

Menu 771

Chapter 771: Self-Rescue Pers_3

Once exposed, he would have to die.

So, he could only look for those “outside the rules.”

For example, the “Brutalizer.”

Of course, not just any “Brutalizer” would do.

It had to be a rational “Brutalizer,” like Jason or Galen.

Especially one like Galen.

...

Obviously innocent, clearly framed.

Helping such a person, if they ever got into trouble, would likely repay him with gratitude.

Like creating an opportunity for him to escape when he needed to run.

With such thoughts, Pers quickly returned to his room to check the USB left by the “note writer.”

It contained programs for altering, adding, and deleting surveillance footage, far superior to what he had created himself, and it was the basis of his confidence in contacting Jason and Galen.

After confirming there were no issues, Pers headed toward the apartment where Jason sat.

In the history of the “game,” it wasn’t unprecedented for a “contactee” to bring several “Brutalizers.”

In the early days of the “game,” it was quite common for a “contactee” to have 2-3 “Brutalizers.”

However, as the “game” became more “formal,” such occurrences became rarer, but they still existed.

Therefore, the “game” center arranged the rooms for “contactees” and “Brutalizers” in an H shape.

The “contactee” lived on the center bar, with the remaining “Brutalizers” on either side.

So, after turning a corner, Pers stood in front of Jason’s apartment “door.”

Knock, knock knock!

Remembering Jason's habits, Pers knocked first to ensure that Jason inside heard him before opening the door.

Then, he saw another empty dinner plate being collected and a new one, filled with portions for ten, being brought in.

He looked at the monitor's record.

11.

That was the amount of food Jason had consumed since he returned to his room.

Although "Brutalizers" are hard to consider as normal people, wasn't this too much?

And even after eating so much, Jason's stomach didn't show any change.

He hadn't gone to the bathroom.

That's right, he hadn't gone during the previous three days either.

Only intake, no output?

With such doubts, Pers spoke in an advisory tone.

"Jason, binge eating isn't good for you."

Jason lifted his head and glanced at his "contactee."

The anxiety remained in his expression, but his eyes seemed much calmer.

Had there been a turn of events?

No!

He must have made some decisions.

Jason thought to himself and retracted his gaze, turning his attention to the nutrition meal.

Although tasteless, having food was blissful.

Pers had long grown accustomed to Jason's attitude.

He began speaking directly, "Galen has shed his role as the 'Golden Lamb' and has become a new 'Brutalizer.' He is extremely grateful for your help, wishes to repay you, and is willing to give everything for you, including his life—that's his own words, I'm just relaying them. Do you have anything you want to tell him?"

Hmm?

Jason looked at Pers in surprise.

Although he didn't know what Pers was up to, he could be sure that at this moment, Pers had broken rules.

"I'm just trying to save myself."

"Xilin is dead."

"It has some relation to me."

"I'm very afraid, so, I decided to find some help."

Pers said truthfully.

He didn't want to be honest, but without honesty, he wouldn't be able to achieve his goal.

He was well aware that the Jason in front of him was completely different from the ordinary "Brutalizer."

Of course, he admitted there was a gambling element in his actions.

But at this point, what else could he do?

Luckily for him, it seemed he had made the right bet.

Jason slightly lifted his head and looked at Pers, and for the first time, he uttered a complete sentence—

"Oh, got any sugar?"

Chapter 772: The Taste of Sugar, You Don't Understand.

When Jason opened his mouth, a gleam of light erupted from Pers's eyes.

It was hope!

In his "escape plan," compared to the "newcomer" and Galen, who relied solely on "luck," Jason was the more appropriate choice.

Yet...

Sugar?

Why mention sugar?

...

Nevertheless, this did not hinder Pers from responding.

"Would fruit candy be okay?"

Pers said as he took out two pieces of candy from his pocket.

Red and green wrappers curled around the candy, with attractive pleats on both ends.

Jason nodded.

Pers immediately handed over the candy.

He didn't enter the room but handed it through the "delivery port" on one side of the wall.

A square large enough to fit a hand appeared with a metal tray. Pers placed the candy on the tray, which then descended, and the port closed.

Next, a section of the floor in front of Jason rose, revealing the tray with two pieces of candy.

After Jason picked up the candy, the floor sunk back down, and everything returned to its original state.

Unwrapping the candy, Jason tossed it into his mouth.

The sweetness spread.

A feeling of bliss emerged spontaneously.

Although the “nutritional meal” was free and truly nutritious, it was utterly tasteless.

Having eaten the “nutritional meal” for three and a half days, Jason yearned terribly for any flavor.

At this moment, his longing was satisfied.

The candy with a sweet, orange taste released its sweetness on his tongue unrestrained, Jason’s saliva joining in, spreading the subtle sweetness from his mouth to his throat, esophagus, and stomach.

Whew!

Jason took a long breath and turned his head to look at Pers, who stood outside the door, slightly nervous.

Jason fully understood why Pers was doing this.

Even what Pers wanted to do next, Jason could guess a thing or two.

"Running away is not the best choice," Jason said crisply.

Now that he knew what the other side wanted to do, it was time to flip over their cards and seize more initiative.

What?!

Pers was shocked to hear Jason's words.

How did he know?

Inside, Pers questioned himself.

Then, the "contact person" feigned composure and spoke up.

"Jason, what are you talking about?"

"I don't quite understand."

Jason watched Pers straining to maintain composure, the corners of his mouth under the mask curling up.

Pers was one of those people who couldn't hide his feelings well.

To put it simply, he was a rather naive person.

And it was for this reason that he had been "selected."

"Do you think everything is over?"

Jason didn't dwell on the issue of 'running away' with Pers but shifted the topic.

"Xilin is dead, right?"

"Is that not enough?"

Pers was taken aback.

"How could that be enough?"

"Xilin's death is just the beginning," Jason stated confidently.

Although Jason hadn't been able to confirm who the "Planner" working from the shadows was, it was hard to believe they'd made such a grand move just to deal a sure death to Xilin, the Butler of the Send Family.

Whatever it was, Jason didn't believe it.

The Planner's goal, at the very least, involved the Send Family.

Possibly even something greater.

Pers stood at the door, dumbfounded, his expression thoughtful.

But soon, Pers looked at Jason with a peculiar gaze.

Too deceptive, right?

He had a burly and formidable appearance, so why bother using his brain?

Shouldn't Jason just act rashly?

No matter what it was, it should be a knockdown with one slash.

If one slash didn't do it, then the second would!

That's what suited Jason's image!

This "contact person" couldn't help critiquing internally.

