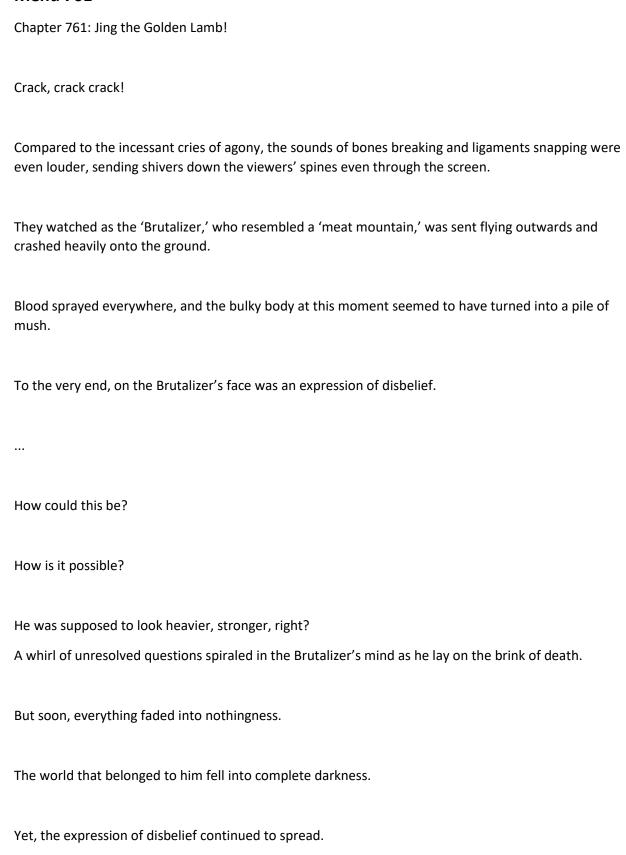
Menu 761



Every single viewer in Jason's livestream shook as they watched it all unfold.
Each one of them was dumbfounded at that moment.
What happened?
Jason won?
He won again?
Did a miracle occur once more?
In a short amount of time, as this information was confirmed in their minds, it turned into the best fuel for their adrenaline, and the viewers began to furiously tap on their keyboards.
"He won!"
"One against three!"
"Jason did it again, one against three!"
"The strongest rookie!"
Each viewer in Jason's livestream room was thrilled beyond measure.
Even those who joined later were catching their breath at this time.

Emotions are contagious.
Whether positive or negative emotions.
When they reach a climax—
It's time for a release!
The old man who got on board sent out dumplings X100!
Lian sent out drumsticks x10!
The Scarecrow sent out ribs x10!
A stream of rewards appeared on the screen.
Then came even more comments.
"Boss! The boss!"
"666!"
"Which boss is missing some bling on their legs?"
•••

Whether witty banter or flip remarks from idle chatters, the comments kept popping up. All the viewers standing with Jason were enjoying the 'victorious hour,' but there's always someone who remains extremely calm, and this time was no exception. "Have you guys noticed that the timing of these three 'Brutalizers' showing up is a little too coincidental?" After this comment drifted past, the barrage of comments paused momentarily. Then, even more comments swarmed in— "Hmm, now that you mention it, it's really too coincidental." "What coincidence, it's a trap!" "Someone is targeting Jason again!" "Is there another play-for-profit gamer showing up?" "Definitely, those unscrupulous guys always hope to make a fortune through such shady means." "Exactly, otherwise why would those three 'Brutalizers' team up?"

"Are you an idiot? I just did a data search, and these three 'Brutalizers' have never participated in a competition together before, meaning they just met. Judging by the order they left the 'cage,' they had less than ten minutes to effectively communicate with each other. In less than ten minutes, the three 'Brutalizers' reached an agreement? Stop kidding! If 'Brutalizers' could really reach an agreement that easily, they wouldn't be 'Brutalizers'."

"Could it be they just discussed it?"



Aside from this family among the Hundred Major Families, which possessed extraordinary control in Sector F, Jason couldn't think of any other person or power capable of making three unfamiliar 'Brutalizers' cooperate.
And only the Send Family, who were directly involved in 'game' management, could make three 'Brutalizers' work together obediently.
Coincidentally, Send 9 was assassinated right after meeting him.
So, was his 'death' predictable too?
Beneath the hockey mask, there was a slight curl of Jason's lips, a cold sneer emerging.
Jason didn't like trouble.
But he liked even less being afraid of trouble.
Perhaps he couldn't fully eliminate trouble, but he could eliminate those who caused him trouble.
The Send Family was powerful.
That was a fact!
But they were not impregnable.
After all, the Send Family was just one of the Hundred Major Families!
If the Send Family encountered trouble, would the remaining 99 families add fuel to the fire, or would

they pounce, tearing into the juiciest piece first?

Perhaps the former, but Jason was certain the latter was more likely.
Otherwise, 'The Planner' wouldn't have chosen the Send Family.
No!
It wasn't just the Send Family!
If any one of the families encountered trouble, the remaining 99 would kick them while they were down.
The 'cake' was only so large; with one less person, the others could eat a bit more.
Choosing the Send Family was because
"They're easier than the other families?"
"Or does the Send Family have some flaws?"
"Or maybe leverage?"
Jason pondered, while the night sky blossomed with fireworks.
"The winner!"
"Player Jason once again becomes the first winner!"

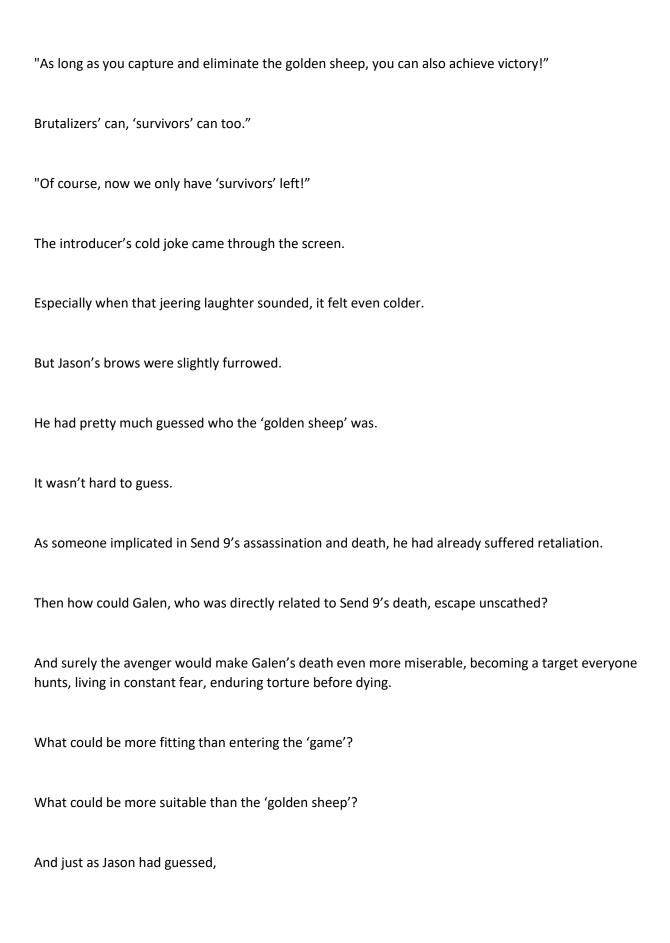
screen slowly rose with the support of a metal frame. The silhouette on the screen eagerly clapped their hands. Chapter 762: Jing the Golden Lamb!_2 Clap, clap clap. Unlike the background sound effects, This deliberate applause conveyed much more sincerity. "I've said similar things before," "But this time," "I must say it again," "You really are an impressive 'newcomer'." Having said that, the 'introducer' clapped again. The other party tried to prove their point with action. Unfortunately, Jason, wearing a hockey mask, remained indifferent.

