

Menu 781

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-open 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!

A red line spread across his throat.

Under the pressure of the blood in the chest cavity, the head flew off.

Thud.

The body fell, splattering Losa 11, Bildler, and Roslor in blood.

Roslor, a doctor, was at that moment devoid of any medical composure, letting out a shrill scream.

Bilder instinctively pointed his gun at Jason.

To this former security consultant, Jason was always the most dangerous one.

Losa 11, however, differed from his two temporary partners.

He glanced at the fallen corpse then at Jason, his eyes lighting up.

Almost instantly, Losa 11 understood the entire process.

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, Bilder 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, Bildler stepped forward, shielding Roslor and Losa 11 behind him.

Roslor stood behind Bildler, imitating a life-or-death situation by raising his handgun.

Meanwhile, Losa 11 kept his hands raised as he approached Jason.

"Losa 11!"

Bildler 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.

Yet Losa 11 shook his head at Bildler, indicating he was fine before turning to face Jason, who was less than two meters away.

His tall, sturdy frame was oppressive.

The bloodstained hockey mask was enough to fill one with dread.

And the knife that had just taken a life trembled in Losa 11's heart.

If possible, he really didn't want to get close to Jason.

But reality didn't allow for that!

He needed Jason to survive!

The 'Planner's' underling had been dealt with, but the 'Planner' himself was still alive!

Perhaps the underling's demise was unexpected for the enemy.

But the enemy definitely had other plans ready.

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 Bilder 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.

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' I 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.

"Does Jason not believe me?"

"Perhaps the Losa Family does not have such capability in District F, but upon leaving District F and entering District A, the Losa Family's power far exceeds what you, Jason, might imagine. And the 'game's final' is held in District A."

"There, I have the power to help you."

Losa 11 explained.

Clearly, this eleventh successor of the Losa Family had misunderstood Jason's reaction.

Jason nodded again.

About the 'Losa Family', his knowledge was limited.

But he believed Losa 11 would probably not deceive him.

Then, in his superhuman perception, Pers, who had just been knocked unconscious, was waking up.

Clearly, the unexpected visitor had not chosen to finish off Pers.

After all, with such a useful 'tool' as him, why expose oneself?

While quietly confirming Pers's awakening, Jason stood still, but Losa 11 became anxious.

A nod meant agreement, right?

But why did this silent nod feel so unnerving?

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'."

Losa 11 once again swore on his family's name.

It wasn't that he cherished his family that much but that others did.

Or to put it simply, the 'Losa Family' name was handy.

Thanks to that indifferent father and elder brother.

And to the efforts of the other nine brothers and sisters, he was able to swear on his family's name here.

If only they wouldn't use 'life and death' to test him unnecessarily, he would be even more grateful.

"Food!"

"I want more 'nutritious' and 'delicious' food."

Jason stated his demand.

Food?

Losa 11 was taken aback.

Indeed, not just Losa 11 was stunned, but Bildler and Roslor were frozen in place too.

Bilder, who had been on high alert, blinked. He thought Jason was joking, waiting for them to be astonished, and then, when they were completely flabbergasted, he would chop off their heads and laugh mockingly at their corpses.

Roslor, on the other hand, sighed with relief.

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," Bildler 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.

But food?

Wasn't that too simple?

This simplicity gave him an unrealistic feeling.

"Yes."

"I need food that satisfies my appetite, delicious food."

Jason nodded and added.

"No problem," Losa 11 agreed without hesitation.

Food that satisfies Jason's appetite, delicious food?

Chapter 783: The Innocent Young Losa 11_3

This is simply too easy.

Although gourmet foods are expensive, how much can one Jason possibly eat?

Even if the 'Brutalizers' have physiques beyond ordinary people, most only eat about the amount of food for ten people, and at most, the food for a hundred people.

Any more than that?

There are some, but very few.

But even then, it doesn't matter.

...

As the eleventh heir of the Losa Family, Losa 11 believed that when it came to food, he could satisfy anyone's appetite.

