

Menu 761

Chapter 761: Jing the Golden Lamb!

Crack, crack crack!

Compared to the incessant cries of agony, the sounds of bones breaking and ligaments snapping were even louder, sending shivers down the viewers' spines even through the screen.

They watched as the 'Brutalizer,' who resembled a 'meat mountain,' was sent flying outwards and crashed heavily onto the ground.

Blood sprayed everywhere, and the bulky body at this moment seemed to have turned into a pile of mush.

To the very end, on the Brutalizer's face was an expression of disbelief.

...

How could this be?

How is it possible?

He was supposed to look heavier, stronger, right?

A whirl of unresolved questions spiraled in the Brutalizer's mind as he lay on the brink of death.

But soon, everything faded into nothingness.

The world that belonged to him fell into complete darkness.

Yet, the expression of disbelief continued to spread.

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?"

"Could it be they just discussed it?"

"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'."

"The person above is right!"

"Newbie here, where can I search for this info?"

"Pay for it!"

"To look at some data I have to spend 10,000 bucks? That's too expensive!"

"Big boss! Big boss!"

"That one is the real big boss."

...

Jason couldn't see the barrage of comments, but being in the midst of it all, he could see much clearer than the 'audience.'

His Transcendent perception granted him humanly impossible vision, hearing, smell, and more.

So, he was certain that these three 'Brutalizers' were in cahoots.

According to the information Jason had gathered over the past three days, it was impossible.

Unless

"The Send Family, huh?"

Jason thought silently to himself.

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!"

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

The second phase!

Jason's attention was involuntarily captured.

The 'audience' also directed their gazes toward the stage.

They remembered being told before the start of the game that the second phase had a surprise.

What could the surprise be?

The 'introducer' didn't keep them in suspense, revealing the surprise on the screen immediately.

A sheep!

On the black and white screen, an animated sheep appeared, then lines resembling 'it's glowing' were drawn on it.

Like this: `↑`.

Except there were no arrows, just straight lines.

When the final stroke was drawn, the entire black and white screen turned to color.

The glowing sheep turned into a golden one.

"The golden sheep!"

"As long as you capture and eliminate the golden sheep, you can also achieve victory!"

Brutalizers' can, 'survivors' can too."

"Of course, now we only have 'survivors' left!"

The introducer's cold joke came through the screen.

Especially when that jeering laughter sounded, it felt even colder.

But Jason's brows were slightly furrowed.

He had pretty much guessed who the 'golden sheep' was.

It wasn't hard to guess.

As someone implicated in Send 9's assassination and death, he had already suffered retaliation.

Then how could Galen, who was directly related to Send 9's death, escape unscathed?

And surely the avenger would make Galen's death even more miserable, becoming a target everyone hunts, living in constant fear, enduring torture before dying.

What could be more fitting than entering the 'game'?

What could be more suitable than the 'golden sheep'?

And just as Jason had guessed,

The next moment, the image on the screen changed.

Galen appeared on it.

Coated in golden fleece, with a sheep's headpiece on top.

"Let's welcome our first golden sheep~"

"Good luck to everyone!"

"And good luck to our golden sheep — although it will take luck that defies heaven, as long as the golden sheep survives until the end, he too can win!"

The introducer stated, once again accompanying his words with the background sound of mocking laughter.

As always, it felt like a cold joke.

Many laughed along.

A few felt discomfort.

But they quickly adjusted to the flow.

Galen was different.

As the 'golden sheep,' Galen was remarkably calm at this moment.

In his eyes, there was a look that Jason found somewhat familiar.

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?

Why couldn't they negotiate with him?

Why did they have to hurt his mother?

During these three days, Galen questioned himself.

At last, he came to a conclusion.

He was too weak.

Weak enough for anyone to humiliate him.

Weak enough for everyone to disregard him.

If!

If he could be as strong as Jason!

Who would dare to humiliate him then?

Who would dare to use him?

With these thoughts, Galen's mind began to clear, his thoughts becoming more focused.

The anger faded first.

Then helplessness and sorrow.

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.

But he had to do it.

Because he wanted to survive.

Click!

The lighter was lit.

The flame burst forth.

But Galen didn't set himself on fire right away.

Because he saw Jason!

Jason, standing in the courtyard.

Similarly, Jason saw Galen.

"What a surprise! What a surprise!"

"The golden lamb is actually near the birthplace of the Brutalizer."

"What will our Jason do?"

"Will he make his move?"

The 'Presenter' in the screen exclaimed loudly.

The 'audience' in the live broadcast began to look forward to it.

"Jason will take out the golden lamb, right?"

"Probably not."

"Jason has never made a move against any player outside the Brutalizers."