The 'introducer' had dealt with Jason before and seemed to understand his cold nature. After the applause faded, he didn't pause and said, "Now that 'Brutalizer' only has the victorious Jason left, let's

bring on our special rule: the second phase!"

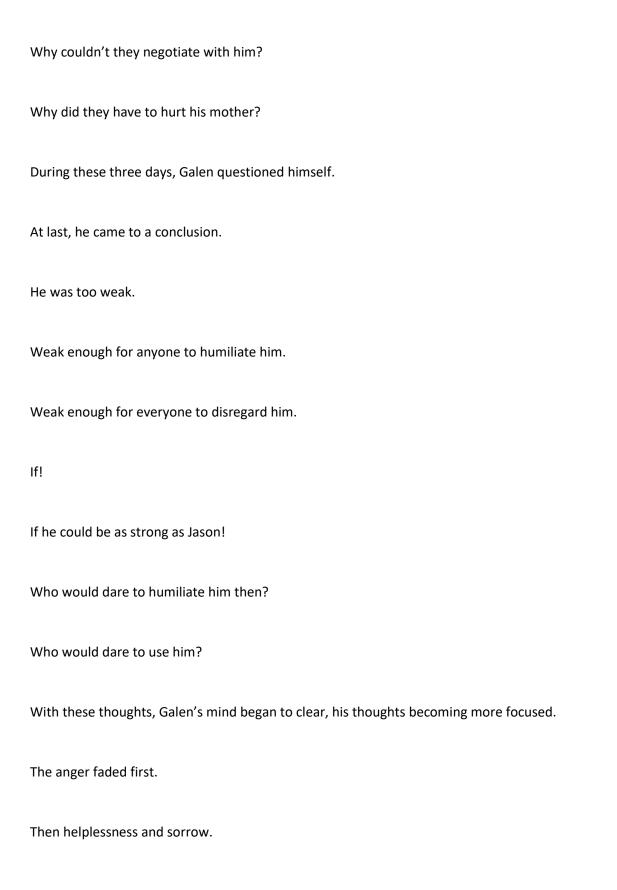
As before, a mechanical synthesized voice spoke and from beneath the ground next to a large tree, a





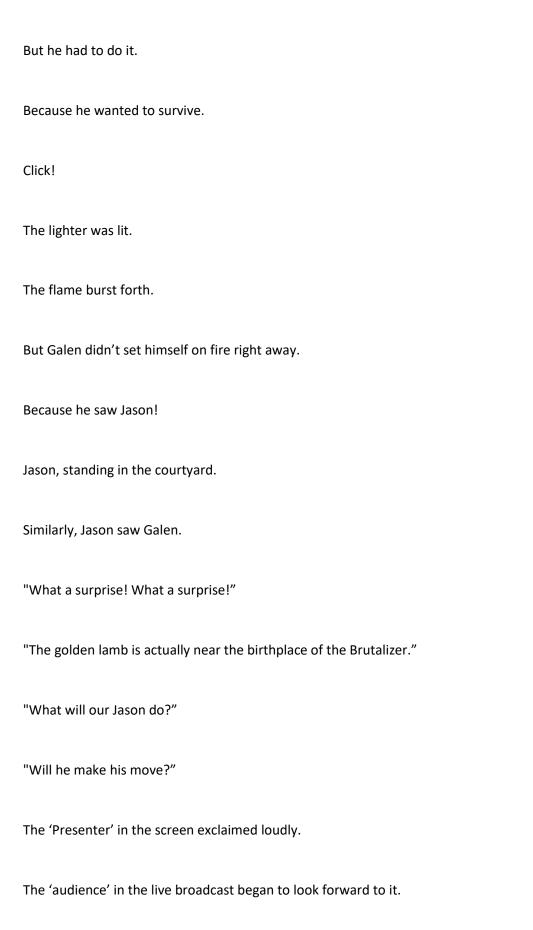


It was a look that one could find only in some 'loners' in Nightless City.
Jason didn't know what Galen had experienced over the past three days.
But one thing Jason was sure of:
What Galen had encountered was definitely not something ordinary people would want to face.
In fact, it was the case!
Anger, helplessness, sorrow, fear.
All these emotions had converged on this 'survivor,' the winner of the preliminary game, three days earlier.
For a considerable amount of time during those three days, Galen's thoughts had been fixed on the moment Send 9 was assassinated.
He knew he had been used again.
The initial use was due to being noticed by Send 9, orchestrating his mother's car accident to make him participate in the 'game.'
The subsequent use was also because someone had taken notice of him, turning him into the pawn for the assassination of Send 9.
This made him even angrier.
Why couldn't they communicate properly with him?



And last, the fear.
Galen, calmer now, gripped the lighter, feeling a warmth that wasn't truly there.
This was his last resort.
It was the only 'good' left after a series of manipulations.
A 'good' from the 'Brutalizer.'
Are 'Brutalizers' necessarily bad?
Are those dressed in fine clothes definitely good?
Galen started pondering questions he had never considered before.
Then, he began to confront his own situation—
The golden sheep?
He understood this identity.
And he knew the rules.
He wanted to live.
Though he knew it was difficult, he was resolved to survive as long as possible.

Standing in the 'cage' prepared especially for him, Galen looked at the open door, took a deep breath, and stepped out.
Besides being covered in ridiculous, golden, glowing wool, he had only a lighter.
He walked forward along the long corridor.
Chapter 763: Jing the Golden Lamb!_3
Galen looked at the night sky outside, and he knew very well that as soon as he went out, he'd be attacked—his shimmering golden fleece made him a target for all.
Unless
Galen looked down at the lighter in his hand again.
He knew this was his last chance.
To burn this golden fleece with fire.
Would it hurt under the flames?
It would hurt!
Especially to burn off all the hair on one's body, that kind of pain was unimaginable. Galen was crystal clear about this.