It wouldn't be possible for him to be eaten out of house and home, right?

After the preliminary cooperation was confirmed, the tense atmosphere between the two sides greatly eased.

"Hello, I'm Roslor."

Roslor even came over to greet Jason.

However, he was quickly pulled back by Bildler.

Bilder still looked at Jason with a hint of wariness, having not forgotten that their last encounter had been unpleasant.

Jason noticed Bildler's gaze but didn't care at all.

He turned his attention to the room of Pers's 'contact.

At that moment, Losa 11 had already pushed the door open and entered.

I was knocked out?

Pers touched his sore neck, propped up his heavy head, and began to sit up, recalling the scene that had just happened.

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 Bildler, and saw Roslor.

How did Jason get out?

Wasn't Bildler in a vegetative state?

Who is this man, and why does he look so easy to bully?

Thinking this to himself, Pers began to feel anxious.

He wasn't anxious about Jason.

But about Bildler.

His gun was pointed vaguely towards Bildler.

Because in Pers's heart, Jason was considered one of his own.

But Bildler?

He was treated as half an enemy.

Not for any other reason.

But because Bildler was the security consultant for the Send Family.

However, Bildler didn't pay any attention to Pers at all; the former security consultant followed closely behind Losa 11, rushing towards the computer in the 'contact' room.

Bildler didn't temporarily know what was happening.

But Losa 11 forming an alliance with Jason, almost ingratiating, and the visible concern on his face left him without a solid foundation to stand on.

Especially at this moment, Losa 11 who stood before the computer started to tremble all over.

He certainly didn't think Losa 11 was a coward.

Surely something had happened.

And the next moment, when he saw the image on the computer screen, Bildler's face went pale.

In fact, it wasn't just Bildler; 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.

The colossal screen of the computer was divided into ten different frames.
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 Brutalizers' so 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, Bildler, 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?"

Bilder 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 Bilder, 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?

Haha, non-existent.

To wreak havoc and destruction from the outset—that was his father's style.

So, there was still hope!

Losa 11 couldn't help but feel relieved in his heart.

"From now on, we must rely on you, Lord Jason."

Losa 11 said this.

"They shouldn't come here, right?"

Roslor, looking at the 'Brutalizers' causing carnage on the screen, said this subconsciously.

However, the moment the words left his mouth, the doctor seemed to realize something.

Almost instinctively, Roslor looked towards Jason.

Or more precisely, towards the remote control Jason had in his hand.

Suddenly, the doctor's complexion turned ugly.

Under normal circumstances, these 'Brutalizers' indulging in the pleasure of slaughter wouldn't bother with them, but what if someone were to command them?

With the existence of a remote control, this was clearly not difficult.

"Pers, can you communicate with Galen?"

Losa 11 asked.

At this point, the addition of any viable force could influence the final outcome.

'The Golden Lamb' Galen, Losa 11 naturally wouldn't let him slip by.

"We can."

"Player Galen is very calm."

"More trustworthy than any 'Brutalizer'."

When Pers said this, he couldn't help but glance at Jason.

He wanted to say something more covert, but when he noticed Jason's calm eyes, he made his words more diplomatic and obscure.

Pers didn't know why he did this.

He only knew that doing so wouldn't anger Jason.

In fact, Jason didn't care about these things at all.

After giving a promise to Losa 11 again, his gaze turned to the computer screen.

He was observing his opponent.

Roslor, with Bildder'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 Bildler'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 Bildler felt a throbbing pain at his temples.

There was simply no way out.

Unable to help himself, Bildler looked towards Jason.

It seemed they could only rely on Jason now!

But...

Could Jason do it?

Bilder 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 Bildder 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?"

"Lord Jason has agreed to protect Losa 11?"

"Count me in!"

After hearing Pers's words, Galen agreed without hesitation.

He didn't like riots, nor did he like becoming one of the rioters.

Moreover, Jason was there.