Jason noticed the odd look on Pers's face, but he didn't care.

When it was time to think, he would think.

When it was time to charge forward, he would charge.

And how to choose?

He always followed his heart.

Bullying the weak and fearing the strong?

No way!

To act from the heart was to follow the guidance of the soul, a person who obeyed his instincts could not possibly be accused of bullying the weak and fearing the strong.

"That's why you're still alive," Jason continued.

These words startled Pers.

"What do you mean?"

Pers asked urgently.

"Because you're still useful!"

"Otherwise, you would have been silenced by him long ago. Believe me, if needed, the Planner who has been conspiring for a long time has a hundred ways to kill you. The simplest way

"Would be to use what he gave you."

Jason answered matter-of-factly.

Use what he gave me?

Pers fell into deep thought.

Then, the "contact person" turned pale with a tremor in his voice: "Are you talking about that USB drive with the add and delete program?"

Jason nodded.

If the Planner dared to give that USB drive directly to Pers, he naturally considered what Pers might use it for later on.

And all this was within the parameters that he accepted.

Within his control.

"Does that person know about our conversation right now?"

Pers's face grew even paler.

"That won't be the case."

"Although I don't quite understand his program, the 'security system' here should be pretty comprehensive. Modifying a surveillance feed and changing a surveillance feed to send the original to a specific location are two completely different levels of difficulty. Moreover, with his caution, he wouldn't use such a method that exposes his 'location.'"

"He would choose a simpler, more direct approach."

Jason reminded Pers.

"You mean... the USB drive!"

Chapter 773: The Taste of Sugar, You Don't Understand._2

Pers' eyes widened, completely oblivious to what was unfolding.

"Besides that program, what else could there be?"

"A locator?"

"A bug?"

"Or

"A micro bomb?"

...

Pers couldn't help but let his thoughts run wild.

"Everything you're thinking of could be a possibility,"

"And it's not difficult to verify."

"All you need to do is provide the wrong information,"

"Remember! It should be information with a high error tolerance,"

"For instance, you were successful with Galen but failed with me,"

Jason warned again.

"Alright, I understand, contestant Jason,"

Having said that, Pers, the 'contact', turned and chose to leave.

Watching the door that had returned to its 'wooden' appearance, Jason suddenly understood even more why 'The Planner' had chosen Pers.

He was just too useful!

With simple analysis, Pers had conveyed exactly the 'information' he had wanted.

Pers might choose to work with 'Brutalizer,' which was an anticipated guess.

But would 'Brutalizer' agree to cooperate?

'Golden Lamb' Galen would likely comply.

And him?

He was an unknown.

Or rather, Pers seeking cooperation could itself be a test from the other party.

If successful, they would move on to the next step.

If it failed?

Naturally, they would employ their backup measures.

"The Gibson Family, Hera Family, Amiel Family, or Losa Family, which one could it be?"

Jason mused inwardly.

Then he raised his hand and pressed the 'Nutrition Meal (Free)' button again.

Ding.

The crisp sound echoed throughout the room.

...

Section F, 'Game' Tower, top floor.

Xilin's body had long been removed, along with all the blood, which had been cleaned up nicely.

A brand-new carpet.

Disinfectant, ventilation, air fresheners.

After a series of methods were employed, the entire meeting room bore no traces of the earlier mess.

Thump, thump, thump!

The aged elder from the Gibson Family, out of habit, tapped on the table, breaking the silence first.

"The three of us, are we just going to sit here doing nothing?"

While saying this, the elder leaned back, crossed his arms in front of his abdomen, manifesting a complacent demeanor as if holding the winning ticket.

"Of course not,"

"But a necessary mourning is a must,"

"Xilin was after all a decent person,"

Sighed the representative of the Hera Family, the lady.

"Donna, are you joking?"

"Out of the four people sitting here, apart from Lord Luodeni of the Losa Family, who else is qualified to mourn for Xilin?"

"Or more accurately, isn't Xilin's death directly tied to us three?"

The elder who spoke first sneered, his tone filled with disdain for the Hera Family's representative.

"Me?"

"What have your actions, Rodney, got to do with me, Donna?"

"I simply stood up because Xilin, the representative of the Send Family, violated the rules."

Donna, the lady with the black folding fan, countered unapologetically, shaking her fan.

"Then have the guts not to accept the assets of the Send Family in Section F!"

Rodney sat up straight, a mix of aggression and goading in his posture.

"Why should I?"

"I represent the Hera Family."

"Also, Rodney, stop playing your little clever games. I won't be fooled,"

Donna opened her fan and placed it in front of her veil.

Her already obscure face became even more indistinct.

Even a peculiar smudge seemed to cast across her features.

At the same time, a sense of danger arose from the depths of Rodney's heart.

The Gibson Family's representative suddenly jumped out of his chair.

Swish!

Crack!

As the Gibson Family's representative leaped from his chair, the entire chair was sliced in half.

"Donna!"

Rodney growled, about to pounce.

However, the representative of the Amiel Family intercepted, standing in Rodney's way.

"Wittes, are you in cahoots with Donna?"

Rodney roared lowly, his voice like the growl of a large feline.

"No,"

"I only wish to secure the rightful benefits for the Amiel Family—We can give up the other properties of the Send Family in Zone F, but the 'game' and everything it represents, I hope it will all belong to the Amiel Family."

As the Wittes of the Amiel Family, standing between Luodeni and Donna, he spoke with a voice as robust and powerful as his physique.

But, as soon as the words were out—

Luodeni and Donna, who had been at loggerheads just a moment ago, both sneered in unison.

"Wittes, you must be dreaming,"

"The 'game'? And everything it represents?"

"Do you think we're fools?"

The two questioned the representative of the Amiel Family, one after another.

However, Wittes remained unmoved.

"What are your conditions?"

Wittes asked, word by word.

"The 'game' in Zone F and everything it represents should rightfully belong to the Gibson Family!"

Luodeni said, without yielding.

"Wrong!"

"It should belong to the Hera Family!"

Donna was not to be outdone.

The air of confrontation arose once again.

This time, Wittes joined in as well.

The voices of argument grew louder, and Losa the 11th, sitting to the side, furrowed his brows tighter and tighter.

Finally—

"Sorry, I'm not feeling well."

"I'd like to step out for a moment."

Losa the 11th, the young man unaccustomed to the situation before him, excused himself and rose to leave the conference room.

Click!

The conference room door closed.

The excellently soundproofed door completely cut off the noise of the argument.

Losa the 11th sighed quietly and headed to a nearby lounge.