After all, these Brutalizers had been communicated with.
In their plan, he was bound to be killed.
Those three Brutalizers were bound to win.
However, the situation was different now.
After glancing at Galen, Jason began to clean up the battlefield, gathering the bodies of the three Brutalizers and placing the weapons and gear belonging to the three Brutalizers to one side.
Beast Trap, automatic grappling hook, Crossbow Arrow, a poisoned dagger, and a skin bag.
The skin bag belonged to the Brutalizer who was like a 'mountain of flesh.'
Jason uncorked it and sniffed, and a strong scent of herbal medicine hit his nose.
With his limited knowledge of herbs, Jason couldn't determine what it was, but his intuition as a 'gourmet' told him the liquid wasn't poisonous and was beneficial for injured, exhausted bodies.
But it was of no use to him.
So, Jason casually resealed the cork and tossed the skin bag back to its original place on the ground.
Then, he looked up at the distant sky.
There, a heavy transport helicopter appeared and began to approach rapidly.

Pers and those soldiers descended from the aircraft.
"Player Jason."
'The Contact' Pers gestured to Jason, who nodded, and Pers immediately pressed the green button on the remote control.
Intense sleepiness struck again.
Jason lay down as if on cue.
The helicopter flew away.
Taking Jason, Pers, and those soldiers with it, leaving only Galen standing there, dumbstruck.
From start to finish, Jason never said a word.
Even, aside from the first glance, Jason hardly looked at him again.
But still, Galen felt Jason's 'kindness' once more.
He took a deep breath again.
Then, his gaze turned to the nearby place.
There—
The Beast Trap, automatic grappling hook, Crossbow Arrow, poisoned dagger, and the medicine-filled skin bag were neatly laid out.

Chapter 764: Chain Reaction
It was still the 'apartment room', and Jason hadn't changed his residence.
Before Jason 'woke up', 'the contact' Pers had already stood outside the door beforehand.
Although Jason appeared 'very harmless', as a competent 'contact', Pers knew exactly what to do, after all, most who didn't know are already dead.
"Contestant Jason, you have five days of rest."
"The final match for Zone F will take place in five days, and since you've become a successful contestant in the preliminary final, not only can you enjoy 'nutritional meals' for free, but you can also get some furniture for free, including but not limited to beds, sofas, and so on."
"However, it is only free for the first time, after that, you will still need to spend points."
Pers explained.
Jason nodded. Watching Jason nod, Pers also nodded along.
Even though he hadn't heard Jason speak until now, Pers didn't feel uncomfortable at all.
On the contrary, he quite liked this mode of interaction.
A quiet 'Brutalizer' was always better than a hot-tempered 'Brutalizer', right?

"You know, if you need anything, just use the call device."
"I'm available 24 hours."
Jason's cooperation had finally made Pers, who had been agitated and restless for the past three days, breathe a sigh of relief.
He couldn't imagine, already nearly suffocating from the pressure, if he met a hot-tempered Jason, what would that look like?
He would probably collapse, right?
But, even now, without collapsing.
It was close.
Every time he thought about his unauthorized deletion of the video recording of his active conversation with Jason, Pers felt uneasy.
It'll be fine!
It definitely will be!
Everything will pass peacefully!
Pers closed the 'door' securely and turned to walk towards the corridor outside.
As a 'contact', Pers's room was in the corridor outside, on the left-hand side.

A one bedroom, one living room, and one bathroom, not large, but fully functional.

Aside from the large monitor on the wall directly facing his room that displayed the surveillance video of Jason, the room had a faint sense of warmth, whether it was the cactus on the table or the cat's nest beside the sofa, all attested to this.

He first glanced at the monitor.

Upon discovering that Jason had only turned on the live broadcast on TV and there was nothing unusual, Pers grabbed the watering can and spritzed the cactus.

"Little cactus, do you think I did the right thing?"

"It must be, right?"

"After all, I just want to protect myself."

Pers spoke to the cactus while holding the watering can.

A moment later, he crouched in front of the cat's nest.

It was a cartoon shark-shaped cat nest, in a semi-enclosed style, where the entrance was the grown shark's mouth, with teeth made of soft cloth sewn together, and a string hanging down with a cotton ball at the end as a fluffy plaything.

'This cat nest not only provides softness for cats but also gives them a greater sense of security, which is especially suitable for newly brought-home felines.'

That's what the pet store salesman told him three years ago.

And it was for that very reason he bought the cat nest.

In Pers's plan, he wanted to prepare the cat nest, litter box, scoop, cat food, and so on first, and then go choose a kitten that he fancied, connected with, and that was very clingy.
Unfortunately
A week later, he didn't pass the 'game' planner exam, but instead, he was recruited by the 'contact' organization with outstanding results.
After 22 weeks of training and adaptation, he became a 'contact'.
For this, Pers wasn't dismayed.
Planner was good, 'contact' was also good.
The job was stable, with six months paid vacation a year, double pay during normal working hours, internal matchmaking events as one got older, a large birth bonus from the organization for having children, and free school recommendations from primary school straight up to university.
However, one thing made Pers feel regretful.
'Contacts' couldn't keep cats.
Or more accurately, 'contacts' couldn't keep pets.
Pers knew very well.
This was because the organization was worried about infiltration or pets being used to create trouble.
So, in the end, Pers never got his own cat, only a cat nest.

But sometimes, just having a cat nest is enough.
Pers pretended he had a cat.
Right in the midst of the cat nest.
He imagined that just by lifting his hand he could touch the soft fur of the cat, of course, there would be some shedding, but that's not important, the cat I keep is a special breed that doesn't require maintenance.
Like before, Pers planned to pet his own cat.
But just as he lifted his hand and reached in, the 'contact's' contented expression changed abruptly.
His face stiffened as he drew a note from the cat's nest.
Written on the note in bold red ink was the message—
I know what you did!
In the eyes of 'The Planner', what kind of role was Pers?
Jason pondered this question as he watched the live broadcast about 'Galen' on TV.
Leaving the 'game site' and returning to his room, Jason took about more than 20 minutes.

In such a short amount of time, the latter half of the preliminary final naturally couldn't be concluded.
In fact, to a certain extent, the preliminary final was just the real beginning.
Only now, the protagonist had shifted from Jason to Galen.
And moreover, the response was good.
Jason deduced this from the dense barrage of comments.
"What a formidable Golden Lamb!"
"Where is this a lamb? Clearly, it's a big bad wolf!"
"And aren't those files saying the Golden Lamb used to be a lumberjack just joking?"
Chapter 765: Chain Reaction_2
"The Woodcutters Guild uses grappling hooks, crossbow arrows, and Beast Traps?"
Barrage after barrage of comments floated across the screen.
At this time on the screen, Galen was using grappling hooks and crossbow arrows to drive a group of 'survivors' hunting him into a trap set with Beast Traps, his movements exceedingly proficient.
And this had become the focus of the 'audience's discussion.

