

Menu 791

Chapter 791: If You Have Questions, Ask Them in Advance_3

"Facing these families, you will be like a rat in the sewer, constantly on edge."

Luodeni shouted loudly.

"Oh."

The electronic synthesized voice should not have shown emotion, but this brief reply was full of indifference.

It was as if Luodeni's threat didn't matter at all.

...

As if the "Gibson Family," "Hera Family," "Amiel Family," "Send Family," and "Losa Family" didn't need to be taken seriously either.

Gasping for breath!

Luodeni's breathing grew rapid.

He instinctively wanted to berate the other's ignorance and rudeness.

But at this moment, that electronic synthesized voice asked again, without hurry.

"Do you want to live?"

The scolding that had reached Luodeni's lips halted, he forcefully swallowed it back, his face changing colors repeatedly.

Eventually—

"Yes!"

Who doesn't want to live?

Who doesn't wish to live?

Especially someone like Luodeni, who had endured great pain to transform himself into a half-machine in order to survive, wished to live more than anyone, more than anything.

"Good."

"We can continue to cooperate."

"Now I hope you can make the 'Mansion's' emergency measures malfunction for a moment."

"It doesn't need to be for long, just 1 hour."

The synthesized voice stated its purpose.

"Emergency squad?"

"What do you plan to do?"

Luodeni already had a rough guess, but he couldn't help asking at this moment.

"Haven't you guessed by now?"

"How could a Send 9 be enough?"

"We need at least a Losa 11 too."

The other side answered frankly.

"If I do this, how can I survive?"

Luodeni asked again.

He wasn't unwilling to do it, at this point, there wasn't much left to lose. What he needed was to see the 'sincerity' of the other party, or rather, the ability of the other party to keep him alive.

He wouldn't do such a thing based merely on someone's word.

"Because the one doing this is Wittes, not you, Luodeni?"

"You installed a voice changer during your mechanical transformation, didn't you?"

"This is the perfect time to use it."

The electronic synthesized voice was full of intrigue.

Luodeni was taken aback.

How did they know?

The alterations to his body were a secret, to keep this secret forever, he had silenced those doctors.
How did the other know?

"How do you know?"

Luodeni demanded.

This time, the electronic synthesized voice did not answer.

Knowing the other's habits by now, Luodeni hesitated on the spot for a moment before picking up the phone.

"Yeah, this is Wittes."

"The emergency squad doesn't need to deploy."

"Correct."

"There are additional orders."

Luodeni gave orders in Wittes's voice.

After doing all this, he asked again.

"How did you know?"

This time, still no answer came.

This caused Luodeni's frown to deepen.

A full three minutes later, the electronic synthesized voice spoke again.

"Sorry, there was a little unforeseen hiccup in the plan."

"My original intention was to have the 'Brutalizer' send off our young master Losa 11, but now, for some reason, a 'Brutalizer' has inexplicably joined this young master's side, um, no, make that two."

Accompanying the synthesized electronic voice, images of Jason and Galen appeared on the screen in the conference hall.

Jason took out a 'Brutalizer' with each strike, advancing steadily.

Galen stood guard vigilantly at the door, scanning his surroundings.

"What do you mean?"

Faced with such a scene, Luodeni had a bad premonition.

"I need you to help me correct this mistake now—go kill Losa 11."

"Impossible!"

"I will not do it!"

Luodeni bellowed out loud without waiting for the synthesized electronic voice to continue.

Participating and acting directly are two different concepts.

He didn't mind being involved in the assassination of Send 9 because he did not know about Send 9's death in advance; he simply reaped some benefits afterwards.

But now?

To have him directly murder Losa 11?

Luodeni was scared.

"Well, that's too bad then."

"You're doomed."

"That young master Losa 11 used his authority to live broadcast everything happening in the 'Game Mansion' at this moment. Guess how many minutes it will take for the 'Losa Family's' bodyguards to get here?"

The electronic voice asked with a laugh.

"What?!"

Luodeni stood frozen on the spot as if struck by thunder.

He had no idea that Losa 11 had such authority.

If Losa 11 did this...

He was done for!

Suddenly, after a one-second pause, Luodeni snapped back to reality.

"You knew all along, didn't you?"

Luodeni accused.

"Hmm."

"I knew all along."

"It's because you didn't ask."

The electronic voice admitted frankly.

Luodeni's breathing became rapid again.

It was out of anger and struggle.

"This time, I'm asking in advance."

"If I really do kill Losa 11, are you certain you can keep me alive?"

Luodeni stressed.

"Of course!"

"I promise!"

"Moreover, I'll make sure you live honorably, not just as a 'Brutalizer,' turned into a tool person."

The electronic voice became formal.

Upon hearing the assurance from the other side, Luodeni breathed a slight sigh of relief.

He was genuinely afraid of living a life akin to that of a 'Brutalizer,' a mere tool person.

Now...

Luodeni slightly straightened his clothes to cover his metallic chest and then, gun in hand, he walked toward the elevator.

He was going to kill Losa 11.

Though risky, it was all worth it for the chance to survive.

4th floor, Jason's apartment.

After revisiting the experiences he had just been through, Losa 11 turned his head to look at Bildler.

This was what the eleventh in line to the Losa Family succession said—

"Bildler, smash all the surveillance on this floor."

"We have no need for them anymore."

"And

"Whether it's Luodeni, Wittes, or Donna showing up here later, shoot them on sight."

Chapter 792: Another Side!

Billder startled.

In the F area of 'Game Mansion,' there was definitely an enemy among the high ranks, he was certain of that.

But exactly who that was, Billder could not yet confirm.

So when he heard Losa 11's words, this former security advisor couldn't help but startle.

Kill the wrong person rather than letting the actual one go?

Billder looked at Losa 11, who was sitting in the chair, and his gaze slightly changed.

...

After all, she is one of the heirs of the Hundred Major Families!

Billder thought to himself silently, and then couldn't help but smirk self-deprecatingly.

Just now, or rather not long ago, Losa 11 gave him a different impression, but now it seemed, even if there was some difference, the essence was the same.

Of course, in Billder's eyes, there was nothing wrong with that.

Even, that was normal.

That was human nature.

"Did you misunderstand something?"

Just as Bildder was about to turn and leave, Losa 11 couldn't help but speak up.

