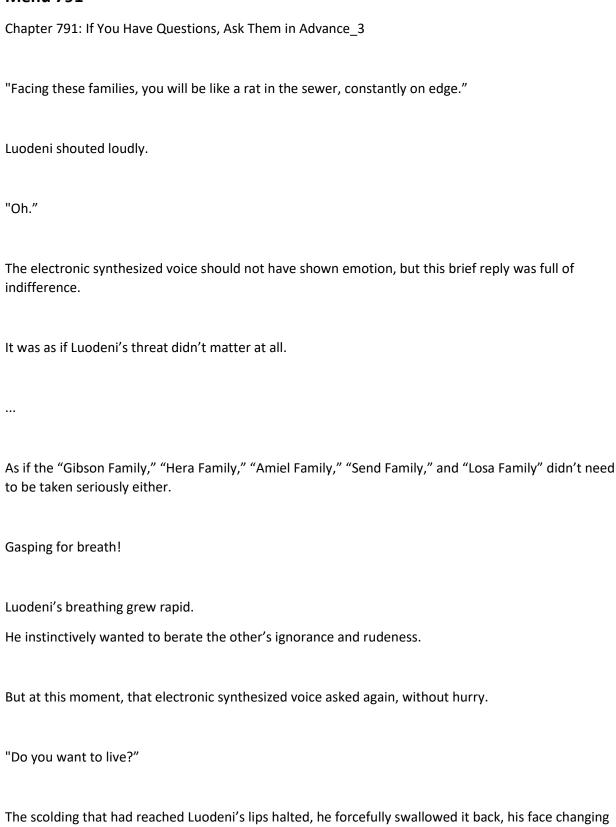
## Menu 791

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?



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.

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 gethere?"
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.

He didn't mind being involved in the assassination of Send 9 because he did not know about Send 9's

"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."









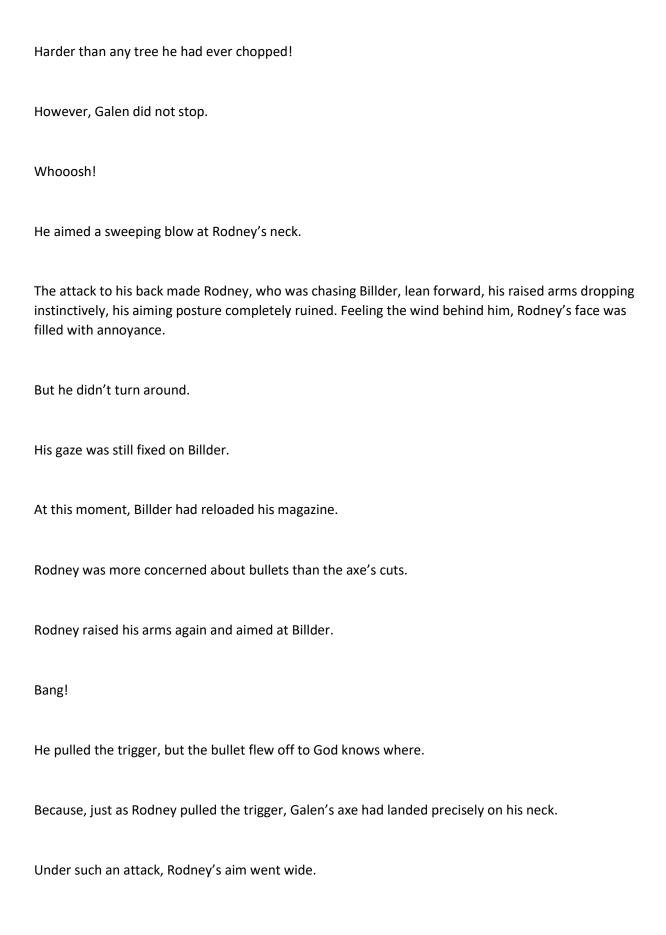
Not truly out of intelligence, but as a security advisor, Billder had been exposed to similar situations.
"To create a desperate situation and to silence them, is that why only one will show up?"
Billder sought confirmation from Losa 11.
"Hmm."
Losa 11 nodded.
"That's ruthless."
Billder commented and turned to walk down the corridor.
At this moment, Billder'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?
Billder 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.





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, Billder, 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 Billder's magazine ran out of bullets, he charged out.

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



In contrast, the bullet from Billder'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.
Billder 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.

