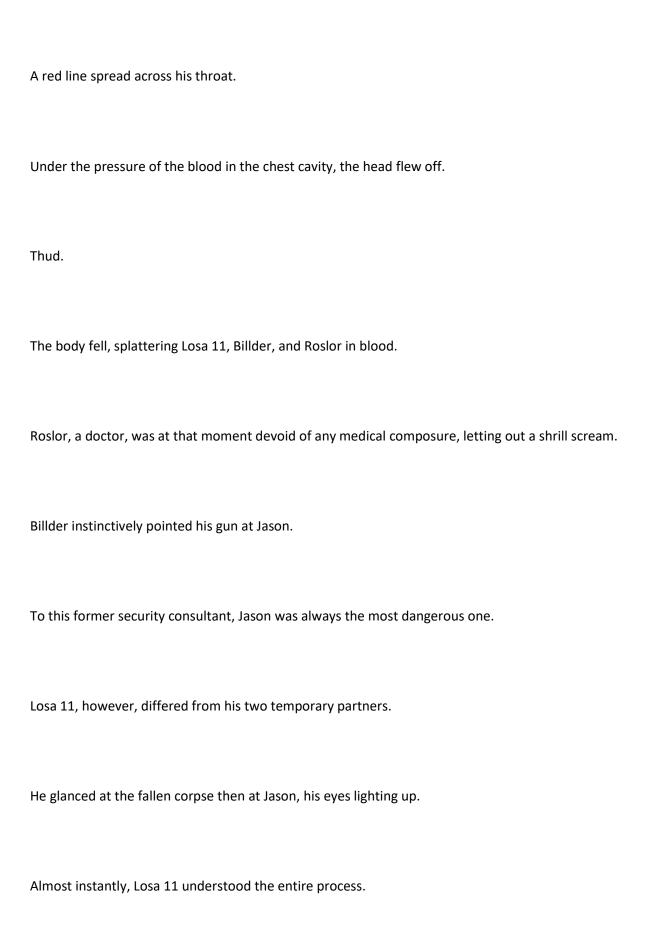
Menu 781

Wella 701
Chapter 781: The Innocent Young Losa 11
Following behind Jason, the uninvited guest was smug.
As his gaze fixed on the elevator about to ascend, he could no longer contain the upward curl of his lips.
Perfect! Simple!
Everything had gone exactly as he had anticipated.
Not one bit off course!
His success was imminent!
···
He had waited far too long for this moment!
Naturally, he didn't want to miss a single second!
So, he watched the elevator with wide-onen eyes

Ding!
The crisp electronic sound chimed, his breathing quickening in anticipation of what was next.
And then
Ow!
A sharp pain transmitted from his wrist.
The uninvited guest froze for a moment, then looked down at his wrist spewing blood with a hiss.
His hand, along with the remote, had already been thrown to the ground.
Jason, who had been under his 'control', was now facing him, knife drawn.
"How dare you?!"

"How dare?!"
The agonized cries of pain were intermixed with the uninvited guest's incredulous yells.
In the guest's mind, as long as he held that remote, even the mightiest 'Brutalizer' was nothing but a useful 'tool'.
He had tried it more than once.
And each time it had worked without fail.
Naturally, he thought Jason would be no exception.
As for being disarmed?
Don't be ridiculous, believing he was bold enough to do so, he was confident about pressing that button before any 'Brutalizer' could snatch it away.
In fact, that's exactly what happened.

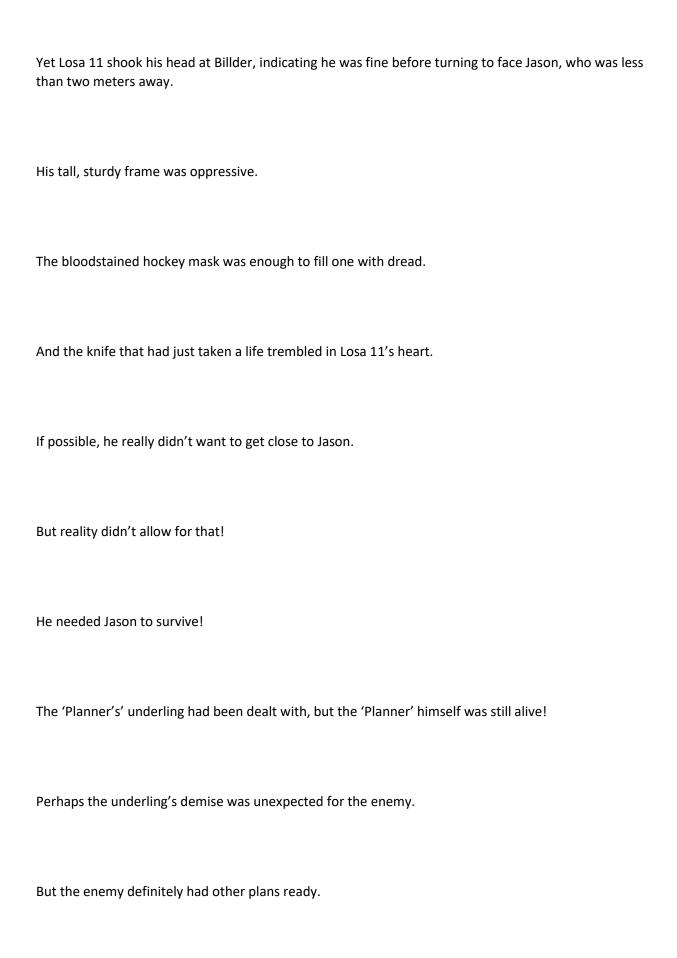
Even though the knife strike was incredibly sudden and fast!
At the critical moment, he had indeed pressed the button.
But precisely because of this, the uninvited guest was all the more incredulous.
Not dead?
Jason wasn't dead!
How was that possible?!
His eyes widened in disbelief, as he tried to speak again.
But Jason didn't give him another chance.
A backhanded slash.
Spurt!



The 'Planner' had sent a loyal subordinate, using the 'remote control' to coerce Jason into becoming the 'tool' for his own erasure, but unfortunately for him, Jason's reaction was far beyond the subordinate's expectations.
The subordinate hadn't just been killed.
He had also shown him the 'way out' he had been waiting for!
Without hesitation, Losa 11 raised his hands high.
"Spare me."
"Cooperate."
"Mutual benefit."
Losa 11 spoke rapidly.
Jason, however, didn't immediately attend to Losa 11; instead, he took the remote from the uninvited guest's hand.

When his opponent pressed the button just now, Jason could clearly feel his heart being ripped apart, the sound faint but distinct. If not for the other's howling, it might have been discovered early.
Escaping the bonds of life was nothing to Jason.
But he didn't mind using this 'life' to its fullest potential.
The loss of the bonds' effect was known only to him.
Others did not know.
Leaving behind a deliberately created 'weakness' was, for Jason, nothing short of perfect.
Even as he picked up the remote, Jason had already thought of several possibilities.
Watching Jason pick up the remote, Billder couldn't help but swallow hard.
He was well aware of what the remote was.