As the 11th in line to the Losa Family, he held no hope of succeeding the family leadership, which his brothers and sisters did not allow him to concern himself with.

That's why he found himself in Zone F, a 'fringe area' for the Losa Family.

Fortunately, his days were rather pleasant.

Without the calculations of his siblings, nor the oppressive gaze of his father, he spent most of his time reading and occasionally enjoyed hunting—a truly good life.

But...

Send the 9th had died.

It was not a natural death; he was assassinated.

This threw everything into chaos.

He could sense the impending storm of bloodshed, so he had prepared to distance himself from it all.

Not to take part.

Not to show any bias.

After all, as a young master of the Losa Family, representing the Losa Family, he could obtain everything that was due to him.

Because of the Losa.

With that thought, Losa the 11th didn't even wish to go to the lounge anymore.

Turning around, he headed straight downstairs.

He wanted to return to his room, take a nice bath to relax, and then pick up an ancient tome to read in bed, lying on his side. Of course, sparkling water and chips were essential.

As for other matters?

He did not wish to concern himself.

Nor did he wish to interfere.

Even more so, he could not.

Send the 9th, a man he could consider a friend, was dead. He felt sad, but what could he do?

He was powerless.

"I'm sorry, my friend."

"Though we only became friends because of our similar circumstances, without a single common interest, I still hope you can..., "

Losa the 11th thought to himself silently as he stepped into the car downstairs.

This was a vehicle belonging to the Losa Family, easily recognizable.

However, as he was getting into the car, Losa the 11th immediately regretted it.

Because the car's driver and bodyguard was not someone from the Losa Family.

Instead, it was a middle-aged man he had never seen before.

"You!"

Just as Losa the 11th was about to open his mouth, a strong hand covered it, the palm exerting so much force that his entire neck was gripped, and the sensation of suffocation was immediate.

At the same time, a shushing sound reached his ears.

"Losa the 11th, I hope you won't make any extra movements."

"We don't want to hurt you."

"At least not while you cooperate."

A voice arose.

Losa the 11th nodded immediately.

However, the hand did not leave Losa the 11th's mouth, though the force constraining his neck lessened greatly.

Instinctively, Losa the 11th turned his head to look at the person beside him.

The next moment, Losa the 11th's eyes widened.

"It's you!"

Chapter 774: Avoiding Trouble, Losa 11

Ugh!

Roslor crawled on the ground, retching loudly.

In the previous three minutes, he had already vomited everything in his stomach, but the vomiting hadn't stopped.

As a doctor, he thought himself accustomed to the sight of bloody, disgusting things and believed nothing should cause him such a severe physiological reaction anymore, but when he encountered that stinking river, Roslor realized how naïve he was.

Stench!

It was just too foul!

...

The odor of that putrid river truly filled Roslor with dread.

When smelled, it was enough to make a lasting impression.

Not to mention, at the time of the recent shooting, he unintentionally swallowed a couple of gulps.

He swore!

It was the strangest, most disgusting taste he had ever experienced in his life.

Ugh!

Thinking about that taste, Roslor began to dry heave again.

After another ten-plus seconds of retching, Roslor finally trembled and got up, turning towards the silent Bildler beside him.

"What's wrong, Bildler?"

Roslor asked directly.

Although they had known each other for less than a day, the several life-and-death experiences they shared in this short time had already made their relationship exceedingly special.

At first, Roslor's goodwill saved Bildler.

After that, Bildler's strength saved Roslor.

By this point, they had come to see each other as completely trustworthy.

So, when Roslor asked his question, he was very straightforward, without any concealment.

Similarly, Bildler's response was just as forthright.

"We've been discovered,"

Bildler said in a deep voice.

"Discovered?"

"We've been followed all along...wait a minute!"

"You mean?"

Roslor began to respond instinctively, but halfway through his words, he realized something was amiss.

"Yes."

"Roslor, your family

Before Bildler finished, Roslor already understood.

Why else would those attackers show up in the sewers?

Wasn't it because they knew that ultimately, he was going to go back to his house?

Despite the extensive planning by Bildler, they were still discovered.

'The Send Family'!

Xilin!

Roslor clenched his fists fiercely.

As a doctor who had cooperated with 'The Send Family', he knew all too well the way the family... no, the way the butler, Xilin, operated.

His wife, his children, must already be in their hands.

They wouldn't suffer torture for the time being.

Because they were waiting for him to walk right into the trap.

What would happen once he went?

A whole family, all accounted for.

That's certainly what they would do.

Of course, their goal was probably Bildler.

Bilder was far more valuable than him, the 'traitor'.

The potion had taken effect on Bildler and, although the reason was unknown, Xilin must really want to have Bildler as a 'living subject' at this point.

Thinking of this, Roslor took a deep breath.

Phew!

"Bildler, you could escape out of here, right?"

Roslor looked intently at Bildler.

"Hm?"

Bilder looked hesitantly at Roslor.

"Without the burden of me, you could leave District F, right?"

Roslor reiterated.

Then, without waiting for Billeder to speak, the once doctor spoke again.

"Stop worrying about me."

"I just got what I deserved; I've done quite a few wrongs before, now it's just retribution!"

"Thank you for saving me, you've helped me come to my senses."

Roslor said, extending his right hand to Billeder.

He wished to say goodbye to his newly made friend with a smile, but the smile on Roslor's face was extremely unsightly.

Just like every time he faced those departed souls.

It was always so unsightly.

He told himself time and again that he was just someone who followed orders.

He reminded himself, over and over, that he wasn't the one at fault, but rather the people of the Send Family were.

But!

In the end, he was involved.

His hands had long been stained with blood and sin.

The original him wasn't like this.

He had hoped to save lives and help the injured.

He hoped to bring more happiness to people.

But when did it all change?

Was it the first time he felt the pressure of the economy?

Or was it so that he could successfully propose to his wife?

For everything he now possessed, he had gone too far astray.

His initial dream had long been forgotten.

A life-saving doctor?

A butcher with blood-stained hands!

Thinking about the gaze of those innocents, his body could not help but shudder, his eyes reddened slightly, and tears flowed involuntarily.

"I am just a hypocritical bastard."

"The things I've done were never out of goodwill."

"I did it all to make myself feel a bit better."

"I

"I simply don't deserve you risking your life for me."

As he spoke, Roslor lowered his hand.

At this moment, he finally saw himself clearly.

Someone like him was beyond redemption.

Snap!

A crisp clap sound.

As Roslor's hand was about to drop, Bildler's hand slapped down hard onto Roslor's palm and firmly grasped it.