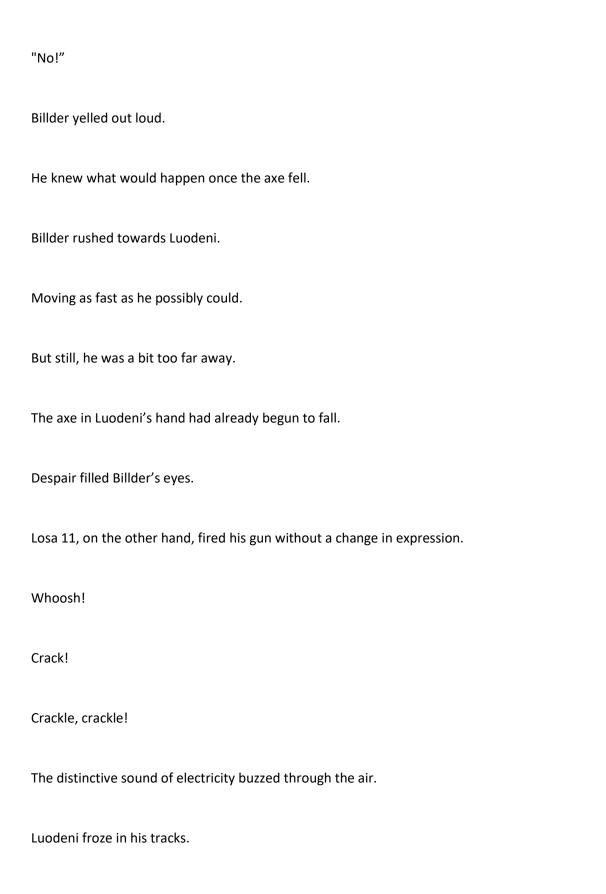
But if you pretend to be a pig for too long, you become a real pig.
That was the case for Rodney at this moment.
Caught off guard and trapped in a pincer attack, Rodney was indeed in a fluster, especially when bullets and axe were aimed at his head, the Simpson Family's agent and representative was dodging 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.
Whooosh!

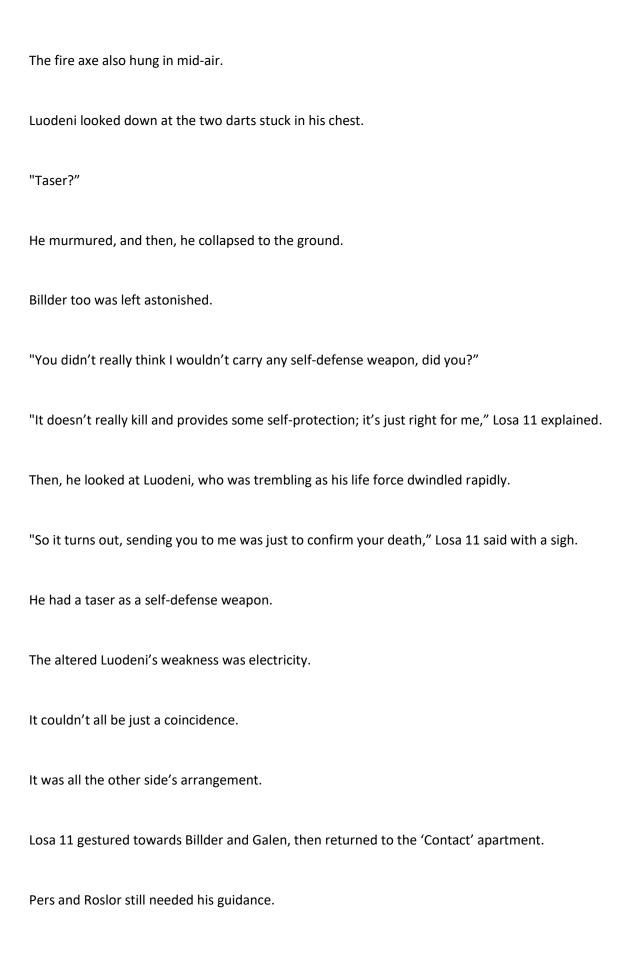




If one bullet wasn't enough, then he'd fire several more.
As long as he found the right spot, he could break through.
Billder firmly believed so.
Luodeni, noticing Billder's actions, slightly loosened his grip on Galen. He wanted Galen to die, but to do so with value—not simply crushing Galen and then 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.







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.