It was the 'Brutalizer's' 'rein'; once released, it would be a disaster.	
Instinctively, Billder stepped forward, shielding Roslor and Losa 11 behind him.	
Roslor stood behind Billder, imitating a life-or-death situation by raising his hand	dgun.
Meanwhile, Losa 11 kept his hands raised as he approached Jason.	
"Losa 11!"	
Billder exclaimed in shock.	
He couldn't understand why Losa 11 would do such a thing.	
Facing a 'Brutalizer', you should keep your distance.	
Any proximity could be deadly.	

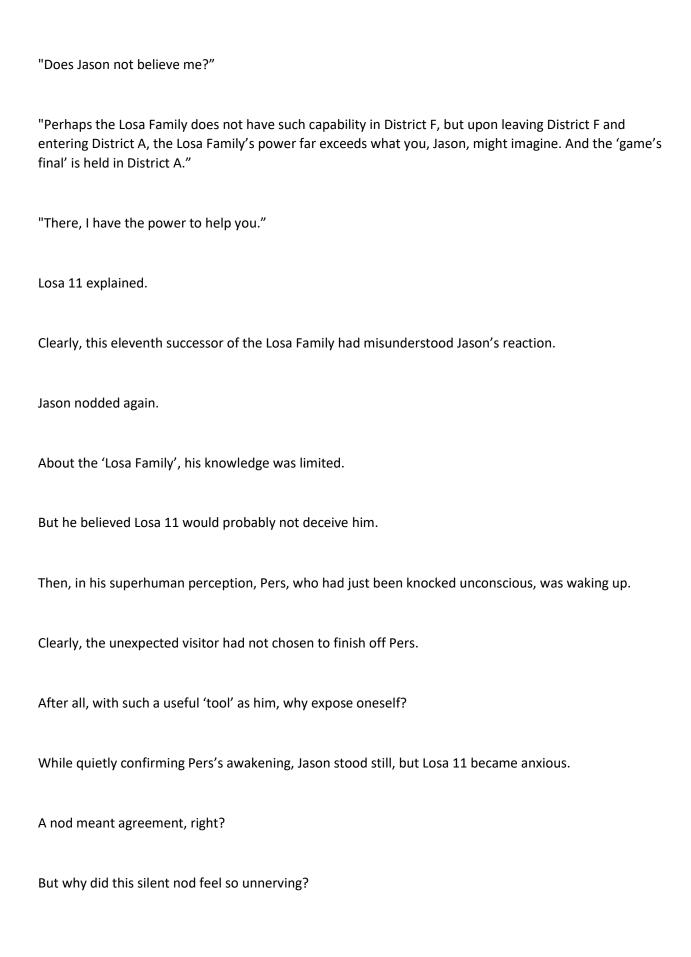


And they would be ten times, a hundred times more dangerous!
They could leave him with no place to be buried!
With this in mind, Losa 11 hesitated no longer.
"Jason, player, hello."
"I am the eleventh in line for the Losa Family, Losa 11."
Losa 11 introduced his identity.
Although most of the time Losa 11 was quite resigned to his status, he also knew the convenience his status could bring.
Losa 11.
Just when Billder had spoken out, Jason had already confirmed the other's identity.

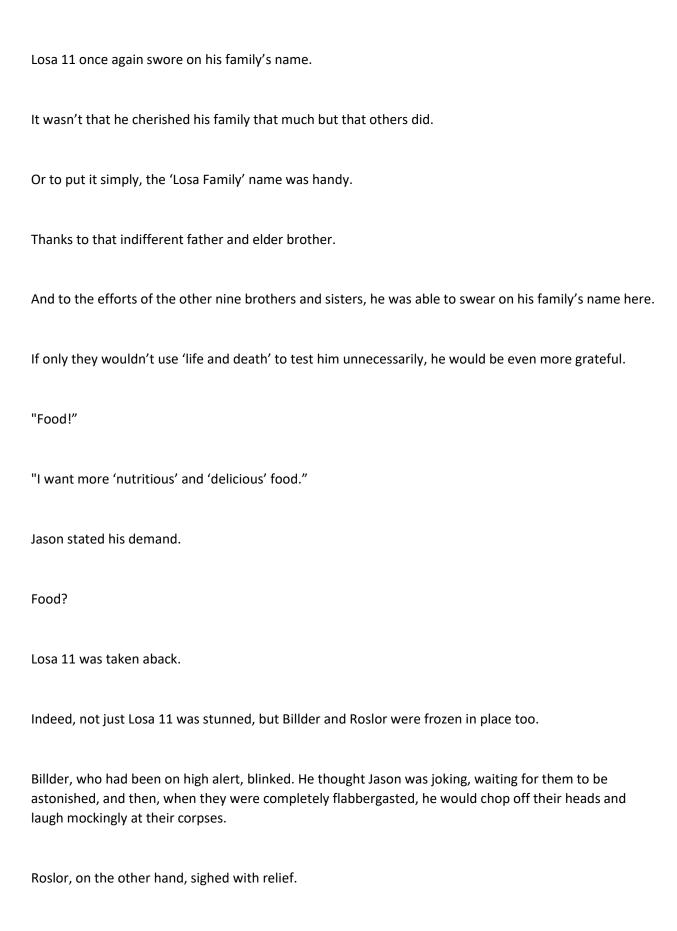
Also clear was that 'The Planner' had another target in his sights.
Chapter 782: The Innocent Young Losa 11_2
The next target after Send 9 had been taken out was Losa 11.
"So it is!"
Jason had previously suspected that the incident with Send 9 had been orchestrated by one of the 'Gibson Family', 'Hera Family', 'Amiel Family', or 'Losa Family'.
All for the benefit of District F.
Now?
He was even more certain of this speculation.

Jason sized up Losa 11.
Jason sizeu up Losa 11.
Handsome in appearance and tall in stature, apart from a pale complexion, there was nothing unusual.
The flare of his nostrils behind the mask revealed no scent of 'food'.
After an initial determination that the other party posed no threat, Jason nodded.
This action made Losa 11 breathe a sigh of relief.
His greatest fear now was that Jason would recklessly come at him with a blade.

Since negotiations were possible, there was hope.
"I hope that Jason can protect us."
"Of course, it wouldn't be for free."
"I can promise that Jason will receive considerable help in the 'game' to come, and in the end, he will certainly win the championship and gain true 'freedom! swear on the 'Losa' name."
Losa 11 did not hesitate and directly stated what he thought Jason needed most.
Put himself in others' shoes.
What did a 'Brutalizer' need most?
Besides freedom, Losa 11 could think of nothing else.
And to skimp at this moment would be irresponsible to his own life.
Losa 11 did not want to die yet.
But contrary to Losa 11's expectations, upon hearing the offer, Jason's eyes were quite calm, as if he didn't care at all.
Not care?
Losa 11 frowned and immediately spoke up.