Jason, however, watched it all with calmness.
Why couldn't a lumberjack be proficient with grappling hooks, crossbow arrows, and setting Beast Traps?
After all, they were close to the forest; wasn't it expected for a lumberjack to learn some Hunter skills? Besides, Galen was quite smart.
He knew to use his brain in combat rather than directly confront the 'survivors.'
Otherwise, even with the tools at hand, he would still fail.
As Galen began a new round of planning, the screen, as usual, began to play back highlights from before.
Watching the playback, a gleam of insight flashed in Jason's eyes.
He seemed to have guessed how The Planner would arrange Pers's situation.
How would Pers minmise his own risk?
The simplest way was to delete the footage of their meeting.
And that was exactly what The Planner wanted.
As long as Pers did that, he would fall right into The Planner's trap.
Then?

If the footage could be deleted,
Why couldn't it be added?
Jason was entirely confident that a piece of footage highly unfavorable to the Send Family would appear.
Ultimately, this footage would become the last straw to break the Send Family.
Moreover, Jason was sure the time wouldn't be long.
It would be very soon!
"Is it to bring down the 'Send Family'?"
"Or to replace them?"
Jason began contemplating The Planner's deeper intentions.
Of course, this didn't stop him from pressing the 'Nutrient Meal (Free)' button on his handheld computer.
Ding!
The familiar crisp sound rang out.
Jason glanced again at the free furniture offerings.

In the end, he chose only an elongated, widened sofa and a blanket.
The sofa didn't have a soft backrest; it was the all-wood type that had been varnished, smooth and hard.
The blanket was also just a thin layer, barely more than nothing.
Jason had chosen bedding most similar to what he had in the Nightless City.
It wasn't that there weren't better options.
He just didn't allow himself to indulge in them.
The nutrient meal was quickly delivered.
It was the same as before, tasteless, but really nutritious.
Jason picked up a piece, lifted his hockey mask slightly, and then casually threw the 'nutrient meal' into his mouth.
He chewed vigorously.
Even though the live TV broadcast was still ongoing,
Even though the 'nutrient meal' in his mouth was completely tasteless,
Jason still instinctively focused his attention on the food.
Not until he had finished all the food did Jason press the 'Nutrient Meal (Free)' button again, then he turned his gaze back to the live TV broadcast.

Wait a minute!
The expression beneath Jason's mask became concentrated.
He couldn't help but lower his head to look at the empty plate that was already half cleared away.
He could be distracted by food.
But what about the 'Send Family'?
Definitely!
The 'Send Family' would also be distracted.
Moreover, it could be said that only if the 'Send Family' were distracted could The Planner properly complete the last step, tearing open a rift in the Send Family.
And the target capable of attracting the 'Send Family's attention
Billder!
The 'Send Family's security consultant!
Almost instantly, Jason thought of this answer.
Similarly, the image of The Planner in Jason's mind gained a bit more definition.



Jason thought silently to himself, his expression calm as he lifted a corner of his mask and continued eating his "nutritional meal."
He had deduced quite a bit of information.
But for Jason now, that information was less useful than the tasteless food in his mouth.
After all, his current identity was just a "Brutalizer."
Moreover, one who must win the "overall game champion" title.
However, this did not mean that the information was entirely useless.
At least, it would allow him to be more prepared.
Even, in some ways, to take the initiative.
Passively waiting was not what Jason wanted.
Nor was it what he was accustomed to.
Billder and Roslor were walking through the sewer.
On one side was the gurgling wastewater, looking like a river.
On the other was the solid cement floor.

Roslor, walking on the cement, still couldn't shake the feeling of unreality.
Thinking about what had happened during the day, it all seemed like a dream.
He opened his mouth, intending to say something.
But the words turned into a sigh when they reached his lips.
"I never knew people could actually walk through the sewer."
As a doctor, Roslor, who had received an elite education from a young age, might have extensive knowledge, but in some respects, he was far from Billder, who had fought his way up from the bottom.
"District F is not some small city, without a spacious sewer, those big shots couldn't bear living above a cesspit," said Billder with a hint of sarcasm.
At this moment, Billder had changed into a uniform-like black suit.
Stripped from a previous opponent.
Along with weapons, ammunition, and money.
But Billder's gains were far more than these.
Through the recent battle, Billder knew even clearer just how powerful he had become.
He could take down three to five people with his bare hands effortlessly.

These were not ordinary people, but actual elite bodyguards of the Send Family.

While he could have managed to do so before by relying on skill and luck, it was different now: he had completely abandoned techniques, simply overpowering his opponents with sheer speed and brute force.

This contrast made Billder realize that he could easily thrash his former self.

He couldn't help thinking about the drug injected by the blurry figure after he had been unconscious from a car accident.

"What was that potion?"

Billder couldn't help but wonder internally.

As a former security consultant of the Send Family, Billder had access to far more than what most could imagine.

Urban legends spoke of "combat enhancement potions" existing within the Hundred Major Families.

But Billder knew those were just myths.

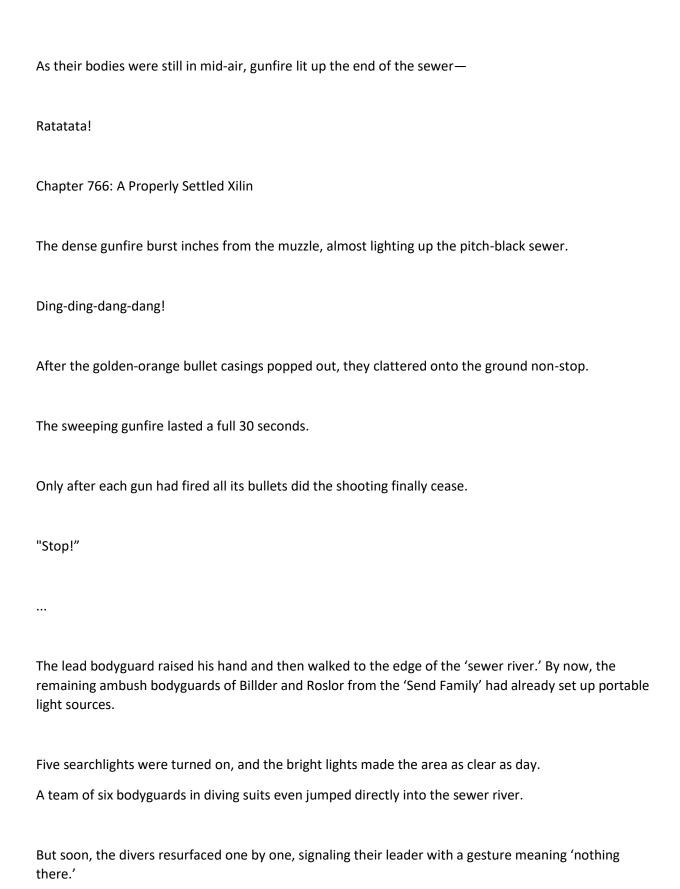
What the Hundred Major Families had were "auxiliary enhancement potions."