This eleventh in line heir of the 'Losa Family' raised his right hand and massaged his brow.

"I thought you understood."

"Who knew you didn't get it."

"It's a bit complicated to explain, but you have to remember, the Rodney, Wittes, or Donna you see in a while, one of them will be a key accomplice in this incident."

"He or she is here with malicious intent, so we need to strike first to gain the upper hand."

"Donna will take advantage of being a woman's weakness."

"Wittes relies on the physique he has developed over many years."

"If it's Rodney... it'll be a bit tricky, you have to be very careful."

Losa 11 said.

"Hmm.

"But what exactly happened?"

Bildder nodded, yet his curiosity couldn't be concealed.

"You still don't understand?"

Losa 11 was taken aback.

He thought Bildler should have understood with such obvious hints.

Bilder glanced at Roslor, who turned to look at Pers.

Then, all three shook their heads in confused agreement.

They truly didn't understand.

"Simply put, this incident requires the cooperation of one of the 'Game Mansion's' high ranks. If I were the 'Planner,' I would try to contact as many of these high ranks as possible, whether it's Rodney, Wittes, or Donna, they would all be my targets to remove, then I'd offer them an irresistible temptation to get them involved in the 'Assassination of Send 9' plan."

"Once involved in this plan, they can no longer escape."

"That guy won't force them step by step, although Rodney, Wittes, and Donna will think so, but in reality the enemy will strike like lightning, driving the three into a desperate situation, leaving them completely without the chance to resist, and then

"Have one of the three assassinate me."

Losa 11 tried to explain in terms the others could understand.

Roslor and Pers still didn't quite understand.

However, Bildler was beginning to grasp it.

Not truly out of intelligence, but as a security advisor, Bildder had been exposed to similar situations.

"To create a desperate situation and to silence them, is that why only one will show up?"

Bildder sought confirmation from Losa 11.

"Hmm."

Losa 11 nodded.

"That's ruthless."

Bildder commented and turned to walk down the corridor.

At this moment, Bildder's expression became increasingly grave.

If his guess was correct, then one of the three who appeared later—Rodney, Wittes, or Donna—was not the Planner's real trump card.

The enemy had a backup plan!

What that was?

Bildder couldn't figure it out.

He left it to Losa 11.

With Losa 11's intelligence, he certainly would be able to think of something.

In fact, Losa 11 did have some guesses.

But because of this, Losa 11's expression became increasingly unsettled.

"Madman!"

Losa 11 thought about the Planner, but his mouth didn't stop moving.

"Pers, Roslor, there's something I need your help with."

"It's about life and death for all of us."

Losa 11 spoke with earnest sincerity.

"Please leave it to me."

Pers said without hesitation.

He had no choice but to accept, especially now that Losa 11 had extended an olive branch. He had to catch it, no matter what.

Just as long as he wanted to survive.

"Good."

Roslor didn't hesitate either.

Because Roslor trusted Bildler.

Since Bildder was on Losa 11's side, he naturally followed suit.

"It's like this

Losa 11's voice lowered.

And at that moment—

Ding!

The chime of the elevator reaching the floor sounded.

The elevator doors slowly opened.

Rodney, who had been maintaining a stern face, seemed to undergo a transformation akin to changing faces. As the elevator doors slowly opened, he became anxious, his voice betraying panic.

"Losa 11, sir, quickly

Bang, bang, bang!

However, before his panicked voice could finish, it was interrupted by a burst of gunfire.

Bildder repeatedly pulled the trigger, sending all 12 bullets in the magazine into Rodney's body without missing a single one.

Rodney, who had been shot, never expected this turn of events.

Sparks flew in all directions.

The bullets caused no damage to Rodney's cybernetically enhanced metal body, but the incessant impact made him stagger backward.

By the last few bullets, Rodney was almost 'nailed to the wall.'

The skin over his chest, along with his clothing, was shredded by the gunfire, revealing his metallic frame beneath, which greatly infuriated Rodney. He didn't know what had gone wrong or why he had been exposed.

Chapter 793: Another Side! (2)

But he knew one thing.

The one shooting at him, Bildler, was as good as dead.

And so was Losa 11.

If he couldn't easily take these people down, then it was time to be direct.

"You're dead!"

The agent of the 'Simpson Family' roared in representation.

...

As Bildler's magazine ran out of bullets, he charged out.

He still held the gun in his hand, but after firing, Bildler had sprinted towards the corridor, not giving Rodney the chance to shoot. To aim at Bildler, Rodney had to leave the elevator.

Whoosh!

A heavy thud of something cutting the air sounded behind him.

A heavy fire axe came chopping down overhead!

The cutting wind made Rodney's scalp tingle.

Without turning around, Rodney quickly lunged forward.

But it was a bit too slow.

Crack!

Zzzzt!

The fire axe cut straight down along his spine, sparks flying.

The strike was effective!

But there was no joy in Galen's face; his hand trembled, almost unable to grasp the axe, and his gaze on Rodney was filled with surprise.

Hard!

It was too hard!

Harder than any tree he had ever chopped!

However, Galen did not stop.

Whoosh!

He aimed a sweeping blow at Rodney's neck.

The attack to his back made Rodney, who was chasing Bildder, lean forward, his raised arms dropping instinctively, his aiming posture completely ruined. Feeling the wind behind him, Rodney's face was filled with annoyance.

But he didn't turn around.

His gaze was still fixed on Bildder.

At this moment, Bildder had reloaded his magazine.

Rodney was more concerned about bullets than the axe's cuts.

Rodney raised his arms again and aimed at Bildder.

Bang!

He pulled the trigger, but the bullet flew off to God knows where.

Because, just as Rodney pulled the trigger, Galen's axe had landed precisely on his neck.

Under such an attack, Rodney's aim went wide.

In contrast, the bullet from Bildder's gun hit Rodney's body.

Rodney's body involuntarily stepped back.

And in the moment of that step, Galen struck with another axe blow.

Gun and axe.

Axe and gun.

Bildder and Galen were like the most diligent blacksmiths, repeatedly hammering the scrap metal named 'Rodney'.

Rodney had also battled fierce opponents in the past.

Otherwise, he couldn't have become the Simpson Family's agent and representative in district F.