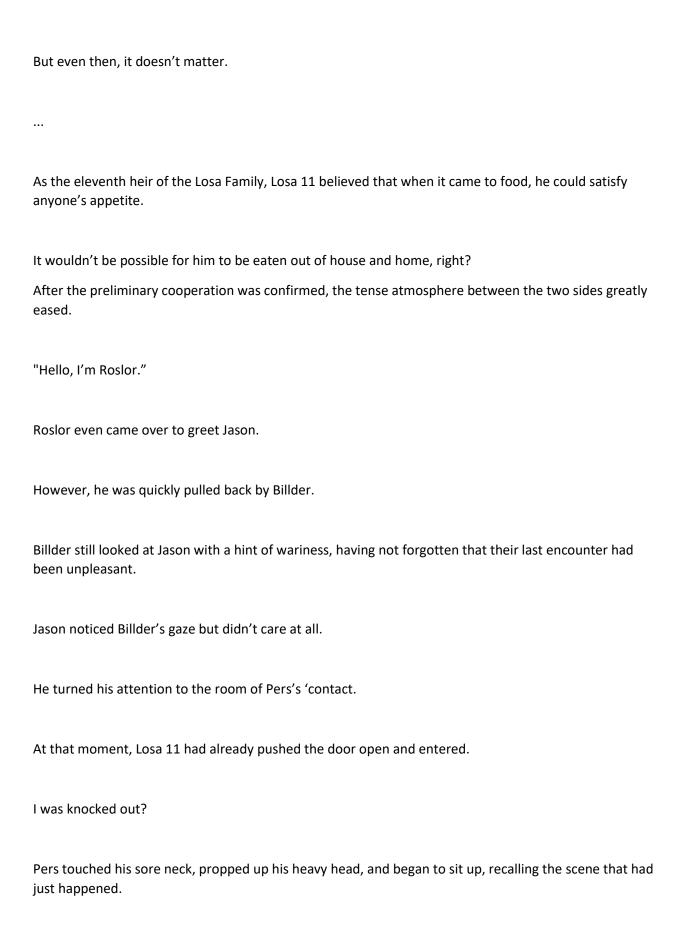


And why was he not moving at all?
Shouldn't there be some sort of signal?
Losa 11 couldn't help but grumble internally.
"Jason, do you agree?"
Though grumbling inside, Losa 11 maintained his etiquette and asked for confirmation once again.
With his life at stake, such confirmation was necessary.
Even though he felt a touch of fear, Losa 11 still spoke up.
"Yes."
This time, Jason did not remain silent.
After nodding, he began to speak.
"I have another condition."
"What condition?"
"Please tell me."
"As long as I can do it, I will make every effort to meet it—in the name of 'Losa'."



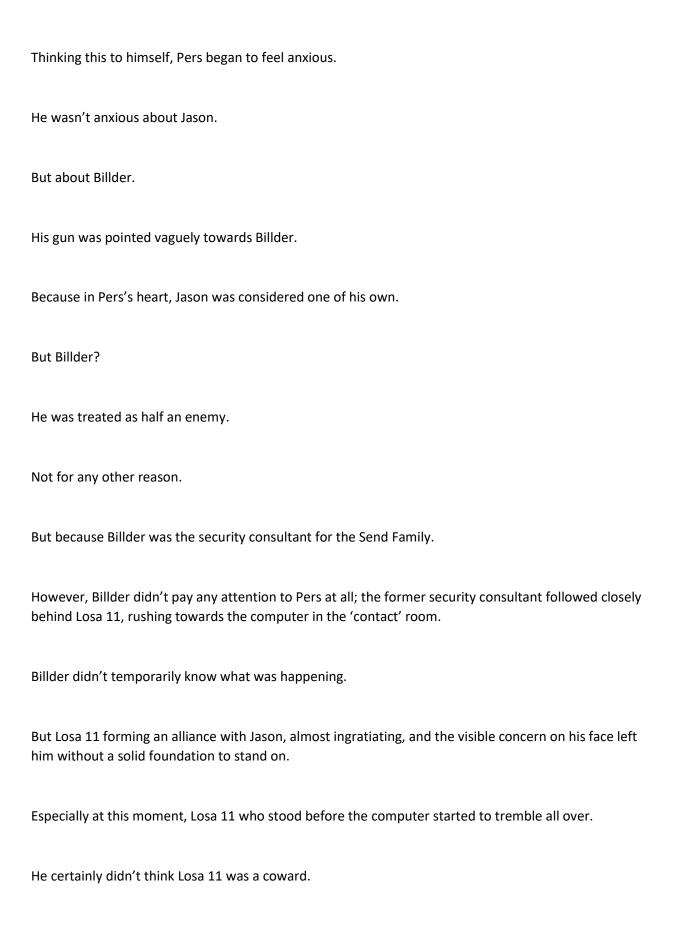
A person who, at a critical moment of life and death, put forth a demand for food.
Even if he was a 'Brutalizer', he must be the more peaceful sort, right?
As long as special triggers were avoided, such a 'Brutalizer' should be safe.
As an off-duty doctor who also watched 'games', Roslor did not favor those Brutalizers who were wildly fierce, irrational, only knew slaughter, or the calm yet cunning ones.
Instead, he favored 'Brutalizers' like Jason who seemed 'peaceful'.
In Roslor's view, such 'Brutalizers' were safer than average people as long as their 'triggers' weren't switched on.
"I think we can work with Jason," Roslor reminded his buddy.
"Don't be careless."
Brutalizers' cannot be trusted," Billder said, yet his gun barrel shifted slightly downward.
"Food?"
"The kind of food we eat?"
Losa 11 was a bit confused.
He thought Jason would make more extensive or excessive demands.





Subconsciously, Pers's hand went to his waist.
Instantly, his face changed.
The remote control was gone!
Jason!
Danger!
Thinking of this, Pers stood up and rushed to what looked like an office desk, pulling open the bottom drawer.
He took out the handgun inside – a weapon provided to 'contacts,' though most of the time there was no need to use it, only at crucial moments.
Now, Pers believed it was the most critical moment.
To be knocked out barehanded, hand-to-hand combat was clearly unwise.
With a gun
He might be able to?
Pers still wasn't confident.
But still, he walked outside.

Jason had already become part of his escape plan.
If Jason really was in trouble, then Pers too would be doomed.
Not to mention, the adversary had already bared their fangs.
But before Pers could step out, the door was pushed open by Losa 11.
Seeing Losa 11 entering, Pers was stunned.
Losa 11, whom Pers had never met in person, but as a 'contact,' the photo of this influential figure from the Game Mansion of Zone F was firmly etched in his mind.
"Young Master Losa 11."
Pers greeted respectfully.
Losa 11 nodded slightly and continued to walk inside without stopping.
Pers didn't stop him.
Because he saw Jason, saw Billder, and saw Roslor.
How did Jason get out?
Wasn't Billder in a vegetative state?
Who is this man, and why does he look so easy to bully?