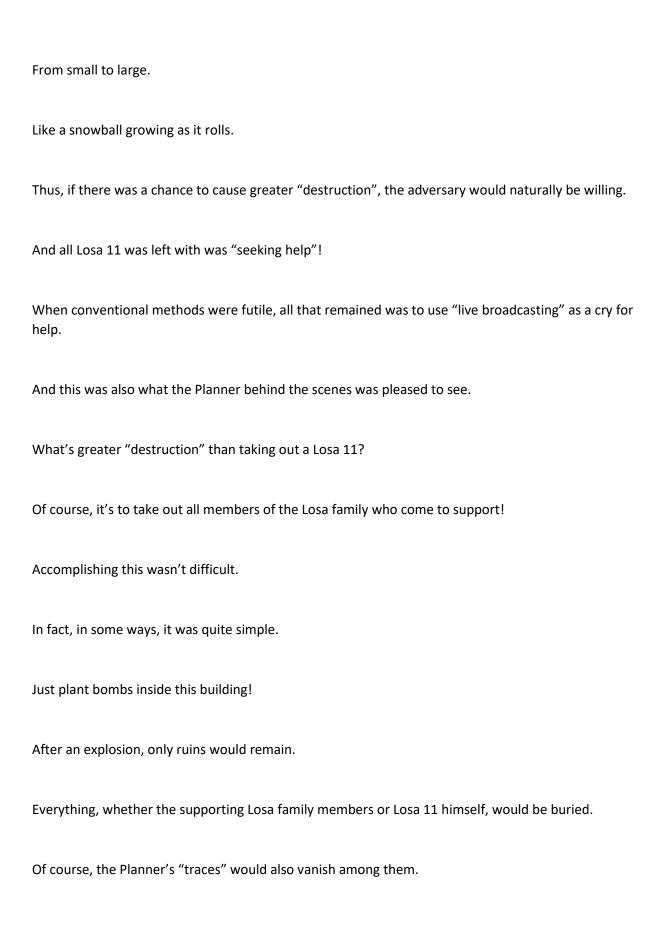
Aside from various random comments, most of the 'audience' were supporters of the 'Electric Sorcerer.'
Compared to Jason's 'obscurity,' the 'Electric Sorcerer' was a well-known figure.
Jason had his supporters as well, but compared to those supporting the 'Electric Sorcerer,' their numbers were just 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?"
<b></b>
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!"

<del></del>
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.

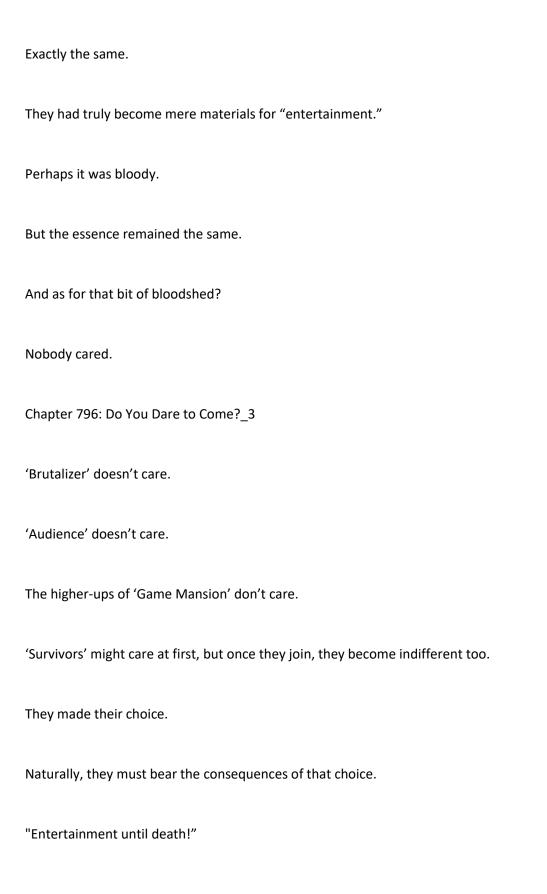
Now they were moving.
They were obviously being manipulated.
And in this building, there shouldn't be a few who could manipulate these cameras—the top executives, middle management, and some of the 'contacts' all had the capability.
But at this moment, after the Brutalizer held the 'carnival', the only 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".