Perhaps they varied in effect from family to family, but there were none that made one incredibly powerful upon direct injection.

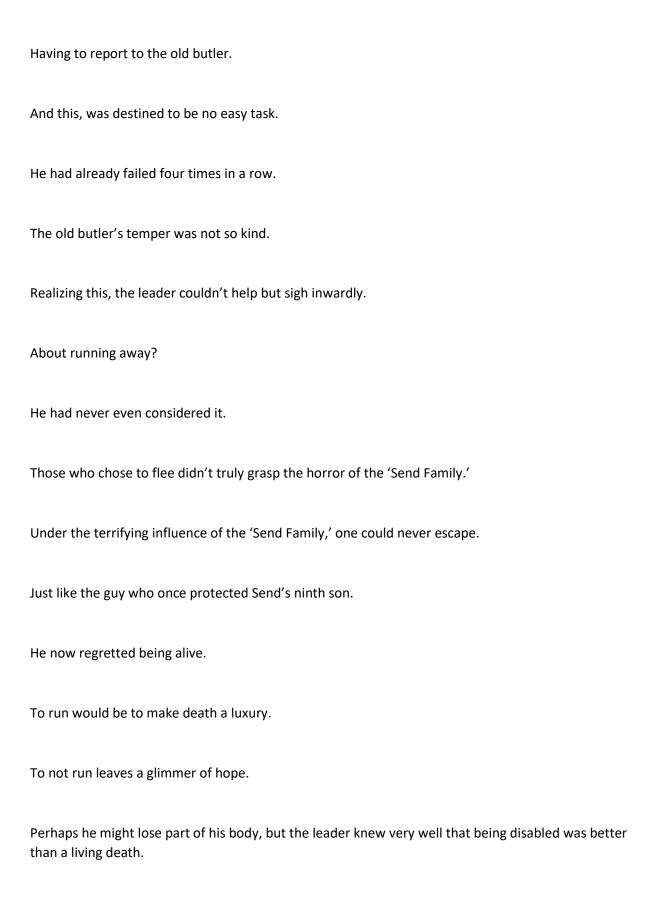
Simply put, to become powerful, you still had to rely on your own training.

So, what was happening to me?

Was it really a mutation?
Billder, recalling the scene in the hospital room, furrowed his brow.
Roslor, seeing Billder's furrowed brow, didn't dare to breathe too loudly.
Since escaping the hospital room, Billder had shown considerable goodwill, but whenever Billder furrowed his brow, nothing good ever happened—either it was a trap or a pursuer.
Thrice it had happened already.
Would this be the fourth time?
Roslor couldn't help but tighten his grip on the handgun he held.
Though he might not be of much help, he had learned the basics of shooting.
"Relax, Roslor."
"
Billder, seeing the misunderstanding on Roslor's face, couldn't help but laugh.
He hoped his lifesaver would be more at ease.
But before he could finish speaking, Billder's countenance changed abruptly.
He yanked Roslor and leapt toward the sewer river.



At the same time, a torn 'fishing net,' a trap previously prepared, was pulled to the shore by the bodyguards.
It was originally meant to be a precautionary measure.
"Damn it."
Seeing the huge gash in the 'fishing net,' the lead bodyguard's expression turned ugly.
He didn't know how Billder had escaped again.
The same had happened the last three times.
Despite being well-prepared, Billder always slipped through their fingers.
Especially considering Billder's capabilities, as a 'Send Family' bodyguard, he knew all too well the security consultant's skills. While Billder was certainly exceptional, he wouldn't be able to kill an entire six-person squad with his bare hands.
Hiding?
Ulterior motives?
The guard's mind couldn't help but wander as he stared at the torn net.
However, none of this was his concern anymore.
He had more important things to do.

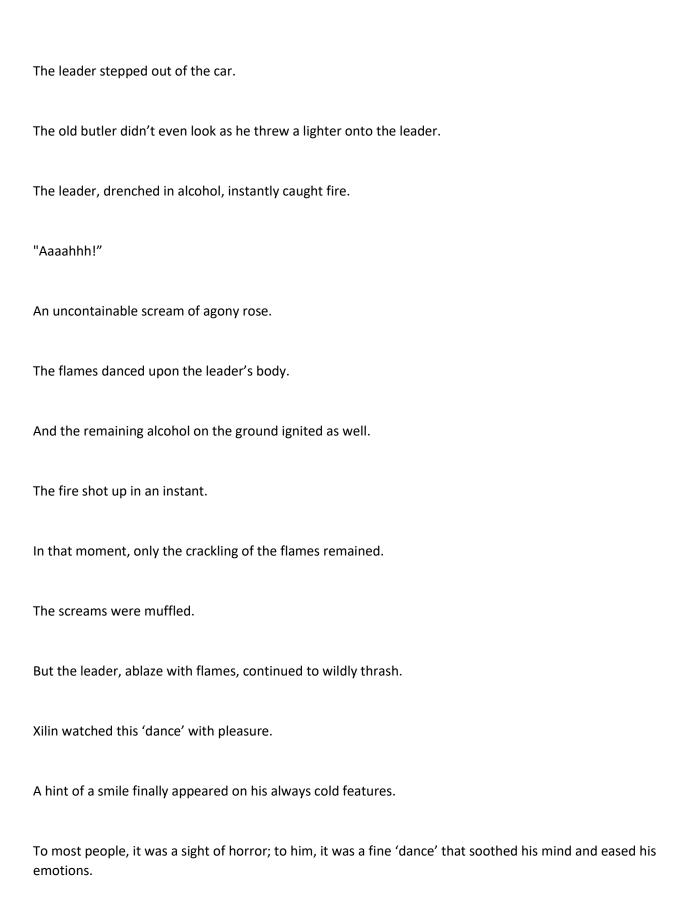


Climbing out of the sewer.
Awaiting him were 'Send Family' assistants who immediately disinfected the leader.
The alcohol spray seemed as if it cost nothing, baptizing the man thoroughly.
Then there was the perfume.
Only after ensuring there was no odd smell on the leader did the two assistants step aside.
Of course, the shoes right in front of him were a must to change.
The leader modestly smiled at the two assistants, changed his shoes, and got into the car parked by the roadside.
From the outside, the black car simply seemed a bit longer and slightly more robust.
Otherwise, it appeared very ordinary.
But inside, it was pure luxury.
Spacious leather seats.
Cherry wood flooring.
The armrests at hand were made from polished deer antlers.
The leader did not dare rest his hands upon them and, bending slightly, sat very restrained on the seat opposite, facing an old man whose hair was already white and whose face, far from any kindness, was