"But that's not necessarily the case."

"It's just that he hasn't encountered them before."

"Now that he has, it's uncertain."

...

The 'audience' quickly divided into two factions, starting to argue.

For the 'audience,' this was perfectly normal.

They were always like this.

Jason, however, was not affected at all.

Upon confirming that the 'golden lamb' was Galen, Jason had prepared himself to confront Galen.

How could hunting the 'golden lamb' in a deserted area compare with the thrill of being 'dropped' among a crowd and starting a chase?

And for choosing this 'crowd,' the Brutalizers were naturally more suitable than the 'survivors.'

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 minimise 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.

"The Planner is meticulous, patient, and deeply knowledgeable of the 'Send Family's' way of doing things!"

"And this understanding isn't superficial."

"It's ingrained deep within their bones!"

"So, is it a collaborator of the 'Send Family' no! That's not right!"

"With the 'Send Family's' style of doing things, even collaborators would be treated cautiously, guarded against revealing so many flaws!"

"Not a collaborator, then it is

"Friendly fire!"

At this thought, Jason couldn't help but squint his eyes.

Would someone from the Send Family turn on their own?

Without a doubt, they would!

And more ruthlessly than outsiders!

Even more lethal!

For example: inheritance rights!

"Could The Planner become Send's successor after the ninth?"

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 Bildler, 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 Bildler with a hint of sarcasm.

At this moment, Bildler had changed into a uniform-like black suit.

Stripped from a previous opponent.

Along with weapons, ammunition, and money.

But Bildler's gains were far more than these.

Through the recent battle, Bildler 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 Bildder 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?"

Bildder couldn't help but wonder internally.

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

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

But Bildder 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."

"I

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.

As their bodies were still in mid-air, gunfire lit up the end of the sewer—

Ratatata!

Chapter 766: A Properly Settled Xilin

The dense gunfire burst inches from the muzzle, almost lighting up the pitch-black sewer.

Ding-ding-dang-dang!

After the golden-orange bullet casings popped out, they clattered onto the ground non-stop.

The sweeping gunfire lasted a full 30 seconds.

Only after each gun had fired all its bullets did the shooting finally cease.

"Stop!"

...

The lead bodyguard raised his hand and then walked to the edge of the 'sewer river.' By now, the remaining ambush bodyguards of Bildler and Roslor from the 'Send Family' had already set up portable light sources.

Five searchlights were turned on, and the bright lights made the area as clear as day.

A team of six bodyguards in diving suits even jumped directly into the sewer river.

But soon, the divers resurfaced one by one, signaling their leader with a gesture meaning 'nothing there.'

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 Bildder had escaped again.

The same had happened the last three times.

Despite being well-prepared, Bildder always slipped through their fingers.

Especially considering Bildder's capabilities, as a 'Send Family' bodyguard, he knew all too well the security consultant's skills. While Bildder 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.

Having to report to the old butler.

And this, was destined to be no easy task.

He had already failed four times in a row.

The old butler's temper was not so kind.

Realizing this, the leader couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

About running away?

He had never even considered it.

Those who chose to flee didn't truly grasp the horror of the 'Send Family.'

Under the terrifying influence of the 'Send Family,' one could never escape.

Just like the guy who once protected Send's ninth son.

He now regretted being alive.

To run would be to make death a luxury.

To not run leaves a glimmer of hope.

Perhaps he might lose part of his body, but the leader knew very well that being disabled was better than a living death.

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—

"Get out of the car."

The old butler stated.

The leader was taken aback, then he lifted his head, his eyes filled with disbelief.

No punishment?

No!

There was no way there wouldn't be any punishment!

Could it be...?

As a thought crossed his mind, the leader's eyes filled with terror and his body began to tremble.

"Your, Your Excellency, please, spare my life."

The stuttering leader pleaded.

But what he received was an even colder response from the old butler.

"Get out of the car."

Although the leader wanted to say something more, or even to simply beg for mercy on his knees, upon seeing the old butler's eyes, always so cold, he knew his fate was sealed.

Trembling, he pushed open the car door.

The leader stepped out of the car.

The old butler didn't even look as he threw a lighter onto the leader.

The leader, drenched in alcohol, instantly caught fire.

"Aaaahhh!"

An uncontrollable scream of agony rose.

The flames danced upon the leader's body.

And the remaining alcohol on the ground ignited as well.

The fire shot up in an instant.

In that moment, only the crackling of the flames remained.

The screams were muffled.

But the leader, ablaze with flames, continued to wildly thrash.

Xilin watched this 'dance' with pleasure.

A hint of a smile finally appeared on his always cold features.

To most people, it was a sight of horror; to him, it was a fine 'dance' that soothed his mind and eased his emotions.