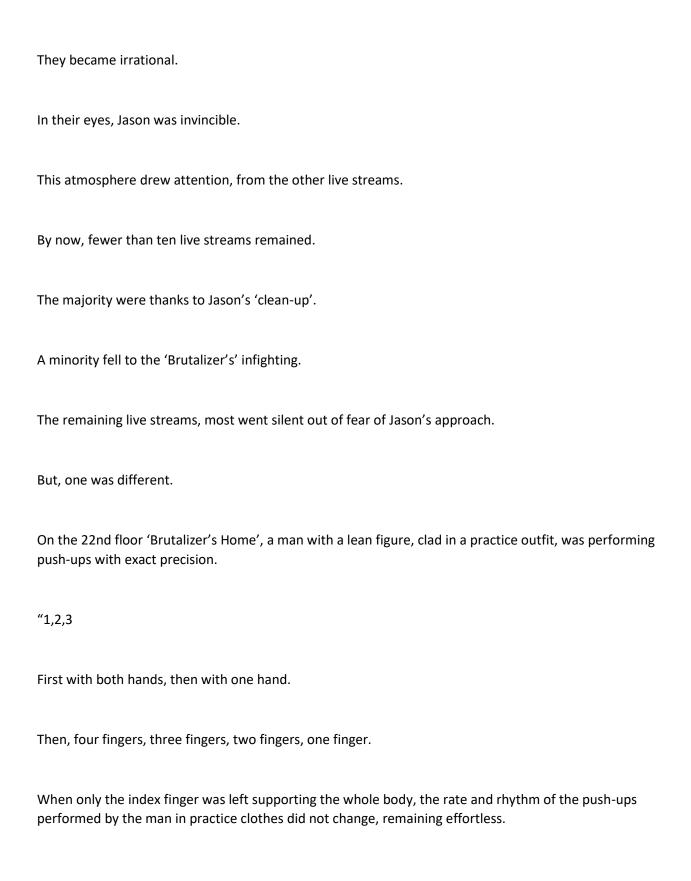
After confirming there was no scent of any "food", he abandoned the idea completely.
Besides, even if there were, Jason wouldn't have taken any further action.
As a "foodie", Jason had his standards.
Standards of humanity.
Jason continued towards the upper floors.
He hoped to find "food".
So, Jason was 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.

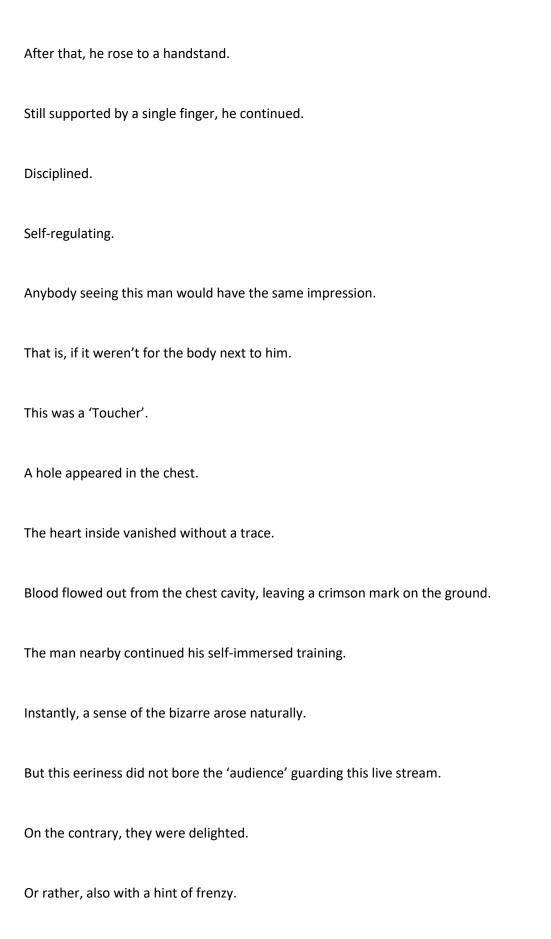




Jason thought, quickening his pace.
Now that Losa 11 had released the news, besides 'Losa Family', members of other families would soon arrive as well.
Even if the worst comes to pass.
But the 'game' has not changed.
Everything will continue.
And him?
He won't change either.
Because as long as [Main 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.