In the face of Roslor's surprised and emotional gaze, Bildler spoke quietly.

"I am like you."

"I am the security advisor for 'The Send Family'; I have a life others envy."

"And I don't want that life to be destroyed."

"So, when faced with those innocents, I chose to look away."

"I told myself, don't look, don't ask, don't care, and then nothing would exist."

"As a result, one by one they were taken away before me, executed."

Chapter 775: Avoiding Trouble, Losa 11_2

"In the end, it was my turn,"

"I hoped someone would help me, I wished just for a tiny bit of aid, just a little would have sufficed. And then, I suddenly thought of my own indifference, my selfishness."

"Given that, why should I expect help from others?"

"But Roslor, you helped me!"

"Roslor, do you know how I felt then?"

"It was like a beam of light coming through, shining right into my heart. I felt alive in that moment, as if I had just woken up from a long and terrible nightmare."

...

Billder looked at Roslor, pouring out his innermost thoughts.

Roslor, whose palm had been grasped by Billder, listened to this confession, his hanging hand involuntarily tightening its grip as he clasped that hand back.

Both men, flawed but still harboring that last bit of good in them, finally saw their true selves at this moment.

The two men stood face to face.

Different faces.

Different personalities.

But both felt as though they were looking into a mirror.

They suddenly knew what they wanted.

Redemption!

To redeem themselves as much as possible.

However, before that—

"I have an idea,"

Billder said.

"I agree,"

Roslor nodded without asking what the idea was.

Billder pointed into the distance.

There, at the center of Zone F.

There stood a building that remained brightly lit even under the cover of night.

Its dazzling brilliance made the building seem all the more towering and profound.

"You're thinking?"

Roslor guessed what Billeder had in mind in an instant.

"To do something those guys want to do but can't manage to accomplish."

"And incidentally, save your family as well,"

Billeder stated.

Then the former security consultant paused and asked, "Have you heard of those guys?"

"Hmm."

"I've heard of them."

"Rumors say they lurk in the shadows, always moving in secrecy—they represent the best hope for those at the bottom."

Roslor nodded.

"Perhaps with a bit of luck, we might even get their help,"

Billeder said as he took confident strides toward the distant 'Game' building.

Roslor quickly followed suit.

Soon, the night swallowed their figures.

When they reappeared, they were already in front of the 'Game' building.

Billder, who had washed himself three times with water and body wash and changed into fresh clothes, relied on his knowledge of the 'Game' building and easily entered its parking garage.

More smoothly still, they spotted the 'Losa Family' car.

Losa 11!

A target couldn't be any better.

More suitable than the agents of the 'Gibson Family,' 'Hera Family,' or 'Amiel Family.'

Because Losa 11 was a direct member of the 'Losa Family,' a person of sufficient importance.

At this time, Billder, already greatly enhanced by the potion, easily dealt with the 'Losa Family' bodyguards.

No killing.

Just knocking them out and tossing them into the trunk.

And the surveillance?

It had been temporarily 'adjusted' by Billder.

This wasn't difficult; the hard part was not getting discovered for an extended period.

But luckily, just two minutes after completing all of this, Losa 11 appeared, alone, and got into the car.

"It's you!"

Losa 11's eyes widened in shock upon seeing Bildler.

Bilder was a familiar face to Losa 11, not because of his role as the 'Send Family' security consultant—a mere security consultant wouldn't be memorable to Losa 11.

The recognition was purely due to his involvement in investigating the assassination attempt on Send 9.

But wasn't he supposed to have been in a car accident and become a vegetable?

Could it be...

Quickly, Losa 11 pieced together the possibilities.

"Don't hurt me."

"We can talk. Any terms."

Losa 11 raised his hands, appeasing as he spoke.

"I hope Mr. Losa 11 can contact the 'Send Family' and have them release Roslor's family,"

Bilder said quickly and clearly.

"Roslor?"

Losa 11 furrowed his brow.

In his memory, there was no name for this person either.

Subconsciously, Losa 11 glanced towards the driver's seat.

Roslor noticed Losa 11's gaze, instinctively saluted, but then realized that doing so was inappropriate and immediately wanted to show a fierce expression.

However, by this time, Losa 11 had already shifted his gaze towards Bildler.

"Where are my driver and bodyguard?"

Losa 11 asked.

"They are both in the trunk,"

Bildler replied truthfully.

"Both?"

Upon hearing Bildler's words, Losa 11's expression turned strange.

Then, the 11th successor of the Losa Family couldn't help but sigh out loud.

"Ah."

"I couldn't escape after all,"

A bitter smile appeared on Losa 11's face.

With the assassination of Send 9, he knew that things would not be that simple.

He still hesitated.

He should have left Zone F as soon as Send 9 was attacked.

Never mind being suspected of something.

It was still better than being dragged into a scheme at this time.

Bildder noticed the expression on Losa 11's face and felt a sudden jolt in his heart.

Once serving as the 'Send Family's' security consultant, Bildder quickly thought of a critical point.

"Isn't your style to have one driver and one bodyguard, and then a team of 'bodyguards' would secretly follow?"

As Bildder asked this, sweat beaded his forehead.

"That's the style of the 'Send Family.'

'Losa Family' doesn't operate like that,"

"We prefer to be more open and upright,"

Losa 11 spread his hands helplessly, looked at Bildler, and said softly, "The target isn't just Send 9 but also me! And you guys make the perfect 'scapegoats.'

"No different from that 'Galen.'

As he spoke, Losa 11 sighed again.

Bilder and Roslor looked at each other, both seeing shock in the other's eyes.

"Has my movement been anticipated?"

Roslor said incredulously.

"Hmm, it's possible!"

Bilder nodded, instinctively thinking of the potion that the blurry figure had fed him during the car accident.

"Damn it!"

Bilder cursed under his breath.

The former security consultant was not only annoyed by his own miscalculation but also because in the distance—

Footsteps sounded.

A group of people in black suits, holding weapons, appeared in the distance.

"Roslor, you need to get out of here now."

"Find a safe place to hide."

"After that I

"You think you can take them all on by yourself?"

"Don't deny it, that's exactly what I thought before, I know exactly what I looked like, and it's the look you have now."

Roslor interrupted Bildler, the doctor pulled at his collar, and grabbed the pistol he had been clutching tightly. He looked at Bildler and deliberately spoke in a relaxed tone, "I'm just a doctor, I don't have any safe houses or such things, once you're dead, I'm as good as dead, so I think we can give it a shot."

Bilder's lips moved slightly, but in the end, he said nothing.