Chapter 767: A Properly Settled Xilin_2

For a full two minutes.

The dance stopped.

"Your Excellency, he's dead."

The assistant reported.

"Trash is trash."

...

"Can't even last ten minutes."

"Put his family in the dance room, to make up for the remaining minutes, starting with the youngest."

Xilin said coldly.

"Yes."

Despite the inhuman words, the assistant merely nodded in accustomed agreement.

Clearly, this wasn't the first time.

Standing by the charred corpse, the assistant's heart was far from as calm as he appeared.

He feared he would be next.

But some things had to be said.

"Your Excellency, Jason escaped the encirclement."

"And

"What else?"

Xilin, who had been in a good mood just now, became even colder.

"Also, he killed all three 'Brutalizers' we had previously contracted,"

The assistant replied quietly after swallowing hard.

"Trash!"

The Butler cursed under his breath.

Then, he saw the assistant's hesitation, as if there was more to say.

"What else is there?"

The Butler pressed, staring at the assistant before him.

Fear in his heart caused the assistant to tremble slightly.

Nevertheless, the assistant spoke up.

"Moreover, the 'Golden Lamb' hasn't been hunted down but is hunting others. Through the 'Brutalizer' equipment Jason left behind, he's gained an advantage in the second stage of the rematch."

The assistant finished and silently braced for the Butler's punishment.

However, after a moment, such punishment didn't come at all.

He quietly observed the Butler.

Suddenly, he discovered the Butler's complexion was extremely ugly,

Something he had never seen before.

"Go to sector F 'game' headquarters."

The Butler instructed the driver.

"Yes, Your Excellency."

The driver nodded immediately.

Without paying any more attention to the assistant waiting by the car, the Butler took out a handheld computer from a hidden compartment and began to watch the still ongoing 'rematch.'

The more he watched, the graver the expression on the Butler's face became.

It wasn't just Jason's countering the three 'Brutalizers.'

Neither was it because Galen, wielding the equipment Jason left behind, was wreaking havoc.

Nor was it Bildler's escape.

None of these were the reason.

It was because of himself!

He had failed to realize these events were connected!

He had unwittingly stepped into someone else's trap!

"Unforgivable,"

He whispered.

Both as a criticism of himself and of the person who had schemed against the Send Family.

Sitting in the car and contemplating for a few minutes, the Butler picked up the phone.

He needed to report the situation to the higher-up.

"My lord, there has been an unexpected turn, Lord Send's ninth son's death was merely bait... Also, I suspect someone in our family was involved."

Xilin relayed everything calmly and concisely to the higher-up.

In the end, he even shared his own speculations.

There was nothing inappropriate about this.

As a member of the Xilin family, which had served the Head of the Send Family for over five generations, they had long been integrated into the Send Family.

The Xilin family was already a part of the Send Family.

Indeed, at times, the Xilin family could represent the Send Family.

This was an honor earned since the time of Xilin's grandfather.

An honor that had lasted all the way to his generation.

Xilin was proud of this.

But now, he was about to lose this honor.

Even if the higher-up didn't hold him accountable, he would relinquish this honor himself.

It was what he must do as the Butler of the Send Family.

It was the honor of being the Butler of the Send Family.

"I understand."

"Xilin, I will send someone special to deal with this matter

"My lord, please leave it to me,"

"It is my negligence, please let me make amends."

Rarely, Xilin interrupted the Family Head.

There was a pause on the other end of the line.

About two seconds later, the voice resumed.

"Very well,"

"Whatever you do, the 'Send Family' will stand behind you,"

The steady voice said.

"Thank you, my lord, for all you have done for me,"

Though in the car, Xilin still bowed to show his respect.

Afterwards, he hung up the call.

By then, the car had stopped.

The Butler stepped out of the car and immediately noticed the people waiting at the entrance of the building.

They represented the Hundred Major Families that held exceptional influence in sector F, besides the 'Send Family.'

'Gibson Family,' 'Hera Family,' 'Amiel Family,' and 'Losa Family.'

Of course, those standing there were not members of these four families.

Nor were they representatives of the four families in sector F.

They were merely a few bodyguards and assistants.

The Butler, with a cold face and sneers in his heart,

Knew all too well what these four families were up to.

Though the Hundred Major Families were a coalition,

They were not without conflicts.

Underneath it all, there were tangled interests.

In secret, blood was endlessly shed.

When one family revealed a weakness, some opposing families would unhesitatingly leap out to tear into the vulnerable family, while those who usually maintained good relations would also join in the frenzy.

After all, the lure of interests was compelling.

The seduction of riches swayed hearts.

If one could secure a larger slice of the pie, why not?

