizer."

Similarly, the opponent's gaze was locked on Jason.

Or rather...

It was locked on the leg that was caught in the "Beast Trap."

"A worthy 'prey' to 'hunt.'"

"However, you now

"Probably can't even move, right?"

The last "Brutalizer" burst into laughter.

Especially when he noticed Jason turning his body to the side, making a movement to hide the leg caught in the "Beast Trap," the laughter was even louder.

"Since it's like this!"

"Then let me use my proud body weight to achieve victory!"

As he finished speaking, the last "Brutalizer" began to run.

Thud, thud thud!

The fat footfalls on the ground made it tremble ever so slightly, and what was more exaggerated was the way the flesh on the opponent's body began to undulate like waves.

From slow to fast.

At first, the opponent moved somewhat sluggishly.

But after just a few steps, this slow movement turned into a fast charge.

That speed, not only surpassing that of an ordinary person, but even outstripping that of a typical sprinter.

The "audience" inside Jason's room were stunned; they found it hard to imagine that someone as fat as a mountain could have such speed.

"Here it comes!"

"The Meat Mountain Chariot!"

"Everyone hit head-on will be crushed to pieces!"

"No exceptions!"

"Even a big tree would be knocked down!"

Those "audience" members who were familiar with this "Brutalizer" began to introduce him, causing the rest to be apprehensive, and many who had just prayed began praying again.

They hoped for a miracle.

"Look quick!"

The massive palm covered his own foot.

Bang!

This strike, just like the previous ones, was extremely fast and didn't seem to fit the 'Angel Envoy's' huge body.

And the force was applied very cleverly.

Apart from the spot where Jason was, the entire palm didn't let even a bit of strength leak out.

Almost at the same moment the 'Angel Envoy's' palm made contact, Jason's body was crushed into mush.

Death arrived as expected.

Feeling the scent of death from the ant beneath its foot, the 'Angel Envoy's' fury didn't dissipate.

"You think death is the end?" it said as if making a declaration.

But before it could finish, it let out another agonizing scream.

This time, it was far more excruciating than the previous ones.

Because!

Jason had burrowed directly into the wound he had bitten!

And the moment he tunneled into the 'Angel Envoy's' flesh, Jason breathed a slight sigh of relief.

He had gained the 'advantage' he sought!

His biggest fear was being 'tossed' away from his food!

But now, he had 'burrowed' in!

No one could separate him from his 'food'.

No one!

Carrying a belief of utmost conviction, Jason who had crawled into the 'Angel Envoy's' body and into its flesh, opened his mouth to reveal sharp teeth, and then used his hands and feet to move forward.

There was no more chewing.

Nor was there swallowing.

When Jason's mouth was opened as wide as possible, his oral cavity, esophagus, and stomach became fully 'connected'.

His sharp teeth, like daggers, cut through the surrounding flesh relentlessly, pushing it into his mouth, then, using the power of his limb movements, when more 'food' entered his mouth, it pushed the previous 'food' further down his throat and into his stomach.

Almost instantly, Jason was in a state where 'as long as I run fast enough, there will be plenty of food.'

As for exhaustion?

Non-existent!

Constantly consuming 'food', Jason's physical strength and vitality were always recovering.

And growing ever more abundant!

More vigorous!

Correspondingly, the 'Angel Envoy' who had never imagined being 'invaded' like this, let out even more deafening screams.

In its cries, the 'Angel Envoy' didn't understand how Jason had resurrected, but it realized that it must deal with 'Jason' quickly, otherwise, it would be completely 'devoured'!

In the 'Angel Envoy's' perception, Jason kept eating its flesh while moving forward.

Not only was he moving at a breakneck speed, but he had also 'eaten' out a 'passage' in its 'foot'!

However, Jason's destination naturally couldn't be the 'foot' area.

But a larger space.

For example: the legs, abdomen, chest, or... the head!

With this thought, the 'Angel Envoy' didn't hesitate to slam down another palm.

Despite the layers of 'armor' and flesh, this strike still managed to hit Jason squarely.

Splat!

Jason immediately turned into a mush once more.

But this time the 'Angel Envoy' wasn't as careless as before; sensing that Jason had turned into mush, it struck another palm.

Splat!

The mush became even finer.

But for Jason, it was all the same.

The next moment, he reappeared in his original spot.

Then surged forward again, devouring even more of the 'Angel Envoy's' flesh.

"Maggot!"

"You maggot!"



The 'Angel Envoy' roared angrily, its palms repeatedly striking down.

Different from the previous two times, the 'Angel Envoy's' attacks didn't stop this time, it maintained Jason in a 'death state', and then, its flesh began to grow!

It wanted to 'squeeze' Jason within its own flesh.

It wanted to 'fuse' Jason into its flesh.

It believed that Jason, being just a 'mortal', would surely 'die' once 'truly fused' into its flesh, and would become very cleanly a part of it.

It had done such things before.

It firmly believed this time would be no exception.

In fact, it was so.

The moment Jason was enveloped by the 'Angel Envoy's' flesh, the again 'resurrected' Jason just melted away under the pressure of the 'Angel Envoy's' flesh.

Arms, legs, torso, including the head.

Without any particular order.

Almost instantaneously, he melted away.

The "Angel Envoy" sensed this scene and let out a deep voice.

"You will face the most brutal judgment!"

It said so.

Then, just as it was about to extract Jason's spirit, it suddenly found that Jason's 'teeth' moved.

The upper half of the head had already melted away, leaving only the lower half, where the teeth were.

Compared to other parts of his body, Jason's teeth, while maintaining their sharpness, were also much more durable!

Even within the flesh of the "Angel Envoy," they did not melt immediately; instead, they fulfilled their duty, instinctively biting and tearing at the 'food,' pushing this 'food' into the mouth, esophagus, stomach.

With a 'torso' acting as a buffer.

Jason's organs were also still intact.

He could still digest!

He could still gain satiety!

With 'satiety' as support, he was undying!

The recently melted Jason reappeared once more.

The vanished arms, legs, torso, and parts of the head reemerged.

The moment his brain regained consciousness, Jason instantly understood what the “Angel Envoy” wanted to do and also realized his own predicament.

So, he opened his ‘mouth’ wide!

He wanted not to be melted by the adversary!

He needed a sufficiently large ‘living space’!

How to acquire this ‘living space’?

Eat!

Devour enough of the adversary’s flesh!

The sinister smile on the “Brutalizer’s” face froze.

He felt that hardness, and his entire being turned to sheer terror.

"Impossible!"

"How is this possible!"

"Aaaargh!"