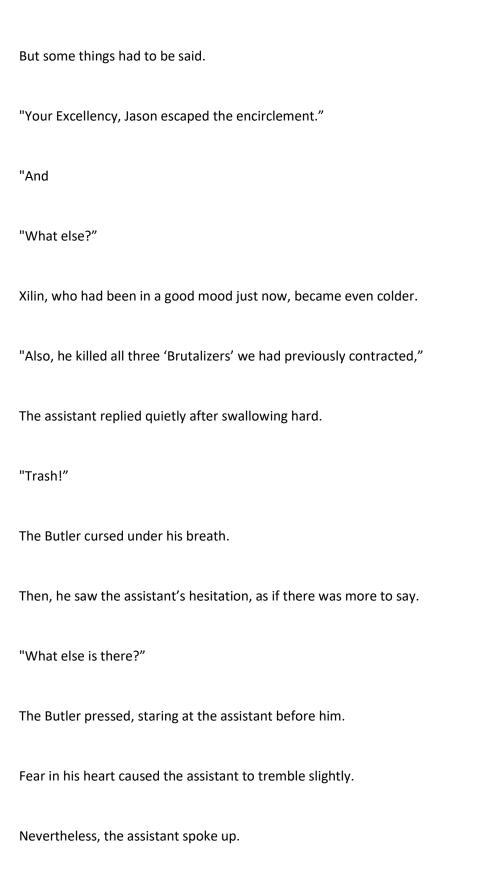
marked with cold harshness.

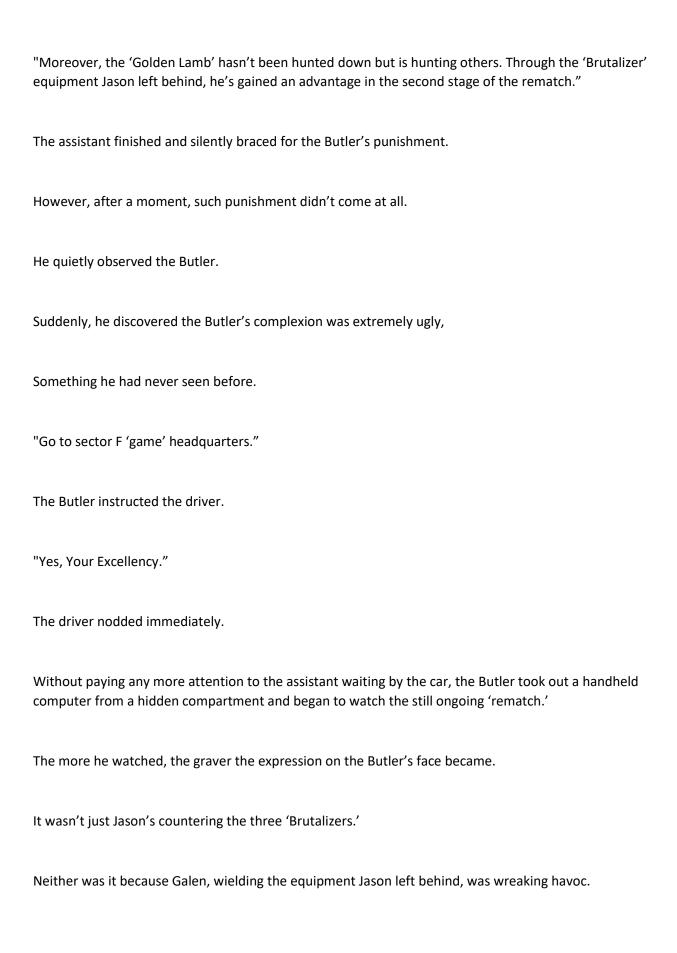
"Another failure?"
Xilin asked.
"Sorry, Your Excellency."
"It was my mistake."
Upon hearing the old butler's question, the restrained leader immediately knelt down, begging for the elderly man's forgiveness.
There were no excuses, no deflection of blame.
He was familiar with the old butler's habits.
Decisively, he took all the blame upon himself.
Or rather, it was his fault after all.
"Waste!"
The old butler said coldly.
The leader's head sank even lower.
He began to imagine what sort of punishment he might face.
But then—