But that was decades ago!

After he became the Simpson Family's agent and representative in district F, everything changed, especially as his body declined with age, Rodney had grown even more sluggish.

Although he had mechanical enhancements later on, it didn't change the situation.

Because Rodney had to disguise himself as an old man.

Playing possum was one thing.

But if you pretend to be a pig for too long, you become a real pig.

That was the case for Rodney at this moment.

Caught off guard and trapped in a pincer attack, Rodney was indeed in a fluster, especially when bullets and axe were aimed at his head, the Simpson Family's agent and representative was dodging desperately without any regard for himself.

"Attack his head!"

Billder loudly reminded Galen.

Galen immediately swung the axe in a circle, aiming at Rodney's head.

Rodney dodged to the side immediately.

But he didn't avoid it.

Bang!

The bullet from Billder's gun accurately hit Rodney's face.

Different from the previous sparks.

This time, what splattered was blood.

However, the bullet didn't penetrate Rodney's face, instead, the bullet's head was embedded in Rodney's face.

Whoosh!

The chopping axe immediately changed to a horizontal slash.

Bang!

In a muffled sound, the axe embedded in Rodney's face as well.

The blade nearly split Rodney's face in half.

Without a doubt, this was a fatal wound.

Rodney's gun dropped to the ground, and his whole body slowly slid down the wall.

'Golden Lamb', Galen let out a sigh of relief.

And at that moment, Rodney, who was sliding down, suddenly sprang up, taking 'Golden Lamb' hostage with lightning speed, his mechanized palm gripping 'Golden Lamb's' throat, the other hand pulling the axe embedded in his face out.

Crackle, crackle.

Electric sparks flew out, and Bildler could see that Rodney's head lacked everything that a person should have. Apart from bionic skin and a chamber filled with fake blood plasma, there were only electronic components left.

"I had originally planned to hide a bit longer, but I didn't expect it would come out here."

Rodney's voice, despite his split face, remained clear.

'He' was staring intently at Bildler.

"Now put the gun down!"

Luodeni gripped Galen's neck tighter as he spoke.

Creak, creak.

The sound of friction between tendons and bones was enough to make Bildder understand that if he did not do as he was told, Galen's neck would be snapped.

But if he did...

It wouldn't just be Galen who died.

It would be everyone!

With this thought, not only did Bildder not put down his gun, but he also aimed it again at Luodeni.

The head was not a weak spot.

But there had to be one.

At the least, the place where the brain was housed was a weakness.

If the brain was not in the head...

Then inside the chest cavity!

Bildder quickly aimed at Luodeni's metallic chest.

If one bullet wasn't enough, then he'd fire several more.

As long as he found the right spot, he could break through.

Billder firmly believed so.

Luodeni, noticing Billder's actions, slightly loosened his grip on Galen. He wanted Galen to die, but to do so with value—not simply crushing Galen and then fighting with Billder. That wasn't what Luodeni wanted.

Rather than that, he thought it better to use Galen as a human shield.

At the least, he could withstand a few more bullets.

Holding Galen hostage, Luodeni stepped closer to Billder.

Galen didn't lack the will to resist.

But the current from Luodeni's fingertips made his body shake uncontrollably, leaving him powerless to fight back.

Facing Luodeni, who approached while holding Galen hostage, Billder kept retreating step by step.

Although he had made up his mind, Billder still couldn't act immediately.

One step, another step.

The three of them quickly reached the corner.

Luodeni saw the 'Contact' apartment.

Billder knew what lay behind him as well.

If Luodeni got close to Losa 11, everything would spiral out of control.

He couldn't wait any longer!

Thinking this, Billder was about to pull the trigger.

But at that moment, the door of the 'Contact' apartment opened.

And Losa 11 walked out.

Billder and Luodeni paused in shock.

Then, a split of joy appeared on Luodeni's torn face, and he threw Galen aside, charging crazily towards Losa 11.

Billder repeatedly pulled the trigger.

Bang bang bang!

Each bullet hit Luodeni but did no real damage to him, as this agent of the Simpson Family, representing them, kept moving forward, laughing maniacally.

"Losa 11, die!"

The next moment, a fire axe was raised high into the air.

"No!"

Billder yelled out loud.

He knew what would happen once the axe fell.

Billder rushed towards Luodeni.

Moving as fast as he possibly could.

But still, he was a bit too far away.

The axe in Luodeni's hand had already begun to fall.

Despair filled Billder's eyes.

Losa 11, on the other hand, fired his gun without a change in expression.

Whoosh!

Crack!

Crackle, crackle!

The distinctive sound of electricity buzzed through the air.

Luodeni froze in his tracks.

The fire axe also hung in mid-air.

Luodeni looked down at the two darts stuck in his chest.

"Taser?"

He murmured, and then, he collapsed to the ground.

Billder too was left astonished.

"You didn't really think I wouldn't carry any self-defense weapon, did you?"

"It doesn't really kill and provides some self-protection; it's just right for me," Losa 11 explained.

Then, he looked at Luodeni, who was trembling as his life force dwindled rapidly.

"So it turns out, sending you to me was just to confirm your death," Losa 11 said with a sigh.

He had a taser as a self-defense weapon.

The altered Luodeni's weakness was electricity.

It couldn't all be just a coincidence.

It was all the other side's arrangement.

Losa 11 gestured towards Billder and Galen, then returned to the 'Contact' apartment.

Pers and Roslor still needed his guidance.

However, Losa 11's gaze was involuntarily drawn to another scene.

There was—

Jason!

Opposite Jason, a man in a white lab coat with currents crackling from his hands was laughing madly.

"Electric shock! Therapy!"

Chapter 794: Do You Dare to Come?

Blue electricity, as fine as strands of hair, crackled around a pair of hands; the hands' owner was letting out a continuous, maniacal laughter.

The person's eyes were bloodshot, their pupils as sharp as pinpoints. Anyone who saw these eyes would unconsciously feel tense and retreat in fear.

Madness!

Utter madness!

Not only were the eyes like that, but the person's face was also twisted to an extreme. It was near impossible to recognize it as a human face from such distortion.

It looked more like a bloodthirsty beast.

Or, perhaps, a twisted monster.

Yet Jason was staring at this person who stood in his way.