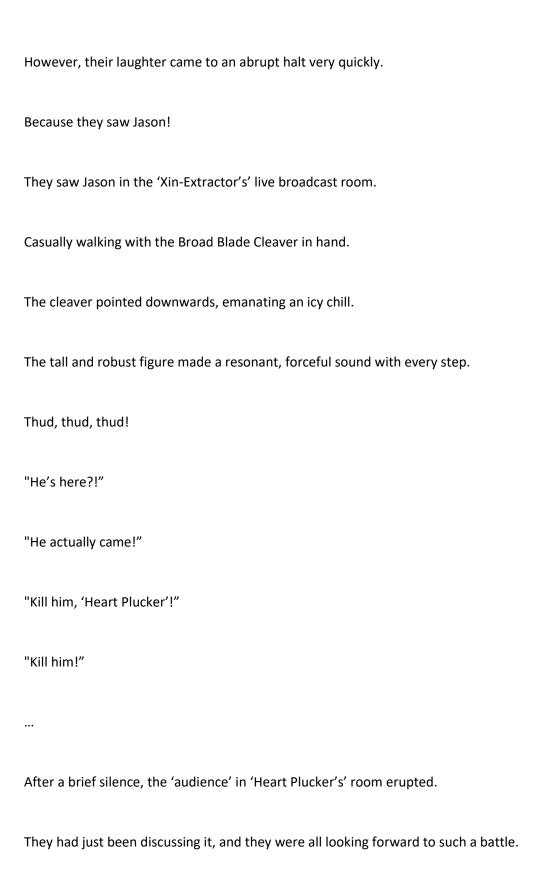




Crash!
It exploded directly!
"The 'Xin-Extractor'?!"
"The 'Xin-Extractor' is here too?"
"Although Jason is strong, facing the 'Xin-Extractor
The 'viewers' in Jason's live broadcast expressed their worries one after another.
Jason is strong!
This much, they knew.
But the 'Xin-Extractor' is also strong!
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.







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.

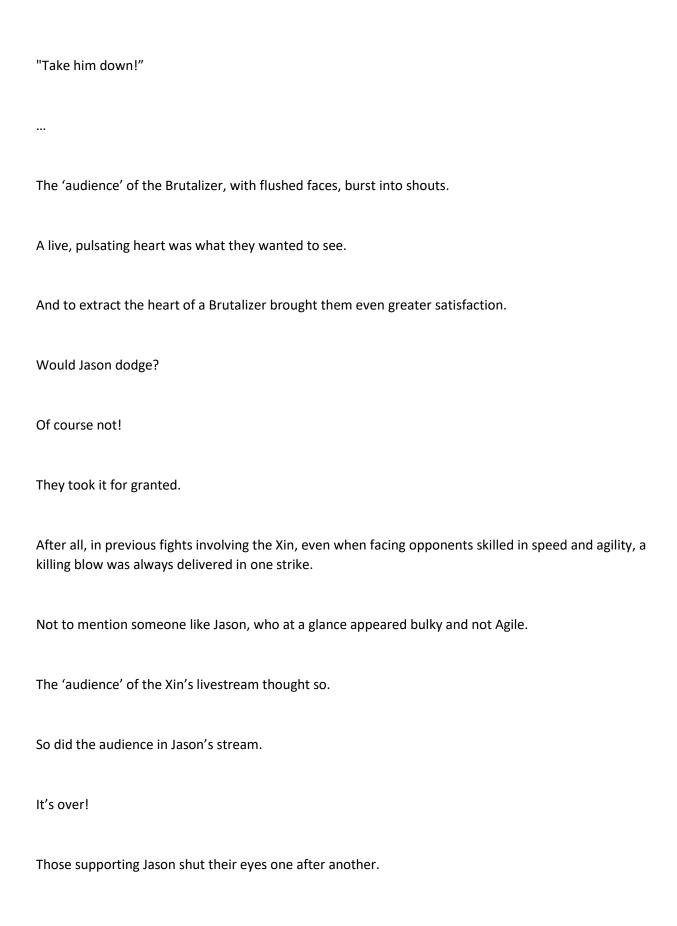
If it weren't for the corpse beside them, anyone would think this was a sunny youth.