Roslor was speaking the truth.

How could you expect a doctor to be so well-prepared?

Unlike some writers with persecution complex.

"Let's go for it!"

Resolve flashed in Bildler's eyes.

And just as the two of them were ready to take action, Losa 11 let out a long sigh of relief.

"It's good, it's not the worst scenario."

Losa 11 muttered to himself.

Naturally, this caught the attention of Bildder and Roslor.

"If it were me, I would have installed a bomb in this car, and after you got on, and I got on, I would detonate the bomb and then clean up the scene."

"After all, in the end, there would be no evidence, and the dead can't speak."

"And abandoning such a straightforward method for a more complicated one

"He wants to capture us alive."

Losa 11 explained.

Then, Losa 11 looked at Bildder and Roslor very seriously.

"If you want to live, listen to me."

"Now

"Take me hostage!"

Chapter 776: 25 Bucks?

Game Mansion, the top floor meeting hall.

Sitting in the chair, Luodeni watched Losa 11 leave the meeting hall and couldn't help but smile.

This smile contained relief as well as disdain.

However, the latter was fleeting and soon covered by other emotions.

At the same time, the tense atmosphere that had just pervaded the meeting room had disappeared.

The representative of the Hera Family, Donna, although wearing a veil, at this moment, anyone could feel her sense of relaxation.

...

A sense of relaxation just like Luodeni's.

Wittes, the representative of the Amiel Family, was no exception.

His body sat upright, but his face no longer held the seriousness it had just before.

"Heh, a flower that has grown in a greenhouse."

The representative of the Gibson Family, Luodeni, let out another light laugh.

Once again, a feeling of disdain surfaced in his tone.

But at this, the other two family representatives, the proxies Donna and Wittes, both nodded in agreement.

"Who else but the young master of the Losa Family?"

"Even flowers from a greenhouse can live without worries."

Gently swaying her folding fan, Donna's words carried a hint of resentment, but then turned into a soft sigh.

Full of helplessness and a touch of powerlessness.

Luodeni and Wittes both tightened their lips.

They shared the feeling deeply.

As representatives and agents of the Hundred Major Families, they knew all too well what kind of status they held. To outsiders, they were second only to one, but in reality?

To the Hundred Major Families, they were just 'workers' who could be replaced at any time.

'Worker' was the polite term they found.

Unpleasant phrases?

Tools?

That would be an overestimation.

Dogs?

An apt description.

When their masters give them a bone, they have to wag their tails nonstop and carry out various commands.

Do well, and it's their duty, as expected.

But what if they don't perform well?

Chastisement and punishment are also to be expected.

After all, this is part of 'training a dog'.

Even more so, to some extent, they are even less than 'dogs'.

At least dogs have some freedom.

They?

Nothing.

None at all.

Beneath the glitzy exterior lies only the 'loyalty' to their respective families!

A hundred percent loyalty!

Beyond that, there are no other impurities.

For instance...

Xilin!

Luodeni, Donna, Wittes—these three family representatives, proxies, almost simultaneously looked towards the spot where Xilin had committed suicide with a gun, and though it had been cleaned spotless, in their eyes seemed to reappear the color of blood, and the scent of blood filled their nostrils once more.

Intense.

Inescapable.

Uncomfortable.

After that, all three became unnatural.

Luodeni's smile stiffened.

Donna closed her folding fan and then opened it again.

Wittes straightened his posture, yet again puffed out his chest as if wishing to be even more upright.

They seemed to see their own fates at this moment.

At the same time, they also felt fortunate.

This time, it wasn't them.

But what about the next time?

And the time after that?

The atmosphere that had just relaxed became heavy again at this moment.

This mood lasted for about ten seconds, but it was ultimately Donna who broke it.

This lady, dressed in a black veil and a bright red dress, tapped her palm with her folding fan. Amidst the crisp snapping sounds, she said,

"Now is not the time for silence, we are the victors."

"This time is, and the next will be too."

"After all, we've joined forces."

Donna declared emphatically.

"That's right!"

"With the three of us allied, we're secure, and no one in District F can stop us. As long as we keep going, it won't take us ten years to become members of the 'Council of Elders' of our respective families. At that time, we can finally breathe easy and truly enjoy life," Wittes nodded and spoke a string of words unusually.

On the face of the representative and proxy of the Amiel Family, the longing was evident.

Without a doubt, he was looking forward to that moment.

Or to put it more accurately, it's because of that anticipation that he was able to persevere.

"Ten years!"

"I somehow regret not having met the two of you earlier."

"Had I met you sooner, I might already have my own life by now?"

Luodeni, the oldest representative and proxy of the Gibson Family, couldn't help but sigh.

Time is the most impartial.

Every minute, every second, every instant leaves its mark on everyone.

Time is merciless.

Because such marks are irreversible.

Luodeni twisted his stiff back, feeling the pain, and couldn't help but sigh again.

"Is it too late now?"

Donna asked.

Wittes looked at Luodeni.

His gaze carried a kind of scrutiny.

A scrutiny among allies, as well as that between adversaries.

To such scrutiny, Luodeni laughed in his heart.

Their alliance was fragile, based entirely on shared interests, without any so-called affection, let alone a helping hand at a critical moment.

At that time, not to betray would be considered having strong character.

He didn't blame the others.

Nor did he harbor any resentment.

Because he was the same.

Luodeni's face showed a smile again.

Chapter 777: 25 Cent?_2

"It's not late."

"Certainly not late."

"We are just getting started, everything will get better and better."

Luodeni said as he locked eyes with Wittes unflinchingly.

After a full two seconds, both parties turned their heads away as if by tacit agreement.

At this time, Donna spoke up at just the right moment.

...

"According to the agreement, the 'Send Family's' 'aboveboard industries' in Area F will be divided into four parts, we and you will hold three tenths, and the remaining seven tenths will be given to the young

master Losa 11, who will bear the Send Family's wrath, while the 'real industries' we won't touch, leaving them to the Send Family's successor who comes to Area F

As she spoke, a trace of discontent appeared in Donna's voice.

Similar expressions surfaced on the faces of Luodeni and Wittes.

Such a good opportunity, yet they had the least.

Although what they had was already excellent, the sight of the bigger cake given to the Losa 11 young master, who did nothing, again brought up a feeling of helplessness in all three of them.

As for the 'real industries'?

Those referred to everything 'in the game.'

These they would not touch.

Because they represented the core of each family.

If they moved on it, it would mean war.

And the mention of the 'Send Family's in-game assets' that Wittes purposely made earlier was just to create an argument, to drive away Losa 11.