There wasn't a single flicker of emotion in his eyes.

He still categorized this being as human.

Because he had seen real monsters.

Every one of them was so delicious, unforgettable to him.

However, there was still something about the other party that Jason cared about.

The electricity twining around the hands!

"Secret technique?"

"It seems somewhat off."

"It's more like some sort of major mutation."

Jason recognized the 'Brutalizer' in front of him; though he hadn't met face to face in the true sense, he had looked up some well-known facts.

With Jason's personality, since the [main mission] was to win the championship of the final tournament, he would inevitably check on potential opponents he might face.

The 'Electric Mage' was naturally one of them.

According to the information he had gathered, this was a person tormented to madness.

In the remaining life of the other party, aside from the 'healing' of others, there were no other thoughts or pursuits.

Unfortunately, the other party's understanding of 'healing' only came in one form: electric shocks.

In the 'game's' evaluation of many 'Brutalizers,' the 'Electric Mage' was definitely one of the most dangerous.

Facing such 'Brutalizers,' the 'game' directly suggested 'confinement.'

No 'apartment.'

No 'free movement.'

All that existed was 'confinement' or 'Deep Sleep.'

And now, with such 'confinement' gone, it was as if the collar had been removed from a beast.

Jason glanced at the several charred corpses behind the other party.

There were both 'contactees' and intrusive 'Brutalizers.'

Clearly, in the eyes of the other party, there was no distinction of status, only the categorization of patients.

It was no exception before.

And it was no exception now.

"Electric shock! Healing!"

The 'Electric Mage' charged at Jason with such a cry.

The speed was incredibly fast!

Well beyond the range of ordinary humans.

Without a doubt, the other's mutation not only granted the power of 'electric shocks' but also significantly enhanced physical strength, especially speed and reflexes.

The next moment, the opponent, who was charging in a straight line at Jason, suddenly darted up the walls and the roof, bouncing back and forth like a rubber ball.

Gradually, the speed increased again.

At first, an ordinary person's field of vision could still capture the opponent's figure.

A few seconds later, the other became like a series of afterimages, forming a net that enshrouded Jason.

The sound of the electricity from the other's hands filled the surroundings.

Crackle and pop!

The noise was incessant.

The figure's movements were unpredictable.

Both appeared simultaneously, giving a sense of complementing each other.

And the 'audience,' who mysteriously found the 'live stream' to be on again, were boiling with excitement at this spectacle.

"It's here!"

"The 'Electric Sorcerer's' ultimate move!"

"Electric Cage!"

"Jason's gonna get wiped out!"

"Bullshit, Jason hasn't even made a move, how can he get wiped out?"

"No one has ever escaped before, and this time won't be an exception!"

"Just because those guys were no good doesn't mean Jason isn't!"

"Can someone tell me what's happening?"

"Why can't I place a bet anymore?"

"Me too!"

"Upstairs, betting dogs!"

...

The bullet comments began scrolling across the screen.

Aside from various random comments, most of the 'audience' were supporters of the 'Electric Sorcerer.'

Compared to Jason's 'obscurity,' the 'Electric Sorcerer' was a well-known figure.

Jason had his supporters as well, but compared to those supporting the 'Electric Sorcerer,' their numbers were just too small and they were quickly overwhelmed.

Mockery, ridicule, and cursing followed soon after.

However, everything stopped abruptly.

Because Jason made his move.

Whoosh, whoosh whoosh!

As the 'Electric Sorcerer' darted around crazily, Jason slowly raised his right hand.

Right hand holding a knife.

Blade pointing upward.

The next moment—

Pugh!

The 'Electric Sorcerer's' figure swept past the blade.

And then, split in two.

As blood sprayed, the 'Electric Sorcerer' fell to the ground, his organs spilling out with a splash.

A trace of confusion emerged on the 'Electric Sorcerer's' frantic, contorted face.

Not only was the 'Electric Sorcerer' confused.

All the 'audience' were confused.

"What happened?"

"Did I miss an episode?"

"I feel like I missed an episode too."

"What's going on? How did the 'Electric Sorcerer' just drop dead?"

"What about the 'Electric Cage' that was supposed to be unavoidable?"

"Is that all?"

"Is that all?"

"Is that all?"

...

After a brief silence, the bullet comments rolled with even more frenzy.

The screen was filled with doubt and confusion.

But the next moment, the 'audience' supporting Jason began to strike back.

Just a moment ago, they were stifled by the supporters of the 'Electric Sorcerer.'

Now?

Naturally, they were gloating.

Line after line of 'Is that all' appeared on the screen.

As each 'Is that all' scrolled by, the 'audience' who typed it felt utterly exhilarated, and their gaze towards Jason filled with even more anticipation.

Chapter 795: Dare to Come?_2

Jason never disappointed them.

Not before.

Not now.

And certainly not in the future.

"Go Jason!"

"Take down the other bastards!"

"You're the strongest!"

...

Fans of Jason began furiously typing on their keyboards.

Although they still had no idea what was going on, why the livestream had started without reaching the finals in Zone F of the “game”, it didn’t stop them from supporting Jason.

Moreover, more and more people were flooding into Jason’s livestream.

Some were just curious.

Others were supporters of the “Electric Demon” originally.

As the “Electric Demon” died and the livestream went completely dark, these fans first sat stunned, then a portion of them cursed and left the livestream.

The rest came to Jason’s livestream.

They were simply curious.

They started watching this big guy wearing a mask, silent as a mute.

Jason noticed the movement of the surveillance cameras.

"Has the entire building’s ‘emergency measures’ failed?"

While searching the “Electric Demons body, Jason thought to himself.

Just a moment ago, these surveillance cameras had been stiff and fixed to the walls, showing no signs of movement.

Now they were moving.

They were obviously being manipulated.

And in this building, there shouldn't be a few who could manipulate these cameras—the top executives, middle management, and some of the 'contacts' all had the capability.

But at this moment, after the Brutalizer held the 'carnival', the only ones left able to manipulate the cameras were the building's top executives.

Including Losa 11.

It could only be Losa 11.

The other executives were clearly involved in the 'carnival', one way or another.

Perhaps they were deceived.

Or perhaps they participated willingly.

And whether it was one way or the other, if she was the "Planner" behind the scenes, she'd definitely "urge" these capable assistants to further undermine the building's defense system.