"Butler Xilin, the lords have been waiting for a while,"

"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.

...

His shoulder-length hair draped down, his expression gentle, his demeanor polite, resembling a well-cultured artist.

A member of the “Losa Family” in Sector F, Losa 11.

A friend of young Master Send 9.

A fine young man.

After evaluating him internally, Xilin bowed respectfully in return.

"Master Losa 11."

The two exchanged pleasantries cordially.

However, an elderly man who was also of advanced age could not restrain himself.

Thud, thud thud.

The man rapped on the table.

"Xilin, you've broken the rules," the elder said in a resonant voice, representing the “Gibson Family.”

"The Hundred Major Families have decreed that no family shall use any off-field methods to influence the ‘game.’”

"Yet you contacted three ‘Brutalizers’ and even joined ‘The Golden Lamb Since when does the Send Family call the shots in Sector F?’”

With a coquettish laugh, a representative from the “Hera Family” spoke up.

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,”

That was only their guarantee.

What about the actual result?

Who could know?

"Should I run?"

Pers asked himself

But then again, where could he run to?

With the Send Family's influence, even if he fled to Area A, he wouldn't escape death.

Or rather, once it's confirmed he is related to Xilin's death, he won't be able to run.

"What should I do?"

"What should I do?"

Pers asked himself.

But he had no idea what to do.

The most direct way would be to push out a scapegoat.

But would the "note writer" let him off the hook?

He had been used once.

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.”

They figured out the time I left and came back.

At the same time, they are using their “technology” to delete the footage.

If their technology is really as they claim, then they can move freely throughout the building without anyone noticing.

But that seems unlikely!

If they could really do that, they wouldn’t need “me.”

After deleting and modifying the footage, the most appropriate course of action would be to kill “me” afterward.

Not leaving a potential whistleblower alive.

Therefore, it’s most likely that their “technology” is not as “excellent” as they say it is; it might fool the average person but cannot fool the real technicians.

A simple investigation can reveal the truth.

Hence, just by mobilizing the “surveillance footage” from outside my area and comparing the timings, we can find out who the “note writer” is.

Upon realizing this, Pers immediately stood up.

But immediately after, he knelt down again.

What reason would he have to check the surveillance?

Could he say he was threatened and thus became one of the accomplices in Xilin's death?

Impossible!

He wanted to survive, not to "confess"!

Pers, still thinking, suddenly froze.

He was beginning to understand.

The person knew he'd think of these things.

But more importantly, they knew he wouldn't actually do them.

Because it would expose him.

"Did they make preparations in advance?"

Pers' face began to look a bit ugly.

He realized this "note writer" was far more troublesome than he had imagined.

The other party had already anticipated everything.

And that also meant, he's caught in their "web."

"Is there really no other way?"

Pers pondered.

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?"

Galen looked at Pers with expectation.

This time, Pers shook his head without hesitation.

"That's against the rules."

"You cannot see player Jason here."

"Likewise, you cannot communicate with player Jason in any form."

Pers articulated the rules.

Then, after his words fell, he repeated his previous statement.

"You can call me if you need anything else."

"If you're hungry, you can click on 'Nutrition Meal.'"

Having said that, Pers turned and left.

Watching the 'door' revert to wood color, Galen couldn't help but sigh.

He really wanted to thank Lord Jason in person.

Unfortunately... huh?

As Galen was thinking, the wood-colored 'door' turned transparent again.

The 'contact' Pers appeared at the doorway once more.

Only this time, the Pers who appeared was a bit different from just before.

His face wore a trace of anxiety, and his eyes kept darting back.

"What would you like to say to player Jason?"

"I can pass on the message."

"Quickly, we don't have much time,"

Pers spoke rapidly.

Galen was taken aback.

This 'Golden Lamb' of lumberjack origin was a bit confused about what was happening.

It had just been established that this was against the rules.

So why has he appeared again?

"Hurry up."

Pers urged once more.

"I would like to thank Lord Jason and, if possible, I am willing to repay him with anything, including my life,"

Although he didn't know why Pers was doing this, Galen still spoke his true feelings.

That's what he thought, and that's what he would do.

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

"Alright, I will convey that accurately."

With that, Pers closed the 'door'.

As the 'door' once again turned to 'wood color', Pers began to breathe heavily.

Panting, panting.

The tense emotion turned his face red, as if he were lacking oxygen.

Only heavy breathing relieved such emotions.

Why did he do this?

To be honest, Pers couldn't clearly explain.

It was roughly that a drowning man was grasping for the last straw.

As a 'contact', he was tightly controlled by the 'note writer.'

He wanted to ask for help, but no one around him was suitable.

Because he had violated the 'rules.'