Actually given to him, Wittes didn't dare to take it for himself.

"Think of something nice."

"Although we each only took one tenth, the Losa 11 young master with seven tenths has to deal with the Send Family's successor who will soon come to Area F."

"Looking at it this way, it's like we got one tenth for nothing."

"Why wouldn't we do it?"

Luodeni said to his two partners.

"Losa 11 young master, can he handle it?"

Wittes spoke with a tone of doubt.

"Of course, he can."

"He has to, even if he can't."

"Even if the Losa 11 young master can't, the Send Family's seven tenths 'aboveboard industries' are enough to get the Losa Family to send someone specialized to deal with it, and also... the Losa Family might make an even bigger move."

Luodeni continued, smiling.

Wittes and Donna's eyes lit up.

A bigger move?

That naturally referred to the Send Family's 'real industries.'

These industries, which they couldn't touch, didn't mean the Losa Family would give up on them.

Most of the time, the Losa Family remained rational, but if there was an opportunity, they certainly wouldn't miss it.

Moreover, they would also 'assist.'

Of course, they wouldn't help for free; they would take a certain fee.

Muddying the waters?

It was their specialty.

Bang!

Just as the three were about to discuss some detailed plans, the door was suddenly pushed open.

Anger immediately appeared on the faces of Luodeni and Wittes.

Donna, because of the veil, couldn't be seen, but her sudden move to look up towards the door was enough to explain everything.

"You'd better have a good reason for this."

"Otherwise, I'll lock you up with the most vicious 'Brutalizer.'"

Wittes said to the Game Mansion staff, enunciating each word.

"Your Excellency, Your Excellency."

The already Swift mansion staff, who raced in and were frightened, became even more terrified after Wittes' remark, their speech faltering.

"Calm down, now, speak."

Luodeni quickly calmed himself down, gestured to Wittes and Donna to wait, and then looked at the Game Mansion staff.

"Losa 11 young master has been taken hostage in the parking lot, no, not taken hostage, he was attacked, that's not right, he

The Game Mansion staff stammered.

However, the three present didn't wait for the staff member to clarify and rushed out immediately.

Send 9 died outside, it was good for them.

Losa 11 in trouble, in the Game Mansion parking lot, for them, that really was a disaster.

"Surveillance!"

"Get the surveillance up!"

"I want to see everything."

"Guards!"

"Everyone, get moving!"

Luodeni and Wittes shouted as they ran.

Donna, however, remained silent but moved the fastest.

...

Billder and Roslor stared at Losa 11 with wide eyes, completely clueless about what had happened.

Losa 11 looked at the two with a hint of helplessness.

Hadn't he explained clearly?

Why couldn't these two grasp it?

Seeing those black-suited men getting closer, Losa 11 no longer had time to explain.

"Billder, put one hand around my neck, try to cover my mouth with your sleeve, I'll tell you what to do. Roslor, you just back up Billder."

After speaking swiftly, Losa 11 repositioned Billder's arm around his own neck and pushed open the car door.

Billder was finally starting to react.

He cooperated immediately.

"Don't come any closer!"

"Come any closer, and I'll shoot!"

Billder held Losa 11's neck with one hand and pointed the gun directly at Losa 11's temple with the other.

Roslor stood to one side, hands raised with the guns aimed at the black suits rushing toward them.

However, his hands were shaking.

Two and a half on their side.

Count B ludder and Losa 11 as two, and he's a half.

What about the other side?

A full ten people.

And moreover, inside the 'Game Mansion,' which made Roslor extremely nervous, completely unsure of what to do.

Fortunately, Losa 11's quiet voice came through.

"Go straight to the elevator!"

"Elevator number two."

Losa 11 whispered.

His gaze swept over those men in black suits, confirming there was no memory of these men in his mind, his body compliantly moved slowly alongside B ludder, and in his heart, Losa 11 lamented.

Chapter 778: 25 Cent?_3

Without a doubt, the trouble was bigger than he had imagined.

Being able to silently bring ten people into the 'Game Mansion' and lay in ambush perfectly was not something an ordinary person could do.

Other than him, only Rodney from the 'Gibson Family,' Donna from the 'Hera Family,' and Wittes from the 'Amiel Family' remained.

Of course, before Send 9's death, Send 9 was also a part of that list.

With the death of Send 9, there were only those three left.

However, Losa 11 did not believe that the three of them would do such a thing.

...

It was not because of the trio's 'loyalty.'

It was just because of their 'knowledge of the times.'

The three of them were well aware of what he represented.

Once they really did such a thing, it would be irrevocable.

Wait!

Irrevocable?

Could it be...

"Send 9's death is related to one of them?"

Suddenly, this thought entered Losa 11's brain.

Deep down, he still didn't want to believe it.

But some of the information he knew, the clues, began to link up involuntarily.

The simplest point was timing!

The assassin knew Send 9 too well!

Only such familiarity could lead Send 9 himself 'into the trap' unknowingly.

But who provided such 'familiarity'?

Losa 11 once suspected the Butler Xilin, but with the latter's death, Losa 11 knew he had been misled, but did not think much of it.

So what if he was misled.

After all, he didn't want to be involved.

But now it was different!

"Number 1!"

"Don't go to elevator number 2!"

"Take elevator number 1!"

Losa 11 stressed.

Elevator number 2 was the 'Losa Family's' private elevator in the 'Game Mansion.'

In fact, there wasn't just one such private elevator.

The 'Send Family' had elevator number 1.

The 'Gibson Family' had elevator number 3.

The 'Hera Family' had elevator number 4.

The 'Amiel Family' had elevator number 5.

Just now, Losa 11 had subconsciously chosen the elevator belonging to his own family, but at this moment, Losa 11 dared not ride the family-exclusive elevator number 2.

Send 9 was 'familiar.'

What about him?

If the other party dared to strike at him, then they must also be familiar with him.

They would surely guess that his next move would be to enter elevator number 2.

And in elevator number 2, naturally, there would be a trap.

Not a fatal one.

But the use of anesthetic or the like was inevitable.

He did not wish to become a caged bird.

Therefore, elevator number 1 was the best choice.

Why not choose elevators 3, 4, or 5?

Because, before confirmation, Losa 11 no longer trusted any one of Rodney, Donna, or Wittes.

Ding!

The elevator doors opened.

Billder, holding Losa 11 and Roslor side by side, walked into the elevator.

The doors slowly closed.

Losa 11's gaze turned to the buttons on the elevator.

All the floor buttons, including the top floor, were there.