Surely something had happened.
And the next moment, when he saw the image on the computer screen, Billder's face went pale.
In fact, it wasn't just Billder; following behind, Pers and Roslor, upon seeing the image on the screen, all simultaneously inhaled sharply.
Hiss.
Chapter 784: 'Carnival' Invitation!
The hiss was long and loud.
It fully revealed the shock of the person who made the sound.
And Pers' and Roslor's expressions further confirmed it.
The two stared at the computer screen as if they had seen a ghost.
At this time, the computer screen was no longer limited to monitoring Jason, Galen's rooms, and the corridor, but the entire 'Game Mansion'!
'The contacts' powers could naturally not do this.
But as a senior executive of Zone F, Losa 11 had sufficient permissions to do so.

Moreover, with Losa 11's operation, these frames kept switching incessantly.
The speed was lightning-fast, and the images changed rapidly.
However, no matter how they switched, each frame was broadly consistent.
Massacre!
A bloody massacre!
The massacre of the 'Brutalizer'!
The 'Brutalizer' emerged from the 'House of the Brutalizer' and, under surveillance, turned the screen crimson with blood.
"How, how could this be?"
Pers, as a 'contact', stuttered when speaking, his eyes nearly popping out of his sockets.
As a competent 'contact', Pers was well aware of the security measures of the 'House of the Brutalizerso substantial they could be likened to an impregnable fortress.
But how could such a 'House of the Brutalizer' be 'breached'?!
How could this be possible?!
Pers asked himself in disbelief.

Even this 'contact' thought he was hallucinating.
But almost immediately, the 'contact's' face turned pale.
Because, in one of those frames, he clearly saw a 'Brutalizer' who had left the 'House of the Brutalizer' grab the head of his own 'contact' and laugh madly.
Pers knew that 'contact'.
And not long ago, they had drunk together while on vacation.
"When this 'game' league is over, I'm planning to get married."
Pers vividly remembered the happiness on the other's face when he said this.
And now?
Only pain remained on that face.
There was merely ferocity and bewilderment.
Until death, this 'contact' never understood why the 'Brutalizer' he managed could leave the 'House of the Brutalizer'.
Not only him, but the other dead 'contacts', guards, and security personnel were also confused.
Even Pers, Billder, and Roslor standing here were puzzled.
Only Jason and Losa 11 had a different look in their eyes.

Jason was serenely comprehending.
He was not surprised by the scene before him at all, since if one could send an uninvited guest to exploit the 'Brutalizer', naturally more could be sent.
This surely wasn't achieved overnight.
To put it into action was to wear down a stone with dripping water, a work of painstaking duration.
Clearly, the 'Planner' had been preparing for quite a long time.
So, who could it be?
Is it one of those few?
Or two?
Or perhaps all of them?
Jason speculated once again.
After all, aside from the time-consuming nature of this scheme, it also required a considerable status to coordinate, and there were only so many people with such status in the 'Game Mansion'.
Naturally, Jason turned his gaze towards Losa 11.
Though there was a preliminary collaboration, Jason did not fully trust Losa 11.

The latter was still on his list of suspects.
Unless it was confirmed, Jason would not exclude him.
However, at this moment, Losa 11 wasn't paying any attention to Jason's gaze.
This eleventh-in-line heir to the Losa Family fixed his eyes firmly on the screen, his lips quivering slightly.
The moment the elevator door opened, when he saw Jason and the uninvited guest, Losa 11 had a rough idea of what means the 'Planner' would use to conclude the situation.
It was really too simple.
What better than a 'Brutalizer' riot?
Not only did it achieve the goal, but it also conveniently murdered and silenced, reducing the risk of exposing oneself.
More importantly, it wasn't terrible even if the initial goal failed.
Because this follow-up action could make up for everything.
"Terrible fellow!"
Losa 11 murmured softly.
With the 'care' of his father, elder brother, and nine other brothers and sisters since childhood, Losa 11 understood that he was mediocre compared to them.

He couldn't achieve the genuine cold-blooded ruthlessness, nor could he turn a blind eye to certain things.
So, he always kept himself hidden, and even when banished to the periphery of the Losa Family's territory in Zone F, he voiced no complaints.
Even, in some respects, it was a relief for him.
A 'compromise' between the conflict of his family's sense of duty and his own convictions.
However, now he was profoundly startled.
Quite simply, the scale of what was unfolding before him gave him the feeling of facing his brothers and sisters.
They liked to do things this way.
And every time, he was exhausted handling the aftermath.
Could it really be his brothers and sisters?
Suddenly, this thought burrowed into Losa 11's brain.
Instantly, this eleventh heir to the Losa Family not only trembled in his lips but also shook a little in his body.
Fear!
He was truly afraid!

Just thinking about a life dominated by his father, brothers, and sisters, Losa 11 felt darkness before his eyes, a tightness in his chest, and the feeling of suffocation began to rise from the bottom of his heart.
"Losa 11?"
Billder noticed Losa 11's abnormality and gently pushed the young master's shoulder.
Chapter 785: 'Carnival' Invitation!_2
Suddenly, Losa 11 snapped back to reality.
"It's okay."
After regaining his composure, Losa 11 quickly adjusted his state, first waving at Billder, then his gaze settled on Jason.
This eleventh heir of the Losa Family did not know if this matter was related to his older brothers and sisters, but he knew who he should rely on now.
As for this matter being related to his father?
That was impossible.
Given his father's ruthlessness and tyranny, there was no way he would still have time to sit here breathing.
Probably from the beginning, it would have been the end.
A violent storm-like attack?





Roslor, with Billder's help, started to barricade the elevator with heavy objects like sofas and beds in the room.
Billder knew that this wouldn't be much use.
But at least, it could provide them with a little buffer.
"Pers, do you have any weapons left here?"
Billder asked Pers, who was heading towards the hallway.
"No more."
Contactors' are not armed personnel."
"This is all there is."
Pers stopped, shook the handgun in his hand with a wry smile on his face.
Billder's face fell.
Three handguns, dealing with ordinary 'Brutalizers' shouldn't be a problem, but to face those special, powerful ones, it was simply not enough, even if he wasn't as idle as before.
Keep in mind, what they were up against wasn't just one or two 'Brutalizers'.
But all of them!

All of the 'Brutalizers' in the Game Mansion!
How many?
There were a total of 4 participating in the F Zone finals, including Jason.
But the number of 'Brutalizers' in the entire Game Mansion was an exaggerated figure.
At least 100!
This was Billder's preliminary estimate.
If he missed anything, this number would need to be doubled at least.
Thinking of such a number, the former security consultant Billder felt a throbbing pain at his temples.
There was simply no way out.
Unable to help himself, Billder looked towards Jason.
It seemed they could only rely on Jason now!
But
Could Jason do it?
Billder would never deny Jason's might; among all the 'Brutalizers' he had seen, Jason was definitely one of the best, but among the 'Brutalizers' they were facing now, at least three were as powerful as him,

each having qualified for the F Zone finals.