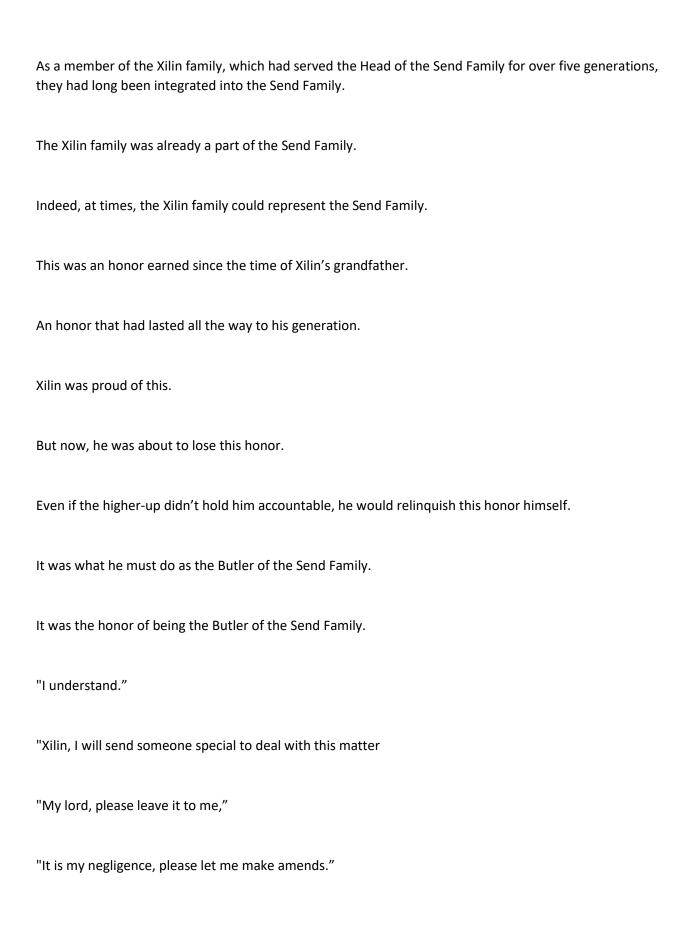


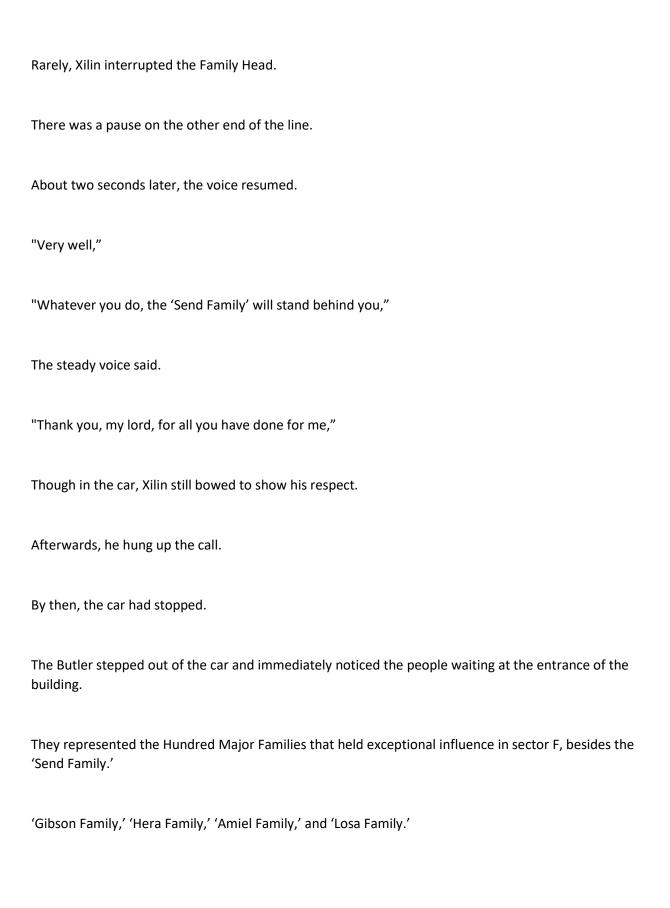


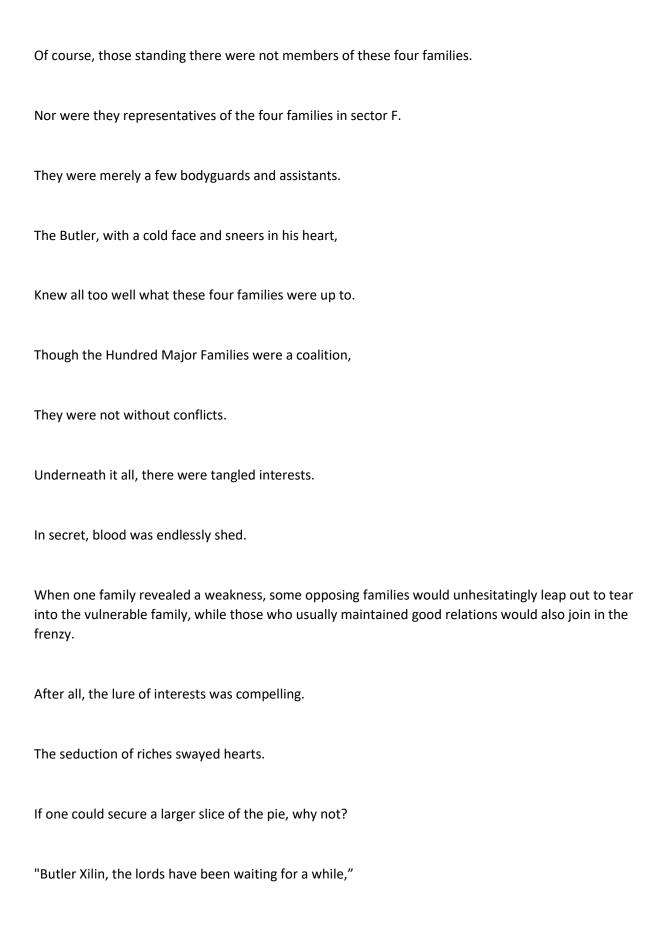












"Please follow me,"
One of the assistants descended the steps, extending a welcoming gesture.
This assistant belonged to the 'Losa Family,' with whom the 'Send Family' usually maintained a good relationship.
As for the people from the remaining three families?
They just stood there, watching the Butler with cold eyes, motionless.
Chapter 768: A Properly Settled Xilin_3
The old butler nodded at the assistant and strode toward the elevator.
Then, he headed straight for the top-floor conference hall.
Here, members or agents of the "Gibson Family," "Hera Family," "Amiel Family," and "Losa Family" had already been waiting for quite some time.
"Mr. Xilin."
A young man stood up and nodded in greeting.
Dressed in a suit, he naturally buttoned it up as he rose, mildly leaning forward before straightening up again.



She was a lady in a bright red dress with a black veil over her face. As she spoke, the black lace fan in her hand fluttered incessantly. "We need an explanation," said the proxy for the "Amiel Family," a middle-aged man. His robust figure stretched his suit tight. He gestured to the assistant as he began to speak. The assistant, who had long been waiting, approached with a box in his arms. It contained documents as well as tapes. At a glance, Xilin knew what was inside. It was the footage of him contacting the three 'Brutalizers' and his movements over the past three days. "Do you need to see it?" asked the "Gibson Family" representative again. "There's no need," Xilin shook his head. "So you admit it?" the lady from the "Hera Family" asked with a smile. "That shouldn't be something Mr. Xilin would do, I believe that you wouldn't have done this. Surely it must have been your subordinates overstepping their bounds and committing such acts. We should clarify things before discussing this further," said Losa 11, who hadn't spoken up until then. Right away, he began to make a case for Xilin.

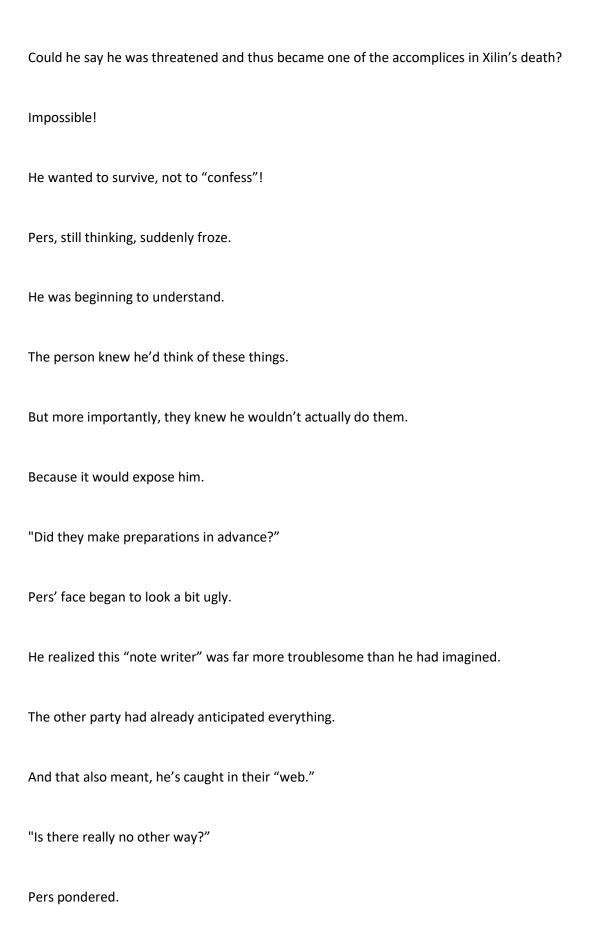
Such remarks made the representatives of the Gibson, Hera, and Amiel Families look disdainfully towards him.
Indeed, as foolish as the rumors described.
The lady from the "Hera Family" gently opened her folding fan, waved it twice, then fixed her gaze on Xilin.
"Don't tell me, just like Master Losa 11 said, these were all done behind your back by your subordinates," the lady said with a hint of amusement in her voice.
"Of course not," Xilin shook his head decisively.
Then, the old butler bowed again to thank Losa 11.
"Thank you, Master Losa 11, but I did it. All deeds are mine to bear," he said.
The old butler spoke, his hand shaking slightly.
A small handgun appeared in his hand.
Raised high, the gun was pointed at his own temple.
The old butler continued, smiling slightly.
"It was my momentary anger that led me to this act of arrogance that shamed my 'Butler's Duty,' having nothing to do with the Send Family."
"You wanted an explanation?"