For example: "confining" emergency measures.

For example: "inciting" him or them to take out Losa 11, creating even more chaos.

Although Jason still didn't understand the adversary's real motive now, their approach had always been accompanied by "destruction".

From small to large.

Like a snowball growing as it rolls.

Thus, if there was a chance to cause greater “destruction”, the adversary would naturally be willing.

And all Losa 11 was left with was “seeking help”!

When conventional methods were futile, all that remained was to use “live broadcasting” as a cry for help.

And this was also what the Planner behind the scenes was pleased to see.

What’s greater “destruction” than taking out a Losa 11?

Of course, it’s to take out all members of the Losa family who come to support!

Accomplishing this wasn’t difficult.

In fact, in some ways, it was quite simple.

Just plant bombs inside this building!

After an explosion, only ruins would remain.

Everything, whether the supporting Losa family members or Losa 11 himself, would be buried.

Of course, the Planner’s “traces” would also vanish among them.

"One ring to the next, almost a completely targeted arrangement,"

"Perfect."

"And clear."

"Starting with Send 9, no, not with Send 9, the Planner had begun long before that; Send 9 was only the start of the plan."

"What exactly does the adversary want to do?"

Jason couldn't believe someone went through all this "effort" just for the sake of "destruction."

Unless they were a lunatic who relished in destruction.

But if that were the lunatic in question, there would be more direct methods than this elaborate charade.

As Jason pondered, he stood up.

He found nothing noteworthy on the "Electric Demons body.

That mutation?

Jason was no scientist; he didn't know how to collect it.

He was just a "foodie."

After confirming there was no scent of any “food”, he abandoned the idea completely.

Besides, even if there were, Jason wouldn’t have taken any further action.

As a “foodie”, Jason had his standards.

Standards of humanity.

Jason continued towards the upper floors.

He hoped to find “food”.

So, Jason was exceedingly meticulous.

He “cleared” each floor methodically.

The Brutalizers encountered him one after another.

Each encounter ended with a single strike.

Without exception.

These criminals, perverts, believed beyond normal human imagination to be Brutalizers, were less dangerous to Jason than the everyday pedestrians of Nightless City.

Not just in terms of strength.

Perhaps, in terms of strength, these individuals were more formidable than the pedestrians of Nightless City.

But their behavioral patterns?

They were immature to the extreme.

No concealment, no tricks.

They would just roar and charge straight at you upon sight, engaging in a brute force clash.

Jason enjoyed this.

He liked enemies who were straightforward.

Especially those less powerful than him.

"Is it because of the 'game' that they've turned out this way?"

"Truly, the 'taming' effect is significant."

Jason thought to himself.

The image of a lab rat pressing a button to receive food, then hammering away at it obliviously and tirelessly, forgetting everything else, came to his mind.

Didn't the "Brutalizers" resemble that?

Maybe not in appearance.

But on the inside?

Exactly the same.

They had truly become mere materials for “entertainment.”

Perhaps it was bloody.

But the essence remained the same.

And as for that bit of bloodshed?

Nobody cared.

Chapter 796: Do You Dare to Come?_3

‘Brutalizer’ doesn’t care.

‘Audience’ doesn’t care.

The higher-ups of ‘Game Mansion’ don’t care.

‘Survivors’ might care at first, but once they join, they become indifferent too.

They made their choice.

Naturally, they must bear the consequences of that choice.

"Entertainment until death!"

Jason thought, quickening his pace.

Now that Losa 11 had released the news, besides 'Losa Family', members of other families would soon arrive as well.

Even if the worst comes to pass.

But the 'game' has not changed.

Everything will continue.

And him?

He won't change either.

Because as long as [Main Mission] remains the same, he must continue within it until he claims the final championship.

Only...

Is the championship really that simple?

Jason recalled the information he had gathered and sorted in his mind, his eyes squinting slightly.

However, Jason's steps did not heed.

They continued to stride forward.

Those 'audience' members watching Jason were going completely wild at this moment.

"How many 'Brutalizers' have died?"

"There are 27 now!"

"More than 27!"

"Previously, on the floors that Jason passed, we didn't see, so we can't count!"

"Sss!"

"Terrifying Jason!"

"The 'Real Brutalizer'!"

"Jason is invincible!"

"Nothing can stop Jason's blade!"

"Not even the 'Brutalizer' can do it!"

...

At first, 'audience' members were only shocked by Jason's strength, but as time passed, and more and more 'Brutalizers' died under Jason's blade, that shock turned into astonishment, especially as new 'audience' members began to pour into Jason's live stream as the number of other streams decreased, the veteran 'audience' members explained 'Jason' with the authority of the experienced.

Suddenly, a fanatical atmosphere emerged.

They began to exalt Jason.

They became irrational.

In their eyes, Jason was invincible.

This atmosphere drew attention, from the other live streams.

By now, fewer than ten live streams remained.

The majority were thanks to Jason's 'clean-up'.

A minority fell to the 'Brutalizer's' infighting.

The remaining live streams, most went silent out of fear of Jason's approach.

But, one was different.

On the 22nd floor 'Brutalizer's Home', a man with a lean figure, clad in a practice outfit, was performing push-ups with exact precision.

"1,2,3

First with both hands, then with one hand.

Then, four fingers, three fingers, two fingers, one finger.

When only the index finger was left supporting the whole body, the rate and rhythm of the push-ups performed by the man in practice clothes did not change, remaining effortless.

After that, he rose to a handstand.

Still supported by a single finger, he continued.

Disciplined.

Self-regulating.

Anybody seeing this man would have the same impression.

That is, if it weren't for the body next to him.

This was a 'Toucher'.

A hole appeared in the chest.

The heart inside vanished without a trace.

Blood flowed out from the chest cavity, leaving a crimson mark on the ground.

The man nearby continued his self-immersed training.

Instantly, a sense of the bizarre arose naturally.

But this eeriness did not bore the 'audience' guarding this live stream.

On the contrary, they were delighted.

Or rather, also with a hint of frenzy.

Heart Extractor' is so powerful!"

"Yes!"

Heart Extractor' is the strongest!"

"What even is that Jason just now?"

...

Watching 'Heart Extractor's' 'audience', one after another, gave their opinion.