Among the remaining 'Brutalizers,' who could guarantee there were no one or two hidden threats?
The more Billder thought about it, the more his head ached.
But soon, he became alert.
Because, Pers had brought 'The Golden Lamb' Galen to them.
Galen was somewhat bewildered at this point.
He had just been resting in his room when the 'door' suddenly opened.
Facing this scene, Galen didn't act rashly.
He knew why he had fallen to this point today.
It was related to the death of Send 9.
Was the scene before him related to the 'Send Family'?
The moment he stepped out of the room, would he be subjected to a frenzied attack?
Galen had heard and experienced more than once just how formidable the Hundred Major Families were.
Therefore, until Pers appeared, Galen had stayed obediently in his 'apartment.'"
"A riot?"



He was about to fight shoulder to shoulder with the man before him who had saved his life.
Involuntarily, Galen became excited.
He couldn't wait to take action.
"Hmm."

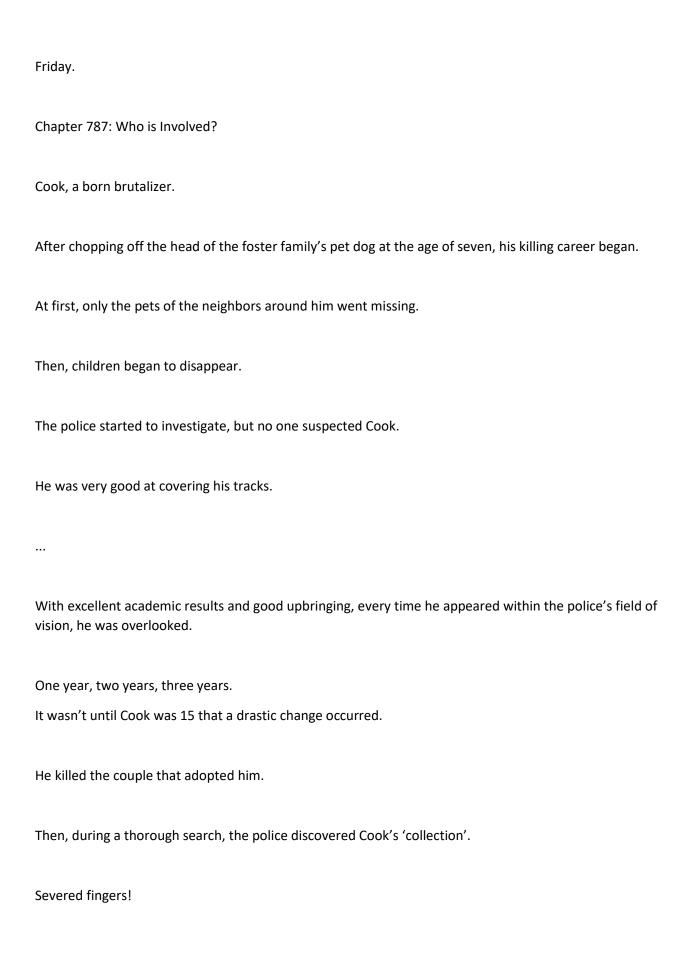
Jason's voice remained calm, but his eyes flickered with a hint of curiosity.
Galen had become the new "Brutalizer," which Jason knew, but Galen was still full of energy even after such a battle, and even though he had only slept three or four hours, this was still beyond the norm for most people.
"It wasn't a random selection, was it?"
Jason couldn't help but think about the composition of the "Brutalizer."
Based on the information and clues he had gathered, Jason had roughly figured out something.
"Many times, it's beyond our control."
"That's the case for you."
"And for me too."
Losa 11 quickly noticed what Jason was thinking and tried to explain right away, but such an explanation seemed weak.

Undoubtedly, Losa 11 also knew that his explanation was hardly convincing.
The eleventh in line to the Losa Family inheritance scratched his head and finally said, "I can't do much, I can only assure you that I haven't done anything like that."
"Not before and never in the future."
Losa 11 assured him.
Jason nodded nonchalantly.
Upon seeing Jason's nod, Galen also gave a nod.
Although he still didn't understand what Losa 11 was talking about.
"Now we need to hold our position here, with the elevator entrance as a point
Upon seeing Jason nod, Losa 11 let out a sigh of relief and took the opportunity to immediately start arranging a plan.
However, just as he began to speak, he was interrupted by Jason.
Jason didn't verbally interrupt.
Nor did he stop Losa 11's speech.
Instead, he turned around and walked away.
"Mr. Jason?"

Losa 11 looked at Jason, who was walking out of the room, and was momentarily stunned.
Then, the face of the eleventh heir to the Losa Family changed.
He had a guess.
"Mr. Jason, calm down, this is not the time for solo acts, we need to work together and hold our ground here, then wait for rescue!"
Losa 11 said hurriedly.
As soon as these words were spoken, the expressions of Billder, Roslor, and Pers all changed simultaneously.
Losa 11's words couldn't have been more clear.
Facing the "Brutalizers" who were like zombies breaking free from their cages, Jason was planning to take the offensive.
What a joke!
So many "Brutalizers"!
This was simply a suicidal move!
The three couldn't help but think.
But "Golden Lamb" Galen was different.

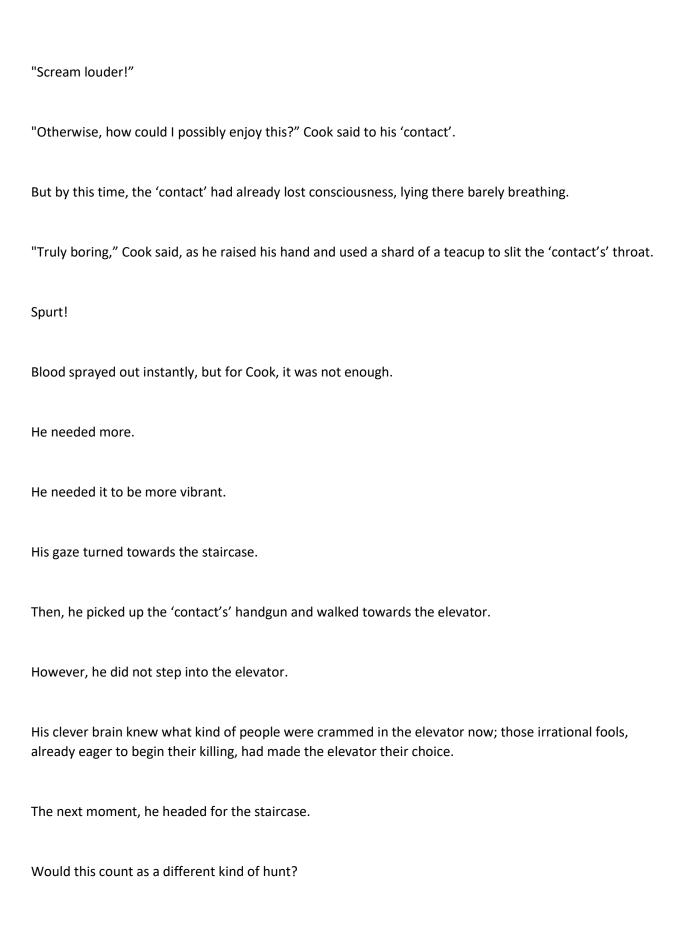
He stepped forward without any hesitation, following Jason.
Since Jason had decided to take action, he would as well.
In Galen's simple dictionary, if Jason had saved him twice, then he must repay Jason twice.
What if one life was not enough?
He'd repay it in the next life.
And now?
This life, he would begin repaying.
Galen was just that straightforward.
"Wait for rescue?"
"Here, I'd rather believe in saving ourselves."
Jason reached the stairwell, different from the elevator entrance blocked by heavy objects. This door was merely secured with two steel bars across the handle, which Jason removed.
"Stay here."
Jason said to Galen.
"Hmm."