For Jason, who had saved him twice and allowed him to see light in the darkness, the simple, earnest, and steadfast Galen treated him wholeheartedly, not out of submission, but as a sort of faith-like existence.

So, 'The Golden Lamb' clenched the lighter tightly, looking excitedly at Jason who was within arm's reach.

"Lord Jason."

Galen called out.

This was the second time he had seen Jason up close.

Chapter 786: 'Carnival' Invitation!_3

And this time was different from the first.

The environment was different, and his state of mind was entirely different too.

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 Bildler, 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.

Friday.

Chapter 787: Who is Involved?

Cook, a born brutalizer.

After chopping off the head of the foster family's pet dog at the age of seven, his killing career began.

At first, only the pets of the neighbors around him went missing.

Then, children began to disappear.

The police started to investigate, but no one suspected Cook.

He was very good at covering his tracks.

...

With excellent academic results and good upbringing, every time he appeared within the police's field of vision, he was overlooked.

One year, two years, three years.

It wasn't until Cook was 15 that a drastic change occurred.

He killed the couple that adopted him.

Then, during a thorough search, the police discovered Cook's 'collection'.

Severed fingers!

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.

Now, he was looking forward to the final.

No!

What he was looking forward to was the 'Brutalizer' named Jason.

A triple kill!

Thinking of Jason's deeds, Cook couldn't help but get excited; he licked his dry lips and kept pounding his 'contact' with his fist.

Bang, bang bang.

Fist colliding with face.

The 'contact's' face was already a bloody blur.

But Cook had no intention of stopping.

He knew such opportunities were rare.

So, he wanted to thoroughly enjoy it.

As for what came after?

He was already the 'Brutalizer'; what was there to fear?

"Scream!"

"Scream louder!"

"Otherwise, how could I possibly enjoy this?" Cook said to his 'contact'.

But by this time, the 'contact' had already lost consciousness, lying there barely breathing.

"Truly boring," Cook said, as he raised his hand and used a shard of a teacup to slit the 'contact's' throat.

Spurt!

Blood sprayed out instantly, but for Cook, it was not enough.

He needed more.

He needed it to be more vibrant.

His gaze turned towards the staircase.

Then, he picked up the 'contact's' handgun and walked towards the elevator.

However, he did not step into the elevator.

His clever brain knew what kind of people were crammed in the elevator now; those irrational fools, already eager to begin their killing, had made the elevator their choice.

The next moment, he headed for the staircase.

Would this count as a different kind of hunt?

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...,"

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!"

On the 4th floor, in the 'contactors' apartment, Pers and Roslor were watching everything on the screen, their eyes wide.

After Jason left, Losa 11 tracked Jason using the security cameras within the Game Mansion.

Then, they witnessed the scenes of Jason 'one knife per Brutalizer.'

Twenty 'Brutalizers' had fallen, but none merited a second stroke from Jason.

"Wasn't that the 'Finger Cutter' just now?" Roslor asked, stuttering.

"Hmm."

"It was that guy," Pers affirmed confidently.

"Jason is too strong. That guy was supposed to be one of the F zone finalists, and he died so easily!" Pers exclaimed, still in shock.

"The 'Finger Cutter's' advantage lies in 'stealth'; his own combat ability is not strong," Pers explained.

Chapter 788: Who is Involved?_2

"At least, that's the case compared to the other two," Bildler analyzed.

Although the content was rational, there was admiration in his words.

Bilder remained cautious about Jason, but he recognized Jason's strength.

"The other two?" Roslor asked.

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 Bildler.

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."

Pers revealed some secrets unknown to ordinary people.

"Are they here too?"

"Will Lord Jason encounter them?"

Roslor exclaimed.

"If we keep going up, definitely," Pers said with a sigh, helplessly.

He didn't understand why Jason wanted to leave.

Isn't it better to stay here?

It's safe and a chance to curry favor with young master Losa 11.

Why go out?

Pers was puzzled.

The others were too.

Including the astute Losa 11.

But 'Golden Lamb' was different.