Then, one of the most hot-tempered 'audience' members went straight to Jason's live stream to comment—

"Stop boasting!"

Heart Extractor' is on floor 22!"

"Do you dare to come?"

Chapter 797: The One Who Smiles Broadly While Baring Their Heart

In the midst of a flurry of flattering barrages, this one stood out.

The scrolling barrage paused.

Then, it was as if cold water had been poured into a sizzling hot oil pan.

Crash!

It exploded directly!

"The 'Xin-Extractor'?!"

"The 'Xin-Extractor' is here too?"

"Although Jason is strong, facing the 'Xin-Extractor

...

The 'viewers' in Jason's live broadcast expressed their worries one after another.

Jason is strong!

This much, they knew.

But the 'Xin-Extractor' is also strong!

Even in the eyes of these 'viewers', the 'Xin-Extractor' seemed stronger than Jason.

After all, the opponent's past record was truly astounding.

Keep in mind, when they went to capture the 'Xin-Extractor', they dispatched a complete 'Special Operations Team', no less than two hundred strong, fully armed, ready to wage a small-scale war.

Yet even so, during the capture process, this 'Special Operations Team' suffered immense losses, nearly annihilated.

Thus, even though the 'Xin-Extractor' hadn't been a 'Brutalizer' for long, many viewers from Sector F favored him, believing him to be the overall champion of this 'game'.

The overall champion!

Not just the champion of Sector F!

While geographical bias played a role, the 'Xin-Extractor's' strength was without question.

"Huh, the 'Real Brutalizer'?"

"Jason is invincible?"

"Is that all?"

...

Once again, a 'viewer' from the 'Xin-Extractor's' live broadcast spoke up.

This time, while the 'viewers' in Jason's broadcast still harbored worries, the anger in their hearts made it impossible for them to turn a blind eye.

"The 'Xin-Extractor' may be strong, but Jason is not to be underestimated!"

"Exactly, Jason is invincible!"

"Invincible!"

...

An argument erupted.

It quickly turned into a war of words.

The 'Xin-Extractor's' 'viewers' that had come to Jason's broadcast were outnumbered and soon drowned in this verbal skirmish.

"Just you wait!"

"Jason's heart is already a trophy for the 'Xin-Extractor'!"

"Don't cry when it happens!"

...

After leaving such words behind, that 'viewer' from the 'Xin-Extractor' exited Jason's live broadcast room.

He did not display the frustration of a loser.

On the contrary, his retreat was that of a victor.

Look at those defeated curs!

Aside from barking, what else can they do?

The 'viewer' returned to the 'Xin-Extractor's' live broadcast room and 'truthfully' recounted what he had 'seen and heard'. His fellow viewers burst into laughter.

However, their laughter came to an abrupt halt very quickly.

Because they saw Jason!

They saw Jason in the 'Xin-Extractor's' live broadcast room.

Casually walking with the Broad Blade Cleaver in hand.

The cleaver pointed downwards, emanating an icy chill.

The tall and robust figure made a resonant, forceful sound with every step.

Thud, thud, thud!

"He's here?!"

"He actually came!"

"Kill him, 'Heart Plucker'!"

"Kill him!"

...

After a brief silence, the 'audience' in 'Heart Plucker's' room erupted.

They had just been discussing it, and they were all looking forward to such a battle.

Now, the fight was about to unfold.

How could they not be excited?

In contrast were the 'audience' in Jason's room.

"Don't go!"

"Jason, don't go!"

"Turn back!"

"It's dangerous there!"

...

Though they had been verbally clashing with gusto, everyone was well aware of the reality.

They didn't believe that Jason could match 'Heart Plucker'.

Seeing Jason continue upward, about to encounter 'Heart Plucker', each one of them started shouting anxiously.

Unfortunately, such cries of warning couldn't reach Jason.

But even if Jason had heard them, he wouldn't have stopped.

Once he made up his mind, Jason wasn't one to change it easily.

He wouldn't change for others or for the environment.

He would follow his set goals, keep marching on, no matter the difficulties, and overcome them.

If momentarily powerless, then he would lie low.

After gathering strength, he would continue on his path.

That's what Jason did when he was a 'postman' in 'Nightless City'.

Now?

Of course, no exception.

He stepped onto the 22nd floor.

It was no different from the other floors, comprising the 'Brutalizer's Home', 'Toucher's Home', 'Public Activity Area', and 'Administrative Office Area'.

The only difference was that it was tidied up a bit.

It wasn't like the other floors where plasma covered the ground.

However, blood was still present,

Jason glanced at the 'Toucher' whose heart had been plucked out, and his gaze immediately shifted to the 'Heart Plucker'.

"298, 299, 300!"

Under Jason's watchful eye, the other person continued to complete their push-ups.

After a full three hundred, the person stood up.

The long hair was tied back, hanging in a ponytail over the nape, revealing a lofty forehead, a pair of dark eyebrows attracting attention, yet they paled in comparison to those eyes.

Their eyes, slightly grey, serene yet resilient, showed a trace of liveliness when they looked at Jason.

This hint of sprightliness unconsciously made one focus on the other person, even to the point of overlooking the other's appearance.

A set of blue-green exercise clothes rustled with a slight noise as the person shook their bare feet.

"Jason?"

The other inquired, with a smile appearing on their lips.

The smile was gentle, even a bit warm.

If it weren't for the corpse beside them, anyone would think this was a sunny youth.

But when such a person stands next to a corpse, that smile becomes bizarre.

Jason observed this sense of bizarre.

Chapter 798: Smiling and Wholehearted_2

Or more precisely, a sense of familiarity!

That's right!

Familiarity!

He had a feeling like dealing with a resident of Nightless City when looking at the seemingly kind-hearted youth before him.

It was that sense of concealing oneself and then suddenly baring one's fangs.

Jason trusted his own feelings.

Without answering, and without getting entangled with the other's smiling demeanor, he just went into full alert.

The next moment

The smiling young man before him vanished.

When he reappeared, he was already standing behind Jason.

The gentle smile remained unchanged.

But the casually hanging palm was like a knife, silently stabbing towards Jason's heart from behind.

"There it is!"

"Xin strike!"

"Take him down!"

...

The 'audience' of the Brutalizer, with flushed faces, burst into shouts.