"I'll give you one!"
Then, he pulled the trigger—
Bang!
Blood splattered everywhere.
Chapter 769: Self-Rescue Pers
Xilin is dead.
The butler of the Send Family died in the meeting hall on the top floor.
Though it was forbidden, the news still got out.
Pers, who was watering "Little Immortal," couldn't help but shake as he held the watering can, spilling water onto the table when he saw the message spreading in secret.
Contact Pers immediately set down the watering can and picked up a cloth to wipe up the water.
His movements were as crisp as ever.
Only his face was pale.
"So it really happened?"

Pers muttered to himself.
When he agreed to the "note writer" to edit and add to the footage, Pers knew something would happen, but when the event actually occurred, Pers was still terrified.
Xilin!
That was a major figure in the Send Family!
Although he was not graced with the surname "Send."
But Xilin's existence was indispensable for the Send Family.
To put it simply, the Send Family's present prosperous situation in Area F would not have been possible without Xilin's contributions.
Now that Xilin is dead.
The Send Family will certainly not let this go.
As one of the "accomplices."
He definitely won't be spared.
Even now, Pers doesn't know who the "note writer" is, but he is very clear that the edited and added footage is one of the key elements leading to Xilin's death.
Though the other party assured that such editing and adding would go undetected with "their technology,"



He would naturally be used a second time.
Until he dies.
Any resistance or struggle is useless with the premise of the "note writer's" existence. As long as the other person exists, he will be oppressed and exploited.
Whoosh!
He took a deep breath.
Pers knelt down in front of the empty cat nest again, imagining he was stroking a cat's head.
A feeling of contentment and comfort spread in Pers' heart,
And gradually calmed his mind.
So, do I have to find that person?
The one who can enter my room must be an insider from the "Game" building, and with high status at that.
They know me well.
No!
It should be that they are always watching the "Game."



Ding!
The sound of an email on the computer desktop rang out.
Pers immediately went to the desk.
He had settings for his emails; aside from "work emails," which had sound alerts, all others were muted.
Opening the email, Pers' eyes swept over it, and his expression immediately turned odd.
He won!
He survived!
Galen, the "Golden Lamb," lay flat on a patch of grass, gasping heavily for breath.
A battle of 1 vs 100.
Even if he only had to defeat 20 of them, it was immensely difficult.
Even though he had been a lumberjack since his youth, building a strong physique, it was still hardly enough in this instance.
In fact, if not for the skin of medicinal juice left by Mr. Jason, he would have been unable to hold on long ago.

And those weapons!
With this thought, Galen struggled to sit up.
The medicinal juice in the skin was long gone; although after he was injured and unexpectedly found that the juice could quickly restore his strength, he swore to drink it sparingly, he had eventually finished it off.
Chapter 770: Self-Rescue Pers_2
And the weapons?
They were also severely damaged.
The crossbow arrow had not only lost its arrows but had also been used as a melee weapon in the last battle, shattering it.
The beast trap was still usable.
The grappling hooks had been exhausted long ago.
However, that small knife still gleamed like new, although the venom on it had long been washed away by blood.
Thank you, Lord Jason!
Looking at the tools at hand, Galen thought silently, while also pondering how to properly repay Jason. Humming!

The sound of the propellers spinning caused Galen to look up.
Then, he saw someone slightly familiar.
The "contact" person who had taken Jason away before.
That towering cheekbone and the grey eyes, hair, made Galen remember vividly.
"Galen, congratulations,"
"You survived."
"So, you've gone from 'Golden Lamb' to 'Brutalizer.'"
Pers said in a calm tone.
However, he maintained a considerable distance from Galen, and made sure to stay close to the fully armed soldiers.
He was worried Galen might lash out and harm someone.
And it was all too normal.
Being a 'Golden Lamb' wasn't anything good in the first place.
After having barely won as a 'Golden Lamb', and then having to face 'Game Opposition', a regular person would have collapsed by now.

In a state of collapse, it was all too normal to direct anger at others.
Before Pers became a "contact", he had studied such experiences in class more than once, and after becoming a "contact", he had learned such 'experience' from his colleagues even more.
But contrary to Pers's expectations, Galen showed no sign of anger or insanity, he just nodded calmly and then directly asked, "Can I choose my own room now?"
"Of course."
Pers was surprised internally, but when it came to fulfilling his duties as a 'contact', he was meticulous.
Although these duties should have been the 'introducers", the 'Golden Lamb' was a special case, it was just special circumstances that required special handling.
"I choose the apartment."
After Galen made his selection, Pers, following the rules, recited the 'Brutalizer' code of conduct that he had said no fewer than a hundred times.
Then, he put Galen to sleep.
Eyes plunged into darkness.
As the drowsiness hit, Galen fell asleep right away.
He was just too tired.
Not knowing how long he had slept, Galen woke up.

Looking at the unfamiliar room, Galen's gaze locked onto Pers.
"Player Galen, you will rest here until the F zone finals begin, you can call me with the handheld computer, I will be at your service 24 hours a day,"
Pers said, following the rules.
"Is 'Lord Jason' also here?"
Galen inquired tentatively.
"Hmm."
Pers nodded his head.
Giving such an obvious answer did not violate the 'contact' rules.
In fact, to some extent, the 'game' planners encouraged 'contacts' to get closer to 'Brutalizers.'
As for what to do?
That was obvious.
And how to do it?
That was naturally up to the 'contacts' themselves to decide.
"Can I see him?"