Galen nodded.
Although he wanted to follow, he preferred to listen to Jason.
"Mr. Jason!"
Losa 11 called out loudly.
But Jason left without looking back.
Thud, thud, thud.
Footsteps agile and strong, figure resolved.
Losa 11 watched this figure, his lips parted again, but he said nothing.
He didn't know why Jason was doing this.
He only knew that all he could do now was pray.
Pray that Jason would be safe.
Pray that everything would pass.
Looking up, he pressed his hands together and whispered a prayer, his half-closed eyes clearly seeing the electronic calendar hanging on the wall – with scarlet letters and a dark faceplate—
March 13.



The little finger of each victim, neatly kept by Cook in a square jewelry box, totaling 26.
This did not include those of his foster parents.
Naturally, a large manhunt began.
It lasted two years.
After six police officers died in the line of duty, the 'Finger Cutter' was finally caught.
Or rather, to put it more accurately, Cook allowed himself to be caught.
He thought it was too boring,
Just as dull as when he hunted in his own territory initially.
He thought the pursuit would be interesting, but it was still so dull.
So, he wished to become the 'Brutalizer', to experience a different kind of thrill.
When these reports appeared online, people were shocked.
Many even proposed reinstating the death penalty, but this did not suit certain interests.
Therefore, Cook indeed became the 'Brutalizer' as he desired.
His targeted learning from the early killings made him thrive in such 'games,' breezing through the preliminaries, the first round, and the quarterfinals.





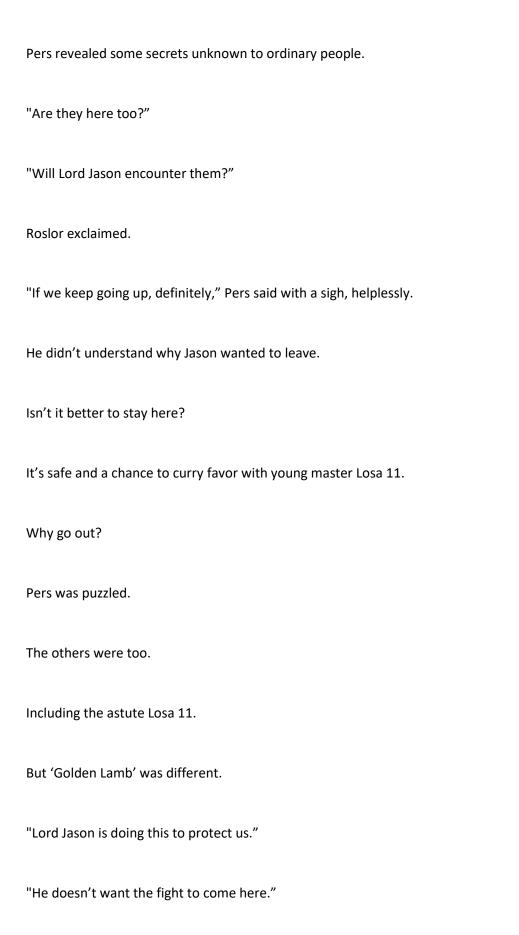
Cook grew even more excited,
Even his breathing became rapid.
How long had it been since he'd experienced this?
Perfect!
This was what he had been looking forward to!
With this thought, Cook pushed open the door to the stairwell, and then, a tall and robust figure appeared in his view, its ice hockey mask even more prominent.
The ice hockey mask, which was inherently terrifying, had now been stained with streaks of red.
It looked even more ferocious.
"Ja <i>,"</i>
Spurt!
Cook excitedly shouted and was about to raise his gun, but Jason's knife was quicker.
A decapitating slice.
Cook's head tumbled to the ground, his face still bearing that strange excitement, while Jason didn't even glance at it, just shrugged his nose hidden beneath the mask.

No scent of food.
Having come to this conclusion, Jason turned and continued upwards along the stairs.
The reason he didn't agree to Losa 11's 'defense' proposal was because of the remnants of food scent on the previous 'uninvited guest.'
Since there was 'food,' and an opportunity to hunt it, why not go for it?
Jason's obsession with 'eating' gave him his own set of convictions.
The 'Brutalizer' he had just killed was the 20th.
Compared to the previous 'Brutalizers,' there was nothing special.
No 'food.'
He hadn't been in contact with 'food' either
Nonetheless, Jason was not disheartened.
He was an extremely patient person.
If this one had none, he would continue.
After all, the night was still long.
"So strong!"



Electro Magician' and 'Heart Extractor,'" Pers replied.
•••
Before the official list was announced, the Brutalizer's pick was a secret, but at this point, Pers had no hesitation.
Because he was very clear that he had already entered into the camp of Roslor and Billder.
To survive, he had to work hard to gain the approval of the others.
After all, there was still Losa 11 in this small group.
Pers was aware that as long as he had the backing of Losa 11, the things he had done before really wouldn't matter.
For the sake of staying alive, Pers certainly had to try.
"Electro Magician, a guy who underwent 'electroconvulsive therapy' for three years in the asylum, believes he's normal after escaping and that everyone else is abnormal, so he thinks they need treatment. Conveniently, he also knows the method of treatment—electric shocks."
"From his initial escape to his capture, the Electro Magician killed about 60 people."
"However, compared to the 'Heart Extractor,' this guy is nothing."
"The 'Heart Extractor' was once a somewhat famous fighter who, for some unknown reason, went berserk and killed fifteen people, including his master and fellow disciples, then fled the martial arts gym. He kept challenging various gyms, killing 11 fighters in a row before finally being captured by the 'Special Operations Squad.' He's the hottest favorite to win the F district finals, much more anticipated

than Jason."