Then, after thinking for a moment, Losa 11 pressed number 4.

"Floor 4?"

Billder was taken aback.

As a former security consultant for the 'Send Family,' he was clear about what was on the fourth floor.

"Nowhere else is safe at the moment, it's the safest place there."

Losa 11 said with certainty.

Billder nodded slightly, agreeing with Losa 11's statement.

Hiding ten people in the 'Game Mansion' and arranging a few more wouldn't be difficult.

Roslor, entering the 'Game Mansion' for the first time, had a confused look on his face.

"What is that?"

Roslor asked in a low voice.

Losa 11 responded.

"The 'Brutalizer's Home'!"

"Every family has their own 'Brutalizer's Home,' and since this elevator belongs to the 'Send Family,' it leads to the 'Brutalizer's Home' where lives

"Jason."

Chapter 779: The Gradually Emerging Situation

Jason?!

The answer from Losa 11 made Bildler and Roslor wear looks of horror.

Especially Bildler, whose pupils constricted sharply.

No one knew better than Bildler who Jason was.

Even now, Bildler could vividly recall the indifferent, cold gaze of Jason when he saw him.

Those eyes didn't seem like they were looking at a person.

...

But rather an object, a thing.

No!

Not an object, a thing.

It was casual.

The casual way one's eyes might glide over roadside grass, pebbles, or dead branches.

As if, in his eyes, people mattered even less than the 'nutritional meal' in his hand.

Such a feeling made Bildler extremely uncomfortable, but he could only endure it in silence.

Because he understood that any wrong move would certainly mean his death.

It was like that before!

And now?

After silently considering, Bildler spoke up.

"That Jason is too dangerous!"

"He's completely different from the other 'Brutalizers'. Just sitting there eating, I get the feeling of facing a terrifying monster—my sixth sense keeps reminding me to stay away from his food, or I'll die."

Bildler said in a grave voice.

"But do we have any other choices now?"

"Compared to elevators 2, 3, 4, 5, this place is safer

Losa 11 was explaining, but before he could finish, the eleventh in line to the Losa Family suddenly froze.

There's a high probability of traps in elevators 2, 3, 4, 5.

So, does that mean there are no 'traps' in elevator 1?

Or rather, is elevator 1 truly safe?

Would the enemy, having plotted for so long, lack a contingency plan?

Connecting Send 9's assassination, Xilin's suicide, and his departure from the conference room, a bitter smile appeared on the corner of Losa 11's mouth.

As he had guessed before, the enemy was familiar with Send 9.

Similarly, the enemy was also familiar with him.

Even more familiar than he had imagined.

So, at this moment, the enemy had already arranged everything!

What they were waiting for was simply for him to step into the 'trap' they had prepared.

"It seems we've been tricked!"

Losa 11 said, looking at Bildler and Roslor.

The bitter smile on his face disappeared, leaving only calmness.

His voice was extremely calm as well.

His eyes, however, were sharp.

He did not want to be involved, not just because he was unaccustomed to this kind of life, but also because he dreaded the trouble.

But when it concerned life?

He had to be serious.

"What do you mean?"

Roslor, just beginning to feel terrified at the prospect of coming into close contact with the 'Brutalizer', was completely unable to keep up at this moment.

Billder, on the other hand, turned to look at the elevator buttons.

The buttons for the elevator numbered thirty in total, arranged in two rows.

Currently, the one marked with the number 4 was lit.

Billder raised his hand to touch the button with the number 4.

He hoped to cancel the command to reach this floor.

But it was no use.

Not only was this button unresponsive, but all the other buttons at this moment stopped working as well, and numerous pushes from Bildler had no effect.

Sweat started pouring from his forehead, and Bildler instinctively looked towards Losa 11.

"What do we do?"

Since the 'hostage' situation began, Losa 11 had unconsciously taken the leadership role among the three.

At this moment, Losa 11 did not look at Bildler or Roslor—instead, he spoke with an increasingly calm voice, "Wait."

Wait?

Wait for what?

Wait for death?

Roslor couldn't help but gripe internally, but seeing his life-and-death ally not saying anything, he also patiently began to wait.

Ding!

In the crisp electronic sound.

The 4th floor had arrived.

...

Pers returned to his own room.

He disregarded the USB flash drive plugged into his computer and tried to keep his gaze from resting on it.

Although Jason had told him that the flash drive contained no direct danger, Pers still felt his skin crawl, always feeling as though an unseen pair of eyes was watching him in what was originally his own room.

This feeling was downright awful.

With no other choice, Pers crouched down in front of the cat's nest again and reached out his hand.

There was no cat in the cat's nest.

Pers was aware.

But, he could imagine he had a cat.

Feeling the fuzzy sensation.

The next moment, in front of this 'Contactee', four cats seemed to suddenly appear, each with a proud but bashful face that seemed to beg for a touch.

First, the pure black Big Black.

Then, the pure white Big White.

Next, the black-and-white Cow.

Finally, his most beloved, Big Orange.

Bliss!

It filled his heart unconsciously.

His tense emotions were gradually soothed, and Pers started to remember Jason's words, murmuring to himself just like before.

"The 'Golden Lamb' Galen was successfully persuaded by me."

"But the contestant Jason... remains unmoved."

"What should I do?"

"If I leave like this, is the success rate a bit low?"

"No!"

"I need a higher chance of success."

"And also, money."

"Behind a changed identity, I will definitely need a large amount of money."

"And

Pers, squatting there, initially remembered that he was only acting as per Jason's instructions, but as he spoke, he inadvertently became immersed in his role, starting to draw up detailed plans.

Especially when contemplating some specifics, he weighed them repeatedly.

As if he truly was going to proceed in such a manner.

And the 'USB flash drive' plugged into the computer recorded everything without omission.

In the end, this information was relayed to a certain place.

Chapter 780: The Gradually Emerging Situation – Part 2

The person gently pressed the “switch”.

Then, confrontations and arguments took place in the rooftop meeting hall.

Losa 11 stepped out through the door.

Meanwhile, Bildler and Roslor began to infiltrate.

Everything was as that person had anticipated.

The corresponding arrangements began to take effect one by one.

...

Some were targeted at the rooftop meeting hall.

Some were targeted at Losa 11.

There were also traps for Bildler and Roslor.

And naturally, there were some for...

Jason.

A figure entirely cloaked in a thick cape appeared on Jason's floor.

The adversary had unobstructed access to this place.

The surveillance seemed to turn a blind eye to them.

The guards?

They were temporarily distracted by Losa 11's "kidnapping", which absorbed all their attention.