"Lord Jason is doing this to protect us."

"He doesn't want the fight to come here."

"So, that's why he's taking the initiative to strike."

Galen spoke earnestly, with a moved tone.

Losa 11, Bildler, Roslor, and Pers looked at 'Golden Lamb,' then exchanged glances.

Then, they shook their heads together.

How could it be?

How could Jason think like that?

'Golden Lamb' grew anxious at such a reaction.

"Do you have any other explanation?"

'Golden Lamb' asked.

Suddenly, the four frowned.

They were puzzled because they couldn't find a reasonable explanation.

Could 'Golden Lamb's' assertion be somewhat naive?

'Golden Lamb' saw the four men fall into silence and quickly spoke again: "Lord Jason is a very gentle person. He hides his tenderness behind a cold mask. When I got that lighter, I knew this, and when I received the equipment that helped me through crises, I could confirm it."

'Golden Lamb' spread out his hands to show the lighter to the four, his face bearing a simple smile.

As they looked at the lighter and 'Golden Lamb's' smile, the four couldn't help but waver.

Is Jason really a gentle person?

They couldn't help but think.

Then, they saw on the screen how Jason cut a Brutalizer in two with a single stroke.

Instantly, they shook their heads again.

Impossible!

How could such a person be gentle?

But 'Golden Lamb' didn't think so.

"Lord Jason is doing this for us!"

"His killing is only to make us safer!"

"The more ruthless, the more it proves Lord Jason's gentleness!"

'Golden Lamb' said worshipfully, holding the lighter with both hands.

Roslor shook his head.

He decided not to comment anymore.

He felt that if the conversation continued, he might be convinced by 'Golden Lamb.'

Pers felt the same.

Billder even took a step back.

Because both knew a principle, when facing a fanatical admirer, never refute them because they can always leave you speechless, even if words fail, actions will suffice.

Losa 11 knew this all too well.

So at this time, he had already begun to do what he hadn't finished before.

He acknowledged passive rescue.

But he wouldn't just do nothing.

About two minutes later, Losa 11 stopped the sound of typing on the keyboard.

"Done!"

As Losa 11 said this, he turned his head to look at the remaining four people and took the initiative to explain, "I've livestreamed everything that's happened here on the 'game platform.'"

"Even if the local emergency response has issues,"

"There should be no problem outside of Zone F," Losa 11 said confidently.

"Local rescue?"

"You mean?"

Pers and Bildler keenly noticed this.

"It's been 20 minutes since the incident happened, which has already exceeded the normal rescue time—5 minutes is the 'Game Mansion's' normal rescue time, and emergency rescue is 3 minutes,"

"In fact, an independent, fully-armed guard team should be on standby 24 hours a day,"

"But now, they haven't shown up,"

Losa 11 sighed.

Although he didn't continue, everyone already knew what it meant.

The situation was worse than they had imagined.

This incident, it wasn't just the high-level cooperation within the F Zone's 'Game Mansion.'

Moreover, the extent of the other party's infiltration was beyond imagination.

...

"Damn, what the hell is going on?"

"Why is this happening?"

Luodeni shouted loudly.

The representative of the 'Gibson Family' had completely lost his composure.

His eyes were red, and his meticulously groomed salt-and-pepper hair had already become a mess. In his roar, saliva even stretched like strings between his teeth.

A loss of composure.

Unable to remain calm.

However, Wittes ignored him.

At this time, Wittes just stared blankly at the body on the ground.

The body belonged to Donna.

The blood had already made her large red dress even more vivid.

But, the head was gone.

Just as they rushed out of the hall ready to rescue Losa 11, something unexpected happened.

A guard had drawn his gun and shot Donna.

The representative of the 'Hera Family' realized something was wrong when the other party drew the gun. Although she dodged, she didn't completely avoid it, and her head exploded like a crushed watermelon.

The representative of the 'Hera Family' was dead.

Dead just like that.

It was unbelievable.

Even though the guard was killed, it was too late.