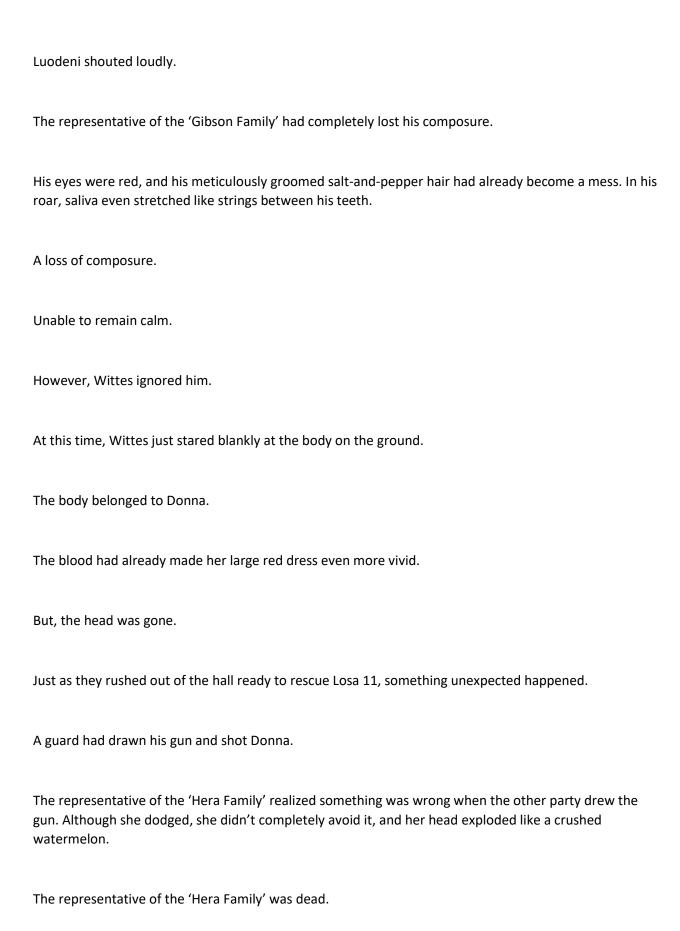


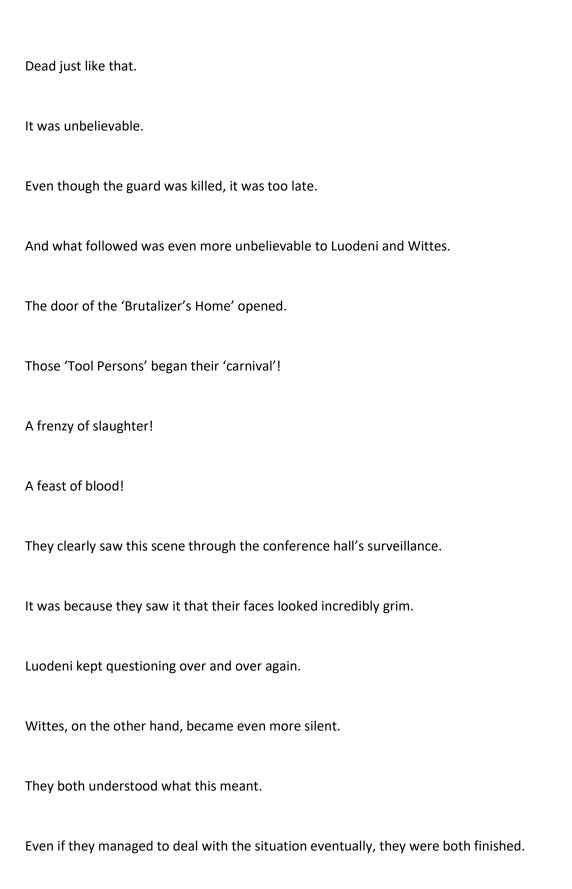












The situation had developed to such an extent that it was not just a matter of 'inefficiency.'
It was a matter of whether they could survive.
Damn it!
This was not in line with the original agreement!
He assured me that everything was under control!
Luodeni and Wittes thought the same thing in their hearts.
Then, the two representatives, agents, began to look for a way out.
In the current situation, could they survive?
Yes!
Although it was difficult, it was not impossible.
As long as someone took the biggest blame.
If that was the case
Thinking this, Luodeni and Wittes almost simultaneously lifted their heads, and their gazes fell on each other.
Then, at the same time, they drew their guns and pulled the trigger—

Bang!
Chapter 789: If you have questions, you need to ask in advance
The gunfire almost occurred simultaneously.
But upon closer scrutiny, there was a distinction.
Wittes had pulled the trigger before Luodeni, and moreover, this representative, this agent of the 'Amiel Family,' had executed an extremely standard evasive maneuver while still pulling the trigger.
As a representative, an agent of the 'Amiel Family,' aside from his own status, the thing Wittes was most proud of was the robust physique and practical combat training he had gained through his relentless physical training.
At this moment, he was exceedingly grateful for his self-discipline.
Not only had he attained good health.
But also the chance to survive.
Though it was just a slight gap, Wittes understood this would determine the final outcome between him and Luodeni.
Even with a standard evasive motion, the bullet still burrowed into the chest.
This was something Wittes had anticipated.
What he didn't expect was the pain!

He had not anticipated this kind of pain!
Wittes had encountered a gunshot for the first time!
Moreover, following a burst of impact, the pain spread throughout his body.
Brought to the ground by the force of the impact, Wittes curled up into a fetal position and began to convulse all over.
Even so, he made a strenuous effort to lift his head, his eyes intently fixed on Luodeni opposite him.
He wanted to witness Luodeni hit the ground.
He needed to confirm Luodeni's death.
It was inevitable!
Wittes was extremely sure of this.
As the representative, the agent of the 'Gibson Family,' Luodeni had aged, and although he took great care in his maintenance, the cane in his hand was no longer just for show, and even at this moment, he displayed a trace of his youthful vigor, surprising everyone. But Wittes believed the outcome wouldn't change.
After all, time is merciless.
It will take everything from you.

Your wealth, your life.
Even the memories you leave for the world will gradually fade away over time, like wisps of smoke carried away by the wind.
Unconsciously, while assuming a foregone conclusion, this representative, this agent of the 'Amiel Family' lamented.
Then,
His eyes widened.
Because!
Luodeni not only didn't fall, but he also hadn't suffered even the slightest real injury.
It wasn't an evasion!
The bullet had indeed hit Luodeni.
HIs lapel was torn.
But underneath was not flesh and blood.
Instead metal!
Ding!

The collision between the bullet and the metallic chest sparked a shower of sparks, leaving not a single mark on the metal chest while the bullet was deflected away.
Luodeni, with a gun in his hand, elegantly raised his hand to brush off his metallic chest, revealing a smug smile on his aged face.
"Surprised?"
"Technology changes life."
Luodeni looked at Wittes' shocked eyes and smiled again.
Moreover, with those words, Luodeni seemed to completely open up.
Or rather, he had been holding back for too long, without anyone to share with.
Now that someone had appeared, he naturally seized the opportunity.
"My body had reached a limit twenty years ago, so I had to seek some special methods to live a bit longer."
"Infusing young blood."
"Replacing with younger organs."
"But this was drop in the bucket, you know, every surgery required a recovery period, and my already weakened body could not endure more rejection."
"Bit by bit, my body was still weakening, so I needed the fresh blood and organs of stronger people that fit my 'target.'"