A live, pulsating heart was what they wanted to see.

And to extract the heart of a Brutalizer brought them even greater satisfaction.

Would Jason dodge?

Of course not!

They took it for granted.

After all, in previous fights involving the Xin, even when facing opponents skilled in speed and agility, a killing blow was always delivered in one strike.

Not to mention someone like Jason, who at a glance appeared bulky and not Agile.

The 'audience' of the Xin's livestream thought so.

So did the audience in Jason's stream.

It's over!

Those supporting Jason shut their eyes one after another.

They couldn't bear to watch that brutal moment.

So they missed what happened next, hearing only a muffled thud in their ears.

Thump!

It sounded like someone hitting the ground.

Not the sound of flesh being torn.

Those who realized this quickly opened their eyes.

Then they saw the Agile, who had been behind Jason, somehow end up in front of him, sprawled on the ground in disarray.

The concrete surface showed cracks and depressions.

What happened?

The 'audience' inside Jason's stream asked each other.

While in the Xin's stream, the 'audience' exclaimed in shock.

"How is that possible?!"

"How could he catch the Xin's speed?"

"He looks so big, yet he can be so agile?"

"Is this cheating?!"

...

The barrage of comments flooded in, representing the astonishment and disbelief of the Xin's 'audience' at that moment.

In fact, it wasn't just the Xin's 'audience' who were in disbelief.

The Xin himself felt the same way.

Although the strike he delivered just now wasn't his strongest, nor did it involve any special techniques—just some stabbing and silencing skills he practiced regularly—in his heart, he had already sentenced Jason to death, just like his previous opponents.

Until Jason grabbed his wrist!

"Truly an opponent worth fighting!"

The Xin flipped up, leaping away to distance himself from Jason.

The other dusted off, still facing Jason with a mild smile.

The masked Jason, however, frowned slightly.

It wasn't because the other was unharmed after the fall, but because the other had 'slipped' away from his grasp!

Just when Jason was about to throw him again to quickly end the fight, the other's palm slipped away like an eel from his grasp.

"Some kind of combat technique?"

Jason wondered.

Like with 'Electric Shock Demon,' Jason was aware of the basic information about the Xin.

He knew the other came from a martial arts background and used to be a somewhat famous fighter.

But the other's techniques were kind of beyond Jason's expectations.

Given the Xin's moniker, Jason thought the other's combat skills would be of the 'Sharpness' or 'Sharp' type, but unexpectedly they were 'slippery.'

With some concealing techniques as well.

Under such circumstances, the other did not seem like a fighter.

Rather, more like an assassin!

And the other's displayed 'camouflage' also coincided with that of an assassin.

Named as a 'fighter,' but acts like an 'assassin'?

Jason couldn't help but focus intently on his opponent.

His gaze swept across the other's body, assessing potential skills.

But such scrutiny caused some misunderstanding for the Xin.

"Is it strange?"

"As a fighter, from a young age I practiced resilience to withstand blows, what may be fatal to others is merely a scratch to me."

"But you, Jason, your reaction just now

"Have you also undergone combat training?"

It seemed the other was inquiring with genuine curiosity.

But as the words fell, the other vanished from Jason's 'perception' once more.

Another surprise attack!

However, such attacks were useless against Jason.

With a constant perception level of seven, Jason's senses had long surpassed the ordinary 'sight' and 'hearing,' and his battle instinct allowed him to easily lock on to his target.

Just like with 'Electric Shock Demon.'

The attacks that seemed dazzling and formed a cage-like speed in the eyes of others were clear and obvious to Jason; he simply had to hold up his knife and wait for the opponent to slam into it on their own.

Because Jason had easily noticed that the 'Electric Shock Demon' couldn't even control his own speed.

To put it simply, it was like a sports car that had hit the gas pedal but lost its brakes.

Chapter 799: Smiling and Wholehearted_3

Fighting with such an opponent is not too easy.

And “Xin” is different from “Electro Mage.”

“Xin” has better control over his body and a considerable amount of skill.

But, the result won’t change!

Behind!

Left side!

No, it’s the right side!

In Jason’s perception, “Xin” used some kind of offensive footwork that made his attack route increasingly elusive before he finally made his move.

Still using his palm, he struck silently and without warning.

Jason took a step back.

The palm just brushed past Jason.

The Broad Blade Cleaver, with a flip of the blade, swept upwards.

Spurt!

Severed!

The palm that had brushed past Jason was directly chopped off from the forearm.

"Ah!"

With a sharp cry, "Xin" retreated swiftly.

Blood gushed out from the severed arm.

Hearing the sound of blood dropping, the "viewers" in "Xin's" live-streaming room were stunned.

The situation before them was completely different from what they had imagined.

It was even safe to say it was completely reversed.

Wasn't Jason supposed to be crushed by "Xin"?

Why did it turn into "Xin" being dominated by Jason?

"This has to be a lie, right?"

"Is Jason really that strong?"

"Why is he so strong when there was no warm-up before?"

"Wasn't 'One Wears Three' just luck?"

"Once could be luck, what about twice?"

"And what about now!"

"Jason is the 'real Brutalizer'!"

"Jason is invincible!"

"Invincible!"

...

While the "viewers" in "Xin's" live-streaming room were at a loss, the "viewers" from Jason's live-streaming room poured in here, starting to send barrage after barrage of comments.

They had been provoked just now, and now that they had the chance, how could they not retaliate?

Seeing the "viewers" from "Xin's" live-streaming room being overwhelmed by their own, the "viewers" from Jason's live-streaming room felt as if they had just taken a breath of fresh air, as satisfying and pleasant as drinking a bowl of chilled sour plum soup on a hot summer day.

"Just watch!"

"This is just the beginning!"

"Jason will show 'Xin' what real strength is!"

"Getting cocky for what?"

"This is just the beginning!"

"Xin' hasn't shown his true strength yet!"

"Right!"

"The winner will definitely be us, you trash!"

"Who are you calling trash?"

...

Suddenly, the live-streaming room's comments once again devolved into arguments and verbal brawls.

And on the 22nd floor, "Xin," clutching his severed arm, had a smile that didn't diminish one bit.

Instead, his smile grew even more joyous.

He looked at Jason, his lips curling upward, and smirked slightly.