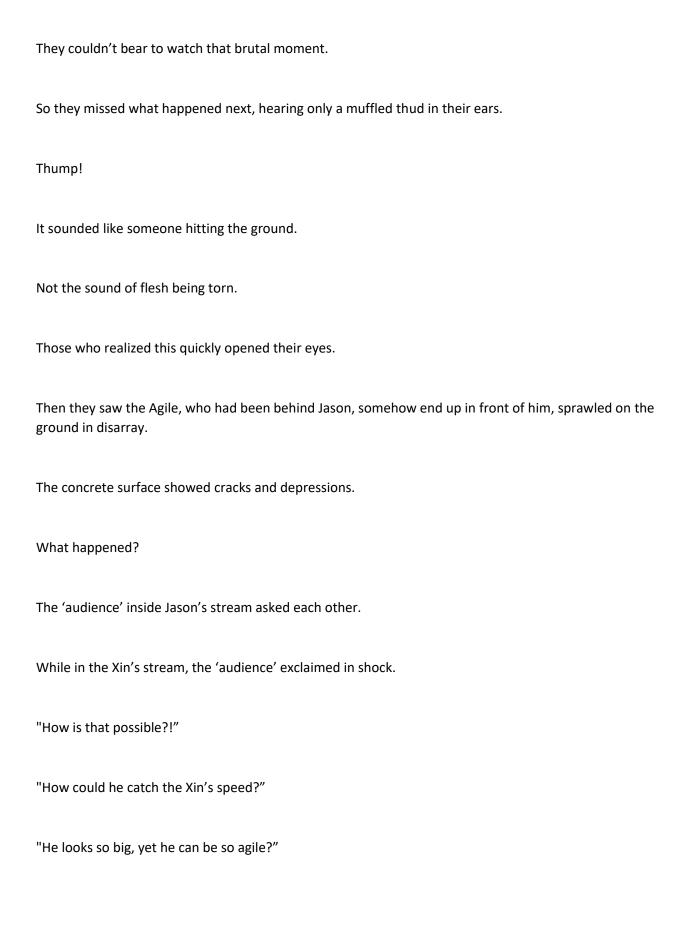
But when such a person stands next to a corpse, that smile becomes bizarre.

Jason observed this sense of bizarre.

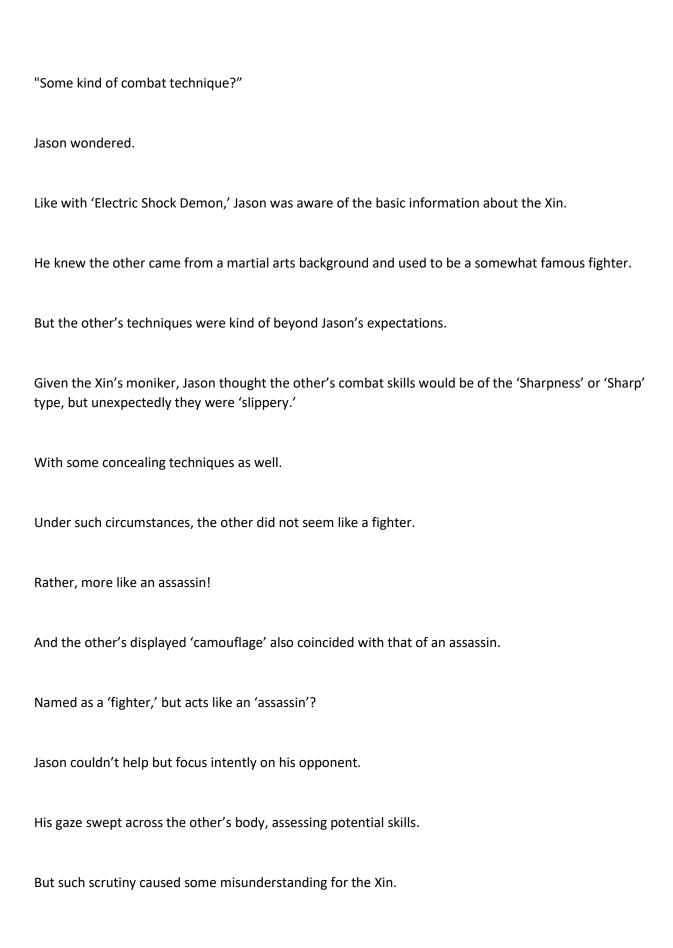
Chapter 798: Smiling and Wholehearted\_2