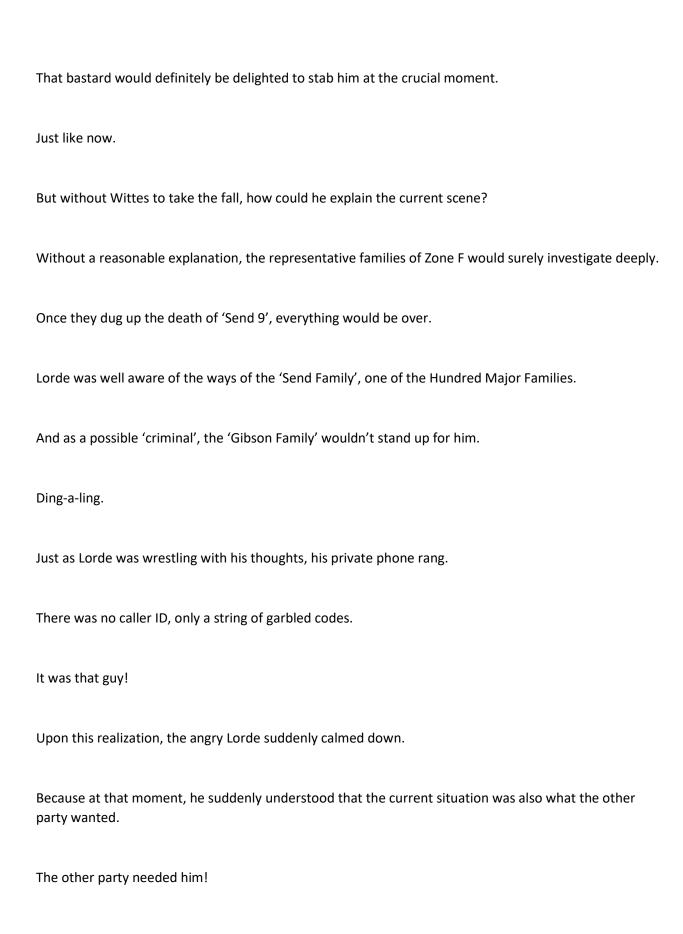
Even more intensely so.
Because he was lying underneath the other man's gun muzzle, and that muzzle was still pointed at him.
"Is all this your doing?"
Wittes didn't ask Luodeni how he was able to undergo such surgeries, such augmentations.
Clearly, the 'Gibson Family' was not skilled in that area.
Betrayal!
It was destined to be!
Luodeni had betrayed his own family.
Otherwise, Wittes couldn't think of who else would give Luodeni such generous rewards.
To receive something, you must give something.
Wittes knew this truth well.
Unfortunately, even knowing this, he still fell into the other party's trap.
Thinking of the person who had contacted him in secret, Wittes clenched his teeth in hatred.
What could bring more benefits to the 'Amiel Family.'
What choices could reverse one's destiny.

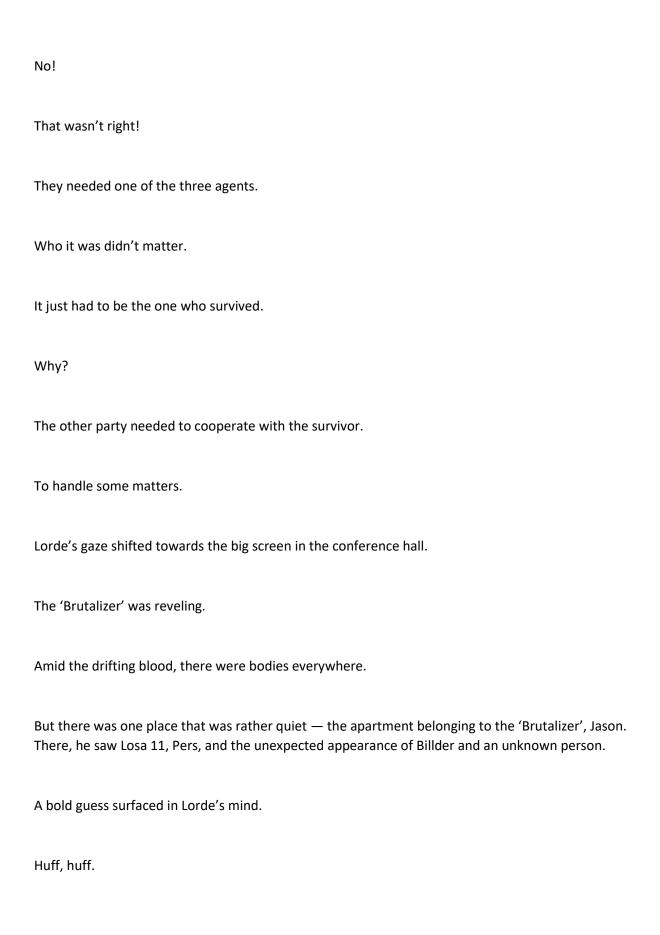


Wittes was taken aback.
The agent from the 'Amiel Family' began to frantically put the pieces together in his mind. Almost the next moment, his gaze shifted to Donna.
Without her head, Donna's body lay there.
Lorde looked at Donna as well.
The next moment, their eyes met.
"Donna must have received a similar call, which explains why our cooperation was so seamless as soon as Send 9 met with trouble!"
"So someone was pulling the strings Damn it! Curses! Bastard!"
Lorde first expressed dismay, then swore profusely.
A stream of unceasing curses.
Wittes said nothing.
But his face turned extremely ugly.
A trap!

He, Lorde, and Donna had all fallen into the opponent's trap.
And now, Donna was dead.
What about him?
His situation was grim.
If he didn't receive treatment, he would be dead too.
But could he still receive treatment?
Wittes looked up at Lorde, who was holding the gun and, even amid his swearing, had not moved the barrel away.
"I think we can talk
Bang!
Lorde pulled the trigger.
Wittes, shot in the center of the forehead, fell to the ground. Then, Lorde aimed at both sides of Wittes's chest and fired two more shots before finally putting the gun away.
"Talk?"
"I wanted to."
"If we had realized earlier, we could have spoken."







He took a moment to adjust his breathing, ensuring that his emotions were completely under control, before answering the call.
"You've deceived me!"
Lorde said harshly.
He made as much effort as possible to imbue his voice with anger and resentment, embodying the feeling of gnashing his teeth.
"Deceived?"
"Didn't you get what I promised you?"
The synthetic electronic voice sounded puzzled, retorting with a question.
"But you didn't tell me you were also working with Wittes and Donna!"
Lorde accused.
"But you never asked me."
The electronic voice was full of innocence.
"And what about all of this? Is it because I never asked?" Anger surfaced in Lorde's voice.
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This wasn't feigned; he was genuinely furious.
He felt as though the other party was treating him like a child, deceiving him at will.
"Of course."
"You didn't ask, so I didn't say."
The electronic voice casually admitted as if it was indeed because Lorde had not asked that he hadn't been told.
And this infuriated Lorde.
"You think you've won?"
"Even if you fooled me before."
"But now, I will not be deceived again!"
"You're done for!"
"The 'Gibson Family' won't let you get away, the 'Hera Family' won't let you get away, the 'Amiel Family' won't let you get away, the 'Send Family' won't let you get away, and the 'Losa Family' won't let you get away either."