And what followed was even more unbelievable to Luodeni and Wittes.

The door of the 'Brutalizer's Home' opened.

Those 'Tool Persons' began their 'carnival'!

A frenzy of slaughter!

A feast of blood!

They clearly saw this scene through the conference hall's surveillance.

It was because they saw it that their faces looked incredibly grim.

Luodeni kept questioning over and over again.

Wittes, on the other hand, became even more silent.

They both understood what this meant.

Even if they managed to deal with the situation eventually, they were both finished.

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 loved ones, friends.

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.'"

"Therefore, I came to Sector F

"It's truly not bad here."

Tool People' are everywhere, and I no longer need to operate in the shadows, as others would handle everything for me, and then, I simply take advantage while it's hot."

"But as time passed, even such a method became ineffectual."

"I had to choose a riskier path."

"Mechanics!"

"Just as you see."

"I have undergone ten augmentations one after another, and then, I felt reenergized, I felt physically strong, I felt young once again."

While speaking, Luodeni wiped his chest again.

A sickly obsession emerged on his aged face.

Anyone who saw it would feel uncomfortable, awkward.

To be precise: disgusted.

Wittes felt the same way.

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.

Everything was a scam!

All part of this twisted old freak's scheme!

Just look at the surprise in the eyes of this scumbag before you.

Still pretending even now!

Anger caused Wittes to cough loudly, spewing blood from his mouth.

"Wasn't it you?"

"The person who contacted me in secret before, wasn't it you?"

Chapter 790: If you have questions, you need to ask in advance_2

Lorde's brows furrowed, and his palm, which had been resting on his metal chest, dropped.

"You've already won, why continue the pretense?"

Wittes retorted.

"A month ago, someone contacted me, offering me an opportunity to gain greater recognition and support from the family, to change the course of my fate... The voice was mechanically synthesized."

Lorde said gravely.

"You received that call too?"

...

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."

"But now?"

Lorde shook his head.

He knew very well that the moment he fired at the other man, everything had become irretrievable.

He couldn't come to terms with someone who had shot at him, aiming to take his life.

Others might be magnanimous enough to let go.

But Wittes wouldn't.

Because he was just like Wittes.

Not only Wittes, Donna was the same.

It was precisely for this reason they all fell into that bastard's trap.

What was more despicable was that until now, he still didn't know who that bastard was.

"Damn it!"

Lorde cursed again.

Then, he began to think about how to get out of the current predicament.

With that bastard in the picture, the previous idea of framing Wittes definitely wouldn't work. If he went ahead with it, he'd just be handing the 'knife' over to that bastard.

That bastard would definitely be delighted to stab him at the crucial moment.

Just like now.

But without Wittes to take the fall, how could he explain the current scene?

Without a reasonable explanation, the representative families of Zone F would surely investigate deeply.

Once they dug up the death of 'Send 9', everything would be over.

Lorde was well aware of the ways of the 'Send Family', one of the Hundred Major Families.

And as a possible 'criminal', the 'Gibson Family' wouldn't stand up for him.

Ding-a-ling.

Just as Lorde was wrestling with his thoughts, his private phone rang.

There was no caller ID, only a string of garbled codes.

It was that guy!

Upon this realization, the angry Lorde suddenly calmed down.

Because at that moment, he suddenly understood that the current situation was also what the other party wanted.

The other party needed him!

No!

That wasn't right!

They needed one of the three agents.

Who it was didn't matter.

It just had to be the one who survived.

Why?

The other party needed to cooperate with the survivor.

To handle some matters.

Lorde's gaze shifted towards the big screen in the conference hall.

The 'Brutalizer' was reveling.

Amid the drifting blood, there were bodies everywhere.

But there was one place that was rather quiet — the apartment belonging to the 'Brutalizer', Jason. There, he saw Losa 11, Pers, and the unexpected appearance of Bilder and an unknown person.

A bold guess surfaced in Lorde's mind.

Huff, huff.

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.

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."