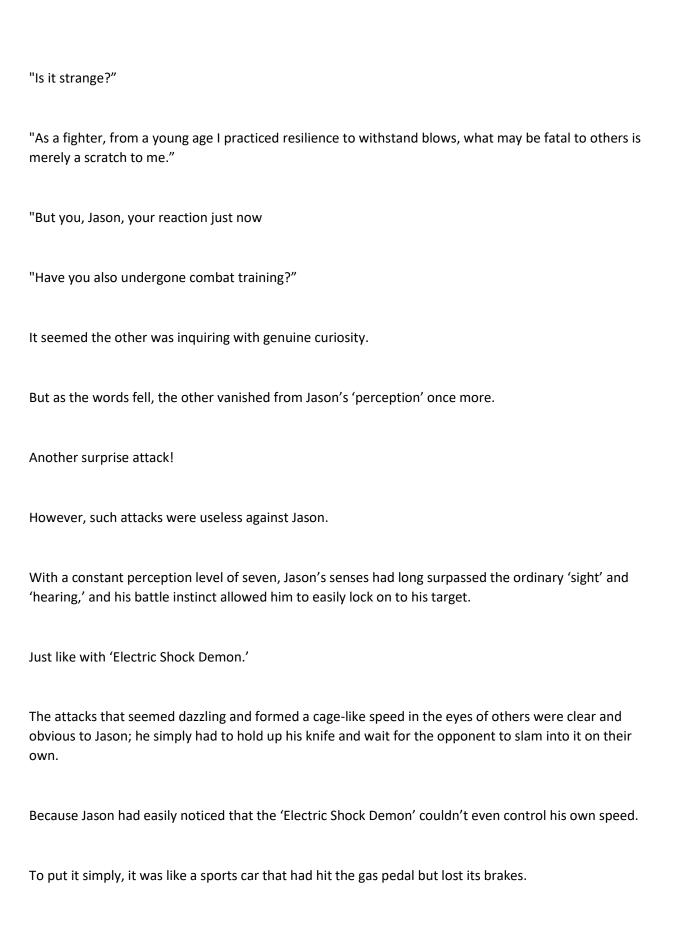
Or more precisely, a sense of familiarity!
That's right!
Familiarity!
He had a feeling like dealing with a resident of Nightless City when looking at the seemingly kind-hearted youth before him.
It was that sense of concealing oneself and then suddenly baring one's fangs.
Jason trusted his own feelings.
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!"











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.
Jason took a step back. The palm just brushed past Jason.



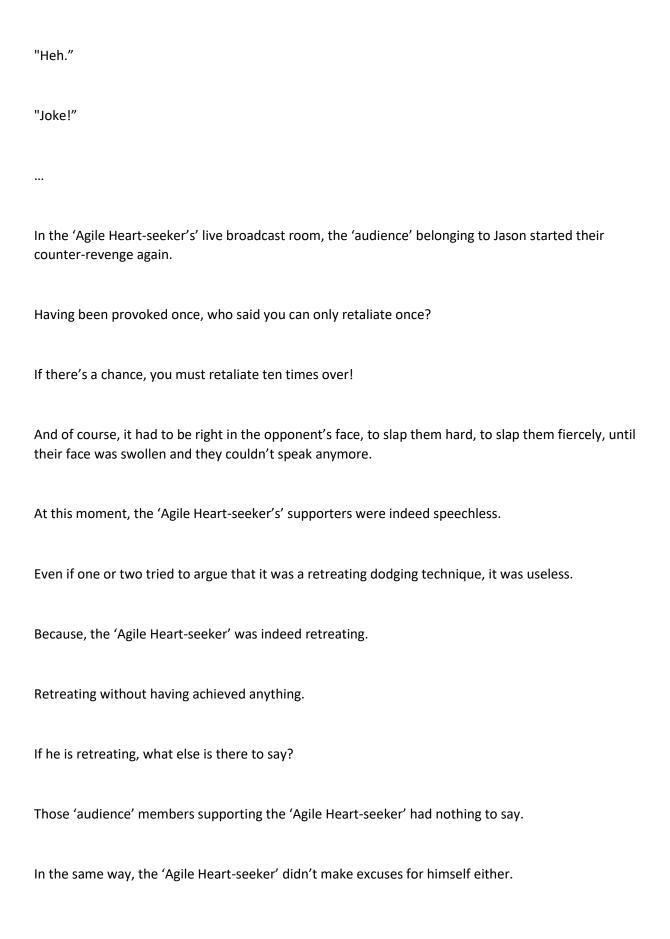
"And what about now!"
"Jason is the 'real Brutalizer'!"
"Jason is invincible!"
"Invincible!"
<b></b>
While the "viewers" in "Xin's" live-streaming room were at a loss, the "viewers" from Jason's live-streaming room poured in here, starting to send barrage after barrage of comments.
They had been provoked 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!"



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.







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!"



"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—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."