The figure advanced step by step.

And then!

They entered the room of "Contact" Pers.

Upon hearing the door open, Pers turned around and saw the fully shrouded figure, and instinctively, Pers reached for the alarm at his wrist—an alarm hidden beneath the skin, a special alert possessed by every “Contact”, and the last line of defense. The moment it was pressed, the entire floor would be alarmed, defense mechanisms would activate instantly, and security would arrive in the shortest possible time.

However, just as Pers’s finger was about to touch his wrist, the visitor made their move.

A swift and decisive karate chop.

Bang!

Amid the dull thud, Pers fell to the ground.

The assailant was quite confident in their attack and did not even glance at the fallen Pers but turned and picked up Pers’s ‘remote control’, then turned and walked out.

However, just before leaving the room, the uninvited guest cast a look at the empty cat nest.

After confirming that there were no cats inside, they hesitated slightly, gave Pers one final glance, and then left completely.

There are too many sick people in the world.

It wasn't too much to imagine having four cats.

Some imagined themselves to be cats.

And of course, there were those who imagined they were dogs.

Although the uninvited guest did not understand these fantasies, they knew what their mission was.

...

Ding!

The crisp sound of pressing the "Nutrient Meal (Free)" button once again.

Having acquired some "sugar" earlier, Jason had found these "nutrient meals" to be quite palatable.

To prepare for any possible events, he felt he needed to eat more.

Send 9 was dead.

Xilin was dead.

Who would be next?

Jason did not yet know, but one thing he was certain of:

The other party would continue.

They would continue to kill.

Until the entire F block was thrown into total chaos.

And his own name must also be on the murderers' list,

And quite possibly occupying an 'important role'.

This was not him thinking too highly of himself.

It was simply because of Pers's 'action'.

The adversary, having anticipated Pers's actions, would naturally assume he would be involved too.

Allowing an uncontrollable "Brutalizer" to participate was definitely not what the opponent wanted to see.

What they needed was a "Brutalizer" who would obey.

For them, this would not be difficult.

Or rather, any "Brutalizer", no matter how powerful, lost any threat to them the moment they became a "Brutalizer".

The remote control!

Jason remembered clearly the remote control with its red, blue, yellow, green buttons.

The green one put him to "Deep Sleep".

But what were the yellow, blue, and red buttons for?

Even with his big toe, Jason could guess one or two functions.

The most conspicuous red would undoubtedly represent death.

One of the yellow or blue must be for an electric shock.

He had felt it himself during the preliminary round.

As for the remaining one?

It must be some torture similar to an “electric shock”.

"Do they need me to create an accident that seems reasonable by my own hand?"

Jason thought.

Beyond this possibility, he couldn't think of any other at the moment.

After all, a 'tool' as useful as him would not be easy to find.

Being a "Brutalizer", it was destined not many would believe what he said.

And even if someone did, he'd have to survive to see that moment.

Following their usual style, it would be most appropriate for a 'tool' like him to 'die' after being used.

Of course!

Incidentally, along with the intended targets, Pers would also die.

And moreover, it would be by his hand.

And have nothing to do with them.

All this would be the work of his sudden frenzy.

So...

"Who is the target?"

Jason couldn't help but wonder, his gaze shifting toward the direction of the 'door'.

He had already heard a clear sound of footsteps.

Light and covert.

Full of that sense of technique.

None that he had heard before.

Here they come!

Jason mused in his heart.

Then, the 'door' opened.

The wooden hue receded, and through the transparent door, Jason could clearly see the person he had been waiting for.

Covered all over, that wasn't surprising.

Carrying a remote control in hand, also expected.

But one thing was beyond Jason's anticipation.

The scent!

The aroma of food!

There was a very faint scent of food on the other person!

The other must have been in contact with 'food' quite some time ago.

If it weren't for [Enhanced Smell], Jason would hardly be able to detect such a lingering scent from so long ago.

And now, having smelled it, Jason's eyes lit up.

He had originally thought that in this replica world, 'food' would be hidden deeper, requiring more effort to uncover, or even that he would have to passively wait.

But he hadn't expected it to appear before him so soon.

An opportunity!

Jason would never give up on any piece of 'food'.

Therefore, he changed his original plan and instead of taking action, he sat still and quietly watched the uninvited guest approaching.

This clearly led to a significant misunderstanding on the part of the guest.

"Your intelligence is astonishing,"

"No one would expect such wit beneath such a large frame."

"So, you must guess why I am here, right?"

"Of course, you should also know what this is, right?"

The intruder stood outside the door, lifted the remote in their hand, and gestured towards Jason.

Then, without waiting for Jason to respond, they pressed the yellow button on it.

Crackle!

Amid the sound of electricity, a shock spread from near Jason's heart, traveling along his nerves throughout his body.

Ordinary people would convulse uncontrollably under such circumstances and then fall to the ground immobile.

But this was no use against Jason.

However, to play along, Jason still controlled his muscles to twitch a few times.

"Endurance is a fine virtue for everyone,"

"But

"It disgusts me immensely."

Saying this, the other party raised a finger and pressed the blue button.

Bang!

It was as if the sound of fireworks exploding came from within Jason's body.

Jason felt as if his internal organs had been dealt a heavy blow.

Without the protection of skin and muscle, it was a direct hit to the organs.

Even Jason couldn't help but tremble.

But the other person had no intention of stopping.

They pressed the yellow and blue buttons several times in succession, watching Jason fall to the ground before finally ceasing.

With a raise of their hand,

Whoosh!

The 'door' opened.

The intruder strode in.

With no caution or consideration, they simply stood in front of Jason.

Nobody understood better than they did the measures taken against these 'Brutalizers'. After the punishment just now, they could be sure that Jason had temporarily lost the ability to move.

However, the uninvited guest began to kick Jason with the tip of their foot.

"Get up."

The other kicked several times, and when Jason struggled to open his eyes, they gestured at him to look at the finger they had placed on the red button of the remote.

"You absolutely don't want me to press this."

"Now, get up."

"Take out the people coming out of the elevator."

The other urged.

Jason slowly got to his feet.

As if spurred on by the other's urging, he walked outward.

His nose hidden beneath the mask twitched continuously.

He wanted to memorize this scent.

Then, to find that piece of 'food'.

One in front and one behind.

The intruder timed it just right; as they reached the elevator doors, the elevator had just arrived on the fourth floor.

Ding!

Among the crisp electronic sound, the elevator doors opened.

Revealing Losa, Bildler, and Roslor inside.

The uninvited guest smirked.

"Take them out

"Aaaaah!"