"I never imagined I'd meet an opponent like you."

"It's really

"Exciting!"

With an intentionally drawn-out tone, "Xin" charged at Jason once more.

His blood-soaked left hand let go of the wound and thrust straight at Jason.

This time, the opponent didn't use any techniques, but went straight in for a head-on clash.

Jason also stood his ground, wielding his cleaver to meet the charge.

Jason's cleaver met "Xin's" left hand.

A hint of faint red appeared on "Xin's" fingertips where they touched the blade.

The wound grew larger.

But very slowly.

It was as if Jason's cleaver was not chopping into flesh, but rather into steel.

"Not a bad slash," "Xin" said with a smile, as if offering praise.

Meanwhile, the "viewers" watching with wide eyes were incredibly tense.

"Careful!"

"Watch out!"

"Jason, behind you!"

...

Amidst the rolling comments, the same arm that was just severed started moving.

The arm seemed to be pulled by an invisible force, like an arrow shot from a bow, it shot straight towards Jason's back.

And then—

Clang!

Chapter 800: Jason: Familiarity!

The sound of metal clashing echoed throughout the entire 'Brutalizer's Home'.

Everyone was stunned.

The severed arm, shot out like an arrow, with the palm piercing into Jason's back as if it were a blade.

But, it did not go through!

It did not even break the skin!

That silent, bizarrely powerful strike, full of hatred, was completely ineffective!

The 'Agile Heart-seeker' wasn't laughing this time.

He leapt back like a monkey, each leap interspersed with agile dodges to prevent Jason from pursuing, but Jason didn't budge, just stood there, making 'Agile Heart-seeker' look even more like a monkey.

"Is this the 'Agile Heart-seeker'?"

"Really looks like a monkey!"

"Agile Heart-seeker' stronger than Jason?"

"Heh."

"Joke!"

...

In the 'Agile Heart-seeker's' live broadcast room, the 'audience' belonging to Jason started their counter-revenge again.

Having been provoked once, who said you can only retaliate once?

If there's a chance, you must retaliate ten times over!

And of course, it had to be right in the opponent's face, to slap them hard, to slap them fiercely, until their face was swollen and they couldn't speak anymore.

At this moment, the 'Agile Heart-seeker's' supporters were indeed speechless.

Even if one or two tried to argue that it was a retreating dodging technique, it was useless.

Because, the 'Agile Heart-seeker' was indeed retreating.

Retreating without having achieved anything.

If he is retreating, what else is there to say?

Those 'audience' members supporting the 'Agile Heart-seeker' had nothing to say.

In the same way, the 'Agile Heart-seeker' didn't make excuses for himself either.

"A powerful body!"

"You have not only learned the corresponding fighting skills, but you also understand the secret techniques within them!"

"Truly astonishing!"

The 'Agile Heart-seeker' said with an admiring face.

This time, the 'Agile Heart-seeker' didn't attack again, just stood there saying so.

Jason, on the other hand, stood across from the 'Agile Heart-seeker', with a hint of surprise flashing in his eyes.

He could clearly sense that there was a slight change in the 'Agile Heart-seeker's' aura.

Such a change had occurred when the other party retreated just now, it was not obvious, therefore, Jason did not pursue.

But now, Jason could be certain that this change was there.

"Dual personality?"

"Or

Jason recalled the 'Agile Heart-seeker's' profile, guessing in his heart.

But at this moment, the 'Agile Heart-seeker' raised his hand.

Whoosh!

The severed arm, along with the blood, soared up and then just reattached itself to the 'Agile Heart-seeker's' wound.

The entire process was completed in an instant!

The 'Agile Heart-seeker' moved his right arm slightly.

That serious face once again showed a gentle smile.

"I haven't suffered such a wound in a long time."

"Let's re-introduce myself, Todd."

'Heart Extractor' announced his alias.

Meanwhile, in the live-streaming room, the barrage of comments once again swarmed the screen.

"That's it?"

"What kind of ability is this? He's not human anymore, is he?"

"The terrifying 'Heart Extractor'!"

"No, did you guys not notice? 'Heart Extractor' introduced himself!"

"This is the first time!"

"He's treating Jason as a real opponent!"

"Which means, the real battle is only just beginning now!"

...

Supporters of 'Heart Extractor' were abuzz with excitement because of the scene where his arm was reattached, while Jason's fans were worried once again.

After all, in their eyes, such an ability was cheating.

His arm had been chopped off; how could it be reattached just like that?

However, there was one thought they shared with the supporters of 'Heart Extractor'.

That the real battle was only just beginning!

People from both sides held their breath and widened their eyes.

They feared missing the most thrilling moments.

But unexpectedly for both groups, 'Heart Extractor' didn't immediately attack; instead, he stood there and started talking non-stop,

"Jason, do you know how I obtained such an ability?"

"Yes!"

"Just as you guessed."

"It's my master's hidden trump card, his most powerful secret technique."

"I, my senior brothers, and junior sisters all knew this. Everyone studied diligently under him, all to learn this incredible secret technique. Unfortunately, his evaluation process was too long, far too long."

"So

"I took matters into my own hands."

Upon saying that, 'Heart Extractor' revealed a malicious smile.

From gentle to malevolent, it was merely an instant.

But it made that face instantly become unfamiliar, twisted.

"I knew he was strong, so I lured a few senior brothers. The junior sister refused, so I killed her, turned her into bait, tricked my master, and then

"Boom!"

"He exploded into Fragments!"

'Heart Extractor' first placed his hands together, then suddenly flung them apart, mimicking an explosion.

At that moment, a certain color burst forth from his eyes.

Lively, Agile.

Yet filled with malevolence.

'Heart Extractor' was completely oblivious to all this as he vividly continued.

"The explosion didn't kill my master; the secret technique allowed him to survive, but not completely—I had acted, how could I possibly leave any loose ends?"

"His limbs were controlled by me and a few senior brothers."

"Next, the senior brothers began interrogating our master."

"It lasted about two days."

"Nothing was revealed."

"Then, after a long wait, I made my move."

"I drugged the senior brothers, took my master, and ran."

"This was also part of my plan. I was always the weakest among my siblings, so such a scheme was perfect, the senior brothers agreed, and my master suspected nothing."